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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

Christian Record

FOR

1874.

VOLUME XXX.

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

—
1874.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

Christian Record.

Lost Property! the Purchase & the Price!

“By TRUTH conducted, and by *Scripture* taught,
To CHRIST—‘THE DOOR’—the ransomed soul is brought :
Sees and admires HIM, as the *Rose*—the *Vine* ;
The *Tree*, the *Shepherd*, and the *Ark* divine.”

AFTER twenty-nine years' imperfect service in the issue of the EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD, I am permitted once more to address you—the readers and supporters of this monthly—with gratitude to ALMIGHTY GOD who has thus far lengthened out my days ; and with thankfulness to you, dear friends, for your continued and increasing encouragement of my endeavours to publish the Gospel, and, in some humble measure, to furnish reports of the progress of New Testament principles in different parts of the evangelized dominions of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

No words can express the deep sense of imperfection which I daily see and feel to be connected with all I am and with all I attempt to do ; and when I review the last forty-five years during which I have been following on to know the LORD : when I call to mind the wormwood and the gall on the one hand, and the tender providences of God toward me on the other hand, I cannot help silently saying in my soul, “It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed : because His compassions fail not.”

Before many more years have rolled over my head—it may be even before many months have passed away—the lines which the ancient Dr. Thomas Gibbons penned down, about one hundred years ago, will be mine, wherein he said,—

“Nothing of mortal life for me remains :
A shivering ague shoots through all my veins.”

But was that all the Doctor had to say ? Nay, indeed it was not : and the Lord forbid that that should be all I shall have to say. Through the mercy of our God, may I and you, dear reader, then, with the dying Gibbons, exclaim,—

THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

"But Thou, dear Saviour, to my soul art nigh;
And springs of life perennial wilt supply.

Why should my spirit tremble to remove
To regions of immortal PEACE and LOVE?
Our JESUS deigns to send His angels down
To guide and guard me to my heavenly crown.
Then quit this body, tottering to its fall:
Heaven shall to nobler life this dust recall!

But thou hast sinn'd!—The awful truth is owned;
Still Jesu's blood for all their guilt atoned,
Who for their crimes in deep repentance grieve,
And, for salvation, in His name believe.
But death is dreadful. True! yet 'tis the road
Which opens to th' enjoyment of my God:

And the sure grace of Jesus shall not fail
To lead and aid thee through the gloomy vale:
Since He has triumph'd o'er thy direful foes,
Satan, and sin, and death with all their woes.
Then, O my soul, with pleasure quit thy clay,
And to thy Saviour's bosom tow'r away!"

"Amen! Amen!" in faith I cry;
And when my turn shall come to die,
O Jesus! Lift my soul on high.
Amen! Amen! with prayer I sigh.

When I was at Mr. Garrard's Jubilee, a Nottingham gentleman—after I had done speaking—said to his wife, "*What energetic old gentleman is that?*" She told him it was C. W. Banks. He wrote and told me of the circumstance; and I felt quite surprised: for, ten thousand praises be unto my Lord, I do not feel so much of the old gentleman about me yet. The other Sunday I went through four services as easy as ever; and this month of January I stand engaged to travel hundreds of miles; and to preach in different parts of the north; and if my Heavenly Lord and Master will support and supply, preserve and prepare me, I shall go through my work as cheerfully as ever. If He says, Nay; may I lie at His feet, and be resigned to His will.

Dear Readers of the Earthen Vessel,—I am coming to you, in this opening address, with a special word which came into my soul from the Lord Himself. So, at least, I have believed.

For many years past I have seen that the visible Church on earth stands in two *Circles*, and in a *grand internal, Spiritual Centre*.

The Extreme Outer Circle comprises the Papal and the, so-called, Protestant National Establishment.

The Inner Circle consisteth of the professedly *Evangelical* Communities, of various names, of different shades and sorts of FAITH; but all of them called by the term believers in, and followers of, the LORD JESUS.

There is, sirs, that which may be termed THE GRAND INTERNAL SPIRITUAL CENTRE. Our God calleth it "*the midst*:" "THE TREE OF LIFE" was "IN THE MIDST OF THE GARDEN:" and there it is now: JESUS CHRIST, the ETERNAL SON OF GOD, is in the midst, in the very centre of His Church. His living, His regenerated, His sanctified, His sealed people, are called "a people *near* unto HIM:" they are in vital union, and in spiritual fellowship with the Apostle and

High Priest of our Profession. You may see from Scripture the peculiar features of this people.

Stand still for one moment and ponder over the distinction which the HOLY GHOST doth make between the three degrees of Professing Christendom.

THE INNER CENTRE people are expressly defined by three features of character: (1) "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." So readeth our translation: but the Hebrew is really closer than that: it may be read, "The Lord is nigh to the broken of heart; and saveth the contrite of spirit!" (See Psalm xxxiv. 18). This is centre work—the heart is broken by the law, the spirit is contrite by the Gospel; and Jesus to that heart and spirit is very nigh indeed. David, in the Old Testament, poor Mary, in the New, are witnesses in truth: (2) "Surely His salvation is nigh them that FEAR Him, that glory may dwell in our land." This genuine fear of the Lord is the beginning of all true wisdom; it is declared to be a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death. This fountain of life is in the CENTRE. Oh, blessed, holy fear! It is a *cleansing* fountain of life to the soul; it is a *healing* fountain of peace to the conscience; it is a *comforting* fountain of love to the heart; it is the grace of God which bringeth SALVATION. But (3) "The LORD is nigh unto all them that CALL UPON Him; to all that call upon Him in truth." Thus you have a three-fold Scriptural description of the INTERNAL CENTRE souls, who INTO JESUS CHRIST believe.

THE INNER CIRCLE people were described in olden time in language like this, which JESUS Himself did speak: "This people *draweth nigh* unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me: but in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men!" (Matt. viii. 9, 10). I ask you, is there not much reason to fear that our professing nations are filling up churches with this class of people?

THE OUTER CIRCLE: I almost fear to venture any comment upon them; but to me it seems as if Balaam did express their state when he "took up his parable." Is not the whole system of the national, the formal, the external worshippers, merely "taking up a parable?" Thus Balaam cries out, "I shall see Him, but not now: I shall behold HIM, but NOT NIGH." Oh, ye poor outer circle men,

"Ask your conscience, where's your treasure?
For, be certain, *there's your heart.*"

Let me make a clear confession. For many years I have been toiling to reach, to warn, to awaken the dwellers in the two circles already named. All such efforts have been, as far as I can see now, worse than useless; but it was not until very recently that I saw that was not my work: for, day after day, there came sounding in the silent chambers of my soul those words spoken by Paul, "*Feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood.*"

Most amazingly powerful, exceedingly precious, and inconceivably full did those words appear to me! Again and again did they roll over my soul; again and again did I repeat them, "*Feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood!*"

At length I sat down and wrote the following little paper, which I

here introduce for the perusal of such as will read it ; for, of all the Scriptures I have lately had applied to my heart, none have appeared more full, or more imperative in direction than those great words of the Holy Ghost, by the Apostle Paul. To myself I said, "Two of the largest lines of holy truth which my eyes have fallen on lately are those in Paul's solemn charge to the Elders of Ephesus. One line represents the great object on which all the eyes of the glory-world are intensely set ; it is "The Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." The other line is that which speaks to ministers, deacons, elders, fathers, and brethren of every church, saying, "Take heed unto yourselves and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."

All essential doctrines are included here : all kinds of experiences are implied here : and every degree of responsibility is urged here ; so that this twenty-eighth verse of the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is suited to every part of the Gospel dispensation, and to every branch of the Christian family.

Let us think for a moment upon the beautiful and mysterious object set before us in those words : "*The Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood.*"

If you would look into the true character of this object you must weigh well that sublime and perfect description which the Holy Ghost giveth in Hebrews xii. 22, 23. Paul says, "Ye are come (1) unto Mount Zion (there is the type), (2) unto the City of the Living God, (3) unto the Heavenly Jerusalem, (4) to an innumerable Company of Angels, (5) to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, (6) whose Names are Written in Heaven, (7) and to the Spirits of Just Men made perfect." There is the Church's pedigree and history.

First, she is enrolled or written in heaven. There is God's election of her, His ordination of her unto eternal life, and His gift of her to His dear Son, which is called being written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The Lamb's Book of Life is the Saviour's Loving Heart. There they are written by God Himself. This was typified by the names of Israel being graven on onyx stones, and worn on the high-priest's breast-plate and shoulder. The names of the twelve tribes all engraven there, and carried in as a memorial before the Lord. There was variety and security ; not all one tribe, but every tribe. It is not of so much consequence which tribe I belong to, the question is, am I one of one of the tribes of Israel ? Am I written in the Saviour's heart ? Am I in Christ ? Ah ! that is often the question with tried believers. And is not this question answered ? I think it is ; for Christ tells us by the Prophet Isaiah, in his 49th chapter, that when He calls upon the heavens and the earth to rejoice because He had comforted, or provided an advocate for His people, through which advocate He would have mercy upon His afflicted, immediately He says, "But Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me." Here is the experience of many a seeker : the afflicted soul says, The Lord has never thought upon me—or, He has forgotten me : wherefore, He asks, "Can a woman forget 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.

Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me." Oh, let me ask, Am I a heaven-born child? Am I afraid the Lord has forgotten me? He says He has not. The fact that I do so vehemently desire to be found in Him shows I am in Him, written among the living in Jerusalem. There is the Church's original, in being in Christ, and her safety with Him for ever.

Then this Church is called Mount Zion—a monument lifted up: living stones built up together on Christ the Rock of Ages.

Professing Christians are compared unto two different kinds of builders. Our Lord said, One man built his house on the sand, on his own righteousness, on a dead creed, or supposed experience: but when the storm came his house fell, and the fall was great. The other man digged deep, and built his house upon a rock: he had to dig out, and fling away all his fleshly and fancied goodness; he could rest in nothing until he found his soul built on Christ alone; then, as a lively stone: an onyx stone: a transparent stone with fair colours: that is, a living child of God, whose soul shineth forth with faith in the Person, blood, love, and power of Immanuel, God-with-us, and who is united unto and with the elect Head, and one in Christ, with all the chosen members, he is built up in the spiritual temple with an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

3. Being come into the city of the living God means the dignity of grace. A poor foreigner may come into the city of London. He cannot speak our language: he has no home, no friends, no inheritance here. So we were all once afar off from God by wicked works. Are we now made nigh? made nigh by the blood of the Lamb? Is it true of each of us that we have been brought home to our Father's house, the true Gospel Church, the city of the living God? There do we sing,

"No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

If that be so, let us not heed the murmuring of the elder sons. The prodigal said nothing about his brother's reproach: he left that for his father to settle. So would I. But, alas! too often do we prate about our little trials, instead of praising the Lord for His boundless mercies towards us.

4. The heavenly Jerusalem signifies those visions of truth with which we are favoured while sometimes worshipping God in his Church on the earth.

5. An innumerable company of angels is the body-guard of the saints on the earth, and when the soul is called out of the body, then the soft wings of the elect angels do safely convey the disembodied spirit home to glory.

6. The general assembly and Church of the first-born will be the right-hand army of Christ's redeemed in the last great day. And,

7. The spirits of just men made perfect will be the sitting down in the kingdom with all the redeemed, to go out no more for ever. This is a Scriptural view of the GRAND INTERNAL CENTRE, "The Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."

“Ascend, my soul, upon Mount Zion stand,
 A cheering prospect in the Holy Land;
 Be joyous, saint, no curse shall come to thee:
 A stingless death shall thy memento be!”
 Are veins of grace all flowing found in thee?
 Then give all glory to the Eternal Three.

This Church is the property given unto Christ by His all-glorious Father.

But, in the fall,
 He lost it all.

This fact the word implies. The heavenly trumpet sounds out Zion's fall and her recovery in a double shout.

The Redeemer comes first, by his blessed Prophet Isaiah, and cries out, “O captive daughter of Zion, ye have sold yourself for nought: ye shall be redeemed without money.” Then He comes to her by that mysterious yet merciful Prophet Hosea, and utters His whole heart again, “O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in Me is thy fruit found.” And the Holy Ghost, by Paul, brings up the rear. Grave view did Paul take of the Church in the ruins: “Ye were by *nature* (please to mark that distinction: not what they were by election; nor what they were in Christ by redemption: but ye were *by nature*) the children of wrath, even as others.” All down in the pit together.

Here are the great facts implied in Paul's charge:

1. *The Lost Property.* Christ, in a sense, had lost all His Father had given to Him; hence, His mediatorial and His ministerial cry was very distinct: “I am come to *seek* and to *save* that which *was lost!*”

How could the Church of Christ be lost? The devil brought in the flood of sin and swampt her.

How loud and long doth Paul blow his awful trumpet over the common grave-yards of the whole of the human family: “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” Look at the black truth, O sinner, until thy heart bleeds with anguish, if thou canst; there is no getting away from the fact, “for by one man sin entered into the world; and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that *all have sinned.*” But who could hold this lost property? Sirs, ye are blind, indeed, if ye do not see there are several powers which have taken hold of this lost property; and in defiance, as we might say, in defiance of all decrees, of all doctrines, and of all men's doings, they have holden it fast.

Divine Justice holds it in prison: the curse of a broken law puts bars and locks on the prison doors: sin holds the property inside: and the devil is watching his opportunity to destroy it eternally, as he did Judas, if he can get it altogether into his power. The world holdeth it. The pains of hell, and even death itself lays hold upon it.

Ah, indeed, the Church, in her first husband, lost everything. This makes way for the majesty of the Gospel. Just now, Paul was like a stern judge, with his black cap on, passing the sentence of death upon all. Now, as Christ's ambassador he comes out, not with a sword, but with a silver trumpet. Look at the dear little man! listen to him now!

“But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love, wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ: by grace ye are saved.”

Lost in Adam! lost in sin. Held fast by Satan! bound hand and foot by a broken lair; ensnared by the world, and by the lusts of the flesh; indeed, it is nothing short of invincible grace; nothing short of the blood of Incarnate Deity; nothing short of the omnipotent power of the Holy Ghost, that can ever bring up the chosen, the given, the espoused, the eternally-beloved Church of Christ out of her lost condition.

Of the Purchase and of the Price, I desired to write you now; but dear George Wyard is dead; we must leave room for his memoir. In February, I will, please God, finish this; meanwhile, my Beloved Friends, as the old editor of the *Gospel Magazine* said to his readers in 1776, so would I say to you at the end of every expiring year; at the opening of every succeeding year, especially at the hour of death, may we be enabled to rear a new Ebenezer, and unite with every Pilgrim saint in singing, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!" Amen.

During the year 1874, please God, we have material to give, as often as possible, under the head of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL PULPIT," some of the best Sermons of the Godly Gospel Preachers of this our day. From brethren Thomas Pooch, George Burrell, Edgerton, James Hand, and others, we have sermons already in store; soon, we purpose to give them and many others to follow them.

Pardon the numerous faults: pray for renewed and continued mercies to be given unto me, so shall you find I am more than ever your devoted servant in Jesus our Lord,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill.

December 12th, 1873.

THOUGHTS GOING TO LEICESTER TO MR. WILLIAM GARRARD'S FUNERAL.

ST. PANCRAS.—Friday morning, December 19, 1873. Telegram came yesterday afternoon: "Mr. Garrard is dead—come down—buried to-morrow at one. E. CHALLIS." Went to Speldhurst Road, heard Mr. Wm. Crowther preach a Golden Bell Sermon from "the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." He travelled through the text: just suppose every word in that text to be a house. Well, then, he found the doors open and in he went, explaining and expounding, opening and alleging: there was "Grace, the grace of our Lord; abundant, exceeding abundant, with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." There was an illumination in every house, and in the light of truth we did feel edified and comforted. As I saw Mr. Crowther in the pulpit I thought of poor dear James Wells, thanking the Lord our Churches are not destitute of able defenders of the faith. I hurried home to Notting Hill; was in the council chamber on Bosworth Road Chapel opening till early this morning; had five hours' rest; left home at seven. Now, as the Leicester express rolls rapidly through the fields, I desire to bless the Lord for an answer in my soul this morning respecting the late William Garrard, of Leicester; for as we came rushing through the tunnels my soul asked, "WHAT WAS HE?"

He was a man in whom the ancient prophecy was fulfilled: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, who shall never hold their peace night nor day; ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence." Yes, he was

"A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS."

What does this metaphor mean? How far was it fulfilled in Mr. Garrard as a minister?

"Walls" are the eternal powers of separation and preservation. The foundations on which these walls stand are the sovereign and unalterable purposes and

decrees of the Lord our God. When Christ took the Church (as the Father's gift to Him) into union with Himself, the eternal Son became a glorious wall of separation and a power of defence unto her for ever. Union to Him in His complex Person gives the Church four walls of indescribable value and beauty; such a perfect obedience as pleaseth the Father, honours the Son, is revealed and applied by the Spirit, and justifies the whole Church; of this Paul speaks so definitely, "made us accepted in the Beloved." Redemption "from all evil" is the second wall: sin, death, and hell shut out; wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification shut in with the Church for ever. A glorious body like unto the Lord's "*fashioned*" (the Spirit says); "that they all may be one as we are," said the Saviour; "when Christ who is our Life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory, for we shall see Him as He is and be like Him." Here is perfect meetness. Who is this? "The King's Daughter." What are her possessions? "She is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold; she is to be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework," because she has a perfect right to enter into the King's palace; for when she was under a cloud, HE said unto her, "Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Sirs, these four walls are all one in Jesus, and, ministerially, our now departed friend stood on these walls. He was not a stereotyped fixture; he walked over and round the walls from end to end, but he never left them, until now, as a Minister, the Lord has taken him off into the inner chambers of His glory. That little word "*Set*" was true in Mr. Garrard; he was preserved on the walls for full fifty years. He seldom went down to the dung gate; I do not think he was often caught up into the third heavens; he was set on the walls. Some might think the walls Mr. Garrard stood upon were very high and extremely narrow; this only bespeaks the weakness of their vision; high indeed they are! As regards their width, when singularizing the wall, he says, "it is according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel." It is not safe to find fault with God's measurements, nor is it beneficial, at all times, to find fault with God's ministers.

Let me notice, Mr. Garrard wrote down the title of his office quite correctly—"A Watchman on the Walls." As such, with the eye of faith, he looked at times clearly into the inner part of the city, and told us a little of its brilliancy and grandeur. At other times he came with his lantern more to the dark side of the walls, and over on this side he saw, as Peter did in the sheet, "all manner of creeping things," and so on. Ah, as a Watchman, he saw much, not very charming, I am sure. I leave that.

WILLIAM GARRARD, of Leicester, was also a witness to four heaven-revealed mercies. He was

A witness to the truth of the Gospel. Through his ministry the Gospel was powerful, it was precious, it was perpetuated. He was

A witness to the nature of saving grace: the grace of God which bringeth salvation; which experimentally stands in a great deliverance, a sure direction, and a heavenly delight. But

He was a witness of the special fruits of vital godliness. Upon the whole our departed friend was a cheerful, a good, a consistent, a godly watchman. On a nice star-light night you might have heard him taking his melodious harp, and then upon that truth, "God is Love," he played blessedly indeed. No mysterious Antinomian was William. No! No! No!

A witness to the certain existence of a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory was our beloved brother. But now he is gone home. Amen.

Mr. William Garrard, of Leicester, truly fell asleep, Monday, Dec. 15, 1873, aged eighty years. In a substantial brick grave, in Leicester cemetery, his remains were deposited, Friday, Dec. 19, 1873. Mr. Thomas Bradbury read the Scriptures and offered prayer in the Cemetery Church. Mr. Bradbury read the funeral service at the grave, and two precious hymns were sung. Mr. Rolleston delivered a spiritual, sympathizing, and grateful address. C. W. B. closed the service with prayer, Mr. Bradbury pronouncing the Benediction. We shall have further particulars, please God.

LEICESTER, Dec. 19, 1873.—After the funeral services had been concluded over the grave of the late Mr. W. Garrard, a sacred and blessed service was held in "the Rooms." Mr. Rolleston read; the people sang precious hymns; Mr. Thos. Bradbury preached a funeral sermon from 1 Peter i. 3, 4, 5. Mr. Nathan Challis closed the service with prayer. Mr. Bradbury was much with Mr. Garrard in his last hours, and he has promised to furnish some of the solemn and holy sentences of the good man in the article of death. These we hope to give in February, therefore, add no more now.

The late Mr. George Wyard.

HIS PREDECESSORS AND COMPANIONS IN THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

"Chosen in Christ ere time began,
I choose Him in return."

IF a few words can represent the even tenor of a good man's ministry, the above little motto will not be far from expressing in the main the life-work of the late honoured, beloved, and faithful servant of Christ, whose emigration to "the land of distances" we are this month called upon to announce.

Cornelius Slim, in his condensed "Contemporaries," calls "Soho," in Oxford street, a commodious chapel, which was erected, we should say rebuilt, about fifty years ago, and during that middle half of the present century the Gospel of Christ, the ordinances of the New Testament, and what may be termed a Strict Baptist discipline, have been carefully maintained in that retired place.

Charles Longley, a good authority, and an ardent admirer of the once distinguished and favoured George Coombe, says he heard the last sermon his beloved George preached in the Old Chapel, which stood on the ground now occupied by "Soho."

The late John Stevens, of chaste and dignified memory, was a predecessor (in the western hemisphere of this grand old metropolis) of the now deceased George Wyard. John Stevens came to London when quite a lad, and heard that richly-experienced man of God, Mr. Burnham, who was then minister of Grafton street chapel, Soho, and who baptised Mr. Stevens. The sweet poet Burnham died in 1811; then John Stevens was called from St. Neot's to the pastorate of Grafton street chapel; in 1824 Meard's court was opened; there, until he was called to the House on High, he laboured with more peace and prosperity than has ever fallen to the lot of any "Salem" pastor since. After preaching the Gospel over fifty years, John Stevens died Oct. 6, 1847, aged 72. Since that time "Salem" has had its Bloomfields, Ibbersons, and others; until at length it appears settling down with J. T. Briscoe, a gentleman of high moral and ministerial attainments, and considered by some a preacher better suited to his times than some who have preceded him. With laudable zeal, in connection with the kindred mind of W. J. Styles, Mr. Briscoe is working to raise the ministerial status to a higher degree of intellectual power. If the Spirit of the living God goes before and with these mental trainings, the Churches will have supplies more useful to edification than heretofore.

High in every sense as the late John Stevens stood as a minister, he could not nail everybody's ear to his door post. Some broke away; another Church was formed! George Coombe was fetched from Horsell Common in 1823; and for many years in his beloved "Soho" he opened up the great mystery of justification by faith as clearly—if not so eloquently—as did the renowned Romaine.

Comparatively speaking, George Coombe was not an old man: he laid down his armour at the age of 59, on the 20th of February, 1841, saying, "My pilgrimage is ended. All my hope in Christ is stayed. Good-bye! Glory! honour! majesty! wonderful! ready to save!"

The blissful triumphs of the holy ministers of Christ in the article of death, are grand evidences of the reality of their conversion to God,

of their call to the ministry, and of their experimental consolations in communion with the Christ of God, whom they have preached unto others. Oh! brethren, let us more than ever strive to live a life of faith on the Son of God, and daily to realize the heaven-revealed assurance in each of our hearts that, with the good soldier, we may each exclaim, "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

When George Coombe opened a certain chapel in one of the provinces we dined with him, and one of his sentences we have ever remembered. We were conversing on books and study. He said, "Give me the Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and Caryl on the Book of Job, and I want no other library."

Soon after Mr. Coombe left Soho pulpit, Mr. George Wyard was settled there.

MINISTERIAL DIVERSITY.

Comparisons may be unpleasant, but they can be rendered useful; and it cannot be denied that ministers are often distinguished by metaphors which indicate diversity, variety, yet, in the most essential points, the happiest harmony. Robert Hawker and Watts Wilkinson were called "golden pipes which emptied the golden oil out of themselves." The "golden bell," the clear Gospel ring—whether rapid as James Wells, or seriously sedate as the late George Wyard—typified another pattern or feature in the same family. The rich, the unfolding, the savoury pomegranate, might find its antitype in William Huntington, William Gadsby, John Wigmore, and others who have long left these changing scenes. "*The Wine Press*" is a much stronger figure. When J. C. Philpot, M'Kenzie, and others, had the power of the Spirit in their ministry, they would so separate the precious from the vile, they would so keenly mark the difference between the nominal and the God-created heirs of glory, that the timid, the fearing, and tempted in Zion have often been so pressed, as to believe, for the time, they had no satisfactory evidence of Christ in them as "the hope of glory." Wisely and wonderfully doth the Lord the Spirit make, mould, and fashion these different kinds of the same ministry to meet the varied necessities of His people in their wilderness travels.

John Tyndale's Oxford manual, entitled the *Man of God*, prescribes a most rigid discipline for every part of the minister's life; and from all we knew of the late George Wyard, we believe even John Tyndale would be ready to acknowledge that while he could *write* a book to show us, in so many chapters, what a "man of God" should be, "George Wyard, of Soho" (as they were wont to call him), could and did so live, and walk, and work out *that character*, as to constrain many to testify he was indeed a man of God.

No first-class eloquent orator was our departed friend: not a man of *brilliant* parts; but a man of practical powers which, by grace, held him in the esteem of thousands during the whole course of his public life. Unlike poor William Felton, who has for years been weeping and waiting to go home to see His beloved Lord; unlike John Clarke, who is also standing with his staff in his hand, ready to depart; unlike some others, George Wyard struggled on in harness until nearly the last. He was engaged to preach in his old pulpit in Soho, and to "break bread" once more on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1873; but the Tuesday

night previous to that day he breathed his last ; instead of standing in his once-loved pulpit he was silent in his coffin. He had been a pastor and preacher to many, but all are left behind.

MR. WYARD'S DEATH.

We received a black-bordered envelope on December 5, 1873, with the following note :—

“Lewisham, Dec. 3, 1873.

“DEAR BROTHER,—Our beloved father died last night at a quarter to ten. We purpose burying him next Monday in Deptford Cemetery. Friends assemble at Zion Chapel, Deptford, at two o'clock. Please announce this to your congregation next Sunday and oblige

“Yours truly, GEO. WYARD.”

It is over thirty years since we first heard Mr. Wyard preach one of his probationary sermons in Soho, one Sunday evening, from the words, “*Is there not a cause?*” Since that period he has seen many changes ; has had his days of sunshine and sorrow ; all are left behind ; he has, like almost all who were with him when he first came to London, fled from those scenes of pastoral heart-aching, and of preacher's peculiar toils, to know them no more for ever. Mr. Wyard's son—Mr. George Wyard, now of Brighton—has also forwarded to us the following note :—

“Brighton, Dec. 15, 1873.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Kindly inform Christian friends, through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL, of the lamented decease of my beloved father, George Wyard, which took place on Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1873, in the midst of his sorrowing family, and at his own residence, 5, Molesworth Street, Lewisham. The body was conveyed to the family grave in Brockley Cemetery, Monday, Dec. 8th, followed by the mourning widow, sons and daughters, and many friends of the departed, who loved him for his own and his work's sake. Solemn and impressive services were held in Zion Chapel, New Cross Road, and around the open grave, in which brethren Anderson, Alderson, Box, Meeres, Stringer, and Slim took part. At the time of my father's departure to his heavenly home, having about two years since resigned the pastorate at Borough Green, Kent, he was in membership with the Church under the pastoral care of Mr. J. S. Anderson, who preached his funeral sermon from words chosen by the departed for that purpose recorded in 1 Cor. i. 30. My widowed mother informs me that the discourse was a most excellent and refreshing exposition of divine truth, a faithful re-echo of the soul-saving and God-glorifying truths, believed, preached by, and exemplified in the life of him whose tongue is now silent in the grave, but whose redeemed and sanctified spirit is for ever with the Lord, awaiting the bright, blissful, and glorious morning of the resurrection. I am glad to state that this sermon was taken down in shorthand as it was preached, and will appear in print shortly. It so transpired that on Lord's-day, Dec. 14th, the first Sabbath after the burial of my father, I was engaged to preach in his old pulpit at Soho, where formerly the dear departed servant of Jesus Christ laboured in the Gospel for several years with great success. I embraced the opportunity thus afforded

me of publicly bearing my humble, affectionate, and grateful testimony to the godly character and ministerial worth of my now sainted father. If further details of his life, labours, and end would be an acceptable contribution to the VESSEL, I may, perhaps, be able from memory and other means to forward you a few instructive and interesting particulars.

“Yours very truly, GEO. WYARD.

“To C. W. Banks.”

THE FUNERAL.

On Monday, Dec. 8, 1873, the mortal part of the late Mr. George Wyard was taken to Zion Chapel, Deptford, where a sacred service was held; and from thence to the Cemetery. We attended the service in the chapel, and went to the ground; all was conducted in a quiet and solemn manner; the body of the chapel was well filled; several ministers were present, and a large assembly gathered around the grave. Our brother R. G. Edwards, minister of Silver Street Baptist Chapel, Kensington, kindly sends us the following note:—

[In Zion Chapel, Deptford, after reading and prayer by Mr. Meeres, the venerable Charles Box entered the pulpit. Mr. Edwards says:—]

“Mr. Box took no text, but spake of the deceased as a Christian and as a Christian minister, that his salvation was not based on his being a Christian minister, but on his being a Christian: saved by the Father, redeemed by the Son, and called by the Spirit. He was a practical Christian: his life was an exposition of the faith which he believed; he was a beloved husband, a kind parent, an affectionate friend. As a Christian minister, he was decided for the truth; he loved the glorious doctrines of the ever-blessed Gospel, which he preached: he was not a perfect man—who is? yet he lived in full persuasion of the great truths of the Gospel, and if the stroke which proved so fatal had permitted him to speak, no doubt but he would have declared the same in his last moments here on earth.

“Mr. Box addressed the widow very sympathetically, leading her weeping soul to Him who is the Husband of the widow, and a Father of the fatherless in His holy habitation. Then a few words of tender admonition to his two ministerial sons, praying they might be led to walk in the footsteps of their father, preach the same glorious truths, and that their father’s God might be their God; also, to the rest of the children, and those related to our departed brother, to the Church in that place (Zion Chapel, Deptford), of which he was then a member, not being a settled pastor at the time of his decease.”

MEMENTO.

BY MR. T. STRINGER, OF STEPNEY.

“It is appointed unto men once to die.”—Heb. ix. 27.

After some long notice by heavy affliction to quit the earthly house of his tabernacle, brother Wyard’s redeemed soul is dismissed therefrom to “the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” He has “fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he kept the faith.” Worn out in his Master’s service his body is consigned to the grave, and his grace-saved soul is translated to glory; both are now “Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Another

watchman taken off the walls in these perilous times. "Ah, ah," say our enemies, "so we would have it." Look out, and look up, brother ministers of Christ, some of us have the hoary head, as our departed brother had. Our time is short, we shall soon be called, but while health and strength, reason and rationality continue, "*Preach the Word!*" Lift up the Redeemer and crown Him "Lord of all." May He keep us (as he did our brother) faithful unto death, then give us (as a free-grace donation) "a crown of life." Hallelujah.

Our brother's gone to worlds above,
On wings of everlasting love,
His joyful spirit fled;
He trusted in his Saviour's blood;
He lives before the throne of God,
Though number'd with the dead.

Yes, now he gazes on the face
Of Him who sav'd him by His grace,
And taught his soul to pray.
Releas'd from sin, and toil, and pain,
His soul releas'd is gone to reign
In everlasting day.

That solemn voice—the voice of death
Demands our brother's mortal breath,
And silence seals his tongue:
He sleeps, yet lives for evermore,
Safe landed on the blissful shore,
He joins the blood-bought throng.

Dear FATHER, let Thy grace prepare
Our souls to meet our brother there,
To dwell with CHRIST on high.
Let love divine our souls inspire,
And JESUS be each heart's desire,
And then how sweet to die.

T. STRINGER.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE LIFE, DEATH, AND FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. GEORGE WYARD.

Mr. J. S. Anderson has kindly furnished the following dates:—

"Mr. Wyard was born July, 1803, at Milton, near Sittingbourne, Kent. He came to London in 1818. Was baptized by Mr. Keeble, at Blandford Street, in 1822. After Mr. Keeble's death he joined John Steven's Church. Begun to preach in 1832: after supplying many places, he went to Over, Cambs, in 1838; and was ordained at Soho, May 12th, 1842: here he laboured with success for fifteen years; then he went to Tring; then to Deptford; then Blandford Street; then Boro' Green, Kent; then came the *end*."

Mr. James Brittain, Minister of Dacre Park Chapel, has favoured us with the following review:—

"Death has been busy of late among the venerable and honoured ministers of our Baptist churches. The beloved George Wyard, sen., has passed from our midst; has laid aside the trappings of the Christian warrior, and entered the presence chamber of the KING of KINGS: has passed beyond the din of war, and the reach of Satan's shafts, to swell the chorus of the redeemed above.

"Our brother having for some time past felt himself—through bodily

indisposition—unequal to the constant strain and unceasing labour of the pastoral office, had wisely retired from the same; but, being anxious still to serve his dear Lord according to the measure of his strength, he was rather extensively engaged in preaching the Word and attending public meetings. The first public intimation that was given of his illness was at a meeting held at Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, on Wednesday, November 19, when one of the speakers said he had hoped to meet brother Wyard there, according to announcement; but having the previous evening heard that he was dangerously ill, he called at his residence, and heard from his son that he was lying quite speechless, that he had lost the use of one side, and the other was gradually losing all appearance of life. The speaker then called upon us to bear our brother before the throne in the arms of faith and prayer. The remark evidently meeting the sympathies of the audience, some of whom heartily responded, 'WE WILL.'

"The departed continued in a paralysed state until a quarter to ten o'clock on Tuesday, December 2nd: then he received the message, 'Come up higher.' On the following Monday his mortal remains were interred at Brockley Cemetery.

"It having been announced at some of the chapels that the body would be conveyed to Zion Chapel, New Cross road, of which our brother Mr. Anderson is the pastor, and at which place our brother Mr. Wyard was a member at the time of his death, friends from different places, who knew and loved him for his work's sake, gathered in goodly numbers—every seat was occupied.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE

commenced by the pastor, Mr. Anderson, giving out a hymn. Mr. Meeres, of Bermondsey, then read portions from 1 Cor. xv. and 1 Thess. iv., and in a solemn and touching manner offered prayer.

"Mr. C. Box, late of Woolwich, who we understand is in his EIGHTY-FOURTH year, gave an address. Without reading any text he proceeded, in a weighty manner, to remark, that they were met under very solemn circumstances, death was always solemn; and while there were, in the present case, many things which should cause them to rejoice, yet their religion did not forbid them to weep. A separation had taken place; a kind and tender husband had been removed from the side of one who had for many years looked to him for counsel, comfort, and support. The loving and affectionate wife had looked her last at that countenance that had been dear to her for many years. That arm on which she had long leaned was now powerless in death. But although the arm of flesh was now removed, she had HIM who had placed beneath her 'the everlasting arms.' A tender and affectionate father had been removed from the bosom of a beloved family; they often listened to his words of fatherly counsel and direction; but the voice that had so often spoken to them was now silent, they would hear it no more: but the words he had spoken in his lifetime would dwell on their memories, and thus he would still be speaking to them. A member had been removed from the church, and the brother who had sat with them in the house of God would now be seen in their midst no more. These separations were painful; one by one old friends were being removed. It was only the second Lord's-day in last month that he (Mr. Box) and

the deceased worshipped under the same roof; they then shook hands for, as it proved, the last time.

“These were not the only separations that had taken place. A minister of Christ had been called away from his loved employ, in which he had laboured with so much delight to himself and so much profit to others. Mr. Box had gone into different parts of the country and had been delighted to find how generally their brother was beloved. Many were the recollections of sermons he had preached, which had been blessed of God to souls that now loved to bear testimony to his work and worth. Another separation had taken place of a very painful character: a human soul had been separated from its associated body, the one to enter into the immediate bosom of its glorious Lord; the other to be in the keeping of the faithful tomb till that glorious morning when Christ shall come to wake the sleeping bodies of His saints, and re-unite them, freed from all taint of sin, to the glorified soul: so that they in their whole persons shall stand before the throne, and swell the song of, ‘Blessing, and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving unto our God for ever.’

“They had to consider their brother in a two-fold capacity. First, as a Christian. Secondly, as a Christian minister.

“Their brother had not gone to heaven because he was a minister, but because he was a CHRISTIAN. They must consider what it was to be a Christian: it meant a follower of CHRIST; one who had an interest in Christ before time, and a manifestation of it in time, made to his soul by the Holy Ghost. Their brother had that interest—that interest was his title to heaven. But there was something else a man must have: he must have a meetness for heaven. Their brother had that meetness.

“They must also consider him as a MINISTER. It might be asked what sort of a minister was he? Well, he had not the least hesitation in saying that he was a good minister; he had not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. God had blessed their brother’s ministry to saints and sinners. And although the latter part of his time he had not been so successful as they could wish, yet this was traceable to bodily indisposition.

“The venerable speaker then addressed some words of sober counsel and solid comfort to the bereaved family; and brought his remarks to a close with a few earnest words to the congregation on the importance of personal religion and individual preparation for death.

“The pastor then gave out part of a funeral hymn, which was sung by the congregation, and the proceedings in the chapel were brought to a close by Mr. C. Slim, of Guildford, offering the closing prayer, and pronouncing the Benediction.

“The corpse being placed in the hearse, the funeral procession, consisting of the hearse and six mourning coaches, proceeded at walking pace to

THE CEMETERY,

where Mr. Alderson delivered an earnest and telling address.

“He said:—It was usual on such an occasion as the present, when delivering what was called the funeral oration, to indulge in eulogistic remarks on the character of the departed. It was not his in-

tention to do that, as he was quite sure it would be out of harmony with the sentiments of our departed brother. They were met to perform a very solemn duty, one which kind hands, and he hoped loving hearts, would some day—and he knew not how soon—have to perform for them. There was something before them which spoke in very forcible language. Something had entered our world, call it sin, or moral evil, or what they would; there was no disputing the fact; something had entered our world, and placed man in a very abnormal position. Man, who came forth from the hands of his Creator pure and upright, made in the ‘image of God,’ had been so far polluted, and his beauty so marred, that death—moral, corporeal, and eternal—had passed upon the entire race. They were there brought face to face with the dread reality; but they sorrowed not as those without hope. For though ‘Sin had entered, and death by sin,’ we knew Him who had extracted the sting of death, and wrenched the victory from the grave.

“They were there to bury the remains of a minister of Jesus Christ. Mr. Alderson had known and loved Mr. Wyard through a long series of years. And he could say that he was never known to tamper with the truth. Yet while he preached it in its integrity, he always preached it in love. There was nothing cantankerous about him. He did not trouble himself or his hearers with inexplicable opinions of men, but always preached the straight rule of truth, and left the windings and twistings of error to be detected by that unerring rule. He had known their brother when the Lord first called him to work in His vineyard. He heard his first attempt to speak in the name of the Lord, and a more eloquent discourse was never preached than was that first sermon of his. He read his text—‘*Without ME ye can DO NOTHING* ;’ and he said not another word. What a striking illustration, remarked the speaker, of the truth contained in the text. Their brother lived on the truths he preached and died in the faith of those things on which he had lived, and now he had gone to enjoy them in their fulness; for ‘before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.’ Now they must leave their brother’s mortal remains to sleep in the dust till they shall be aroused by the trump of the archangel on the morning of the resurrection. They could say, in the language of our national church, that they were committing his body to the grave, ‘in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.’

“The speaker concluded by expressing a desire that the proceedings might be deeply sanctified to all present.

“Mr. Thomas Stringer, of Stepney, then, in a most impressive manner, presented the whole of the proceedings before the Lord in prayer, and pronounced the Benediction.

“By the time the service in the cemetery was ended, it was nearly dark; yet many still lingered around the grave to talk over their recollections of the good man now for ever removed from this mortal sphere; and before the last group of real mourners wended their way through the gates of that city of the dead, darkness had quite enshrouded the scene. We could not get near enough to read the inscription on the coffin-plate, but it was said by those who did read it that the departed was seventy years of age.

“In addition to those ministers already named, we observed Messrs. G. Webb, of Camden Town; Box, jun.; C. W. Banks, of Hackney;

P. W. Williamson; Beazley, of Mount Zion; R. Minton; Samuel Jones; R. G. Edwards, and others, who had come to pay this last mark of respect to our departed brother.

"There were somewhat over 400 persons present at the cemetery. The last look was taken at the coffin as it rested in its solitary bed, and we left the ground only wondering who of the ministerial train should be the next; praying for grace to stand firm unto the end; remembering also the injunction, 'Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send more labourers into His harvest; for the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.' J. BRITAIN."

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET—FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Having seen it announced that Mr. Wyard, sen., would supply the above place, we took the opportunity of trying to hear the aged minister once more in his old pulpit. But, alas! we were disappointed. Mr. Wyard, we were told, had done his work and had been called home. The mind at once glides back to the days when Mr. George Wyard was the successful minister at Soho. What changes since both the ex-minister and the cause have witnessed! When he left he said he did so because he believed his work was done there: a weighty reason. Mr. Pells then came, a young man full of fiery zeal, and aroused the people, till they flocked round him as if of one heart and of one purpose. He, too, passed away, and we must believe his work was done. What shall we say of its results? Where are the people now? The district of Soho for years stood well on the Strict Baptist roll. Have the people changed? Have the ministers become less zealous or less able? On our visit to Oxford Street an elderly gentleman was in the pulpit. He was rather feeble and very difficult to understand.

He appeared thoroughly convinced of his own qualifications for pulpit work, while he had grave doubts about many men who now-a-day stood up as teachers before the people. Especially was he severe on those gentlemen who advertise in certain periodicals as being "willing to supply destitute churches." About such the dear saint appeared to entertain the most serious apprehensions. He would not deny many had the spirit of utterance, but that was very different to having the spirit of entrance. The cause of Soho is indeed very low: where is he, having both the spirit of utterance and the spirit of entrance, who shall be the means of reviving it? Surely a day of revival is needed among many of our Strict Baptist Churches, or the Generals will carry away all the people. It may be said it is ungenerous to reflect on the fallen. But is there not a cause? Are the ministers not up to their work, or have the people not an ear for THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH?

AN ACROSTIC.—GEORGE WYARD.

G one up, gone up on angels' wings to Heaven,
 E ntering the golden gates thrown open wide;
 O ur brother's spirit, like a barque home-driven,
 R eaching its port upon a flowing tide;
 G lides safely in with all its sails well set,
 E ach toil accomplished and each trial well met.

"W elcome," methinks, I hear the Master say;
 "Y es, welcome to the home prepared for thee:
 A s thou hast borne the burden of the day,
 R est from thy labours now in Heaven with Me,
 D well in My glory through eternity."

THE CHURCH'S CRY FOR 1874.

By C. MASTERSON, Minister of Little Ailie Street, London.

"O Lord, revive Thy work."

IF ever there was a time when the Church needed to importune the throne of heaven in the language of the prophet, "O Lord, revive Thy work," it is *now*. Error of every conceivable form is rampant, seeking to suck the very foundations of our most holy religion. The ways of Zion mourn, and the love of many wax cold. May the year 1874 prove a year of great grace and of much spiritual prosperity to all the Churches of Christ. Gratefully remembering what the Lord has already done, let us *unitedly* seek after larger manifestations of His power and grace in convincing and converting careless sinners, and in quickening and increasing the faith and piety of believers, let us individually seek to realize a revival of the work of grace in our own souls (*for doubtless it must begin there*), though unquestionably its influence for good will be wide spread. It must be an unfailling sign of the beginning of a true revival, when Zion is made to hear the voice of the Lord, "Strengthen the things that remain, which are ready to die." "Behold, I come quickly, be zealous, therefore, and repent." When she is led to mourn over her past deadness, barrenness, and unprofitableness, and turn again to the Lord her God; when she realizes a new and increasing power and life, in secret, family, and public prayer; when the indestructible and glorious truths of the Gospel are blessedly opened up, and an enlarged experience of their reality, vitality, and preciousness is possessed; when she seeks to be more fully separated from the world, and more thoroughly devoted to the end for which she was called, namely, to glorify God, and to extend the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth. Too often she forgets the three-fold claim upon her: "The Father's love, the Saviour's blood, and the Spirit's power," and which shine so conspicuously in her eternal salvation.

"Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Too much has the Church suffered the broad feature of distinction by which she has been separated from the world to be frittered down, and, alas! in some instances, almost obliterated, to meet the approval and secure the pleasures and luxuries of the world. The atmosphere with which she has been surrounded, and in which she has too much lived and breathed, has exerted a most deteriorating influence upon her character, comfort, and usefulness. Her light has become dim and unsteady; the trumpet has given an uncertain sound; her unity broken; her power and influence enfeebled; and her enemies have triumphed over her.

A recollection of the causes of the present declension seen in our Churches may well lead us to personal examination and close searching of heart. "*Is there not a cause?*" And, says every believer concerned in Zion's prosperity, Lord, is it in me? "Search me, O Lord, 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." Cause me to.

reflect more clearly Thine image : to breathe more fully *Thy* Spirit : and to be unreservedly devoted to the interests of Thy kingdom.

“Emptied of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all, but Thee;
Reserved for Christ, that bled and died,
Surrendered to the Crucified.”

To the slumbering Church, Jehovah speaks, “Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion ; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem,” etc. ; “ Shake thyself from the dust,” etc. ; “ Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” And for stimulus and encouragement to those seeking the welfare of Zion’s God, saith, “ Call unto Me and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.” Again, “ Ask, and ye shall receive.” Both Scripture and experience blessedly prove how that God hears and answers prayers. Marvellous have been the victories the prayer of faith has obtained.

History is thickly studded with striking instances of the victorious character of earnest, believing prayer. The Holy Spirit, on the day of Pentecost, was given in answer to earnest, believing prayer ; and since that day innumerable blessings have been given by the same channel. Do we seek a revival of the work of the Lord in our own souls and in the Church ? This we shall not realize only in the diligent and prayerful use of divinely-appointed means, and in humble dependence on the Spirit’s blessing. Then, in Ezekiel xxxvi., God promised to bestow choice blessings upon His people, but the promise did not supersede the necessity of the use of the means on the part of His people. Verse 37, “ I will yet be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.” The Saviour was very explicit in pointing out the connection between the use of the means and the blessings promised, “ Ask, and ye shall receive.” From this we may conclude that, he that hath no heart to pray for the mercy he needs hath no ground to believe God will give him the mercy he needs. The proud beggar gets nothing of men, and the dumb sinner gets nothing of God. Oh ! for the spirit of mighty continuous prayer for the revival of true religion in our land, which is now being rapidly overspread with Popery, infidelity, ritualism, and other isms.

Brethren, let us in all sincerity and earnestness of purpose besiege the throne of Grace for the outpouring of the Spirit, for herein lies our power to cope with error, confront the foe, and gain a complete conquest over all the enemies of the cross. In sincerity let us pray. God is a Spirit : He searches the heart ; He is not satisfied with words or with external homage ; He cannot be deceived ; and He will not be mocked. Your heart and tongue must go together, word and work, lip and life, prayer and practice must echo one to another, or all will be unavailing. “ It is not the greatness of the voice or the multitude of words, nor the sweetness of tone, nor studied notions, nor elegant expressions, that pleases the eternal FATHER ; but, “ Truth in the inward parts.” Let us pray in earnestness, in faith, in Christ’s name : believing that God will do as He hath said. May the year 1874 witness, on the part of every believer in Jesus, a greater zeal, a deeper concern, and increased prayerful effort in seeking to give a living exemplification of Paul’s motto, “ *For me to live is Christ.*” It is only as we seek to *live for*

Christ, we may expect to realize and witness a revival of the Lord's work. Brethren, let us ply the throne, eye the blood of Christ, and cry mightily to God for His Spirit to be poured out upon us; let us rouse each other to wakefulness, watchfulness, and work, pressing on to fight the good fight of faith, and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"Think not of rest, though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet;
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed;
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die;
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
You hear your Master's midnight call?"

Little Alie Street.

C. MASTERSON.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Family Worship." The twelfth part of *The Interpreter*, arranged and annotated by C. H. Spurgeon, and published by Passmore and Alabaster, exhibits much skill, and not a little sympathy with the experience of those tried pilgrims who take up their cross and follow the Lord. We have never seen human nature so strongly painted before. Speaking of the demon-like worship of Moloch, *The Interpreter* says, "We may well blush for human nature: an old divine once quaintly declared it was half-beast and half-devil, and he was very near the mark." What wondrous grace then is that which turns these savage beasts to penitent, docile, harmless lambs; sends the devil out of the man, gives him a new heart, a right spirit, a tender conscience, and a faith which worketh by love; albeit, even these saved ones are not all they wish to be here; for *Interpreter* sings for some of the mourning ones the following singular lines:—

"Oh, shall I never feel
The meltings of Thy love?
Am I of such hell-hardened steel
That mercy cannot move?
Chastened full sore I am,
And bruised in every part;
But judgments fail to break me down,
And subjugate my heart.
LOOK ON ME, LORD OF LOVE!
O turn Thy Gracious eyes!
Then all my soul to penitence
Shall melt with sweet surprise."

Such lines can only be sung by a burdened, bound-up soul, who, with the apostle, groans out that conclusive sentence, "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Where this *Interpreter* is read, home-worship cannot fail to interest and to edify. From Dr. Hawker, and from multitudes of ancient

and modern expositors the pith and beauty of their reflections is here thrown in. We must confess this *Interpreter* appears to us to be a work of more permanent value to the Christian family than any book C. H. S. has yet produced.

"There is no Preaching the Gospel if the Atonement be left out." This sentence should be written up in large letters in every preacher's study. Oh, that the vital essence of it were deep in every preacher's soul. One large class will have all experience; but any experience which flows not out of the atonement is unworthy of being preached. Sterile philosophers, soft sentimentalists, high-dried creeds and tale-telling occupy too much of the little time allowed to preachers. Seldom do we see by faith, and in the light of the Spirit the Great Sacrifice for sin, carrying in His inexpressibly Holy Person, all our sin and curse, death and hell—up to the cross, or certainly we should be more immersed in that one theme, that one doctrine, that one fact—the greatest wonder that ever was seen in heaven, on the earth, or in the regions of woe—that marvellous mystery which Paul gives to the Galatians in words so few yet so entire, when he says, "Our LORD JESUS CHRIST, who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from the present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father!" C. H. Spurgeon's sermon, *Death for Sin and Death to Sin*, has been sent to us. No discourse by Charnock, Goodwin or Owen ever laid out the substitutionary Person and sufferings of Christ more clearly than does this. "Rising newly from a sick bed," saith the preacher, "I have felt that if any theme in the Scriptures has importance far above all the rest, it is the subject

of the atoning blood." Often is this child of God in the furnace of affliction; but he comes out more and more powerful in the Gospel of our lovely and adorable Lord. Hallelujah. Amen.

"The Charity that Covereth a Multitude of Sins" is (in *Home Words*) first class. "Christ coming to the soul," by R. Maguire, after the grand old German of Karl Gerott—is a pure, sweet branch of pomegranate, in *Our Own Fireside*. Ah, Christian, there are more hearts in love with Jesus in this world than ye sometimes think there are. The Rector of St. Nicholas, Charles Bullock, has given a genuine appeal for December 3, when special prayer was made for missions. Oh, that His kingdom may speedily come.

Waiting for our God, by Henry Parry Liddon (canon of St. Paul's), is published by F. Davies in "The Penny Pulpit. Surely from a heart rich in the friendship of his own God this great discourse did flow.

"The Wreck of the Atlantic." This oration is given in the December part of the *Christian Speaker*, a magazine for the pulpit, the platform and the pew. Messrs. Lowe and Whitby, the editors, are clever, industrious and well-educated men. For public speakers whose minds are not very creative, whose time is limited, and library scant, this periodical will (under God) be a friend indeed.

Sunday-school Teachers should be well-qualified in these times; they must be studious, well-read, "apt to teach," and ready and willing to interest and edify their classes, or down goes the Sunday school, when the Board of Education has filled the nation with millions of juvenile philosophers. *The Systematic Bible Teacher*, a monthly magazine for home and school, has completed its first vol., and the number for January, 1874, is issued, presenting its readers with rich stores of knowledge and practical directions. Send to S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster row, for one number. Godly parents and anxious teachers will prize the *Systematic* and the *Sunday School Reformer*.

Rough Notes on Liturgies. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster row. There is a growing desire for prayer-books in Dissenting churches. Everything indicates this fact, men are in measure left to their own resources. See it in these *Rough Notes*.

"The Man with the Book, or the Bible among the People." This narrative, so well-timed, is complete in Vol. V. of *Old Jonathan*. Collingridge.

Baptist Almanack for 1874. London: R. Banks. The list of over 200 Ministers without Churches and Occasional Preachers, with their Addresses, is of itself a valuable register of reference in these times of supplying Pulpits. This one valuable feature exclusively belongs to our Baptist Almanack: no other annual contains anything like it. For two-pence, well printed, authentically corrected, forty-four pages of the most useful information for the Baptist Denominations is here given.

"Sir Edwin Landseer." No literary tribute so neat and honest to the deceased genius has been given in any issue as in Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine*, which slackens not, but, like creation itself, develops greater beauties still.

Chatterbox. W. W. Gardner, 2, Paternoster buildings. For one halfpenny per week, all the children will here find lively pictures and papers which may, like little seeds, produce impressions well-suited to form a character and conduct benevolent and blessed. The volume for 1873 is handsome, substantial, captivating, and instructive.

Sealing after Believing. We believe the printer has left out one word in the sentence, Mr. N. Y. refers to. Read the paragraph thus:—"This leads to another thought, it does not (that word is left out; did not Mr. Brown insert it?) say exactly when the sealing comes, but only 'after' believing. With some it comes *immediately*, but not necessarily so to all. The Spirit has a variety of ways of working, and shows His sovereignty in their choice. As I have said, with some it comes immediately. In their experience, believing and sealing come abreast. It was so with the speaker. One moment a condemned sinner, the next, a saved one, singing. As faith went up the seal came down, and it seemed as if the very moment that faith reached the Saviour, the seal touched the heart. But it is not always so. I mean in our experience. For sometimes the assurance comes a long while after the believing. Weeks, months, and even years sometimes pass, before the believer has the full joy of the sealing. But there it is, whether his eyes can see it or no, for the Holy Ghost is Himself Seal as well as Sealer, and He enters every believer's heart, and makes it his abode." The sermon, by A. G. Brown, in No. 64, of East London Pulpit, can be had of F. Davis. As regards the source and nature of the faith discussed, we decline to enter into controversy. If N. Y. wishes for a definition of the faith Christ preached we can give it to him.

Catholic Sermons; select discourses by eminent Ministers of various denominations. Vol. I. Mr. F. E. Longley, the publisher, of 29, Farringdon Street, has, in the issue of this elegant volume opened up a cheap and easy channel, through which Christians of every size and shade may know something of the faith, the ability, and the style of the most gifted preachers of our own times. "CATHOLIC SERMONS," is a large platform, on which, one after the other, there passes before us a little band of such ambassadors as are now on the frontiers of our Evangelical country. In this volume we may carefully look at them, listen to them, weigh, and examine them, and if we are favoured with the spirit of discernment we shall rejoice in all that is true, and holy and good; and where we find the scales are not equally balanced we shall pray the Lord the Spirit more richly to anoint them with the pure golden oil of Heavenly Light.

Bright Beads on a Dark Thread (F. E. Longley) is a narrative of some sights and scenes amongst the thieves and worst characters of Manchester. The writer, Arthur Mursell, depicts with his usual vivacity some of the horrors of the life of those who prowl about seeking their prey. The author evidently was the man for going amongst these desperate characters; and although on one occasion, he was nearly strangled by one whose good alone he was seeking, still on he went, and we are bound to believe was the means of effecting much good. It is no ordinary man can accomplish such work. The work is well got up, and very neatly bound.

The Fountain of Israel; or, Jehovah's Sovereign Ordination in Zion. A meditation by William Robertson Aikman, late missionary to the Mohanmedans, London: Houlston and Sons. Nothing superficial, no mere verbage, nor impure out-bursts of a wild spirit, will be found here. GODLINESS, its divine source, its essential character, its fruits, its evidences, its end: all are delineated in a refined, yet truly Scriptural and experimental manner." We have marked extracts for future notice.

"The Printing Press." *Home Words* for December (Nisbet) furnishes strong testimonies of the power of the press. This one penny monthly alone is supposed to have circulated in 1873 nearly two millions of copies. It is pretty, it is edifying, and cheap. Mr. Charles Bullock is one of the most industrious literary labourers of the age. His *Day of Days* and *Our Own Fireside* are filled with wholesome and good reading.

"Jesus walking on the Sea." This is one of very many of the finest illustrations of Scripture we have ever looked upon. Our lovely and adorable Lord, and His poor servant Peter on the sea, are exceedingly expressive: and must be useful in leading the mind up into a sacred admiration of the great Friend of sinners. "Owen kneeling on the ground saying his prayers," is another precious exhibition of grace and of godly fear. In fact, the whole volume of *The Children's Prize for 1873* is so filled from end to end with papers, pictures, poetry, and music, all handsomely printed and bound, that for our young friends it must be a treat, and a source of much good. Published by W. W. Gardner, 2, Paternoster buildings, London.

Zion's Landmarks. A paper, boldly headed *Zion's Landmarks*, comes from a town called Wilson, North Carolina. It is edited and published by elder P. D. Gold, who is largely honoured and much beloved for his "defence of the primitive Baptists" all through those parts of the New World. There are some sound-hearted, clear-headed believers in Christ's Gospel connected with this paper. We would be thankful for more copies of *Zion's Landmarks* and our readers shall have some of the experiences of our Canadian brethren given to them as soon as we can prepare them.

"The Saviour turned into a Sacrament." Robert Brown, Esq., of Barton-on-Humber, has torn off the ritualistic mask in a noble and discriminating spirit in his book, published by Marlborough and Co., bearing the title *Ritualism in Barton-on-Humber*. The Church of England has yet in her communion some true Christian laymen who will not bow down to the image which Pusey has set up; and if the Church is not completely sunk in the Romish swamp it will be prevented, under God, by the firm and united resistance of these living members of the body. But, as yet, neither the Evangelical clergy nor the true Christian laymen are half alive to the dangers of our times.

Zion's Last Furnace; or, Waymarks Set Up. By a Poor Scavenger. London: R. Banks, Raquet Court. Many Christian people might be inclined to think this Poor Scavenger was nothing but a religious maniac, or a fanatic; but most solemnly we confess, after mature deliberation, we have found the germ of so much of God's Holy Spirit, so much of deep and terrible experience, so much of soul-wrestling, and of faith prevailing, that we dare not think lightly of it. When we can give a digest we will.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

ANNIVERSARY AND RECOGNITION SERVICES AT SOUTH HACKNEY.

South Hackney is one of those quiet and respectable suburbs of the metropolis which have sprung into existence during the last few years, where thousands of neat and convenient mansions, villas, mid-class dwellings, and cottages, have been built and inhabited. Victoria Park, Homerton, Old Hackney, Dalston, Kingsland, Cambridge Heath, North Bow, Mile End, and Old Ford, are the immediate neighbours of South Hackney, which is now the centre of an immense population. Speldhurst-road is a short outlet from the bottom of King Edward's-road into the Broadway at the bottom of Victoria park-road, about three miles from the heart of the City of London. Some few years since a chapel was erected in Speldhurst-road by some Christian friends who were believers in that order of worship which was inaugurated by the apostles, and by the planting the first model church in Pentecostal times under the immediate power and unction of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Geo. Sankey was the first minister, but his pastorate not being accompanied with that visible and vital prosperity which every devout servant of Christ desires, he resigned and left it, since which time the pulpit has been supplied by many excellent brethren, but the church could not invite any of them to settle; consequently, the cause sank lower and lower, and fears sometimes exercised the minds of the friends as regards its future history. Charles Waters Banks was, some months since, invited to preach to the church and congregation assembling in Speldhurst-road, and after many services, several meetings, and fervent and repeated prayers had been poured out of the hearts of the deacons, brethren Thiselton, Crowhurst, Stanton, Fowler, and others, the church resolved to offer the chapel in Speldhurst-road to C. W. Banks. He subsequently agreed to purchase the said chapel for £750, and a small moiety has been paid, and as soon as the money subscribed for him can be obtained and other promises can be realized, he will, if spared, be in possession of the chapel, which is to be a True or Strictly New Testament Baptist Chapel during the term of its lease, which extends over very many years yet to come.

The Speldhurst-road church having subsequently invited C. W. Banks to the pastorate (and as he had resolved to leave Johnson-street chapel, Notting-hill), he feared to refuse to accept the invitation, lest he should be walking contrary to the Lord's will; consequently he bowed to what appeared to be the guidance of his heavenly Father's call, and on Sunday, Nov. 23, 1873, and the following Tuesday, Nov. 25, special anniversary and recognition services were holden, of

which services the following is a brief review.

Under singular and merciful circumstances C. W. Banks was first called to preach in London, on the 21st of November, 1843, and that event has been commemorated on or near to the 21st of November every year since 1843, with very few exceptions. The 23rd of November, 1873, was the thirtieth anniversary of his ministry in London. On that day three sermons were preached in Speldhurst-road chapel: in the morning and evening by C. W. Banks, and in the afternoon by Mr. James Griffith, the minister of Hope chapel, Bethnal Green. The texts of Scripture spoken from on that day were beautifully appropriate. The morning portion was Acts v. 31, 32—"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and the remission of sins; and we are witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that obey Him." The afternoon text—Deut. xxxiii. 12, was very precious—"And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long; and he shall dwell between His shoulders." Mr. Griffith, in a bold, lucid, and truthful manner, unfolded the blessedness of the true Christian as covered by the Lord Himself. In the evening, the words in the fiftieth Psalm were considered—"Gather My saints together unto Me; those who have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice." The services of the Sabbath were to some sacred and profitable; the attendance was very good.

THE RECOGNITION SERVICES ON TUESDAY

commenced by Mr. Thomas Stringer announcing one of Watts' fine old hymns. Mr. E. P. Brown read the Word of God and offered up a gracious petition, which we believe the Lord granted unto many that day. Mr. Thomas Steed discoursed upon the order and nature of a New Testament Church. "The Gospel Ministry" was correctly defined by Mr. R. C. Bardens, of Hayes Tabernacle. Then Thomas Stringer introduced what he considered the most interesting part of the services by asking the deacons to state the leadings of Providence directing them to call C. W. Banks to the pastorate there. Mr. John Crowhurst, in a short and intelligent address, rendered a satisfactory reply. C. W. Banks was then requested to furnish evidence of his call by grace, and to show how the Lord led him into the ministry; these being responded to, his

CONFESSION OF FAITH

was requested. To which he said, "I believe all the Bible; I have never doubted nor

questioned the divine inspiration of the whole of the Bible, but if I may define a little, I may say, I believe fully in the four distinct Persons in the Glory-Kingdom; I believe in the four covenants of God; I believe in the four ordinances to be observed and maintained in the New Testament Church; and I believe in the four degrees of an essential and vital experience of the grace of God in the saved soul." [This confession of faith was explained and accepted; it will be printed more fully in another number.] The members then publicly called C. W. Banks to the pastorate, which he as publicly confirmed; and brother William Lodge, taking the hand of Thomas Thiselton and placing it in the hand of Charles Waters Banks, declared the union between pastor and people to be valid, praying a divine blessing might follow. He said, "Brother Banks is neither a proud man, a covetous or jealous man, and he thought the choice the church had made a happy one." Tea was served to about 300 friends; and the chapel was crowded with ministers and people from all parts.

"Kindred in Christ for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive,"

opened the evening service. Mr. J. Vincent, of Spalding, read and implored the sanction of heaven upon the work of the day. Then Mr. J. S. Anderson delivered an address to the pastor. It was founded on Paul's exhortation, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God," &c. It was an edifying and practical charge in miniature; well arranged, forcibly applied, and exceedingly well received. We wish it could be printed. Mr. Thomas Stringer then preached a lively and loving sermon to the church, which made some weep and cry at the same time. Mr. R. G. Edwards addressed the congregation. With a sacred hymn and solemn prayer these services came to an end. Not one of the ministers failed to fulfil the portion assigned to them. As we glanced at the crowded assembly, we saw ministers, members, and friends from many of the London and country churches who had come expressly to bid the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL God-speed in his new sphere of ministerial labour. Among them were pastors J. Warren, Young, James Griffith, J. S. Anderson, T. Stringer, T. Steed, R. C. Bardens, Wm. Crowhurst, C. Masterson, J. F. Hudson, C. Z. Turner, Reynolds, from Norwich, John Vincent, E. P. Brown, M. Branch, R. G. Edwards, John Wild, Esq., and family, from Hayes; brothers G. and J. Wells, from Aldershot; F. Jacquirey, Esq., and family; Joseph Dorling, and family; and others from the Surrey Tabernacle; Messrs. Lees, Charles Longley, and others from North Bow; Messrs. Atkinson, Clifton, Alder, Donovans, and others from Notting-Hill; our old friends, the Fowlers, the Shoebridges, Arnolds, Mosses, Jagers, Tettmars, Curtises, Brewers, and hosts besides. God bless them. Amen.

THE MASBOROUGH NEW CHAPEL.

MR. EDITOR,—While thanking you for noticing our need of assistance of the churches

in building our new chapel, I beg to correct a slight error. You say, Mr. Jos. Taylor, their minister, will answer any questions, &c. That places him and us in a false position; he is not our minister, but in conjunction with our brethren Elam and Winfield has supplied us for a number of years, and to their honour be it said they have not only given their services gratis, but paid their own railway fare and contributed honourably towards carrying on the cause. I don't say this to flatter, but to put things in the right light.

In reference to the step we have taken in commencing to build, some friends consider us presumptuous for attempting such a thing; I may say in our critical position we had only two courses open: either to break up the cause or build. We were compelled to leave our room, we could not obtain another. Could I describe our miserable, tumble-down meeting-place, I think our friends would encourage us with all their might. Kind friends who feel disposed to help us, the smallest donation will be thankfully received by Joseph Taylor, 260, Langset road, Sheffield; Joseph Elam, 15, Gloucester street, Sheffield; Joseph Winfield, 18, Lord street, Sheffield; or by myself, 6, Oats street, Masborough common, Rotherham.

JOHN ROPER.

[We have known brethren Elam, Winfield, and Taylor, some years. They have worked charitably and with much zeal, instrumentally to defend and to declare the Gospel in Masborough and Rotherham; and we pray those who are our Lord's stewards in this world to enable the Strict Baptist Masborough Church to build and open their new chapel free and clear.—ED.]

MANCHESTER BAPTISTS.

MR. EDITOR,—Would you kindly allow me space for a very brief reply to "A Watchman," who appears again in your VESSEL of this month?

When a person assumes the character of an accuser of the Strict Baptist brethren in Manchester, he ought not to be ashamed, nor hesitate to give your readers in this locality his name; to say where he is statedly or occasionally engaged in Manchester as "A Watchman" among the Strict Baptists; when and where he last exercised his vocation in this city, in any Baptist pulpit, strict or open; and if he be "A Watchman," and anxious for an increase of Strict Baptist causes in this district, why he has not led the way himself (seeing other Strict Baptists were such sluggards), by originating or advocating a movement in that direction.

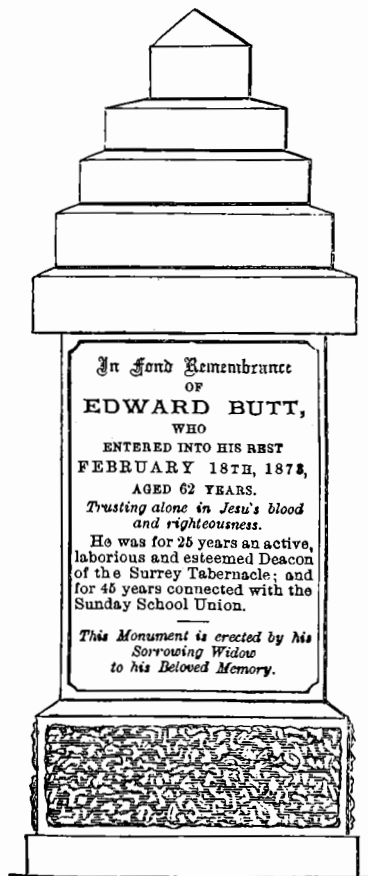
When supplied with answers to the above, all who may be interested in the matter will then be better able to judge as to the value and weight of "A Watchman's" testimony, and whether he be a witness whose words are worthy or unworthy of respect.

If "A Watchman" be the person rumour names, let him consider his ways, and specially watch and be sober.

Yours in the truth, J. A. SMITH.
Higher Temple-street, Manchester.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD BUTT.

A monument has been placed over the grave of our late brother Butt in Nunhead Cemetery, of which we here give an outline. It is of solid Aberdeen and Peterhead granite (weighing two and a-half tons), fine dressed and rusticated, except where engraved, which is polished, with the inscription in gold letters. Cost £60. It was designed by Mr. James Mitson, and executed by Mr. David C. Preston, of Nunhead. It is massive and enduring, but plain. It is situate opposite the tomb of the late James Wells.



In fond Remembrance
OF
EDWARD BUTT,
WHO
ENTERED INTO HIS REST
FEBRUARY 18TH, 1878,
AGED 62 YEARS.
*Trusting alone in Jesu's blood
and righteousness.*

He was for 25 years an active,
laborious and esteemed Deacon
of the Surrey Tabernacle; and
for 46 years connected with the
Sunday School Union.

*This Monument is erected by his
Sorrowing Widow
to his Beloved Memory.*

PIMLICO. — REHOBOTH, PRINCES ROW.—**MR. EDITOR.**—Our brother James Johnson, who has ministered to us at the Doncaster street room, in this town, and still ministers to us, was the man who christened the chapel in Princes row, Pimlico, "Rehoboth."

On account of the division at Carmel Chapel, during Mr. Stenson's pastorate, those that left Carmel were pretty much tossed

about from place to place, until taking Princes row Chapel, and seeing the Lord's hand prospering them, the above name was given. My object in writing to you is to ask the favour of your inserting this in the *Vessel*, as there may be some who would be glad to hear one of the original founders of the cause at Princes row. He is one of the Lord's afflicted ones, having a complaint that disqualifies him from following his occupation as a joiner, but does not interfere with his strength in preaching. You are aware that Mr. Johnson labours at Barnsley, preaching there morning and afternoon, and at Sheffield in the evening; but as we are few in number here, and also at Barnsley, we cannot support him as we could wish, and we should be glad to see him in a better position; for my own part I believe the Lord will bless his labours in future, as there is positive evidence he has done in former times. Should any door be open for a man of truth, Mr. Johnson's address is 63, Portland street, Sheffield. I am, Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,
195, Penistone road. **R. W. PAYNE,**
Sheffield.

LITTLE ALIE STREET CHAPEL.—

The sixty-seventh annual meeting of the Sunday school was held on Thursday, Nov. 27th. The pastor, C. Masterson, presided. Brother Meeres implored the Divine blessing. The report—deeply interesting and encouraging—was read by secretary, S. Ince, jun. Its adoption was moved by Mr. Davies, who, in earnest speech, dwelt upon the teachers' department, his discouragements, and the certainty of success. Seconded by Mr. E. Langford, who pointed out the absolute necessity of the Holy Spirit's agency in rendering Sabbath school teaching effectual in the conversion of children. The report having been adopted by the meeting, our dear and venerable brother, Mr. P. Dickerson, gave a thoroughly characteristic speech, contrasting the present feeling of solicitation for the education and religious training of the young, to that morbid and selfish feeling evinced by the clergy and others in the days of his boyhood. Education in those days was considered a thing unsuitable and undesirable for the young. Thank God, that feeling, if not already extinct, is fast dying out. Mr. Griffin, in an inspiring address, showed how indispensable it was, to be successful, to have a purpose in view, and steadily and prayerfully to pursue, to the full realization of that purpose. Mr. Willis encouraged the teachers to increased devotedness and hopefulness in their work, urging them to greater prayerfulness and watchfulness, and to expect success, because of the promise, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." Kindly and congratulatory words were given by the Deputation of the Sunday School Union, Mr. Kerr. The number of scholars on the books is 195, showing an increase of 48 during the year. Number of teachers, 17; volumes in library, 390. The doxology and benediction closed a very pleasant meeting.

HAPPY WORK AT WALTHAM
 ABBEY EBENEZER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Will you kindly allow me a niche in the columns of the EARTHEN VESSEL for a few words respecting the unspeakable favour of God lately manifested to this little church through His dear Son Jesus Christ, in conjunction with the Holy Ghost?

It is very questionable whether this small but united church of truth has ever experienced more of the blessing and power of God since its first formation than it has done of late. It has had much, yea, very much to contend with during the last fifty years, but it still lives, and will continue to live while God is for it. Thus it may sing with the whole church at large,—

“Through seas of blood, and fields of death,
 We march with dauntless courage on;
 Immortal, till God takes our breath;
 Immortal, till our work is done.”

The grand fundamental truth of the everlasting Gospel of the grace of Christ, which is the quickened sinner's only solace, has been, and now is abundantly set forth in this place (as many can testify) by the brethren who have so willingly supplied the pulpit from time to time; some of whom probably have but little knowledge of the good results of their ministerial labours by the Spirit of God. Their course for the more part is no doubt a trying one, for truly, as preachers, they “have no continuing city” here. They have not all the same measure of faith, nor of experience, nor do they all possess alike the silvery tongue of a Chrysostom, nor the method of expressing their views of truth with the studied eloquence of a Demosthenes, but they have that which is worth more than the last two much coveted gifts—the grace of the Spirit of Christ and the “door of utterance,” which last gift is not infrequently attended with some little verbosity of language (*vox et preterea nihil*). However, as a constant hearer, I would say that they are deserving of greater encouragement than they are often favoured with. It is a prevailing idea with many Christians to withhold even a word of encouragement from the ears of God's sent servants “lest they should be exalted above measure.” Such an idea is of little worth. The soul of the humble toiler in the vineyard of the Gospel is not swelled out with pride at the knowledge of his work being blessed to the comfort of immortal souls and to the glory of the Lord Jesus. It is patent to all who know anything experimentally of the way to Zion above, that both ministers and deacons, who have the cause of God at heart, stand in need of much encouragement. Hence, as one of the latter, I would say (in the language of another) to all who labour at Waltham Abbey and elsewhere,—

“Ye have not sown in vain!

Though the heavens seem as brass,
 And piercing the crust of the burning plain
 Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Went ye not forth with prayer?

Then ye went not forth in vain;

The Sower, the Son of Man, was there,
 And His was the precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud.

The first sweet sign of spring.

The first slow drops of the quickening shower
 On the dry hard ground that ring:

But the harvest home ye'll keep,

The summer of life ye'll share,

When they that sow and they that reap
 Rejoice together there.”

Within the past few weeks five believers in the Lord have come forward to declare what Christ hath done for their souls; two of them were savingly brought to a knowledge of the truth many years ago; but previous to the last two years they heard not the truth in its entirety. One of them was convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, while in the act of “cutting chaff” on a Sunday morning. How apropos are the words of the prophet—“Is there anything too hard for the Lord?” The three other candidates are very young in years but rich in grace and heavenly knowledge, they have each been quickened into life within the last few months and have given such a solid statement before the church of their divine call from a depth of sin to a state of life in Christ, as would have been an honour to persons of maturer years to have equalled. Blessed be the Lord, may Israel say, for the fact that there are no restrictions in the Word God as to age and size of those that shall be saved: but, “he that believeth,” is the grand old-fashioned warranty for their entrance into the church below and above. Yea, the Psalmist saith, “Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger” (Psalm viii. 2.)

Dear Brother,—I hope to avoid anything like prolixity or tediousness in my few rambling remarks, but I hardly dare refrain from expressing just a word (with your kind permission) about their call by grace—that is, the three last-mentioned young christened. The first one laboured long and sore under the weighty words of God in Malachi iii. 5.—“And I will come near to you to judgment,” &c., but from this heavy burden was in due time sweetly relieved by the annexed choice passage—“Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear.” The second child was met by God and eternally blessed while in the furnace of severe bodily affliction, and for your comfort and encouragement, as Editor of *Cheering Words*, &c., allow me to say that her soul was brought into the clear light of Gospel liberty by the Spirit of God, through *Cheering Words* (for the months of March and April, 1869), which had been presented to her with other Numbers during her sad illness. The third young Christian has been, perhaps, more gradually, but truthfully brought to see her lost state by sin, and the grand effectual remedy, Christ Jesus, the only hope of her salvation. This was effected instrumentally by the 217th hymn, Denham's Selection, the first *verso* of which runs thus,—

"Dear Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify Thy grace divine;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would her heart to Thee resign;
A worm by self and sin oppressed,
That pants to reach Thy promised rest."

After such heaven-wrought statements as these, and much more that cannot be told in the space allotted for news of this kind, "What was I that I could withstand God?" On the last Lord's-day in November they were all baptized in the name of the Sacred Three by our highly-favoured and much-esteemed Christian brother, Frederick Wheeler, of Chelsea, who has performed the like office in Ebenezer several times before. Mr. Samuel Gray preached a good sound Gospel sermon on the occasion from 1 Thess. v. 21 (the latter clause). One of the evidences that the ordinance of believer's baptism is of divine origin, is the fact that nearly all those who obey the heavenly injunction, go on their way rejoicing. May those who are troubled on account of their sins and waiting at the verge of the pool be speedily brought to say, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" (Acts viii. 36); to whom I would beg to address the words of St. Peter, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest." Believe what? say some pragmatical folk. Why that truth which embodies the whole scheme of redemption in Christ, and is so adapted to the sensible soul's real condition. "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," which none can rightly do "but by the Holy Ghost." Thus in the strength of Christ the friends at Waltham Abbey desire to take up the strain beautifully adapted in the "Hymns for the Household of Faith," and sing with the Zion of God,—

"We will go forth and conquer,
Depending on His grace;
The lowliest station near Him
Must be an honoured place;
And after battle, victory—
And after victory, rest—
Like the beloved apostle
Upon the Master's breast."

W. WINTERS.

Church Yard, Waltham Abbey,
Dec. 5, 1873.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF COLLEGE PARK BAPTIST CHAPEL, LEWISHAM.

The church and congregation at present meeting at the Lecture Room, Belmont Park, Lee, assembled on Tuesday, December 16, 1873, to witness the laying of the Memorial Stone of the above chapel by William Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, Leeds. The hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," having been sung, brother Stringer engaged in prayer; when our brother Crowther commenced laying the stone, and after having made some very appropriate remarks founded upon Scriptural truths and Gospel promises, pronounced the stone duly laid. The friends then adjourned to the Lecture Room, Belmont Park, where tea was provided.

A public meeting was held in the even-

ing, brother Crowther presiding. Brother Peplow gave out the hymn, "Come let us join our cheerful songs;" after which brother Whittle engaged in prayer, and the Chairman opened the meeting by making some very practical remarks upon the solemn events now being witnessed both in and out of the church, respecting the growing spread of Infidelity and Papacy and other alarming signs of the times, so contrary to the Bible and the truths of our Lord and Master; and urged upon the members and congregation to resist all errors and false doctrine, and to remain steadfast in the truth as it is in Jesus. He then called upon the Treasurer of the Building Fund (brother Northover) to read the financial statement; who, after giving a short account of our position as a church and people, informed the friends that nearly £500 had been collected, including upwards of £80 placed upon the memorial stone that afternoon, expressing his gratitude for what the Lord had done, and trusted He who had thus far blessed, would guide in the future.

Brother Box followed by stating he felt great pleasure in being present, and also the gratification he had had since his connection with the church and congregation, because he believed they, with himself, liked a whole Bible. He then referred to the progress that had been made in the church since he had been in their midst: ten members had been baptized since the church had been formed, eight of whom he had had the pleasure of baptizing; he felt the Lord's blessing was resting upon them, and trusted when they removed to the new chapel the Lord would go with them and still favour them with His presence.

Mr. Ballard gave out a hymn, and Mr. Meeres expressed the pleasure he felt in taking part in the meeting.

Mr. Stringer expressed his satisfaction at what the Lord had thus done for them temporarily and spiritually.

Mr. Alderson having spoken upon the safety and security of Christ's Church, Mr. Anderson followed, expressing his sympathy with the church and cause whose interest they had met to advocate.

Brother Lawrence gave his experience respecting building chapels, and urged upon the church to be very earnest in prosecuting their endeavours, to solicit others in giving, and not to be discouraged if they, in some cases, met with refusals.

Mr. Charles Spencer proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his kindness in not only laying the stone, but also for the donation he had kindly placed upon it, and for the courteous way in which he had conducted the evening meeting; and, considering how much his time was occupied, we are really much indebted to him for his presence and support. Mr. Northover in seconding the resolution (which was carried unanimously), expressed an earnest wish that when our chapel was finished the same precious truths that had been sounded in that room would be proclaimed there.

THE LATE CORNELIUS ELVEN.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—The *VESSEL* for September had a brief notice of the death of Mr. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds.

I look back with such emotions to the past as cannot be described, for I am a native of the same town, and was intimately acquainted with Mr. Elven in his young days: associated with him in the same Sunday School, and the public praises of God, besides various other occasions; and I can truly say that as far as he was then known he was esteemed and beloved by all. He was a few years my senior, yet I left the chapel (Independent) before he did. I was baptized and united to the Baptist Church when only just turned sixteen. It was some time after this that he also left the old place, and by baptism joined the Church to which I belonged. I heard him preach his first sermon and many others after with the liveliest interest and profit, as did also a rapidly increasing congregation. In the order of Providence I had to leave the town (1824) for a situation in the neighbourhood of London, about (as I think) three months prior to his ordination. Only once since that period have I seen him, and that was on the occasion of his coming to London to preach at Keppel street, where Mr. Milner is now. I went to hear him and our interview in the vestry was of a most interesting and affecting description. We have at times corresponded, and I was just thinking of writing to him again, at the very time the notice caught my eye. You will not, therefore, feel surprised at my desire to see all that can be stated about so worthy a man.

A solemn dispensation from the Sovereign Disposer of health and sickness has deprived me of the privileges of His earthly sanctuary nearly eight years, rendering me totally unable to leave my room, which makes me value more than ever other means and helps to supply, in some measure, that deprivation.

Rather more than twelve months ago the Lord took from me a dearly beloved son, only twenty-eight years old, who was the greatest earthly stay of his aged parents, and only five months after that event, my faithful and loving wife, with whom I had travelled through scenes of prosperity and adversity, health and sickness, joy and sorrow, nearly forty years. Still, a faithful God is my Stay, my Rock, and my Redeemer.

JAMES LINGLEY.

17, Wood Street, Lambeth Walk, S.E.,
Dec. 9, 1873.

KENSINGTON—Mr. R. G. Edwards has received and accepted another twelve months' invite to preach in Silver Street Chapel, near Notting Hill Gate.

BRIGHTON.—A grand mass meeting, to oppose the Confessional, is reported in *The Rock*, of December 12, which furnisheth strong evidence that the accursed secret springs of wickedness will meet with a mighty resistance yet. The Lord be praised.

FAVERSHAM—NOAH'S ARK STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL. The Lord is still with us, and continues to bless us with His presence, and does add to the church daily such as shall be saved. I was enabled, by grace, to receive into church fellowship on Lord's-day, Dec. 7, two of the Lord's dear children. Through the *Earthen Vessel* they found there was such a place as Noah's Ark at Faversham. He sought for the place, and came in one Lord's-day morning to hear; he heard (as he has since told me) the very thing his soul longed for. He speaks in the name of the Lord at Rochester sometimes. I pray the dear Lord will still make known His mighty power to save in this place.

J. WISE, Pastor.

GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.—We have been so unsettled here without an under-shepherd, and have had so many ups and downs, that it seems doubly pleasant to be again settled, with every sign of peace and prosperity, under a minister whose message the Lord seems to bless, and the people delight to receive. Since it pleased God to send Mr. Margerum amongst us our congregations have vastly increased; great numbers flock every Lord's-day to the chapel, who listen with deep attention. The first Lord's-day in December we had a very interesting service. The afternoon sermon was dispensed with; the table was spread for the Lord's Supper; the chapel was filled in every part. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Deacon Clarke sought the Divine blessing. Then the venerable Senior Deacon Howard rose, extended his hand to Mr. M., and said, "It is with pleasure I give you the right hand, in token of our union as pastor and people, and pray that it may prove a lasting and a blessed union to both." With hands still clasped, the Pastor said, "In the name of the living Three-One God of Israel, I accept the charge, praying that peace and unity may long dwell here, and that our union of this day may be blessed to the feeding of the Church of God, also to the ingathering of many of His redeemed. The Lord give us grace to dedicate ourselves entirely to His service, and strengthen and prepare us for all His will." Turning to the Deacons, the Pastor exhorted them that, if peace and prosperity were to remain, there must be entire confidence, an enlarged spirit of prayer, and much love between minister and deacons." Mr. M. then engaged in prayer; another hymn was sung, two members were received into the Church. After which he gave a concise account of his call by grace more than twenty years ago; of his marked and truly wonderful call to preach the Gospel, of some experiences in the Divine life, and some of the painful providences accessory to his coming to Glemsford; he boldly laid before them the duties of a Strict Baptist Church and Pastor. At the conclusion he administered the Lord's Supper. Mr. Margerum appears devoted to his work, and his people seem devoted to him for his work's sake. Long may unity and peace prevail and God's blessing be enjoyed.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Our Australian Mails.

MR. DANIEL ALLEN—HIS LECTURES—HIS MINISTRY—HIS OPPONENTS—JAMES GREENWOOD—THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, ETC.

Special attention is invited to the following communication. Early in the new year, we trust a public meeting will be held in London, expressing its sympathy with our sister Churches in Australia. We have received from Sydney, *The Evening News*, of September 13, 1873, which gives a report, of which the following is a part:—Mr. Daniel Allen last evening delivered an instructive lecture in Castlereagh-street Baptist Chapel, in connection with the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. The subject of the lecture was "Innocent love and its sorrows," being the sequel to the lecturer's recent discourse on "The sins and sorrows of our city." Mr. Stephen Dixon (Mayor of Waverley) took the chair. The first part of the lecture was on friendly love, under which head he sketched out the lives of David, Jonathan, Jesus, Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. The second part was on parental love, as manifest in Jacob's conduct to Joseph and Benjamin, and in David towards his child Absalom. The third part treated on Joseph's love to his father Jacob, and in Ruth's love to Naomi. Conjugal love was the topic of the fourth part, exemplifying the lives of Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Rachel. Reference was made to Coombe's Constitution of Man, in a phrenological point of view, and to ancient and modern history. Queen Victoria's courtship and marriage was reviewed; and the lives of the poets Cowper, Montgomery, Credece, Newton, and Dr. Watts, were touched on. During the lecture, anecdotes, showing the sorrows arising out of disappointed love, were related. The singing of the church choir at intervals was very pleasing. The lecture was free, but a collection was made in aid of the Parsonage Debt Fund. In perusing a printed copy of this lecture, entitled "Innocent love and its sorrows," we felt convinced that hundreds of thousands would peruse it with emotion and pleasure of the purest kind. Mr. Allen is evidently a workman that cannot be ashamed; he rightly divides the word of truth, and correctly develops human nature in all its diversified phases. We perceive a contemporary hardly considers him deep enough in the experimental department; but to us it is quite clear he is a truthful, a faithful, a serving, studious, and a thorough working man of God; and is quite a leading star in those crowded colonies where the Lord has called him to labour.

We see from *The Sydney Morning Herald* that he fights so manfully and ably for the principles and ordinances of the ancient faith, that the scribes of the General Baptist Union honour him, and would gladly get him on their side. We hope the Lord has given him a bishopric and a diocese in New South Wales, in which he will, for many years to come, pursue his mission with abundant and

increasing success. There is no feminine weakness, nor fleshly fascination about Daniel Allen. His mental and his ministerial sinews are strong, stern, in some cases severe, and scythe-like; but, in dealing with truth, and truth-seeking people, he is conciliating, kind, and winning. James Greenwood, the Secretary to the Baptist Union of New South Wales, has taken great pains with our friend Daniel. James refers to *The Earthen Vessels*—"An English Baptist Organ of a peculiar character," and is anxious to persuade the Australian Churches that in England "the distinction between Calvinistic and Arminian Baptists is being *gradually allowed to lapse*." We declare this statement to be incorrect. We have several hundreds of Churches, whose pastors, principles, and practices are decidedly in accordance with the revelations, rules, doctrines, ordinances, and discipline, given us by our Lord Himself, followed by His Apostles, and adhered unto most conscientiously and consistently by thousands upon thousands of true and genuine Baptists in England to this day. J. Greenwood and his unionists evidently wish to believe that because we have lost John Foreman, James Wells, J. A. Lines, George Murrell, J. C. Philpot, George Wright, and many others of the valiant men of Israel, that henceforward the honest, truth-defending Baptists will die out. But, out of pure love to every atom of the Saviour's Gospel, we say with joy and gladness, there is no immediate prospect of our extinction. We can refer James Greenwood to scores of Baptist Ministers and Churches in England, who are as firmly and as acceptably contending for Divine Truth as did any of their fathers before them. James Greenwood closes one of his long epistles in a rather sarcastic tone, at least the following appears so to us: he says, "Some of the brethren declare they left our Union 'because it is wanting in love and vital godliness.' To this charge I must plead guilty; our ministers and her churches do sadly need more of these essentials of true religion. But I leave it for others to decide whether we are alone in this want, and whether our new denomination can draw near to the holy place, and 'thank God that they are holier than we.'"

Nay, we dare not, Daniel Allen and his co-workers will not assume any such position; but this much we dare to affirm that, while the General and Open-Communion Baptists appear to disregard Revelation xxii. 18—19, those who have been led into all truth by the Spirit of Truth, cannot, must not, preach any other Gospel, nor sanction any other order than that committed them by the Great Master of the House, whose Word cannot be broken.

The New Particular Baptist Association of New South Wales held its half-yearly meetings at Wallsend and Lambton on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th of September, when the following business and devotional services were much enjoyed by the ministers and churches assembling on these occasions:—On Sunday evening a new and very neat Ordinance Service was presented to the

church at Wallsend by the pastor of the Castlereagh-street church, Sydney, subscribed for by various friends. This expression of brotherly love was lovingly received, and responded unto by the pastor, deacons, and church to whom it was presented. Also a purse of £14 was presented to the pastor, Thomas Robey, by the members of the church at Wallsend, as a token of their love to him, and in grateful recognition of his valuable services among them, which the Lord has wonderfully blessed to the advancement of His kingdom. On Tuesday morning a prayer-meeting was held, and solemn supplication went up to heaven for the divine blessing to rest upon the churches and the nations. In the afternoon the churches at Wallsend and Lambton were presented with periodicals, pamphlets, and tracts, with printed covers, for the establishment of tract societies in connection with these churches, by the pastor of Castlereagh-street church, all being freely contributed by this church. These presentations were gratefully acknowledged by the officers of the churches to whom they were made. Letters of sympathy were read from pastor W. Sutherland, of Braidwood, and from brother F. Bedell, Hill End. These also acknowledged the communication of tracts, etc., from the pastor of the church in Castlereagh-street, Sydney. Godly greetings are to be returned to these brethren. By the letters of advice received by the chairman from pastors W. Sutherland and Thomas Robey, it was unanimously agreed that the conduct of the Baptist Union, in endeavouring to prevent our registration and their most unwarrantable communications, should not yet be publicly exposed. The resignation of Mr. Martin was unanimously accepted. In the evening the address of Pastor D. Allen was delivered, and ordered to be circulated. On Wednesday evening Pastor J. Hicks preached to the church and congregation at Lambton, and was heard with profit and pleasure. The same evening Pastor D. Allen gave an interesting lecture at Wallsend, which was well received. On Thursday evening Pastor D. Allen delivered another instructive lecture at Lambton, which was received with much enthusiasm by the people. On Friday evening a friendly tea-meeting was enjoyed by the congregation at Lambton, and addressed by Pastors J. Hicks, Thos. Robey, and D. Young, by whom much godly counsel was given, and in love received by the people. By a proposition from Brother Morgan it was resolved to petition the ministry to suppress all kinds of immorality, which now so much abound in the colony. Pastor Daniel Allen, president.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—YORK ROAD.—Our friends will be glad to hear the new chapel is going on; the roof is now finished. We have experienced the motto (given us by our esteemed chairman, W. Beach, Esq., at our last anniversary at Salem), "ЖЕЛОВАН-ЖИРЕН," the Lord has been seen; the Lord has provided for us up to the present, and we can raise an Ebenezer. Thus far the Lord has helped us; we have sent the amounts

collected and promised towards the new chapel. We now appeal to our numerous friends and lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ to come and help us. The new chapel complete will cost about £800. We have studied every economy in the erection of the building. We hope to have the opening services early next summer. Donations thankfully received and acknowledged by our worthy Treasurer, W. Beach, Esq., Chelmsford; Mr. Howard, Lloyd square, Islington; Mr. J. Morter, Forest lane, Stratford, Essex; Mr. Richard Walter, Glengall place, Millwall, London; S. K. Bland, Beccles; E. Pittoch, 7, Exmouth road, Great Yar-Yarmouth. EDWARD PITTOCH, THOMAS BURWILL, GEORGE KEEVIL, Deacons, W. Beach, Esq., Chelmsford, £100; Mr. Kerrison, Yarmouth, £50; Mr. Morter, Stratford, £25; Mr. Rivett, Yarmouth, £20; Mr. Masterson, Yarmouth, £10; Mr. Hammond, Yarmouth, £10; Mr. Green, March, £5; Mr. Blacksol, Nottinghamshire, £1; Mr. Benham, Yarmouth, 10s.; a Friend from Hounslow, 5s.; a Friend from Richmond, 5s.; a Friend in Yarmouth, 10s.; a Friend from Leicester, 10s.; a Friend from London, 5s.; Mr. R. Howard, Islington, £3; Mr. Lodge, Yarmouth, £1 1s.; Mr. Burwill, Yarmouth, £1; a Friend from Leicester, 5s.; Mr. Papworth, Cambridge, £1; at the anniversary in August our esteemed chairman, W. Beach, Esq., offered to give the sum of £20, if others would raise £80 to make £100; Mr. J. Morter, of Stratford, soon followed with £20; several friends gave their names for cash, and some for cards, to guarantee the amounts; Mr. Canning, Stratford, £5; Mrs. Morter, Stratford, £6; Mrs. Pittoch, Yarmouth, £6; Mrs. Brand, Bungay, £6; Miss Pain, Yarmouth, £6; Mrs. Rainer, Yarmouth, £5; Mr. Latten, Yarmouth, £5; Mr. S. K. Bland, Beccles, £5; Mrs. Murray, Yarmouth, £1; Mr. Keevil, Yarmouth £1; Mrs. Masterson, Yarmouth, £1; Mrs. Hartwell, £1 1s.; Mrs. Nichols, Yarmouth, 10s.; Mrs. Groom, Yarmouth, 5s.; a Friend at Yarmouth, £1; a Friend at Yarmouth, 5s.; Mr. O. Carr, Yarmouth, £10.

—Dear Mr. Banks,—It is not always we can say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, but blessed be the name of the Lord." It does indeed require strong faith to be able to say so; but it is as well when we can, with the true feeling of the heart, approach the Divine Majesty and say, "Not my will but Thine be done." May the Giver of all grace enable us, by His good Spirit, to commit ourselves into His keeping; then all will be well: then, when affliction or death come, we know we have a dear Friend at hand; and when He does take those away from us we love in the flesh shall we complain of the Lord's doings, for shall not the God of all the earth do right? Let us remember that those of our dear friends who die in the Lord, are only gone before us a little space: they are not lost; we shall see them again. These crosses are for our good, to draw us nearer to Christ, our

living Head. Those beautiful words often come into my mind:

I broke sin's power, I made you pray,
What are your fears about?
Believe me, sinner, when I say,
I will not cast you out.

May He make us to know more of the truthfulness of this in our own soul, for His name's sake. I am happy to inform you we are still making progress at Whitestone; there are, now and then, some coming forward and confessing their allegiance to Him who is worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. I believe the time will soon come that there will be more coming forward to follow their Lord through this despised ordinance. May the good Lord hasten the time. Amen. JOHN LEWIS.

ROCHDALE.—Mr. James Hand's settlement over the True Baptist Church at Rochdale is looked forward to with holy pleasure; and has been preceded by many heaven-wrought prayers, poured out by honest hearts who long for the increasing prosperity of Zion. The "Brief account of the contention at Hope chapel," now publishing by R. Banks, clearly proves that James Hand was brought to Hope chapel by the late John Kershaw himself. Mr. Kershaw loved him; believed him to be a genuine, solemn preacher of the Gospel. During Mr. Kershaw's illness, Mr. Hand supplied Hope chapel pulpit, with special, undeniable, and increasing usefulness. Of course, Satan would, and did oppose such a blessed revival; but that opposition has only resulted in the spread of the dear Redeemer's kingdom; and next month we hope to be able to furnish a faithful account of the blessings attending Mr. Hand's settlement on Sunday, January 4th, 1874.

ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK.—Time was, when ministers were fixtures for life; not so now in but few cases. We live in rolling, moving times; and many ministers have more changes now than conduce to their happiness. A minister, W. S. Brown, has been over one Church in Attleborough nearly forty years; but his public work is nearly done; and on retiring, his friends sent him a cheque for £200. This nice little token of old-fashioned Christian charity was handed to the pastor's son by our esteemed friend, Mr. Freeman, the aged minister being then ill in his bed. We rejoice in such acts of kindness, they prove the reality of the Christian faith, and cause the world to exclaim, "See how these true Christians love one another."

CAMBRIDGE, EDEN CHAPEL.—The mercy and favour of God toward Zion is from everlasting; but He has a set time when to show that mercy, and to manifest that favour, so that Zion may know and realize the mercy, and rejoice in the favour. And when is this set time more visible to the Church than in the ingathering of her sons and daughters from the Adam-nature of the fall, in bringing them out of the darkness into light, and in giving them a name and a place

amongst the living in Jerusalem? The Lord has been pleased thus again to manifest His favour, and show forth His lovingkindness to us as a Church. On Tuesday evening, the 4th of December, our pastor, Mr. McCure, after a very appropriate and soul-stirring address, listened to by an attentive and crowded audience, baptized, in the name of Israel's Three-One God, eight believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had, before the Church, previously professed their attachment to His name. How delightful thus to behold Zion's offspring obeying the commands of Zion's Lord and King, observing His laws, walking in His ordinances, and thus following in the footsteps of the flock. On the next Lord's-day, they were very affectionately received into the Church with two more, who have migrated from another part of the Lord's vineyard, and have found a home with us. There are still those looking on, who love the ways of Zion, and are saying in their hearts,

Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

JOSEPH FAVELL.

MR. AIKMAN at WICK FORD, ESSEX.

—Dear Mr. Banks,—Believing your whole heart is devoted to the service of God, in His Church, and among His people, you will pardon the writer who is made jealous for the Lord's honour. Since Mr. Aikman has been preaching here, one thing has struck me very forcibly; that, while the lament of the coldness and deadness of the Churches is only general, members of Churches will give their consent to the painful truth still going on the same as before, each one seeming to think, *It is not I*. Thus, no offence is given; but, when the preaching of the day is spoken of from the pulpit as not according to Scripture, and a few Baptist brethren are requested to consider it, each one (or nearly so) takes offence; and in effect speaks, "In saying thus thou reproachest us also," and they go away, determined to hear no more reproof, saying, "he is no better than they." Mr. Aikman tells us he is not our enemy; he says the Scriptures were given for correction, for reproof, for instruction, &c.; whereas, men will only hear soothing, comforting preaching, which sews pillows under armholes, he says, "My Baptist brethren, I am at war with this thing, the Lord will not bless it. There are two things wherein I differ from you, the first, *I must preach to sinners*, because my Lord spent His whole life in doing so; and, the next thing is, *I must preach the whole Word*; the *preceptive* part is as much God's word as the doctrinal; it is as much a sin to neglect the one as the other; a one-sided view of the Word is not pleasing to Him." I hope the Lord will condescend to make this house a little sanctuary to His honour, and bless the messages of His servants from time to time delivered in His name. W. H. CHAMPION.

[Isaiah lxiv. surely belongs to our times. Who is "stirring up himself to take hold of God?"]

RICHMOND, SURREY.—Mr. W. J. Gooding continues to preach every Lord's-day in the new lecture hall. Besides this place, there are three different meeting-houses in Richmond where Gospel truth is professed, but in neither have they any stated pastor. We will hope and pray it may be made plain that the Lord has sent brother W. J. Gooding to Richmond as an under-shepherd to feed the scattered and sickly sheep of Christ in that beautiful locality, and we trust the Lord's blessing will so attend the services that brother Gooding and his friends will have neither time nor mind to attend to Satan's puny attempts to stop the Gospel chariot. Let us seek most intensely to live in the faith and fellowship of JESUS, then the hissings of the serpent will never harm us.

EARL'S BARTON.—Our brother W. Tooke and his believing flock are anticipating the completion of their new chapel in the month of January. The Gospel, as preached by brother Tooke, is accompanied with a real, spiritual, and saving power. The church and congregation are happy in the Lord's service, but they require help for their building. Christian friends, we expect to see Earl's Barton Baptist chapel opened Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1874. Come to the opening, or send your mite to pastor W. Tooke, Earl's Barton, near Northampton.

Notes of the Month.

CROYDON.—Notice, and copy of Mr. Covell's sermon received. We were "surprised" indeed. We have no objection to review them. As regards "*Old Paths*" we think it excellent; but the exclusive spirit reigns in all quarters. We never could live in it. Oh, the awful delusion mere professors are under! "Popes!" ah, they are legion indeed. But "let both grow together until the harvest" bids us lay down our pen for the present.

"WHAT WILL MAKE A MINISTER'S HANDS HANG DOWN?"—This question was answered in Southampton. Can Mr. Holles furnish a report of it? It might do good if published.

"THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY" are calling for help. The horrors attendant on shipwreck, the many thousands who are now yearly dashed naked on the shore, or cast down into the deep, leaving widows and children in destitution, is truly dreadful. This Society helps all. Commander W. H. Symonds is Secretary; his office is, Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge, S.E.

"THE STAR IN THE WEST."—A thick cloud, yea, a tempest, broke upon one of the Tabernacles; doing serious mischief. "*Temperance*" and his friend "Ephraim" suffered the loss of peace for a season. Ephraim has been a benefactor, and is spreading his wings far and wide: but the very old, lame, and weary pilgrims require stronger meat than he can give us. Mr. Roberts is raising a revival at the Union; grandfather hopes well, but a

revival without the sovereign and efficient power of the promised COMFORTER is like the morning cloud which passeth away. Mr. Edwards has been giving lectures which bring many together: his ministry is to be continued in that western circuit. A student of astronomy occasionally gives discourses, not to very crowded audiences; common people might not be able to appreciate such a gifted teacher. Planets revolving round the sun are not so easily defined as fixed stars. A select circle hear patiently. [The rest is reserved.]

MINISTERIAL CHARACTER.—MR. EDITOR,—I cannot hold my peace. I have known Mr. Bennett for many years; I feel grieved it should be insinuated that he does *not* PREACH THE TRUTH. Eleven years ago Mr. Bennett baptized me at Enon, Chatham. I sat under his ministry four years. I frequently heard him at Tring, at Woolwich, and at Pimlico. I can testify he is, and always has been a staunch defender of the doctrines of grace. There are not many preachers like Mr. Bennett in our midst now. Those who have not heard him might imagine he was not to be relied on. Your correspondent speaks as though "Carmel" had not prospered while he was there. I know the congregation more than doubled, which is a good evidence of prosperity. E. WILLSON.

[Where in *The Earthen Vessel* is there one word expressive of unsoundness in Mr. Bennett's ministry? Point it out. We will *then* acknowledge the error. We never heard even a whisper of such a deficiency.—ED.]

SURREY TABERNACLE.—No doubt the young man was confounded: try him again. The best of men have often stumbled in starting; they lose their head for the moment and scarce know what they are talking about.

WANTED.—Men of sterling principle, of strong faith, of fervent zeal, of consistent charity, and with sanctified, active, and persevering intellect, to fill up our vacant pastorates. Address—"Board of Deacons," *Earthen Vessel* Office, 5, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London.

Deaths.

Our beloved sister in Christ, Mrs. Elizabeth Owen, of Mepal, Isle of Ely, aged 80 years, was by the glorious Husbandman transplanted from the garden below to the garden above, Nov. 21, 1874. My soul has many times been refreshed in spiritual communion with her; now she sees Him whom her soul loveth. R. G. EDWARDS.

Monday morning, December 8, 1873, Mr. Samuel Thompson passed from among us to the world of spirits, at the advanced age of 93. He was converted by the Spirit of God under the ministry of John Martin, of Kepple street, and baptized by Mr. George Pritchard. "How are the mighty fallen?"—(2 Sam. 1. 19). W. W.

The following card has been sent from Manchester by our friend Mr. John Hudson:—In affectionate remembrance of James Quinn (late City Missionary for twenty-five years), of Needwood street, Manchester, who departed this life September 27, 1873, in his 74th year. Interred at Harpurhey Cemetery, October 1, 1873.

[Of this learned, devoted, and useful minister, we have enough material to supply a memoir worthy of extensive perusal. We wish to compile it if possible.—ED.]

“ His Last Night on Earth ! ”

NATHANIEL WAITE was born at Bradford-on-Avon, in the year 1843, and had God-fearing parents, but was left at the early age of seven without a father. He continued there until about the year 1858, when, in the Providence of God, he came to London, where he found employment, but at a place which was not fitted for a youth so young, who, being brought up to attend where the Gospel was preached, was now thrust into quite another class of society. After a few months he sought another situation which did not satisfy him much, and then sought another place, but this did not last long. He was at last thrown out of employment for some time, which was a great trial to him ; at last he settled with a clock and watchmaker in New Bond Street, which place he filled for nine years up to his death.

About the year 1862 he became anxious about his soul's salvation. Although I cannot give the leading particulars, or the means that God used to arrest him, or of the Lord's dealings with his soul, but at this time I often heard him reading the Word and wrestling with God in prayer after he retired into his own room for the night. He now became a constant hearer of the Gospel as preached by the late Mr. John Pells, of Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, whose ministry was much blessed to him in deepening his convictions, and leading him on in the hope of salvation. He attended the Sabbath morning prayer-meetings, but being a man of few words, it was a trial to him when called upon to engage in prayer, and it was with great fear and trembling when he attempted to supplicate at the throne of grace ; but his broken petitions showed the genuineness of his religion. Some of his earliest attempts to pray in public have not been forgotten by some who heard him. After continuing a hearer for a considerable time, he applied for membership at Soho, and having given his experience before the Church at the monthly Church-meeting, was unanimously received, and was baptized the last Sabbath in December, 1863. Some few years after he got his dismissal from the Church of Soho to Salem, Meard's Court, where he continued till his death. The ministry of Mr. Ibber-son was much blest to him, especially a sermon from Psalm li. 1, “ Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness,” etc. This sermon was wonderfully blest to him. He has also been much favoured and blest under the preaching of the present pastor, Mr. Briscoe. His Christian career had not been so bright as he could have wished. He deeply regretted his not possessing gifts for usefulness, even up till his dying day. He was not able, when in health, to soar far above this trying state, he not having, as some are favoured with, that full assurance of faith ; but still he hoped in the mercy of his God. He had days of darkness, trouble, and distress, and ofttimes felt his own weakness and proneness to wander away from his God ; and on one occasion I overheard him relating to a fellow-member at Soho that his feet had well nigh slipped, but that God had mercy upon him. He

knew he had to battle with an evil heart, and this oftentimes caused him great darkness of mind. He had external trials and troubles which caused inward grief.

But to come to his end. He had felt unwell at times for fifteen months, and had several attacks which laid him aside, but in the commencement of October, 1873, he gradually became weaker: every day told upon him, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he continued to his daily work, and was obliged, when in the streets at times, to hold himself up by the nearest object that met his view, and when in doors was compelled to rest in going up-stairs, quite panting for breath; he was, however, compelled to keep at home in the middle of the month. A medical man was called in who told him he was suffering from heart-disease and other complications, and after a week's treatment, a physician was called in who declared his case was almost hopeless, but should he recover he would be a great sufferer; this was, in a measure, kept from him. He became weaker every day, at times feeling a little better, then worse again; so he continued until a few days before his death in the brightest hopes of his recovery, which grieved me much to see one so near his end and yet he knew it not. On the Friday before his death I spoke to him upon the subject of death, of one being ushered into the last hour without knowing it, and then be left to bid adieu to those most dear to him, and not knowing whether at that time he may have the use of his faculties. I left him without seeming to make much impression upon him, and called upon him the next day and remained with him. He now asked me what myself and the doctor thought of him? I told him I could not trifle with him and must therefore be candid, assuring him there was not the slightest hope of recovery, and that the doctor said he might last a few days or weeks. This seemed to grieve him; he said he wanted to live. I asked him the state of his mind, he said he could scarcely tell; again he said he wanted to live. I prayed him calmly to look the matter over, knowing that in a few hours or days he would be gone, which he tried to do, and said he must try to be resigned; but it was easy to say that, but what he wanted was to feel it. Things in Providence had been looking brighter for the past few months, and he had hopes of living to bring up his young family, and he now felt it very hard for one so young to be called away. He now became greatly distressed on behalf of his wife and family. I assured him that the Lord would provide for them; and promised to use my influence on their behalf. This appeared to ease his mind a little, and he continued in that state until midnight. During the evening I spoke at intervals touching his state and the future. I asked him where his hope was fixed? He said where it had been for some years past, only on Christ and His atonement, and again said he would prefer to live; but if the Lord was about to take him, he prayed that the Lord would give him strength to bear up, and that His presence might be with him up till the last. He now became delirious for about three hours. After this had passed off, he said,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Then he remarked how good the Lord had been to him, and that not one thing had failed of all that the Lord had promised. He confessed

his unworthiness, and must approach the Lord with the same cry he had often used before :

“Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.”

He now became very low. I read to him several Psalms, the sweetness of which he seemed to drink into his soul. We offered to pray with him, but he was too weak to answer. After a few moments a great change came over him, and he said,

“In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death.”

Then he said,

“Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.”

After a few moments, he said,

“When I appear in yonder crowd.”

He now appeared to be sinking fast. I aroused the friends in the house, and we gathered around his bed, believing his time to be drawing near. He then most affectingly addressed his beloved partner, and tried to console her, pointing her to Him who has promised to be the Husband of the widow and Father of the fatherless children ; he prayed her to trust in her God, that yet all would work well and for her good. He said it was very hard to leave her and the children to struggle on alone, and he would gladly live for them if it were possible, but, feeling at his heart, he said it was impossible. He then took his children and told them he was about to leave them, pointing to Christian in Bunyan's Pilgrim crossing the river, and referring their young minds to the pictures he had often showed them, and explained that he was about to cross that river ; he begged them to listen to the teachings of their mother, and prayed that they might meet each other in heaven, where there would be no more parting or any more sorrow. He now spoke of the teaching he had received when young and at the Sabbath School, that he never lost it, but it had been to him as a well of water springing up within him, and had been a source of consolation to him even up till his dying day.

Sunday morning had now arrived, and he continued during the day and up to the evening, as far as he had strength to speak to one and another who called in to see him, and it mattered not whether old or young, sinner or saint, he had a fitting word for each, although when in health he could not say much. The Lord evidently made up for it in his last hours, for he preached the Gospel to all that gathered around him, as a dying man to dying men, with all the solemnities of a dying hour. To one whom he had been addressing, in reference to his state as a sinner, and that most solemnly too, he told him it mattered not how black or how vile, but him that cometh unto Christ He will in nowise cast out, and then said,

“The door of Thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way ;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.”

He then begged him to try Him, assuring him that a death-bed was not the place to think of those things but when in health and strength. To another he said,

“The wicked stand amazed,
As under fear confined;
Whene'er they see grim death's pale face
Presented to their mind.”

To another he said,

“Death is a melancholy thing
To them who have no God.”

Afterwards he said,

“There was nothing in me to merit esteem,
Or cause the Creator delight.”

After some little time he broke out with the verse,

“On Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host redeemed by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine;
I heard the song and strove to join.”

Again,

“I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall.”

He then commenced crying out very loud, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,” several times, and then asked some brother to pray with him that the Lord might come quickly to take him to Himself. A brother supplicated at the throne of grace, in which he heartily joined.

Mr. Briscoe called to see him in the afternoon and found him in a blessed state of mind, and to questions put to him showed that he was only waiting to hear the Master's voice, saying, “Come up higher;” he now being thoroughly resigned, and said he had no wish to recover; that he was resting by faith on the Rock, Christ, and said,

“All other ground is sinking sand;”

and after several such sayings, Mr. Briscoe prayed with him, and his own soul was going out in the petitions, and tried to join in the same. He now asked for a drink of water, and said, “That was more than they gave his Master when hanging on the cross.” He then said,

“Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

He then said,

“When langour and disease invades
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage
And long to fly away.”

At times he felt his strength fail, and when he recovered it again a little he began,

“Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?”

He then repeated the well-known hymn,

“Rock of Ages, shelter me,”

with the eloquence of one nearing home and with glory full in view, especially this verse,

“Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”

Those who were with him will not forget the many weighty things that he said, especially those that were spoken by him to each one personally. Again he repeated the verse,

“My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away;
O may I from this day
Be wholly Thine.”

And so he continued during the Sunday night, and he appeared to rally a little. I left him a few hours on Monday and returned and found him very low, and again thought him all but gone, but he lingered on and at times said it was hard work, and hoped it would not last long. Monday night he had a quiet night, and on Tuesday morning I saw him; he was very weak, but still relying upon his God for strength and patience and said it would not be long. I left him and returned in the evening. During the afternoon he had been very low and felt rather dark, and wished he had some brother to pray with him, but there was not a brother present at the time; but he soon recovered from this darkness, and during the evening blessedly spoke of his Saviour and felt it would not be long before he would be in His embrace. To a friend, who called in for the first time, he spake as to his being prepared to meet his Saviour, which would be far better. This was his last night on earth, and he several times, at intervals, called out, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” At a quarter-past twelve, without a struggle or groan, but simply said, “Hold me up, hold me up,” he passed out of a world of sorrow and death into that fulness of joy and bliss, treasured up for all them who love God and who are hopeful in His mercy. So he passed away in his thirtieth year, on Tuesday night, November 18, and was interred at Finchley Cemetery, on the 25th, by Mr. George Webb, of Kentish Town.

May his prayers be answered, and the words he spoke on his dying bed be blest to those who heard them. May the Lord's people be cheered with the prospect of death and the glory that follows, and that our hearts may be knitted more to our Master in sweet fellowship with Him by the way, till He calls us hence. May his words to those unsaved be as a nail fastened in a sure place, and may the Holy Ghost bring them to Calvary's cross and point to His redeeming blood, and say, “Behold the way to God.” And to Him shall be the praise and glory.

WILLIAM WAITE.

12A, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, W.

THE PURCHASE AND THE PRICE.

“ Jesus! the vision of Thy face
 Hath overpowering charms;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
 If Christ be in my arms!”

SITTING alone in Moss Cottage, near Rochdale, the seat of Alderman John Tatham (whose kindness to me I must ever gratefully remember), on Monday evening, January 5, 1874, the above precious verse came over my soul with serenity and quietude: and it was followed by that other sweet note—

“ My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this!
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.”

The two-fold aspect of the mediatorial work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had been in my thoughts; and any spiritual contemplation upon the person, and work, and glory of the Son of God must bring the soul into that holy frame which led the ancient saint to exclaim, “ My meditation of Him shall be sweet !” When the Eternal Comforter doth lead the regenerated soul believingly to think upon the Friend of Sinners, there must then be in that soul something of Isaiah xxxii. : “ The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.”

Now, where the final perseverance of the saints is not firmly and experimentally holden by faith there can be no spiritual quietness, no well-grounded assurance for eternity, because there may be a possibility of falling from all the grace received, and dropping into final misery after all.

How dangerous, to me, appears the doctrine of Universal Redemption—of man's power to believe or to reject the Gospel of Christ, and of the possibility of finally falling from grace even after a man hath believed, hath been sanctified, and hath received the assurance that his sins are all forgiven him. How very dreadful all these contingencies and uncertainties as regards our salvation by Christ do appear to me! and yet in nearly all the churches and chapels of the kingdom these free-will heresies are proclaimed; thousands believe them, and their societies prosper in all time and temporal things, their ministers are talented, their supporters are numerous and wealthy; but how they will appear in the great day of decision is fearful and difficult to think upon.

“ Feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood.” This is our new year's motto—our text for 1874. Some things have been advanced in January number; but here we will simply notice that where this injunction to “ feed the Church ” is given, there is associated therewith some distinguishing and discriminating features of characters, which are to be carefully noted by us.

By the prophet Zechariah the Lord promises that He will “ feed the flock of slaughter, even you, O poor of the flock.” Who can read the history of the Church of Christ but must see it has been a slaughtered flock, more or less, in all ages! What became of the prophets and apostles? Were they not all literally slaughtered by cruel and de-

structive persecutions? Have not thousands of the followers of the Lamb been slaughtered and hurled out of the world by flames, and swords, and cruel deaths? And what is Satan aiming at now, but again to set the enemies of God's people up in power—in civil and ecclesiastical power? And then a public slaughter will be carried on again.

Are we not secretly slaughtered now, either by wolves in sheep's clothing, or by Satan's most persistent temptations? The poor of the flock are slaughtered in a thousand ways which we stop not now to define.

But then Christ feedeth them, He upholdeth and preserveth them in the faith, and although their faith is sharply tried He leaveth them not to make shipwreck of it or to perish out of His hand. Having purchased them He will not leave them under Sinai's curse, nor under the avenging sword of justice, nor under Satan's terrible dominion; nor under death's sting, nor under the power of the wrath to come! nor under the final sentence of the judgment-day, when to all those who died not in the Lord it will be said, "Depart from me, for I never knew you."

The holy law of God had a claim upon those who were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world; but our Jesus, by His holy life of perfect obedience met that demand, then He came to Jordan, and was baptized, and, to prove that His obedience was fully accepted, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him, and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!"

Here, then, the holy law is magnified. God, its author, is well pleased.

Satan has no legal claim upon the elect of God; but he will resist and tempt them. He tempted Christ, but the Saviour always drove the deadly adversary off the ground. Satan dragged David down: the Lord drove him out. Satan got Peter in his sieve; Christ made him let go his hold. And Christ assures the Church He will bruise Satan under her feet shortly. Then He shall not tempt, nor bind, nor wrong any more.

Divine Justice demanded the life of Jesus as a substitutionary punishment for the Church's sin. This demand flung His whole body and soul into a baptism of bloody sweat and agony; but,

"Here was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

Nay, He never stopped, until He could cry with a loud voice,

"IT IS FINISHED!"

That "IT" which was *finished* on Calvary, was begun in the ancient covenant; nothing can be added to it, nothing can be taken from it.

Now, He says, "Feed my sheep, and feed my lambs"—all you who love My person, name, and kingdom—with a divinely-superlative love.

Peter re-echoes his holy Master's commission, where he says to the

elders, "Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof; and when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away."

Being a long way from home and my head and hands full of work in this northern part of our hard-working England, I must pause here.

"The Purchase and the Price" is yet to be considered. Your sympathy and prayers I earnestly desire, so that yet a little longer, though one of the flock of slaughter, I may be found one of Christ's own faithful servants,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Rochdale, January 5, 1874.

[It is just sixty years since John Kershaw began to preach.]

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MR. ALFRED ADAMS,

WHO WAS PROMOTED FROM GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK, TO A GLORIOUS THRONE IN HEAVEN, NOV. 27, 1873.

"By grace are ye saved."—Ephes. ii. 5.

THE deceased was for many years a consistent member of the Old Baptist Chapel here; for many years he was seriously afflicted, suffering from a diseased heart. When first I saw him in March last, he was in a low, nervously-depressed state, and could not sustain any lengthened conversation. His last illness was most painful to witness and serves to illustrate the sublime power of matchless sovereign grace, which upheld and bore him safely through, and which so fortified the mind, that, with all the terrible rending agonizing pain which for weeks gave him absolutely no rest day or night, not a murmur was ever heard to escape his lips. "As much as other men the Christian feels that pain is pain but not like them behaves." When his sufferings were very severe, I said do you feel your Lord to be very precious now? he replied, very quietly, "My Jesus hath done all things well." What a mercy. Ah the flesh is corrupt, and the flesh must suffer, but Christ is a blessed shelter. I said do you feel as though this was fellowship with His suffering? He replied I trust through covenant mercy in some measure it may be, I know it is all very wisely ordered, and will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever. After one of those severe paroxysms which, as far as I know, never gave him rest longer than to draw six breaths (often not that), his sorrowing wife said oh, if I could but bear the pain for you; he quickly replied, but that would not do, I must have the number, every one; the purpose must be fulfilled. He said I feel so wonderfully weak, the flesh is weak, but my Lord is strong, yea, a strong tower.

Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be.

I said what a mercy to be interested in the covenant of everlasting, unchanging love. Ah! said he, the Lord has long ago, in a very manifest way, blessed me with a knowledge of my interest in His blood and righteousness. Many have been the shakings by Satan, the flesh and the world, but grace is and has been all sufficient. As I stood there three thoughts filled my mind. 1st. The cursed power and terrible venom of sin. 2nd. The weakness and corruption of the flesh. 3rd.

The infinitely greater power and sufficiency of divine grace. A few days before he died I called again, found him evidently fast nearing his end; I said you seem very weak this morning. I scarcely know, said he, if it be morning or noon, or night, but the sun shines; bless God, the sun shines. Oh, I exclaimed, what a delightful mercy. It was a heart-melting scene: his wife, two daughters, two grand-children, called to the bedside, when, taking his wife into his dying arms, declared I love my dear Lord Jesus Christ first and best, but you come next, gave her a parting kiss, a farewell blessing and prayer, commending her to the care of his God. And, in like manner, he took each of his daughters, commended them to his Redeemer, and gave them a dying father's blessing and good-bye kiss, also the two grand-children. I said, you have a great mercy to bless the Lord for, in that He has answered your prayers for your children; you have lived to see them brought up, and brought to the feet of Jesus, and members of His Church, and your wife knows and loves the joyful sound, so that when you part, it will be with the certainty of meeting again, under brighter auspices. That, he replied, is a vast mercy: I can't measure it, I *cannot* measure it, it has filled my heart. My Lord only knows how I feel about it, yes, we shall meet again, the earnest of the Spirit, the foretaste now, by-and-bye the whole. "Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song." Not wishing to lengthen this paper, I have but related a few facts, without comment thereupon; to have related our conversations, which were many and sweet, would be tedious to readers. He was sensible but little after this; the end seemed to be sudden at last, but he calmly, without a struggle, fell asleep about mid-day. The purpose was accomplished, the probation over, the education complete, the corn was ripe at 59 years of age. The Lord said, long enough there, My son, My adopted Son; come home, come home. Through grace faithful over few things, now come home and thou shalt rule over a many things. Enter, blood-bought, blood-washed, Eternally-beloved, enter the joy of thy Lord. Thus, without permitting the enemy to harass him much during his last hours, this redeemed one, having come of age, entered upon his inheritance with the sanctified: thus another trophy of redeeming love was added to the long list of the names of those who came up out of great tribulation. Reader, the hour is coming, the hand of the clock of time is fast approaching the appointed moment when thy days on earth will be ended. It may be with thee terrible, or otherwise, the Lord only knoweth. Say where standest thou, oh, where standest thou? The Lord bless thee, and lift up upon thee the light of His countenance and give thee peace.

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

The deceased gave the following words as text for funeral sermon: "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day" (2 Cor. iv. 16). "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

A. J. MARGERUM.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO PASTORS AND PREACHERS.

BY MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON,

Delivered to Mr. Jull, at his Ordination at Carlton, Beds.

MR. ATKINSON founded his address to the newly-elected Pastor on 1 Tim. iv. 16, of which the following is an outline.

My business on this occasion is not to preach a Gospel sermon, but as one who has obtained mercy, to be faithful; and as one, my brother, somewhat your senior, to give you a word of advice in the name of the Lord.

In view of this important engagement you entered into this afternoon, let me say,

First, take heed to thyself *physically*. This thought may be dismissed in a word. But as Paul thought it not beneath him to speak a word to Timothy on the health of his body, neither do I in addressing you. Soundness of body has much to do with soundness of mind. It is your reasonable service to present your body to God a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, and the sacrifice will be all the better for being healthful withal.

2. Take heed to thyself *morally*. Morality and religion are not, as is mistaken by many, identical; but they are nevertheless inseparable, and it will be for you to give good heed to exemplify this truth in your own person. Let the purity of religion ever find in you an advocate and an example; let it ever be heard from your lips and seen in your life: "That the grace of God which bringeth salvation teacheth us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." "That he who nameth the name of Christ should depart from iniquity. That they should be clean who bear the vessels of the Lord." I suggest no doubt, my brother, of your morality, but warn you of a danger. If the question of Hazael to the prophet, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" should arise in the mind, I answer in the words of the apostle, "If any man thinketh he standeth, let him take heed lest he fall." Paul brought his body into subjection lest he should become a castaway, and you may learn from example. A more terrible consummation in this world can scarcely be imagined than to become a castaway of God and His people; and a vessel to be used of the Master must be sanctified and meet for His use; and a minister to be accepted of the Church must be approved of God. Your heart, my brother, is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; give it no confidence, your safety lies in the care of your God; cast the whole on Him.

3. Take heed to thyself *spiritually*. The vitality of your religion concerns you *personally*. You have need to be ever on your watch-tower against the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil upon the vital activity of your personal godliness: the deadening influence of these will, among other things, induce carelessness, formality, and desultoriness. Carelessness is commonly the child of sloth; avoid the parent that you may not be burdened with her offspring.

Formality is a subtle mischief, and will often take possession of the soul in the use of those very means we employ to obtain spiritual

quickenings. Irregular observance of worship is sure to be irreverent, and the most regular is, from its very regularity, in danger of becoming formal. Be regular, my brother, and watch for the quickenings of the Spirit in all worship. Desultoriness comes of aimlessness; an aimless soul will read and pray and end in its reading and praying. He who reads and prays for nothing usually gets nothing, he has nothing "to do" with God in either exercise, and therefore God has nothing "to do" with him, and both exercises are resultless. Have an object and seek it.

And the vitality of your religion much concerns you *officially*. The business of the study cannot be well done if only mechanically done. You may sit down there and mechanically manipulate a text into its leading divisions and subdivisions in a brief space of time, and say to yourself with self-satisfaction, "That will do," and so leave it till the time. But that is just what will not do. You will only have got together the bones of a man with no muscles on them, and no flesh on the muscles, and no skin on the flesh, and no breath of life in them. Sound doctrine there will be, no doubt, but there will be no sweet savour. God exerts a power by the truth through a living sympathy of His servant with the truth preached.

If your testimony in the pulpit is to be the milk of the Word to those who desire it, your text must, by the subtle chemistry of meditation, and prayer, and realization, be digested, so to speak, beforehand in the laboratory of your own soul; else the testimony will be but a dry breast. As a rule, only words from the heart reach the heart; therefore, for the Word of God, by you, to be a quickening power, it must first be a living power in you. Everywhere, in the pulpit, in the parlour, and in the sick room, the measure of your usefulness will, under God, be much regulated by your own spiritual mindedness.

4. Take heed to thyself *officially*. One of your noblest titles is that of a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; you are, indeed, a servant of the Church, to subserve its interests, but your Master is Christ. Take heed that you are *ever* a servant, and, therefore, that the claim of the Master is ever on you. Ever be ready to answer such questions as: Where hast thou gleaned to-day? and, Where wroughtest thou? Be you in the service of your Master, like the journeyman who has his time-slate on which he accounts to his Master for every hour of time. Take heed, too, that you are *everywhere* a servant. Lying down, and rising up, in the study, the pulpit, the chair of the pastor, the parlour of the friend, the family, the world; in all the employments and in all the recreations of life—everywhere you are a servant—CHRIST'S servant. Everywhere show the livery, show the spirit, and do the business of a servant of Christ; and take heed that you are *wholly* a servant. The marginal reading of your Bible will tell you that when Moses consecrated Aaron and his sons to the priest's office, he *filled their hands*. God has given you a work to do sufficient to fill your hands, head, and heart; say to all who would divert you, "I am doing a great work, and I cannot come down." Let all know who would solicit your services that the claims of Christ are on you; "Give attendance to reading, to exhortations, to doctrine," and moreover, "give thyself wholly to them."

Secondly, take heed to the doctrine, and (1) take heed to the *subject*. This is Christ. Provisionally, all the lines of the doctrine

meet in Him, and from Him flow all the streams which minister to the guilty necessities of a sinner, and to the daily wants of a saint; all fulness dwells in Him, and all supplies are from Him. In preaching Christ, ever bear in mind the occasion for which you preach Him: and what, to meet that occasion, HE is made of God unto us; that is, in other words, the *remedial* character of Christ and His Gospel. Here, in the midst of your congregations, there will ever be an occasion for you to lift up Christ in your ministry analogous to that on which Moses lifted up the serpent. Your preaching of Christ will ever be to lost sinners and to poor and needy saints who are yet in the world. Rest not, therefore, in the verity of the truth abstractedly, but exhibit the truth in its relative bearing on the interest of the people. Preach the predicates of your subject. In preaching the headship of Christ, beyond the proof of His official relation, feel that you are speaking to persons who have been hungering for its advantages to them, and lay open to them His responsibility, and therewith His infinite capability and faithfulness to discharge a trust which so much concerns them. So, also, when preaching the mediation of Christ, open and allege the completeness of the stupendous work. When preaching the grace of Christ, feel that probably some poor creature has crept within those doors, burdened with the guilt of his sins and oppressed with his unworthiness, standing afar off in guilt, and grief, and doubt, like the publican; and with the force of language, and every mode of illustration at your command, lay open to the broken-hearted sinner the boundless freeness and the unsearchable riches of His grace. And in preaching the government of Christ, open up the covenant right of the Lord Jesus to be head over all things to the Church, and forget not to teach the people, then listening to you, that He exerts His authority over all things which concern them all in the every-day affairs of life. Never forget you are the minister of Christ to men in the world, more or less afflicted with physical, mental, moral, and spiritual ills. In like manner, and with a like object, bear in mind the characteristic features of the truth in Christ. That is the Word of Life; the Gospel of the *grace of God*; the ministry of *reconciliation*; the Gospel of your salvation. The verity of these doctrines are, I take it, most surely believed here: and, therefore, you will but in a little be employed to maintain their truth, but in the unfolding their bearings and ends you will ever find employment. Keep in view then that election is to salvation, to a being holy without blame before God in love. That predestination is to adoption, and to a conformity to the image of Christ. That redemption is from all evil unto God. And that calling is from darkness to light, and from Satan to God.

(2) Take heed to the manner and spirit of preaching the doctrine. Speaking the truth in love may be taken as the authorised manner of preaching the Gospel. The ear is the door of the heart to you, and attention is best gained by affection. Asperity revolts, harshness and faithfulness are not identical. Your business is the most benevolent under heaven; it is to show to men the way of salvation, and to feed the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock. Let your manner be in keeping with the nature of your business; lead by the hand rather than knock on the head. God begets love by love; the Holy Ghost draws rather than drives, and He blesses a leading rather than a driving ministry.

This will require a loving sympathy in your own heart : to reach the heart of a stranger, you must have the heart of a stranger. If you would have love kindled in your hearers' hearts it will be necessary for you to carry a kindling kindred fire in your own.

Your own experience, freely and judiciously laid under tribute, will help you much : use it therefore ; yet never let Christ wait on your experience, but ever make your experience wait on Christ. To illustrate the truths of the Gospel by your experience, with the aim of carrying them home, is legitimate and laudable ; but you will commit treason against Christ if you elevate the servant to the Master's throne. Moreover, when speaking of experience, you will do well to distinguish clearly what a Christian may experience in common with all men, from what he experiences peculiarly as a regenerate person—Christian experience from the possible experience of a Christian.

(3) Take heed of the object of the doctrine. Your object, as a teacher of the doctrine, will be, in brief, the evangelisation of sinners, the edification of saints, and the glory of God. But ever seek some definite objects in every sermon. Ask yourself in your study respecting the sermon you are about to preach, What desirable end may I hope God will bring to pass by this ?

Make what preparation you can to compass these objects as though success depended on your efforts ; and, having done all, lean as dependently on the Holy Ghost for all success as though you had made no preparation at all.

Finally,—Bearing in mind that profession of principles made by you in this assembly to-day, take heed and “ Let no man despise thee,” by reason of any inconsistency in doctrine and life.

THE SECOND DEATH.

“ Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”—Mark ix. 44.

HOW solemn are these words, thrice repeated by Him who cannot lie, nor exaggerate, who wept over man's sins, and bled for man's redemption ; here is reference to the twofold mode of disposing of bodies after death. In a dead corpse we see death in its reality and loathsomeness ; but even corruption and decay, loathsome as they are, fail to set forth the horrors of death eternal.

Look into that coffin which was closed some weeks since, you say you dare not ; then imagine what is within, the worm is there, he pursues his work till the once fair body becomes a heap of dust, and then the worm dies, but “ *their* worm dieth not.” See that pile raised to consume a dead corpse, the work is soon done ; a few ashes only remain ; the fire itself is gone out, “ But *their* fire is not quenched.” These awful figures set forth the intensity and eternity of the sufferings of the lost, and are the most awful paraphrase of Paul's words, “ Everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.” Divine wrath once found awful satisfaction on Calvary. Thither let us all flee who desire to escape the wrath to come.

Chelsea.

J. KEALY.

“HOW DO YOU GET ON IN THE MASTER'S
VINEYARD?”

MY dear friend and brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,—Your kind letter was duly received, for which I am much obliged. You must excuse my neglect, I can assure you it is quite an effort to write unless the dear Lord is pleased to give me matter to write.

You inquire how I get on in the Master's vineyard. I trust I have great cause to bless His dear name for help afforded to such a poor worm. I am sometimes sorely exercised as to whether I have been sent out into the vineyard; then again I reason, What power is it by which I have been sustained to the present, if not by the power of the Lord? I am carried back to some special seasons of the Lord's deliverances, when I have gone into the pulpit without a text, and my soul in that state of bondage and distress I cannot describe, and just at the last moment a text has been given: our extremity is the Lord's opportunity to manifest His grace, mercy, and lovingkindness. O what a God is ours! we may truly say, “But our God is in the heavens, and He hath done what He pleased;” we feel sometimes very rebellious against what He does, especially when our wills are crossed.

“We know what He appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.”

Sometimes we murmur for water, sometimes because that water is bitter; sometimes for meat; sometimes we say we shall one day perish by the hand of Saul; then again we say, “I will trust and not be afraid; or, whom shall I fear!” O what changeable creatures we are! but it is our mercy the Lord changes not, He is of one mind, none can turn Him, what His soul desireth, even that He doeth, He performeth the thing that is appointed for me: the gall as well as the honey; prosperity as well as adversity, our comforts as well as our sorrows—“all appointed were by Him.” What a mercy to feel “our times are in His hands.”

I hope your curate is well, bodily and spiritually; horses sometimes get lame because they are not worked enough, as well as when they are worked too much; I hope he will not be lame from either of these causes; my love to him, and hope he may be supplied with water from that never-failing spring, and that his root may never become dry, nor his leaf wither, and if as a tree he should become dry, I hope the Lord may make him to flourish, and if he should become too green—lifted up in himself and proud of his gifts and abilities—I hope the Lord may dry up all those natural humours.

I hope your flock are healthy, that they have neither the scab, rot, nor trot: I have heard that sheep are subject to these diseases; it is a rare thing to find a Church in a real flourishing state. We cannot judge of the state of a Church by its numbers, at least, that is no certain criterion to judge by. I hope none of your sheep have the scab of discontent or of self-righteousness; or the rot of an unholy life—carnality or worldly-mindedness, &c.; and to prevent them having the trot, you must attend to Paul's exhortation (1 Tim. 4—15), “Meditate on these things; give thyself wholly to them (for what reason?), that thy profiting

may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine." Endeavour to get your messages from God, so that you may go before the people with, "I have a message from God unto you." I have been told that the reason why sheep trot into another field is because they are short of pasture; so I hope you will be able, by the help of the Lord and His blessing on the Word, to keep your sheep at home by leading them into green pastures.

Our Christian love to your dear wife and all the friends at Love Lane; kind regards to your family,

Believe me yours truly in the Lord, W. WILSON.

Billingsborough, Folkingham, Nov. 21, 1873.

To the Dean of Love Lane, Spalding, Brother John Vincent.

ENGLAND!—THE CHOSEN BATTLE-FIELD FOR THE LAST DECISIVE STRUGGLE.

WE rejoice in hope—we rejoice with trembling—to find noble spirits are rising up with trumpet-tongued alarms—endeavouring to awaken England to a sense of her danger, and of her duty too. Every week *The Rock* is firing its cannons right into the midst of bishops, archdeacons, and the Ritualistic ranks of every size and shape. No bishop's head can lay very easily on its pillow now; no bishop's heart can be free from anxiety and pain. But *The Rock* stands for no consequences; it tells us all plainly "that every soldier of Christ must offer himself, and volunteer his services at this solemn hour, when the great enemy of the Gospel is mustering all his forces to conquer England, which has evidently been chosen as the battle-field for the last decisive struggle. With England under her foot, Rome, humanly speaking, would be invincible. She has already stormed and taken one of England's strongholds; her spies are scattered everywhere! Must we not all go forth to the battle, to fight and conquer under the banner of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, our Light, our Life, our Strength?"

"London Missions" is the title of an article, recently given in *The Rock*, showing the dark side of London's sources and scenes of iniquity, and the deceptive character of much of her so-called religious ceremonial. Appalling is the fact, that London is fast reaching a population of nearly four millions of immortal souls; while the Gospel of Jesus Christ is, with but few exceptions, not making any marked progress. Should not our Baptist Ministers in London convene public meetings in all parts of the metropolis, and there unitedly protest against the invasion which Mesdames Rome and Ritual are now pushing into the very heart of our nation? We believe, if public demonstration meetings were convened and conducted in a decided, intelligent, and Christ-like spirit, they would, in the first place, prove our faithfulness to our Lord and Master; secondly, they would tend to make our principles better and more widely known; thirdly, they would gather around us many earnest friends who now stand aloof from us, because they believe we are cold, stiff, selfish, hyper-critical, and careless of every one's interest, except our own immediate domain. We once made the effort to awaken the slumbering spirits by which we were surrounded, and immediately a huge barbarian of a deacon fetched us a blow, and nearly

knocked us out of all propriety. To such of our godly ministers who know, love, and can contend for truth, and are able to expose error—to such good brethren we venture to appeal: Shall we sleep on in our little nest until the storm breaks upon us? The Lord forbid. What-ever conceited contempt may be cast upon us, we cannot be quiet. Brethren, read Ezekiel xxxiii. 6, 7.

DIVINE COMPARATIVES AND SUPERLATIVES.

“Choose rather the best gifts.”

How sweet it is to cast one's care
On Him who can the burden bear!
But sweeter still to leave it there.

How hard it is to loathe and fly
Those fleshly lusts which make us sigh!
But harder them to crucify.

How good, in earnest, to begin
Daily to die to self and sin!
Better eternal life to win.

How wise, in God's own book, to trace
The promise of eternal grace!
Wiser that promise to embrace.

How kind, to make the wounded whole,
And human passions to control!
Kinder to seek to save a soul.

How bright the Christian's eye of faith
Becomes, 'ere he resigns his breath!
Yet, brightest in the hour of death.

To think of heaven while on the road
Brings earnest of that blest abode:
But what the bliss to be with God!

Be calm, my soul, soon thou wilt see
The fulness of that mystery:
“I (am) in them, and Thou in me.”

ROBERTUS.

Totteridge, Herts, December 28, 1873.

A C R O S T I C .

In Memoriam.

W E gladly heard the Watchman on Zion's sacred walls,
I n similes so pithy, set forth the Gospel calls;
L ong have we listened to him, and heard the Master's voice,
L ike dew in truth distilling, which made the heart rejoice,
I n doctrine sound and unctuous, flesh cutting to the core;
A nd yet the Church is mourning, the stroke we all deplore,
M idst trials, griefs, and crosses, the Shepherd, Christ, is near;

G ood is His hallow'd title, “I AM” is ever dear,
“A sk, and it shall be given,” this promise we must plead,
R esting alone in Jesus, He knows His people's need;
R ight to Him send petitions for labourers in faith,
A nd then expect an answer, for so the Scripture saith,
R ebecca found her Isaac, and Ruth her Boaz too,
D o Churches need a pastor? Ask God, He'll answer you.

A WATCHMAN NEAR THE BREACH.

Nottingham, January 10, 1874.

CONSOLATION IN LIFE'S CHANGING SCENES.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Allow me to wish you a happy new year. It is now a full year since I wrote to you last, and, as yet, no answer has arrived. My glorious Elohim Emmanuel has brought me through another year; the trials, temptations, waters and fires, the sins and miseries of 1873 are passed, and gone never to return. Goodness and mercy hath followed my every step through the past year, and, while upon the threshold of the pregnant year of 1874, I desire to humbly, but fervently, thank my precious Lord for all His mercy and lovingkindness to me during the year which has just closed.

After writing to some of the senior and leading brethren in the churches, as well as to certain of the lay-brethren, concerning my willingness to serve the churches in London, (being desirous of continuing in the great city and its suburbs,) and receiving no encouragement, sympathy, or recognition, and in several instances no reply, I felt that it was not God's will I should stay in London; and beginning to think my work of public preaching was done, and that the churches had rejected my humble, but well-meant services, I began to put about for a future maintenance. This the Lord settled for me in disposing my own family to make such arrangements that I shall, with my dear wife, never be in want of the bread that perisheth during the period of my natural life. Praise the Lord! I always felt a horror of being left to be looking into the mouths of the brethren for a piece of bread. I never went into the ministry for a piece of bread, but made a sacrifice of a comfortable maintenance for the Gospel and the publication thereof, and now I feel grateful, I trust to the God of all my mercies. I have no cause to regret the sacrifice. I have laboured in my humble sphere for the Lord and He has graciously and liberally supplied my necessities, and I do feel thankful I am not left of the Lord to send begging letters and appeals to the rich professors to pity me and relieve me from starvation.

This, my dear brother, is, I am confident, the Lord's doing, and is truly marvellous in my eyes. While disappointed, nonplussed, and mortified in the flesh,—seeing none of the brethren in the bowels of the Gospel could or would sympathize, nor shew me friendship, for, said they, "The Lord hath forsaken him—let him alone,"—an invitation from a few of my old friends from Plymouth reached me to come and spend a month in Plymouth, assuring me that a room was taken for one month, the rent was paid, and all my expenses for the month secured. In the midst of sorrow my heart rejoiced at this instance of the Lord's special goodness and mercy: "Put not your confidence in man;" no, not even in the princes of the people. Blessed is the man whose confidence is in the Lord. Seeing and being quite assured it was of the Lord that I should return to Plymouth for a time, I complied with the invitation and came to Plymouth. My few friends received me with earnest affection, warm hearts, and willing hands gathered around me. The room was too small for the comfortable accommodation of the friends who came to hear the Word of the Lord. The Lord's blessing was enjoyed by both preacher and hearer, and at the end of the month a larger place was provided for our meeting. A

Hall was taken at £30 per year; the money was subscribed and all appeared well. It was soon discovered that the Hall was not so comfortable as it had been supposed for the friends who assembled, and while put about in our thoughts and feelings as to the result of being disappointed in the Hall (Buckland Hall) a message was sent me to offer me for preaching, Corpus Christi Chapel, Stonehouse, where Mr. Hemmington laboured during the time I was at Howe Street, Plymouth, viz., thirteen years. Having no doubt the matter was of the Lord, I, with my friends, engaged to take the chapel from the same parties Mr. Hemmington and his friends rented it off; and now, after being three quarters of a year, and being in the fourth quarter, I have greatly increased my debt of obligation to the Lord for His manifold favours to me during the year 1873. The cloud of the Lord's presence has led me here; the God of truth has been my shield and my salvation; I have done nothing but receive mercy and lovingkindness from the Lord; I was low and He helped me; I cried unto the Lord and He heard the voice of my supplication.

I am not expecting to continue in this tabernacle many more years, only a short time longer to wander in the wilderness. The blessed Gospel, which was many years ago opened up to my soul with power and salvation in the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road, by one who has left the Church Militant for the Church Triumphant, has lost none of its preciousness, its efficacy, nor its hold upon my affections and esteem. The same glorious truths of doctrine, of experience, of practice, and of the house of God and its appurtenances that I held at the beginning, I still, by the grace of God, hold; in my feeble hands they have become enlarged, and extended, and consequently have expanded my immortal powers of mind, until they are to me as an ocean without bottom or shore, a glorious river to swim in, and,

"Here shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly bliss;
While ne'er a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast."

I do not seek, nor do I expect, to obtain sympathy, nor encouragement from the generation of religious professors, old or young; and if I do get a little true fellowship to cheer my spirit, it is among the poor of the flock, those who have received their religion from the Lord.

From the days of my infancy even to grey hairs the Lord hath led me and fed me, He hath upheld me and protected me, He hath made crooked things straight, and rough places plain; the mountains He hath brought down, and the valleys He hath exalted, and my full persuasion is that He will go on to fulfil His word, and, therefore, He will never leave me nor forsake me. And now what have I to live for? To enjoy nearer, sweeter, and more constant fellowship with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ; to glorify God, as He shall enable me, in lifting up the precious (though despised) banner of the cross; to unfold to the poor, the blind, the lame, the halt, and the guilty wretch, the riches of atoning blood, the sufficiency of covenant grace, and the wonders of God's free and sovereign grace as manifested to unworthy me. If so be that the Lord hath chosen the poor, the weak, the foolish, and the despised to confound the rich, the mighty, the wise, and the great, then may I not hope He hath chosen even foolish and helpless me. Truly, my days are declining, my strength is

failing, my friends are few and poor, my enemies are numerous and strong, but the Lord is on my side, therefore, what have I to fear? It is the lame that take the prey: "From the eater comes forth meat, and from the strong sweetness;" "All things work together for good to them who love God, and who are the called according to His purpose."

I pray God to bless you, my brother. I remember gratefully your former kindnesses; may the Lord God of Israel give you favour in the sight of your brethren in London, though I failed to obtain such favour; and may He cause you to ride upon your high places and thrust out the enemy before you. From your unworthy, but well-wishing friend and servant of Jesus Christ,

F. COLLINS.

11, Clarendon Terrace, North Road, Plymouth.

January 6th, 1874.

P.S.—I am looking out for some severe battles upon the mountains of Israel, and at Armageddon—not literally, but spiritually; conflict to be encountered between the gathering hosts of error and sin, and of truth and holiness, without being dismayed at the sight. I have seen the future full of trouble and revolution. My friends have just had a social, quiet tea-meeting; presented me with near £10 as the surplus. Taking all for all the finances have been better this year than either in London or at Howe Street.

"AM NOT I A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE?"

THE following is the Experience of E. P. Doudney, who was one of the first Sunday School teachers in Lake Road Chapel Sunday School, Landport, Portsmouth. Before the old chapel was built, Mr. Clay preached in the School. E. P. D. was one of the early fruits of his preaching there, upwards of fifty years ago. To God be the praise.

To the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*.

T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, Portsmouth, sends us this paper. It is written by the brother of the Editor of "The Gospel Magazine," Dr. D. A. Doudney, of Bristol. Mr. Medhurst says: "The writer is one of my congregation; a dear old saint."

SIXTY-NINE years this very morn
That I into this world was born,
And all my conduct from my youth,
Proves what the Scriptures say is truth.

My tender mother's loving care,
Water'd my cradle with her prayer;
But soon she found, Oh, sad to tell,
By nature I was black as hell.

She fed me from her bosom sweet
With a full share of nature's meat;
And when she look'd into my face,
She begg'd for me God's early grace.

And wonderful it is to tell
Her praying reach'd Emmanuel;
In early life the answer came.
All glory to the Saviour's name!

My loving Father said of me,
"This is my rebel, friends, you see;
Away from home I shall him send,
To school to some good Christian Friend."

With grief he said to uncle White,
"This son of mine's a rebel quite;"
Uncle with solemn awe replied,
"He's one of those for whom Christ died.

The time will come when you will see,
His interest in 'Calvary';
That in the covenant of love,
His name's enrolled by God above."

Off I was sent, the friend indeed,
A godly man, his name was Read;
His wife and daughter Christians, too,
My soul's salvation had in view.

A Baptist minister was he,
Who preached salvation tull and free;
Electing love he loved to tell,
Is that alone which saves from hell.

His wife was she who first began
In the Isle of Wight the blessed plau
Of Lord's day teaching on His day,
Teaching young souls to watch and pray.

Her school was blest to many souls,
Their number now cannot be told ;
But all with her around the throne,
Will sing His love who did atone.

Their child, Susanna was her name ;
She lov'd to tell of Jesu's fame ;
She'd take us round her own bedside,
Tell of His love and how He died.

And oh ! how sweetly she would pray
To Him who is the Truth, the Way,
That we in early life may taste
The preciousness of saving grace.

God heard her prayer for worthless me,
Open'd my eyes and let me see
That I by nature was deprav'd ;
I saw my need of being sav'd.

(Unknown to me God's mighty love
Was working in me from above ;
Implanted saving life within,
And led my soul to cry to Him.)

Now eight years old, with all my might,
To work I went to do what's right ;
I tug'd and toil'd from day to day,
To keep the law, repent, and pray :

Not knowing then, as I soon found,
No power had I on Moses' ground ;
My best obedience only sin,
Was black without and black within.

And now I felt with awful power,
Life was uncertain every hour ;
If death should come I knew full well,
There's no escape for me from hell.

Under a sense of dreadful need,
I saw that I was lost indeed ;
For when I looked within I felt
Condemned by sin and awful guilt.

'Twas my own strength I trusted in
To gain forgiveness for my sin,
And in the truth was deeper led,
To see by nature I was dead.

And had no power to keep the law,
That must be kept without one flaw ;
I knew not then all under curse,
Their doings make things worse and worse.

I long remained in this sad place.
With agonising cries for grace ;
All hope in self swept quite away,
My case more hopeless day by day.

How anxious then was I to meet
God's children at the mercy seat,
And hear his faithful preachers tell
Of sovereign grace which saves from hell.

To Jesus Christ who died to save
His wandering children from the grave—
The grave of sin and unbelief ;
To Him was led to find relief.

To Jesus Christ whose mighty love,
Brought Him to earth from heaven above ;
He saw the ruin I was in,
And gave me hope of life within.

And by the Spirit's power divine,
Into my soul did sweetly shine ;

Make His abode within my breast,
And prove a never-failing guest.

When listening on a Sabbath day
To that good parson, father Clay,—
On Jesu's sufferings he would dwell,
And of His love would sweetly tell.

'Twas in that sermon that he said,
You little faiths, be not afraid,
You fear that you don't love Him too,
Do you desire ? My soul replied, I do.

Where such desires are really felt,
They make the heart and conscience melt,
'Twas from that morning that I found,
Good hope I had on Scripture ground.

Electing love ere time began
Was God the Father's mighty plan ;
He chose the Church in Christ our Head,
And for His Church the Saviour bled.

I've been led on, I love to tell,
By Him who doeth all things well ;
Through all these many, many years,
Preserved from harm and countless fears.

Through countless troubles I've been
brought,
All for my good I've long been taught ;
And I shall ever, ever tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

And if I should behold His face
In heaven above, that happy place,
Where joys unheard of here below,
God's blood-bought children sweetly know :

We'll sing for ever, sweetly sing,
All glory to the heavenly King—
With power divine, in sweetest lays,
The Father and the Spirit praise.

When millions of years the song is sung,
'Twill then be only just begun ;
For ever does the joy unfold,
Fresh beauties all before untold.

I'm struck with wonder : can it be
For sinful worms like you and me ?
'Tis by a miracle of love
Such souls are brought to heaven above.

Oh ! may dear wife, children, friend,
Meet together in the end,
Around the throne of God above,
For ever sing electing love.

It wont be long, the end is near,
Then what have you or I to fear ?
Let all your false forebodings cease :
Wait now, with patience, love, and peace.
Amen.

And now I feel I'm old and thin,
The engine's giving out within ;
My taste for food is well nigh gone,
And quite a task to get along.

The timbers of my house give way,
I feel it more from day to day ;
Therefore, my friends, it can't be long
When "dust to dust" will be the song.

Southsea.

E. P. DOUDNEY.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

Three Sermons by Mr. James Godsmark, preached at Zion Chapel, Bedford. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge. We have carefully examined these three pieces of Biblical, experimental, and Providential exposition, and can testify to their correctness in every branch. Scriptural confirmations and poetical illustrations abound. One quotation, to check over-anxiety, is very sweet. Mr. Godsmark says:—"How often are we caught in over-anxiety, so that our present mercies are all marred; and frequently this over-anxiety arises about that which may, and in all probability will, never come to pass. I speak from experience. I have no stone to throw at anyone here, but I learn something from this when God teaches me. As an old English poet has said,—

'Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy;
On God for all events depend,
You cannot want if God's your friend.
The hand that formed thee in the womb
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.'

It is impossible that we can really want any good thing if God is our Friend. And we depend on Him in reference to all future events. Thus, in the hymn commencing 'Sovereign Ruler of the skies,' the verse occurs,—

'He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.'

It is often sung, but little thought of; though that does not alter its truthfulness. 'He is in one mind, and who can turn Him?' We read that He is without 'the shadow of turning.' Therefore, 'what His soul desireth even that He doeth.' Now, what does God's soul desire? Nothing contrary to His will, and, so far as His people are concerned, nothing contrary to their good. It is impossible. His love secures us that truth. He does all to 'them in love and faithfulness; and we shall bless and praise His name for every sorrow, every trial, and every conflict that we meet with throughout the whole pathway of tribulation."

Many years have rolled away since we first saw or heard Mr. Godsmark, but we see from these discourses he still abides by the plain and faithful testimony of a three-fold salvation: its origin being found in the ancient covenant entered into by the three Glorious Persons in the one Eternal Jehovah; its execution perfectly carried out in the life, death, and

resurrection of the Son of God; its revelation in the souls of the whole election of grace by the life and light-giving power of the Holy Ghost, who, through the Gospel, chiefly calleth, sanctifieth, and justifieth all who in the Book of Life are found. Such pure-grain preaching may not, will not attract the masses, nor will it convert the world, but discourses of this character will be read and received with serious consideration by all who have the mind and spirit of Christ. In these times, when adulteration is almost universal, we should gratefully welcome any brother who, by grace, is not only preserved in Christ Jesus, but who is also faithful to that which he knoweth to be right in the sight of God.

The Stairs whereon Luther was Converted. "Scala Santa;" a view of the stairs on the north side of the Basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome; the superstitious stairs, where deluded souls do penance, is represented by a picture and described by a paper in January number of *Sword and Trowel*, with Luther's account of how the words rolled into his soul—"the just shall live by faith;" all leading us to pity the poor blind, and to praise God for the sovereign displays of His grace and mercy in plucking, here and there, a wretched sinner, as a brand from the burning, and turning that almost lost soul into a living witness for Christ, and for the truth of His Gospel. Like Saul of Tarsus, all genuine messengers and ministers of Christ are His own workmanship, and yet, in themselves, how much they vary, and how imperfect, in some things, the most prominent and the most useful are often found to be! Let us watch against a bitter, censorious, and self-righteous spirit, for God alone is the Judge. Touters—parsons who run to ladies' houses to get them to come to chapel—who draw a long face over the baptistery one night, and have French firts and roups the next night; poor, truckling things, whom nobody cares to hear, who know what they do hear; men who make their profession of religion a trade of deceit and mockery; all these should read "The Minister's Ordinary Conversation;" but conceit and pride are the hardest things in the world to kill. They will never die until absolutely compelled.

Not only against the Popish and Ritualistic Jesuits, but against all base, black, hypocritical, and self-deceived pulpit-

praters, with Benjamin Gough we would shout,

Up! Britons, brave and loyal!
The threatening peril grows;
The Popish plot is ripening;
The tide of treason flows.
Wave the old flag of freedom;
Maintain your past renown;
Stand, as your fathers stood,
Guard the Bible and the Crown.
Up, Britons up, and raise the cry
In every English home;
The watchword, "NO SURRENDER!"
Nor any peace with Rome.

Mr. Spurgeon's account of his Orphanage and other enterprizes is something startling.

Baptismal Regeneration; Pastor Daniel Allen, C. H. Spurgeon, Canon Ryle, and others. A lecture delivered in Sydney, New South Wales, by Daniel Allen, and published by Lee and Ross, is a literary mirror of unusual brightness and beauty. We have just received a rough copy, and if such godly ministers as are the brethren Rolleston, Straton, Bradbury, and others, could thoroughly digest this voluminous review of the whole Prayer-Book and Baptismal Regeneration controversy, we believe they would unite together to give the English people an immense edition of it. The quotations, the arguments, the excellent Catholic spirit, the evidences, proofs, and conclusive facts, presented by Mr. Allen in this lecture, are sufficiently harmonized and powerful to convince any enlightened Christian mind that Daniel Allen, the successor of John Bunyan McCure, the devoted pastor of Castle-reagh Street Baptist Church in Sydney, is just the kind of man wanted at this awfully critical period to set things before the people in their true colours. We hesitate not for one moment in expressing our convictions that the circulation of this lecture would be of ten thousand times more use to the Protestant interests of this nation, and in the cause of true religion at large, than all the fiery orations with which our country has been surfeited during the last thirty or forty years. We certainly might more fully notice the lecture next month.

Catholic Sermons. January number gives, for one penny, a picture and a sermon of Thomas De Witt Talmage, a man whose mind is full of springs; his soul full of sympathy, his heart burning with intense desires to be useful to his fellow-men. We dare not say some things he says, but his flashes of love and of lightning are often brilliant and touching. F. E. Longley, 29, Farringdon Street, publishes *Catholic Sermons*.

The Living Christ; or, Christ's Present Work. An answer to Modern Doubt. By

John Clifford, M.A., &c. London: Yates and Alexander. We are highly delighted with any man who labours to exalt THE CHRIST OF GOD, and, in a masterly manner, Mr. Clifford has here furnished proof, argument, and illustration to show that our Lord Jesus Christ is still alive and His work still going on.

"Satan's Lie and not Christ's Truth." From the pen of John Lindsey, *Gilead*, for January, furnisheth a faithful exposure of the shallow, the fraudulent, the sinful state of multitudes of England's churches and ministers at the present time. John Lindsey is a golden pipe seven times purified; he discerns the state of things clearly, and cries out, "O Englishmen! believe us, there is, we feel persuaded, a great trial at hand; a great case to be decided; a great would-be claimant to be dethroned; or else the galling yoke of the Papacy will be put upon us.

"Protestants! let your voice be heard! Raise the cry—bring all your influence to bear against Ritualism, Popery, and Rationalism.

"Christians! ye who are Christians indeed, let our God be sought unto by you; wrestle with Him that He will appear for us and help us, as Protestants, to claim and hold the privileges of the blessed Reformation, and an open Bible, the Englishman's great right and greatest blessing against all the base claims and allurements of the Papacy."

God Almighty grant that John Lindsey's appeal may reach the hearts of the millions who are now asleep.

"A Blow for the Baptists." The Editor of the *Shield*, in a note on the American Revivals, says: "The Baptists of America are so far animated by the spirit of Christian love for other denominations that they will not sit at the Lord's table with any of them! To this noble catholicity there is one exception, in the person of George Pentecost, who is so far disloyal to the spirit of his sect as to believe that there may be good people beyond its sacred boundaries. May Mr. Pentecost's influence become deeper and wider every day, that he may have power to overthrow the narrowest and meanest of all modern bigotries." [Allegiance to Christ's commands is here termed, "the meanest of all modern bigotries." By no means can a New Testament order of communion be correctly termed a "MODERN bigotry," for Jesus was first baptized in Jordan; after that to His baptized disciples did He break the bread and give the wine. Certainly, no section of the Church is more contemned by professors in these days than are the True Baptists.]

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SETTLEMENT OF MR. JAMES HAND,

Late of Charlesworth,

AS PASTOR OF BAPTIST CHURCH, PUBLIC HALL, ROCHDALE.

WE briefly referred to the settlement of Mr. James Hand, at Rochdale, in our last issue. This month we commence a brief review of that sacred season. Mr. Hand's sermon was taken down at the time, which we shall give at the earliest opportunity. As this settlement is the first of a series of services in which we are engaged, and wherefrom we hope to gather up some useful information, and some faith-confirming views of the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST, we shall give our readers some of our own private notes, and some correspondence from others: not with any desire to wound and weary those who are not with us in our section of the visible Church; but, rather, with the desire to lay all open before the true living family: that they may judge, from the honest evidence adduced, how far the Lord is on our side; and how far it can be seen that we are doing the Lord's work, and not the works of the flesh.

We labour, and we long for, the healing up of all breaches which mistake men, and which unhappy spirits have made in our Churches. We can trace them up to their origin. We know well the progress the spirit of division did make. We may all have been guilty accessories. If we feel as Daniel did, we shall confess and forsake our sins; and in faith and prayer, plead for repentance, forgiveness, restoration, union, communion, devotion only to the service of Jesus, and a meetness for eternal glory.

From the time that the late William Gadsby, of Manchester; and the late James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, exchanged pulpits for one month—from that period, unhappy differences arose, which ultimately made a three-fold division in the Trinitarian and Particular Baptist Churches of this nation. As nearly all the leaders to this painful sundering of brethren are dead, *Why should it continue?* Ah! why?

This one question we leave for the present, and proceed with our notes; the following is a fragment or two:

NOTE TO MR. S. FOSTER, STURRY, CANTERBURY.—Your New-Year's note, dear afflicted brother, I have read this morning, Saturday, January 3, 1874, as I sit here in a Nor-Wester, which is shaking, rocking, and steaming me to Manchester, and from thence to Rochdale, where, if our Lord permit, we expect to hold solemn services to-morrow. Oh, how thankful I should be if you could be in the assembly with us; your long, deep, heavy, affliction, is a mystery to us all. I will try and pray for you every time I can approach the Lord; for, before I see my home agn'n, I have fourteen public services; to be permitted to speak for you

will be a favour, and I hope not in vain. Before I left my bed this morning, my soul said, four things are needed to make this heavy journey at all easy. Besides the tender care of a watchful providence, I felt I did desire to have (1) constant COMMUNION with the Lord; ever looking to, hearing and thinking upon Him, who alone can hold our souls in life; but to be held in communion with the Lord is more than nature can reach, and a thousand things hold us down. Alas, they do, and well I know it: but, for fellowship I pray; and thereby to be made fresh and fruitful in the work of the Lord. (2) *Clear sight* into the mystery of Godliness: sweetly beholding the variety and harmony of the whole of the Gospel scheme. (3) A due *command* over myself in speaking, lest, in the impulsiveness of my spirit, the people should lose me, and I in measure, lose myself. (4) I do pray for a *comfortable acceptance* by the people. To go amongst strangers who look cool and envious, sometimes cross and contemptuous, is not pleasant. Oh, may the Lord make me a golden pipe! may the golden oil run from the anointings of the Spirit through my soul, deep into the souls of the people, then they shall know the Lord hath sent me. Amen. If I might add one more request, it is, that the people would grant me a *charitable compensation* for the work. Railway tickets, clothing, and all demands, comprise a heavy sum: all that I leave; but you shall hear, if all goes well. This is a gloomy morn.

Sunday Morning, January 4, 1874. The country all white with snow. In Public Hall, Rochdale, a good company assembled. Mr. James Hand read hymns. The Choir sung very delightfully. C. W. Banks preached from Paul's words, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ," etc. In afternoon, large Hall nearly filled, Mr. Hand preached a very pure and well-digested discourse from "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He has done for my soul."

The Lord's supper was then administered. The following is a rough note of the Sunday Evening Service:—

ROCHDALE.—Sunday Evening, January 4, 1874. After devotional services, C. W. Banks said, this day has been appointed for the public settlement of Mr. James Hand, as pastor over this Church; and although you have not observed the usual order, still in substance it has been the same; and I may say to you most solemnly,

1. I feel thankful that I have been permitted to hold some little fellowship with our

brother James Hand; I have felt satisfied, in my conscience, he has the spirit of Christ in him. My partner in life felt a great respect for our brother during his stay at my house; and in London, in Reading, and in Pimlico, his ministry was well received. I may say,

2. I desire for you a long, a useful, a blessed union as pastor, church, and congregation. The mercy of God attend you in all your Church-meetings, in all your public services, in your school, in your meetings for prayer, in your families, in your souls: yea, I must believe God will bless you in His Church on earth, and in His glory for ever.

The lxiii. of Isaiah gives us a grand view of the zeal of Christ on behalf of His people. He speaks of His continued intercession, and of the happy increase of the Church; and, then, as though He set Himself in the midst of His Gospel kingdom on the earth, He speaks to assure her of His care over her, by saying, "I have set watchmen on thy walls, O Jerusalem, who shall never hold their peace day nor night;" and then turns to the saints themselves, to stir them up to a diligent and persevering spirit of prayer, "Ye that make mention of His name keep not silence, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and fill He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

Here you have the character and the work of the minister; he is a watchman, he is never to be quiet.

Here, also, is the character of the Church, and her earnest pleadings for her establishment and praise.

Let us a little consider the minister's character and work.

A Watchman on the walls, incessantly sounding out words of warning, or of holy peace and comfort. See you,

First,—This man is called the "Watchman of Ephraim." Hosea says, "the Watchman of Ephraim was with my God." Ephraim represents a lost tribe; a backsliding family; a repenting people; and a people over whom the Lord watches with intense sympathy and compassion. How wonderful is that divine exclamation in Jeremiah xxxi.

Rochdale, January 14, 1874. The Annual Tea Meeting, and New Year's Services, in connection with the Baptist Church and Schools, lately under the pastoral care of the beloved John Kershaw, of Hope Chapel, but now enjoying the stated ministry and oversight of brother James Hand, meeting in the Public Hall, were holden on Tuesday, January 13. In the morning, at 10.30, Mr. Crowther, of Gomersal, Leeds, delivered a most intelligent, scriptural, and useful discourse. In the afternoon, Mr. James Hand presided over a public meeting, when addresses were given by brethren H. Crowther, of Halifax; W. Crowther, of Gomersal; C. W. Banks, of London; and another friend. At the tea, over six hundred sat down. About eight hundred filled the hall in evening, besides a full choir on the platform. Alderman John Tatham presided, and gave two friendly and kind addresses to the people, by whom the Alderman is esteemed and beloved most deservedly. He gave us

reason to hope, before very long, they should have a commodious new chapel of their own. The elder scholars gave recitations, and with such a perfect correctness, as proved them to be zealously trained, and admirably prepared for their exercise. Of the pieces rendered by choir, we cannot trust ourselves to write; they were superior to anything we have heard for years. The chairman was supported by John Ashworth, Esq.; Messrs. W. and H. Crowther, C. W. Banks, and others. It was a happy gathering.

THE WORD "STRICT."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was extremely surprised to find on cover of *VESSEL* (page 10) this month an assertion from Mr. Firminger upon the word "Strict." Had he stopped there he would have been wise; but he goes on to say, "I cannot find anything in my Bible of that nature." Really, sir, there is so much absurdity in the assertion that it is hardly worth answering. Nevertheless, I think Mr. F. should be told a little about it.

1. *Strict* is an adjective; that is, a word added to a substantive to express its quality.

2. *Strict*, according to all my dictionaries, means, "exact, accurate, nice, rigour, not extensive, close," &c., but these named are sufficient for my purpose. "Exact" means methodical, punctual. Is there nothing of this "nature" in Scripture? "Accurate," I will pass this, by asking a question, Is there anything in Scripture that is not of this nature? It means, "nice;" is there nothing of the "nature" of "nicety" in the Bible—accuracy in judgment, cautious, particular; our Saviour was rather nice when He said "ye must be born again;" the beloved John was very "strict," when he said, "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed," &c.—Is there nothing of the "nature" of strictness here? "Rigour." it is true the Church of God should not be ruled with rigour (Ex. i. 14; Lev. xxv. 43); but whether Mr. F. finds anything of this nature in his Bible or not, I think every reader of the *VESSEL* will find it in his letter; or why has he come to the solemn conclusion, "that Margate, and all seaport towns known to him, lack the true Gospel." What will all our brethren who are engaged in preaching Christ all round England think of Mr. F. when they read his accusation?

But another word, or rather a compound word, is given to help us to understand the "nature" of the word "Strict;" that is, "not extensive." See Deut. vii. 7; Ex. ix. 4; Isa. xxiv. 6; Matt. vii. 14; and 1 Peter iii. 20. According to these Scriptures, the Church of God was not very extensive. Whatever may be the length or breadth of Mr. F.'s love, the love of God was never larger than His covenant.

"Close" also expresses the "nature" of strictness; and I rather think the Peckham gentleman has a little of this about him;

for he says, "if Mr. Jones will show me from the Word of God where I may find it, I will go on;" so that Mr. J., whatever his ability, eloquence, or power of utterance, he shall receive no encouragement from Mr. F., if he cannot find the "nature" of one word. But the writer goes on, and feelingly adds, "May your covenant God bless you." So you see he will not acknowledge the same God. Then he says, "in your work;" so he will not be engaged in the same work, because he cannot find the "nature" of strictness in the Bible.

Now, sir, does he believe in the Trinity that is not in the Bible? "Final Perseverance" I do not find, but the "nature" of it I do. He might as well say, Jesus Christ was not in the Old Testament, as to say "Strict" is not in the New. Noah was "strict;" Who and what went into the ark? Joseph was "strict" never to eat with an Egyptian. The Apostles were "strict" to obey their Lord's commands. But Mr. F. preaches that transgression is finished, sin ended, reconciliation made for iniquity, everlasting righteousness brought in. But he is not particular as to whether sin is ended, &c., he stands as a steward of his Master's household, and yet is not particular whether a man go in by the door, or climbeth up some other way, and goats as well as sheep may enter into the fold, either in their own or the Lord's way; he is not particular, they may wear short clothes (2 Sam. x. 4), or long clothes (Luke xx. 46); just which they please, he is not particular; they may wear their own coat, like "Wesley," or their master's, like "Hervey;" he is not particular. I beg to subscribe myself a Strict Baptist,
C. CORNWELL.

MARGATE—MR. EDITOR,—I trust to meet with that support and assistance at Margate that is really necessary to justify building. Brother Firminger asks on what foundation? I hope to build first, literally on chalk. Secondly, spiritually on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. I believe there is a necessity for another cause; many baptized believers in Margate desire a better state of things, in doctrine, in experience, and in practice. At present, the only place of truth, according to the Word of God, is Love Lane, and that is not an organized church; nor are there any ordinances administered. Many of the regular hearers are Baptists, and most of the visitors at Love Lane are Strict Baptists. Brother Cowell, of Chelmsford, kindly advises me. Mr. F. asks, what I mean by *Strict*? I mean, steadfast, rigorously nice, firm, faithful, tight, not loose, not wavering or doubtful; exactly the reverse to the half-and-half sort of duty faith Baptists of the present day. I mean strict in doctrine, experience, practice, and in church order. Why there should be such a diversity in Church government I must leave; I cannot square many things in the Church Militant with human reason; for the Lord permits many things that He condemns. I believe I am correct, from Acts

ii., and many other portions of Scripture: first, believers; second, baptized; third, added to the Church; fourth, broke bread. Great-minded men, whose shoe-latchets I am not worthy to unloose, have fought this battle before. I do not wonder at my brother not seeing, he lives too near the Grove to see Believer's Baptism and its proper consequences; but I think he finds there is more sound Gospel Truth among the real Strict Baptists than anywhere else, and he gets such for Peckham Rye. I thank him for his good wishes. He tells me to go on before he gets my answer whether I am right or wrong. I hope I shall find the Gospel supported in Margate. While I desire my line of things for Church order, I do not desire to make any unpleasantness with those that differ. If the chapel is ever built, it shall be open to all preachers of sound Gospel truth and character. I think my brother is Strict enough not to allow an Arminian or any of the Duty-faith parsons into Huntington's pulpit at Peckham Rye.—Yours in truth,

SAMUEL JONES.

UXBRIDGE and HAYES—The year 1873 closed up in these parts with sacred services. Our minister, R. C. Bardens, preached as usual his Wednesday evening sermon in the large room; then he hastened home to Hayes Tabernacle to give us his last discourse for the year, in both of which He was helped and useful. After the first service in the Tabernacle, friends partook of refreshments; and a meeting for prayer and thanksgiving finished the old, and ushered us into the new, the untrodden, the unknown "seventy-four." Thus far our God has helped us on. On New-Year's day, a tea was given in the Tabernacle Schoolroom; a short discourse by C. W. Banks on "Behold, I make all things new." And in the next week the Sunday School children had their New Year's tea, with gifts of various kinds. Our minister and our people are scattering seed, in after years, the fruit must be seen.

LEICESTER.—"An Elder" believes Mr. Hazelrigg has, since his union, been happier in his ministry; whether he will be able to keep together a large company is a question: Alfred street chapel is well supplied, and many meet in the fear of the Lord to seek His face and hear His Word. But since the days of Chamberlain and Harrison what changes we have seen! Mr. Garrard has passed home, but his ministry has been long sustained. This Leicester is a splendid centre for commerce, and an extraordinary town for Gospel truth and for Baptist churches. Master Hedges, in Peter's lane, is a prime witness for the ancient faith. He is not an extreme man in any sense, but clear, comforting, and safe.

SANDHURST.—This ancient Kentish Baptist Church, like many more, is on the incline plane. So much Gospel seed has been sown here that we hope the truth in measure will be preserved.

YORKSHIRE.—The Masborough New Chapel, Wortley road, was opened Dec. 28th, 1873. Mr. Orsman, of Halifax, preached the sermons. We commenced with a prayer meeting early in the morning; tokens of the Divine blessing were enjoyed; excellent songs of praise were rendered by the choir, fitting for the occasion, conducted by our hearty and earnest brother Malony; one song especially rang out the wish of all our hearts, that the Lord would descend and fill the place, that souls might be born for glory. Excellent feelings pervaded all our hearts. In gratitude we set up our testimony, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." On Monday, we had a good tea. A meeting followed; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Elam, Taylor, Greenway, Chislett (of London), Maloney, Roper, and others, in which the free grace of our God and His great goodness and love to us in our glorious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ were extolled; and not the worst feature in our meeting was our reluctance to separate on so joyful an occasion. Thank God, one place of worship is now open for the preaching of the whole truth and order of New Testament Strict Baptist Churches. We hope our kind friends will not forget us in our struggles, but bear us up in faith and prayer before the mercy-seat of a covenant-keeping God, and that those who are blessed with the riches of this world will sympathise with us and help us to discharge ourselves honourably from the burdens we have undertaken. The cost of our chapel will reach about £330. We have already raised £120, and some promises of more. When I remind our friends that this chapel is the only place in Masborough, Rotherham, Sheffield (with exception of Doncaster street), or within twenty or thirty miles round, where the whole truth is preached and the apostolic order maintained, and that we are not a strong but a very feeble people, they will see the need there is that this spark of fire should be kept alive by their fuel. I remain, yours truly, JOSEPH TAYLOR.

A SCENE IN RISELEY CHAPEL.

TUBBS and BROOK, of Manchester, publish a series of "Remarkable Stories," and in No. 5, a minister gives us his first attempt to preach the Gospel. We may give a few pieces out of it, as it will be a help to some of the young men now coming on. Only the introductory note this month. He says—

"It would be a good thing for the Church if the first attempts made by some men to preach the Gospel were the last. God doubtless fits and prepares men to be His ministers, and those who *make themselves* preachers and teachers make but a sorry mess of it. A good old Christian used to say, 'If ever you see a young man pushing himself in the pulpit, take hold of his coat laps and pull him back; but if you see a pious God-fearing young man who is timid, and who trembles with fear at the responsibility of standing between God and the people, give him a lift up.' There is a good deal of wisdom in this. To preach for self-glory is the way to destroy glory altogether; but to hear God's voice

within telling us to proclaim Him before men, and at the same time shrinking from the work because of our unfitness to take His word on our lips, is generally a call to the work. I have known many instances of both kinds of men."

SOUTHWARK.—**TRINITY CHAPEL.** The ordinance of baptism was administered to two believers in the evening of the last Lord's-day in the old year, by W. K. Squirrel, the minister; one being his beloved wife, and the other a teacher in the Sunday School, to whom the Word had recently been made a blessing; both were received into the Church on the first Lord's-day in the present year.

TADWORTH, SURREY.—Our brother Ryder having served the Baptist Church at Bethel for the last three months, they have further engaged him for six months, commencing on the first Sabbath in February. This is an old cause, having weathered the storm for more than half-a-century, adhering faithfully to New Testament order, and loving the precious doctrines of distinguishing grace: they value the certain sound of the Gospel trumpet, and unitedly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. The Lord grant our brother Ryder's labours may be crowned with success.

SHEFFIELD.—First children's tea meeting was held in Doncaster street room, Monday, December 29, 1873; the mother's tea on Tuesday, December 30; two pleasant evenings were spent; all had happy times; the Lord has done great things for us; we bless His name, and take courage. At the last meeting addresses were delivered by brethren Winfield, Johnson, Wild, Fitzgeorge, and Gillot; Mr. Winfield in the chair.

R. W. PAYNE.

SUDBURY, SUFFOLK.—**MR. EDI TOR.**—I am about to leave Sudbury. I have been supplying at Strict Baptist Chapel for nearly one year; the people are a truth-loving people. I never had greater kindness shown me from any people; I am desirous the cause should be continued, it being the only cause of truth in the town. I thought by giving publicity to it, it might meet the eye of some one of the Lord's ministers who love to preach the truth, and meet with a truth-loving people: it might induce them to come. It would want one with something at his command, as there is a debt on the chapel, and the people are poor, and not able to do much. A man with fair abilities and zeal for the glory of God, there is a good opening for a good cause. I can highly recommend the people; and would add, may God bless them, and send a man that shall feed their souls.

J. WHEELER.

BRISTOL.—There are signs of life at Providence chapel, 76, Old Market street.

We hope the people will be able to build a house for the true worship of God, and for the publication of Gospel truth. Long have the people wrestled and prayed. The Lord will hasten it in His time.

THE AGED PILGRIMS' TEA PARTY.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 13, according to the usual custom, the annual social tea-meeting of the inmates of the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, Camberwell, was held in the chapel. Out of the number of forty-one residents, not more than half were able to join the party in consequence of affliction and varied infirmities. On these occasions, both the ladies and gentlemen's committee join our aged friends at the social meal, which was excellently carried out by Mr. and Mrs. Harnden, the ladies presiding at the tables. After tea the evening was spent in praise and prayer, in reviewing the way already trod, and in looking forward to the happy entrance, shortly to be given to the Aged Pilgrims, into the Celestial City. Mr. Pillow, the esteemed Treasurer, presided and gave a cordial welcome to the friends. The Secretary briefly reviewed the events of the past year in which sadness and joy were mingled—sad by reason of death, for the Committee had lost a valued coadjutor, and kind friend to the Asylum, by the decease of Mr. E. Butt: joyful, because of the many tokens of a practical kind received from several loving hearts, for the comfort and advantage of the inmates. The Asylum is now full, and several on the last-elected list are waiting admission. Short addresses were given by brethren Morris, Nunn, Sharp, Rogers, Murphy. The closing hymn, "Abide with me," was sung. The chairman closed this very happy and profitable evening with prayer. WM. JACKSON, 29, Marlborough Road, Upper Holloway, N. In consequence of the many sick cases in the Asylum for the last few months, the Benevolent Sick Fund is now much in need of help: the balance in hand will not meet the coming demands, especially at this season of the year.

LITTLE ALIE STREET CHAPEL.

The week of special services were seasons of spiritual profit and power, in pleading with the Lord for the revival of His work in, and among all the Churches of Christ.

Monday, 5.—Meeting for special prayer, when eight brethren earnestly besought the Lord, ardently entering into the spirit of wrestling Jacob.

Tuesday, 6.—The pastor, C. Masterson, gave an address "On the Causes of Declension." To every reflective mind it must be painfully evident that, at the present time, there exists a sad state of declension, an enfeebled condition of spiritual life, an apparent suspension of divine power, and as the sequence of it all a prevailing unfruitfulness, which every true Christian must deplore and should seek to remedy. We are not straightened in God but in ourselves. Doubtless some of the causes of the state we now lament are, "The Church's laxity in

doctrine and discipline—a decay of the spirit and power of vital godliness, the existence and influence of a worldly spirit, a neglect of prayer, private and public, an ignoring of personal responsibility in relation to the cause of Christ. These were some of the causes mentioned. Several brethren of the London Itinerant Baptist Ministers' Association engaged in prayer.

Wednesday, 7.—Mr. Anderson delivered an impressive and lucid address. The subject being "On Grieving of the Holy Spirit." He remarked that each person in the Trinity took a part in the great work of salvation: the Father planned, the Son accomplished that plan, and the Holy Spirit applied and made it known. It was the third person he had to speak of, and what we are to understand by Grieving of the Holy Spirit. To grieve was to wound, to make sad; properly speaking, the Spirit cannot be grieved, cannot be resisted, simply because he is not a creature, though a person. Grief is not a passion in Him as it is in us, any more than anger, wrath, revenge, are unholy emotions in God, though ascribed to Him. The exhortation (Grieve not the Holy Spirit) was addressed to saints, who acted towards them as one grieved, when His work was disregarded and neglected. We could not grieve a friend more than by calling in question His word, and a greater offence we could not offer to the Spirit than by calling in question the inspiration, doctrines, promises, precepts, and commandments of God's Word. We grieve the Spirit when we neglect His work, in regeneration, instruction, consolation; when we depend on any human resource, instead of entirely depending on His divine power and influence. Sin in the Saint grieves Him; this He hates, loathes; sins of omission, neglect of the means of grace, fostering any known sin, sins of commission. Paul gives a list of these, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you with all malice." These were some of the ways by which the Spirit was grieved, and the results would be a withdrawal of His divine influence, an interruption of the soul's intercourse and fellowship with God, and a state of general unfruitfulness deplored. Five brethren prayed.

Thursday, 8.—Mr. P. Dickerson (late pastor), in a truly fatherly and masterly manner, elucidated his subject, "The Fruitless and Fruitful Professor." Basing his remarks on the barren fig-tree. The vineyard represented the Church of Christ. A fig-tree planted: Who planted it? It is not said God did it. It stood in the vineyard; it was fruitless, representing some professors who are carnal though moral, others hypocritical, and others wantonly wicked. But, said the venerable speaker, our neglect justly sets forth some whose piety we do not doubt, yet, alas, are comparatively *unfruitful*. No helps in prayer meetings, seldom or ever seen there; no helps in sick visitation or tract distribution; to comfort the mourner, awaken the thoughtless, or support the cause of God. If in such there is life, where is the fruit?

Secondly.—The fruitful professor. He is a tree planted in the Church by God's right hand. He grows in the valley of humiliation; is refreshed by the river of God; is fruitful; there grow the *fruit of faith* in Christ, His atonement, His righteousness; *fruit of hope* in the promises of God, in everlasting life; *fruit of love* to God, godliness, and His people, manifestly seen in his seeking their society, their welfare, telling of the blessedness of Him whom he loves. True love will covet that which is lovely, cover the faults of those we love, yet mourn over them and seek to restore the fallen. The *fruit of Zeal*, to make known the Saviour, to help others in doing so, by secret prayer, social worship, attending the means of grace, and doing what we can to forward the cause of God. The fruitful professor is the most busy, the most humble, and the most happy, yet the most dependent upon God. His language is

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling," etc.

Four brethren prayed.

Friday, 9.—Mr. Willis (late of Jireh), with much liberty and unction, dwelt upon the subject, "The Lord, the restorer of his people." Spoke of Him as the Shepherd, the nature and blessedness of such a relationship. His people shall never want, their proneness to wander, His purpose and power to restore, how He restored them, and to what He restored them, remarking what a mercy none of the sheep of Christ can wander so as to be finally lost.

"Did Jesus once upon me shine,
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

Five brethren prayed.

Saturday, 10.—Special prayer. This was felt to be a crowning meeting. Many of the brethren engaged were short, earnest, and to the point, in their pleadings with the Lord for a true revival.

The above services were well attended. Now Lord, we have pleaded with Thee for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Help us to expect it; prepare us to receive it, and enable us to continue our pleading until the blessing comes.

A BRIEF MEMORIAL OF MRS. JANE CURTIS,

Widow of the late beloved Daniel Curtis.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in perpetuating the memory of those who have for many years been held in esteem and respect. "The memory of the just is blessed." A halo of light and beauty surrounds the remembrance of them, and though dead, yet their life and conduct continually start up before us, and they still speak.

MRS. Jane Curtis (a notice of whose decease was given in last month's *VESSEL*) was born at Mill Hill, near Hendon. In very early life she was impressed with the importance of sacred subjects, and the transition from darkness into light had therefore not that distinctive character about it that enabled her to fix a definite period when she first became the subject of Divine grace.

Religious controversies did not at this time form part of her studies; and it was through reading Rowland Hill's dialogues that she first became aware of different conflicting opinions. Her views, as she advanced in years, underwent a gradual change, till at length she embraced the sentiments, as being in accordance with Scripture, of the Strict Baptists, and joined the church under Mr. Milner, then of Rehoboth Chapel.

In later years she belonged to the church under the care of the late Mr. Parker, Hope Chapel, and subsequently of Mr. Bracher's, West Ham. As her natural constitution led her to regard circumstances in a happy light, there is not that variety of Christian experience to record that there would be in one of an opposite temperament, and whose pathway had been much chequered. "My experience," she says in one of her letters, "is much of the same cast, though I can truly say that Mr. Parker's ministry is very much blessed to me. I often leave that little place with the feelings of this verse,—

"Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

In another letter she thus writes, "If I know anything of my own heart, I trust that Jesus Christ is to me 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.'" And in another, "It appears sometimes hard to reconcile the dealings of God to us with His character. We well know that He is merciful, gracious, and long suffering, and yet at times we think He deals hardly with us, but we must remember what we deserve at His hands, and then we shall not only say, but feel with one of old, 'It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed.'"

The last three years of her life was much clouded. It was a saying of the late Charles Drawbridge that he came in at the south gate and should probably go out at the north gate; and this is the opinion that she expressed. It is interesting to note these experiences, while they illustrate the various ways the Lord leads His people, they tend to confirm our faith.

At the commencement of her illness, when somewhat alarming symptoms appeared, she was happy, but this illness was a prelude to a trial such as, in her own apprehension, she had never experienced. A failure of nervous power induced a train of distressing symptoms that soon told upon her mind, and she began to be a prey to doubts and fears. This darkness of mind came on gradually. "Sometimes He is precious," she has said, as if thinking to herself, until at last she seemed to lose all her evidences of being a Christian. The Lord had now hid His face, and she was troubled. This trial, like the separating sword of Solomon, soon discovers the true from the spurious profession, for never did false professor mourn the withdrawals of the light of God's countenance. A glimmer of light amidst the darkness appeared at times at the last; but when heart and flesh are fast failing, it is no time to expect much, and a

difficulty of speaking prevented her from speaking freely. The question being asked if she was happy, she replied in the affirmative; and on one occasion she expressed herself as being in the Lord's hands. And there we leave her—in the Lord's hands—praying that who have to travel this vale of tears may be enabled, whether living or dying, to commit our souls unto Him as unto a faithful Creator.

We extract the following from "Green Leaves:"

"Some few of the members at Homerton Row remember her with great respect, and recall the time when she took an active part in every good work. The Sick and Mutual Society owes its existence and usefulness for many years mainly to her Christian benevolence."

THE MANCHESTER STRICT BAPTISTS.—*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.* SIR,—As the letter you have inserted in page 24 of the January VESSEL, does not touch the main question in the least I pass it by as entirely foreign to the very important subject that claims an immediate regard. Whenever that question is fairly discussed, as in the sight of God, then, but not before, you will hear again from
January, 1874. A WATCHMAN.

NUNEATON AND ATTLEBOROUGH are two twin manufacturing and mining cities of the minor degree, with industrious and thriving people. In Attleborough a beautiful Baptist Chapel has existed for fifty years, but its days of sorrow and of barrenness have been many. The present venerable, devoted, and able pastor, Isaac Dixon, has been the Lord's instrument for reviving the work of Christ's Gospel herein; and special meetings for prayer have been held at opening of the new year, when the clergymen and other ministers united. On Jan. 14, C. W. Banks delivered an Exhortation for 1874. The choir filled us with joy; a congregation filled the chapel.

ATHERSTONE.—On the banks of the *Anker*, stands this hat and ribbon factory, a few miles from the noted city of Coventry. Atherstone has been much pestered with Ritualistic curates and their ceremonies; as a little word of warning the fine hall in the Corn Exchange was opened on Friday evening, Jan. 16, 1874, when C. W. Banks delivered a lecture on the origin, mischievous tendencies, and certain end of the Ritualistic scheme. The night was wet, the large hall was not crowded, but Dr. Isaac Dixon gave the lecturer a pleasant welcome, and the lecturer did the best he could.

"THE CURSE OF THE NONCON. CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the Christian World.
DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent of "Notes by the Way," in the *Christian World* of Jan. 2nd, classifies Mr. Wells and the Editor of

the *Earthen Vessel* with Broadman and Smith in dispensing the doctrine of antinomianism.

It would be well for your correspondent to explain what he means by the assertion. Dr. Johnson says that antinomians are a religious sect opposed to the observance of the law. I should take that to be the meaning attached to it by your correspondent, especially as he endorses the sentiments of some persons who are represented as having said, "that the most useful revivals of those times in London would be to get men to keep the commandments." Now this I take to be too personal when the writer classifies Mr. Wells, C. W. Banks, &c. with those "who break the commandments, and teach men so." Does not your correspondent know that the characters of these men of whom we speak are inviolable? And, while their sermons and magazines denounce all trust in the law for salvation, they advocate and practice holiness in lip and life.

Sheppey.

J. W. S.

[When the late James Hervey was reviled by some who did not know him he said, "No doubt those who spoke ill of him, were diseased in their intellect. We should pity and pray for them." We "hope we have not received the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God." This spirit preserves us from evil; still for the honour of the cause we espouse we think of correcting the wild scribe; but as we are now on a tour in the North we have no time. We thank Mr. Stanford, and desire for him, for ourselves, and for all who do not understand us, the saving mercies of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Ed.]

WEST HAM, ESSEX.—The first anniversary of the Sabbath School was held on Tuesday, Jan. 13, when G. T. Congreve, Esq., kindly occupied the chair. After prayer by J. Griffith, the Secretary (J. Amey) read the report of the year's proceedings, which was very pleasing—stating the rise and progress of the school, together with the financial statements showing, after expending nearly £70 in erecting a gallery for school, and other incidentals, there was a trifling amount of £3 required to meet all demands. The Chairman made a very pleasing and instructive speech, including an acrostic on the word Bible—making a kind donation of 60 books on Acrostics, also a money gift of £2. Votes of thanks were presented to the Superintendent, Mr. Upsdale, and the staff of officers and teachers. Messrs. Dearnly, Griffith, Gray and Brown made some encouraging and suggestive speeches. During the evening the children sang several pieces, conducted by our kind and courteous friend, Mr. Oakey. The chapel was well filled, the gallery being crowded with juveniles. The collections on the previous Sabbath day (when Mr. Flaek preached) and this evening were excellent. In the course of the evening Mr. Griffith, on behalf of teachers and a few friends, presented the pastor, W. Bracher, with a purse of money as a slight token of respect.

THE AWFUL STATE OF ENGLAND
IN A GOSPEL SENSE.

STEPNEY GREEN—DEAR BROTHER,—The enclosed is a warm-hearted letter from a Christian friend and discloses the state of the churches generally. I should like to see it in the VESSEL if you think proper. It appears we must leave the chapel in March and all be dispersed abroad. The future for myself and the people is only known to God, and with Him we must leave this very trying matter. Yours truly in Him,

T. STRINGER.

Dear Brother and Fellow-Ambassador in, for, of, and with our God and His Christ the Righteous,—I felt I must give you a line of encouragement and consolation relative to your glorious, truthful, faithful, and distinguishing subject last night, of which I have not heard such, no, not even comparatively such as came from your practical and honourable lips last night upon the literal type and anti-type of good and faithful Mordecai (a divine servant), and the God-Man of our eternal salvation, whose life was in very deed clean (without spot), the pure Mediator, whereby all of us and our eternal Father's family are in conjunction with Himself, from acts far better than blood of procreation, viz., the act of highest, unchangeable, sovereign adoption, who commands us and gives us power more or less to partake of His titles, His glories, His victories, His blessings, His characteristics in full; yea, although I might go on with pleasure magnifying His absolutely glorious Self, as you did, do, will, and I believe must and shall while expression comes from your mouth; yet I may here say, I believe you will be surprised when I inform you that in all my travels throughout my tour I have not heard a sermon to be compared with that of Thos. Stringer, of Stepney. I went to Reading in Berkshire, where my dear wife, I am happy to say, spent a portion of the time with me, then to Basingstoke, to Southampton, Isle of Wight (Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Carisbrook), to Winchester, the capital of Hampshire, to Salisbury, the capital of Wiltshire (where there was not one cause of God in that hypocritical city), from there I went to Bath in Somersetshire, to Bristol, to Birmingham in Warwickshire, to Stonehouse and Gloucester in Gloucestershire (capital), to Worcester, capital of Worcestershire, to Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, to Shrewsbury, capital of Shropshire, to Oswestry, the Welsh town, in the same county; to Llanymynech, ten minutes' walk from Wales, to Battington in Wales, and the majority of these places contain no Gospel minister worth hearing, except our feeble brother Chappell of Southampton. I don't know what you think of it but I think it an awful state for England to be in, when you can see hypocrisy almost to any amount. Thus may you still have life, health, and strength to delight in lifting up the standard banner; in killing and eating—receiving—(Acts x. 13), or, in historical terms, threshing and beating small (Isaiah xli. 15), and, as one of

Zion's servants, thresh the mountains, having your horn iron and your hoofs brass (Micah iv. 15), to beat in pieces many people, which people will be glad to shout, "All grace and consecration is from the Lord God Most High." May you be blest and be enabled to work after, of, from, this Scriptural comparison, and having done all to stand on the vantage ground of victory; and as I must conclude from compulsion (time and space), hoping I shall be able to get to our Friday evening Gospel lecture, if not, it is my intention on Sunday, hoping you have had a Christ-cheering Christmas, and the remaining happy new and passing year, 1874. Thus I leave you in the best of hands, and hands of all good and no evil, while men, jealous of His servants, scorn, laugh, and make us the despised ones, but we can well afford to hear or know that, knowing our Rereward. Good-bye, God bless you for ever and ever. From your affectionate brother in sacred bonds, family relationship and faithfulness with the saints of our God.

To Thomas Stringer.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—"One of the old-fashioned people" says, "We have had some good Christian cheer from Master Thomas Bradbury this December, and our people came out with a collection for the poor, amounting to at least one hundred pounds. What do ye say to that, Mr. Editor? Mr. Mead told us the applicants for relief were numerous; so the Surrey Tabernacle folks showed they still care for the poor. Dr. Cumming told the Queen the spirits of the departed took cognizance of the church's doings down here. I wonder if the blessed souls of our much-loved James Wells, John Carr, and Edward Butt, have had a glance at us when dealing out our portions to the poor they left behind. If they have they will rejoice. Our new tabernacle has been well restored; our congregations are large; we have the Gospel of Jesus truly told out, and some are being added to the church, which is still a True Baptist Church. Fret not thyself, dear Editor, because we have Episcos., anti-dippers, variety, vitality, and every verity in the Gospel are still found in our pulpit." [The Editor is not of a fretful kind; he rejoices to find the poor are provided for, the truth maintained, and the church increasing.]

CLAPHAM—Our annual thanksgiving services were holden in Rehoboth Baptist Chapel, Bedford Road, December 26, 1873. A pleasant company quite filled the chapel in the evening. We had a sermon from C. W. Banks; some sweet hymns well sung; partook of a good tea; and listened attentively to addresses by the brethren S. Ponsford, J. Ballard, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Burgess, of Reading; Benjamin Woodrow; pastor Fothergill, &c. We have the Gospel clearly and soundly preached: our school is quite in a flourishing state; in fact, we require new and large classrooms. We hope we have the Divine blessing with our services and work. Praise the Lord.

SHERBORNE—This morning I saw and prayed with poor Drake, at South Chard, ere I left; then, in company with brother Shepherd, Varder, and others, I came off to Sherborne. When in a car, once more set down, my little sighing heart began to whisper—

Give me a quiet, humble cot,
Contentment with my peaceful lot;
Where I might seek, and find the Lord,
And honour Him in all his Word!

While Caroline Wellington was, last night, telling me of God's mercies to her soul, the words ran into my mind, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." When alone in my bed-room, I searched the Psalms to find them, but I could not. After a night of partial rest, I searched again for the text, and found the three remarkable lines:—

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.

"Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever.

"Forsake not the work of Thine own hands."

Walking alone from visiting the graves of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, the text appeared to open itself up to me in this order,—

1. There is the voice of faith in the New Covenant of Grace; there the soul seeth and saith, "the Lord will perfect that which concerneth me!"

2. There is the voice of truth in the Gospel; there the soul saith, "Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever."

3. There is the voice of prayer in the soul, for there it crieth out, "Forsake not the work of thine own hands."

Safely landed on the Digby shore, I stopped and pencilled this little sigh, and then pushed on to Sherborne;

Oh! my God and Saviour!
Mine Intercessor dear!!
To Thee I send my secret cries,
Lord! now for me appear.

All my mind beclouded seems,
I wait Thine own enliv'ning beams.

[Sherborne Chapel, and its people, deserve special note anon.] C. W. B.

IPSWICH.—ZOAR CHAPEL. DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We had very cheering and encouraging services here on Wednesday, January 14. The object of the meeting was to further reduce the debt which for a considerable time has been hanging upon the chapel. Fluctuating circumstances, that for some years the cause has been subjected to, has doubtless in a great measure prevented the friends doing what was highly necessary to be done. However, a few months ago, we determined—the Lord helping us—to do something. Several of the friends took collecting cards, to do what they could in that way. On the above-named day, Mr. R. E. Sears, of Laxfield, came and preached to us. Then over 100 persons sat down to tea, provided in the chapel. After which was a public meeting, presided over by Mr. G. Harris,

of Rishangles, in a way and manner that was pleasing to all the friends of Zoar. Mr. Last prayed. After a few introductory remarks from the pastor, the meeting was addressed in a lively, appropriate, interesting, and profitable manner by the brethren T. Pooch, Houghton, Sears, and J. Andrews, jun. Collections were made each service which, with what the collecting cards realized and a few promises beside, amounted to over £40. Having had some in hand, this will enable us to pay another £100, leaving £250 yet to be paid, £100 of which at least we should like, yea, intend to do during this present year, if the good Lord will raise us up friends to help. One of the speakers said, "It takes some years to learn the word liquidate." Indeed it frequently is so in connection with Baptist chapels. We have begun to learn, and would hope we may soon thoroughly understand the difficult word. At the close of the meeting we felt that we could indeed "Thank God and take courage." Yours, &c. GRATITUDE.

PEMBERTON.—REHOBOTH CHAPEL.

—The first of a course of special services was held in the above chapel on Lord's-day, Jan. 11, the preacher being C. W. Banks, who was listened to throughout the day by large and attentive congregations. Mr. Banks, from what we could see and hear, enjoyed much of His Master's presence, and whilst unfolding the mysteries of redeeming grace and mercy many were the goings out of soul, ardent were the longings that the Lord would make it indeed a Bethel visit. Well, we can some of us say, "The Lord did great things for us and gladness filled our heart." Whether the preacher was aware of the fact or no we did not enquire, but the order in which the texts stood for each part of the day's services was happily arranged. We had in the morning the everlasting love of our heavenly Father in the election of His children in Christ Jesus dwelt upon. Then in the afternoon we were gathered together to hear a little of the work of the Great Shepherd of the sheep—Jehovah-Jesus, as the willing Substitute, Surety, Sacrifice, the mighty Conqueror over sin, the curse, wrath, death, and hell on behalf of His poor people. In the evening we were favoured to sit under a glorious opening up of the Spirit's work as the Revealer of Jehovah's secret, the alone Testifier of Jesus, as He who makes known to the heart "a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins." Though we thus write in reference to the order in which the sermons stood to each other we must not be understood that the three-fold cord was broken in any; we simply speak of the speciality of each. The best part of the day's proceedings was this: a gracious God stood near both preacher and hearers, and brought home His own truth in demonstration of the Spirit with power. To His name be the glory. We forward to the VESSEL a few notes of the sermons, and also the lecture delivered by C. W. Banks, in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute,

which was of a very interesting character, quite suited to describe these dark days when Popery and Ritualism stalk the land, and the enemy's tares are being sown broadcast.

READING.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Nov. 25, (an evening long to be remembered) the Bible and singing classes held their usual meeting for benefit of the friends and to help the funds. Brother S. Willis assisted, and brother Hetherington, in his usual cheerful and interesting way, occupied the chair. A large number assembled: this made it interesting and profitable. On Jan. 6 we held new year's meetings. Addresses were delivered by brethren Hetherington, Edgerton, Varney, Vize, and Pursy, shewing the interests of the church, past, present, and future. In 1873, seven had been baptized, five others received, making twelve added to our number. Harmony and peace have prevailed; the privilege of a Gospel ministry continued; means supplied; the treasurer has no claim to make: those facts call for gratitude and praise, while they strengthen us for the future. Brethren Stevens of Chobham, Edgerton, and Milbourne have supplied our pulpit. Great interest is manifest in the labours of brother Edgerton; the friends hope to hear him again. We believe the Lord will send one of His servants to settle here in His own time, and that His cause will revive.

A. MARTIN.

LINCOLN.—A few friends meet together from time to time to hear the Gospel preached in Mr. Upton's School-room, 19, Newland-street West. I am thankful to say there is a few of us despised, elect Baptists in this dark city, but Lincoln teems with error, such as the High Church party, Wesleyans, &c.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN DIE!

When I was with Mr. R. C. Bardens, the minister of Hayes Tabernacle, on New Year's day, he told me of a plan he had in his mind, which was to raise a fund for his Sunday School children to meet the expenses of sickness and burials, when any of them were taken away. To poor parents times of sickness and death are often distressing seasons, because they have not sufficient means either to nourish their sick ones, or decently to bury their deceased ones. I hope the Hayes Tabernacle Sunday School Sick and Burial Fund will be speedily established.

EARL'S BARTON.—Our new Rehoboth Baptist Chapel was opened Jan. 20, 1874. Introductory devotional services by brethren Inward, of Irthingborough, and F. Fountain, of Sharnbrook, the sermon by C. W. Banks. Over 200 friends took tea in Co-operative hall. The pastor, W. Tooke, presided in evening over the opening public meeting. The new chapel was crowded with friends, many coming from neighbouring churches. We thought the discourses de-

livered that evening by brethren Inward, Fountain, and Parnell, were expressive of much spiritual knowledge; of a holy experience of divine truth, and of a good measure of ministerial gift and power. C. W. Banks spoke of the mourners in Zion being comforted. Brother Tooke and his friends have before them, we hope, many years of usefulness in their new chapel. Brother Fountain has promised to write for the VESSEL the singular rise and progress of the True Baptist Church in Earl's Barton. A fuller report of the opening services and Mr. Inward's evening address may also be expected.

Notes of the Month.

A MINISTER in Suffolk says, "I intend to-morrow to press VESSEL claims from pulpit." As we gratuitously announce all notes sent to us, we think the "VESSEL" has some claim upon the support of our Churches. If our ministering brethren would do as the friend referred to has done, it might help us. Our old friends are departing, multitudes of the rising race never heard of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

NORWICH.—Mr. Brunt, of Orford Hill, has been long and seriously afflicted. We understand he must resign his pastorate. For a faithful and vital ministry, this city is considered by some to be in a barren state. Norwich has in it many who know and highly appreciate the New Covenant Gospel of Salvation; but the ambassadors of Christ are hard to find. Poor Orford Hill has had many changes.

LEICESTER.—H.'s review of the taunt cast upon the late Mr. Garrard, for his faithful adherence to New Testament Order, would only produce an unholy controversy. Our ancient and venerated brethren are gone home. The young, the proud, the shifting, the arrogant, the respectable, the educated, and the popular, will look with contempt upon us poor bigots. We cannot help ourselves, as George Webb said at Walthamstow, Grace has united our hearts to the Truth; we cannot deny any part of it.

C. D. GAWLER.—The last time we saw and spoke to this dear saint and servant of Christ, was on Yeovil Station, some months since. He departed this life in his 79th year, in November, 1873. For Gospel Truth he stood faithful, preached nearly to the end of his day; and then laid down his weary frame to rest; while the redeemed spirit was caught up into the third heavens, where, now, we cannot tell how bright their glories be.

Deaths.

Fell asleep in Jesus, January 1st, Mrs. Sophia Pardoe, member of Church meeting in Mount Zion Chapel, Chadwell Street, Clerkenwell. She was baptized by Mr. Henry Smith, of Kidderminster, December, 1829. Her end was peace.

With regret we announce the death, on the 15th inst., of Mr. Samuel Whitehead, of the Old Kent Road; for upwards of thirty years a follower of the late Mr. James Wells, and deeply regretted by all who knew him. His remains were interred at Nunhead Cemetery on the 21st inst.

The Everlasting Security and Blessedness of God's Elect.

BY MR. GEORGE BURRELL,

Of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Watford.

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—Romans viii. 1.

IN the old translation of the Scriptures (a copy of which I possess) the word "now" does not occur where it does here, but at the commencement of the verse; it reads thus, "*Now, then*, there is no condemnation," &c. And to my mind, this order of the words conveys to the spiritual reader more clearly the meaning of the Holy Ghost by Paul, than the way in which they are placed here, "There is, therefore, *now* no condemnation." Reading them so, we are necessarily led to place the emphasis on the word "*now*;" and, by so doing, it seems to express the idea, that there was condemnation at some previous period, but that there is none *now*, and certainly this is far from the meaning of the words; for there never was a period when there was any condemnation to them which are in Christ; for justification *in* and *by* Christ is a blessing eternal, wherewith the Church was blessed in Christ with every other spiritual blessing before the foundation of the world; but if we take the words as they stand in the old translation they express very clearly their meaning.

We should remember one thing in reading this wonderful Epistle to the Church of God at Rome, that it contains nearly from the commencement to the end of the eleventh chapter one great and unbroken chain of argument; it contains weighty assertions, questions and proofs of man's total ruin, and God's great plan and method of salvation, and is continually interspersed with such questions as these: *What then?* and *What shall we say then?* and in this strain the apostle comes to this part of the Epistle: "*Now, then*," namely, upon the grounds I have stated, and upon the premises I have laid down, this great and glorious fact is clearly deduced: "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." There is nothing but condemnation under the law, that is, the ministration of condemnation, but in Christ there never was, and never can be, condemnation to them which are in Him.

In contemplating these precious words, let us, by the help and grace of the eternal Spirit, look at three points contained in them. First, *The blessed position described*, "in Christ;" second, *The most blessed condition*, "Free from condemnation;" and third, *The evidences of interrest*, "Walking not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

I. THE BLESSED POSITION, "In Christ." A blessed position indeed, for this is the one thing needful; union to Christ is a most blessed and

fundamental doctrine of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God ; it is as ancient as God Himself, and as lasting as His eternal throne ; its former is the great Jehovah ; its bond, the everlasting love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Its nature is set forth by the closest and dearest ties we are, as creatures, acquainted with, as foundation and building, husband and wife, vine and branches, body and members. All true Christians that ever were, are now, or ever shall be, were originally in Christ with all their grace and glory, as all the branches, leaves, and fruit of the vine were originally in the root. All Christ's seed were in Him seminally and radically, as all Adam's seed were in him. Adam, as the federal head of all mankind, fell, and entailed upon all his posterity the curse ; and Christ as the Head of the body, His Church, has entailed upon all His seed the blessings of eternal grace. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. All whom Adam represented died ; all whom Christ represents shall live. By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. By Adam's one offence, judgment came upon all men to condemnation ; and by the obedience of one, Jesus Christ, shall many be made righteous. The two great heads and the two bodies are fully described by Paul in this Epistle, with the results flowing therefrom, namely, death to all, without an exception, of every son and daughter of Adam ; and life to all, without an exception, of every son and daughter of the Lord God Almighty, who were blessed in Christ from all eternity. In Christ, therefore, is *life and salvation*, and out of Christ there is certain *death and damnation*.

Look, then, beloved, at this blessed position : 1, *as a position of safety and security* ; 2, *as a position of dignity and honour* ; and 3, *as a position of endless enrichment*.

As to the first, *safety and security*, it is very certain there is safety no where else, and security for no creature, man or angel, *out of Christ*. We see by man's awful fall in Eden there was no safety there ; not even in Paradise, although man was placed in that position by his Creator, pure, holy, and upright ; he was, nevertheless, though sinless, a mutable creature, capable of standing, or liable to fall ; and, alas ! we see he did yield and fall, although his will, by his Maker, was perfectly holy and upright, he was not, as *a natural man*, as *the head of the human race, in Christ* ; and, therefore, when assailed by Satan, he yielded to the tempter, was overcome, and fell. There was nothing in God's decree to *cause* or *induce* him to fall, he was capable of obeying the law given him by his Creator, and he was, as a creature, liable to fall. Let those who talk or dream of their free-will power to do anything spiritual or good in the sight of God reflect upon this solemn fact, what free-will did in this high position, when there was no evil bias to warp or bend the will, it yielded to the devil and sin when it was strong and pure ; what will it do now it is corrupted and enslaved by the devil and lust—"led captive by the devil at his will ?" If it swerved and revolted from God when it was "*sinless*" can we be so besotted and deceived as to suppose that it will yield to God when it is "*sinful* ?" O no ; the power of sin carried it away, and none but a divine and gracious power can control and bring it back. There was everything in Eden that innocent and upright man required to render

him as a creature perfectly happy as long as he obeyed the divine precept. But there was no safety or security there; there was innocence, there was righteousness and moral rectitude, there was peace, plenty, and happiness, but safety and security there was not; for, from that high position man fell and ruined all his posterity.

But we may go higher than Eden, and assert, without fear of contradiction, there is no safety or security in heaven out of Christ. This fact is proved by the fall of angels—by the revolt of once holy and happy spirits in heaven. Infallible truth declares they kept not their first estate, but left their *own habitation*, which habitation was *heaven*, not Christ. They, although high, holy, pure, and mighty spirits, were but mutable creatures, for there is no person or being immutable out of Christ; everything is subject to mutation and change, but everything and every person in Him, by virtue of union to Him, safe and for ever secure. By virtue of this union *angels elect stood firm*, while the rest rebelled, and were hurled from their high and noble position down into everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day. How moral evil could enter a world so pure and make its appearance before the face of spotless Majesty we cannot say; it is a mystery deep, yet it is a solemn fact revealed. Sin first originated there, and converted a multitude of angels, white and holy, into black and infernal spirits; from His servants they became His implacable and malicious foes; and, to an angel, I believe, all would have revolted together but for *election in Christ*—but for the fact, that those who stood were *in Christ confirmed*. Here is their safety and security, therefore they take such an unspeakable interest in the salvation of God's elect, and join to praise (though not redeeming grace) preserving grace and electing love. Therefore the angels sing, as they are represented, clustering round the redeemed Church: "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God," not only the God of the redeemed family, but "*our God*" in Christ; for we were blessed in Him, honoured to stand connected with His glory, and not left to our own power or might, but kept and preserved by His almighty power. Christ is, therefore, God's great and precious Casket, in which all His crown jewels are for ever secured. Safety is not only *of* the Lord alone, but *in* the Lord alone.

There was no safety when the old world was drowned but *in the ark*, and their safety consisted of two things: first, in the construction of the ark exactly according to God's order; and secondly, in the fact, "Jehovah shut them in." The ark was intended, of course, to typify the person of Christ, in whom alone is salvation; there is salvation in none other, for there is no other name given under heaven, or amongst men, whereby we can be saved. There was no safety for rich or poor, high or low, no safety on the tallest trees or highest mountains, no safety *around* the ark, no safety in *seeing* the ark, no safety in *touching* the ark, or even *upon* the ark. No safety or avail in or from the vows, or tears, or shrieks of the drowning: no safety any where but *in* the ark. The ark was made of gopher wood, there were rooms in it, and three storeys; it was to be pitched within and without; there was but one window, and but one door, and the door of the ark was set in the side thereof; all which is figurative and typical of the glorious person of Immanuel. The gopher wood sets forth His incorruptible nature

and durability ; the rooms in the ark set forth His various offices, characters, and titles ; the three storeys, I humbly conceive, set forth the fact, that there are in Christ, babes, young men, and fathers ; the pitch without and within, which constituted the ark perfectly secure from the deluge of waters, sets forth His precious atoning blood, which is the only security from the deluge of divine wrath, as Erskine says : " And lest a drop of wrath should enter in, 'twas pitched with clotted blood." And the only entrance into the ark being at the door in the side of the ark, sets forth to faith the fact, the only way to God and salvation is in the Saviour's side ; 'tis here faith flees, and enters in vitally and experimentally ; " No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." " I am," saith Christ, " the way." " The way, the only way to God shines in His bleeding side." All that went into the ark went in at the door.

And then, just another thing we should not forget while we are upon the ark, is this, namely, that God was first in the ark ; " And the Lord said unto Noah, *Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark.*" This beautifully describes the way in which the saved come experimentally to Christ ; " God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." He did not drive any into the ark, but He called and drew them with a divine power, and with an irresistible power too ; hence, those who have fled for refuge to Christ are said to be partakers of the heavenly calling ; " Who hath saved us, and called us." Provision was made ; first, in the ark ; and then Noah and his family were called into it. So, in our glorious Christ, Jehovah made everlasting provision for His elect, and, as the effect, saints are called to participate therein. Here, then, is the poor sinner's safety and security, and here alone ; chosen in Him, blessed in Him, accepted in Him, approved in Him, and secured in Him for ever and ever.

This most glorious scheme of infinite love and wisdom stood as firm as the throne of the Eternal ; when all the world became a total wreck in Adam it was in no way affected ; the safety of God's Church was in no way endangered by the fall, because all was rendered fast, firm, and immutable in Christ prior to the fall, and in that covenant which was as high as heaven is above the earth above the covenant with Adam in the Garden of Eden. Here, we have, in a few words, God's great order and economy in salvation : " Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." All the ten thousand preservations God's elect are the subjects of, from death and ruin, till regenerated by sovereign grace, are all attributable to this great fact :—in Christ, loved in Him, loved into Him, loved with Him ; and, O amazing thought and fact ! loved like Him ; for so saith His sweet mouth, " Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." Preserved in Christ when Adam fell, not a single person fell from this high and honourable position, nor was a single new covenant blessing forfeited, because the whole was secured entirely on other grounds and considerations previous to the fall or creation of man ; safe and secure in Christ when lost and ruined in the fall by nature ; " By nature children of wrath, even as others ;" in His heart, in His eye, in His hands, when dead in sin and far from God ; in Him as their great Covenant, Head, Representative, and Surety, when He engaged His heart in eternity on their behalf to meet all demands and requirements on the

part of God and man, in Him when He became flesh and dwelt among us ; in Him during His thirty-three years' sojourn in our world, where He wrought our righteousness, in Him when He took and drank the bitter cup of wrath—due to our crimes—in the garden, in Him when He died, in Him when He slept in the tomb, in Him when He rose a conqueror thereof and therefrom, in Him when He ascended His glorious throne, and in Him when He shall appear a second time without sin unto salvation. Here, and here alone, consequently, stands the saints' everlasting safety and security. Truly this is a blessed position—"In Christ."

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM CAUNT.

The godly man can never die
Like autumn's leaf ;
Death is to him eternity
Of sweet relief.

How happy he whose ransom'd soul
Soars from this world beneath ;
Calmly he bids the seasons roll,
Nor fears the dart of death.

ALTHOUGH honourably and successfully conducting a large business, originally under the direction of the venerable and universally-beloved Thomas Pocock, sen., Esq., yet for many years was WILLIAM CAUNT found on the Lord's-day in the pulpits of our different London and suburban Churches, ever faithfully, in his own original manner, preaching unto them the Gospel of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; but on Thursday night, January 29, 1874, at half-past ten, William Caunt "fell asleep in Jesus," his happy soul ascending into the presence and glory of that Redeemer whose wisdom, work, and worthy name he had so often unfolded to the assembled saints in the different sections of our Zion, by whom he was ever gladly received. Of his life and death we will give all particulars as far as possible.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. CAUNT,

Formerly of Greenwich and Chelsea.

Our brother, Mr. W. Caunt, has been called home. He had been ailing for a considerable time, but nothing serious was contemplated until within a few days previous to his departure, and even then his end was not thought to be so near as it proved to be ; but on Thursday night, January 29, while reclining in his daughter's arms, his spirit took its flight to the regions of eternal day. His mind during his illness was most peaceful, and at intervals he spake blessedly concerning the kingdom of God.

His mortal remains were interred in Nunhead Cemetery on Friday, February 6th. Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, officiated by request. The day was very unfavourable, and the fog most intense. A goodly number of friends from Greenwich, Chelsea, Clapham, Pimlico, and

elsewhere, where our brother had laboured and where he was esteemed and loved, were present to show their last tribute of affection towards him.

Mr. Hall read portions of Job xiv. and 1 Cor. xv. A favourite hymn of the deceased was then sung.

Mr. Flack offered prayer.

His remains were then conveyed to their last resting-place, when Mr. Hall delivered an address. He said :

A good and useful man has fallen in our midst, not by the arrow of accident, but by the appointment of heaven. His work having been completed, his gracious Master said, "William, you have sorrowed long enough in the valley of Baca, and wet your couch with tears ; you have fought long enough on the battle-field : enter now into thy rest." And although we can ill afford to lose our brother from our ranks, yet to the will of high heaven it becomes us to bow and to acquiesce in the appointments of Him

" Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still."

And in taking our final leave of our brother's remains, we cannot do better than to quote the words of the Lord concerning Job, "A perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil ;" not that our brother was absolutely a perfect man—perfection in that sense belongs to God alone ; neither was he perfect in the flesh ; no one would protest more than he against that doctrine : he knew too well the corruption of his nature and the plague of his own heart ever to have allowed perfection in the flesh to form part of his creed.

" For man's a fallen sinner still,
And grace shall reign alone."

But relatively he was a perfect man through his oneness with Christ, who removed all his transgressions, washed his soul from all its defilements in His own most precious blood, and brought in an everlasting righteousness which is unto and upon all the heirs of sovereign grace. And all who had had intercourse with our brother, or who had been associated with him on platform or in pulpit, could testify that no one gloried more in His blessed perfection than did William Caunt. In Christ, the Father never saw the least transgression of His law.

" Perfection then in Him we view,
And saints in Him are perfect too."

But there is a professional perfection—a perfection in the profession of our principles, and that was applicable to our brother. He had been by the mercy of God brought into a vital acquaintance with the doctrines of sovereign grace, the worth of which he well knew, and he held them firmly and proclaimed them fully. That which he had handled and tasted, that he declared unto others. The grand and fundamental doctrine of the sovereignty of God in the election of His people in Christ, their complete redemption by Christ, and their regeneration and effectual call by the Spirit of God, by whom they were made meet for eternal glory,—was his uniform testimony. And although he entered the ministry an Independent, yet as soon as he became ac-

quainted with the Scriptural order of God's house, his language was, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me from being baptized?" And to his Strict Baptist principles he adhered to the last. Although he, in common with his brethren, respected the honest convictions of those from whom he differed, and often preached in their pulpits, he had too much courtesy to introduce his Strict Baptist views unnecessarily; yet at all befitting times he took pleasure in advocating baptism by immersion upon a confession of faith in Christ. Equally staunch was he in insisting on an experimental acquaintance with the truth of God and a practical development of that truth in daily life as essential to salvation. He was also a perfect man comparatively. His religion was not a public one merely, but a private one also. His bereaved daughter bore her testimony to his household religion; they had had much sweet communion together; and the practice of daily reading the Scriptures and family prayer he fully carried out. And we have all heard his candid acknowledgments in public, which showed how free from sophistry and pretensions to greatness he was. And although called upon to preach hither and thither, he never forsook his secular calling: he was for thirty-two years privileged to be connected with the house of Messrs. Pockock. In short, he was, without any exaggeration—as brother Flack had said in his prayer—through grace an honest and upright man; and in our brother William Caunt's life and conduct there was a complete answer to the charge that the doctrines of sovereign grace have a licentious tendency. This much I feel bound to say on behalf of my late brother. His end was peace—peace of conscience by faith in Christ, peace of mind from a conviction that, through the grace given him, he had fought the fight, kept the faith, and come to the verge of the grave with his professional garments unspotted, and a peace into which he had now entered passing all understanding—

"Where every power finds sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

In his departure we have lost a true sympathising friend and the Churches a true helper; and, while we recognise the Divine right to call our brother from us, it becomes us to observe the hand of God in the visitation; for such men, who laboured with their hands during the week, and helped the Churches on the Lord's-day, were of more use to the Churches than we were at all times willing to acknowledge, and to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more such labourers. Mr. Hall brought his remarks to a close by solemnly appealing to the assembly to mark the perfect and behold the upright, for unless we walked in their steps we should never enter into peace. May we die the death of the righteous and our last end be like his.

Mr. Anderson closed with prayer.

On the following Lord's-day evening, Mr. Hall further alluded to Mr. Caunt's death, from the words, "Know them that labour among you."

DOWN IN THE JORDAN, BUT NOT LOST.

How heavy Jordan's waves may roll—
 When saints are passing o'er!
 How Satan may affright the soul,
 And tempt it more and more—
 We, none of us, can tell:
 But thousands witness and confess,
 The Lord doth all things well.

PASTOR CHAPPELL and his oldest member at Salem Chapel, Ascupart street, Southampton, walked in loving fellowship together for some years. They both died at the age of seventy-two, and within a few moments of each other. The following note from Mr. Johnson's sister opens a little of the trials of a dying bed:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE GOSPEL,—Just after I wrote to tell you of the death of dear Pastor Chappell, I heard of the death of my own dear brother, Mr. Johnson. I scarcely left him night or day. I think I never saw such bodily sufferings, and yet such a heavenly resignation. On Friday afternoon, I was standing over him, fanning his dear face. He said,

“‘Who is it?’

“I said, ‘It is Isabella, my dear.’

“He said, ‘I am going! I am going!’

“I said, ‘What a blessing it is, John! we have a hope beyond the grave, that Christ is our great salvation: that He has died for us.’

“He said, ‘Yes! yes! and more blessed to realise it, and to know He rose again for our justification.’

“On Thursday evening I left my dear brother for a short time to go and see our dear pastor. On entering his room, Mr. Chappell said,

“‘It is Mrs. Hollis.’

“Before I could speak, he said,

“‘Is my beloved brother Johnson gone home to glory yet?’

“I said, ‘No, sir; not yet; he will not be long.’

“He said, ‘Oh, may the gates of heaven be thrown open for us to enter—to go through together.’

“And, wonderful to say, they both died within ten or fifteen minutes of each other. Our grief is great; but, blessed be God, we sorrow, but not without hope. I should like the two dear men of God to be buried together.

ISABELLA HOLLIS.

“Beach View House, Chapel Road, Southampton.”

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. CHAPPELL.

[A widow's testimony to the patience, faith, and peaceful end of the departed, is no small treasure. The physical sufferings of our dear departed brother Chappell were terrible and of long duration. His widow appears more like one wrecked upon the banks of Jordan. But the following note breathes a holy and resigned spirit.]

“MY DEAR KIND BROTHER,—How can I ever express my gratitude to you sufficiently for your ready compliance to our wishes, accompanied with such deep and loving sympathy, which is like the precious oint-

ment to my sorrowful and cast-down soul. Yet I am sustained in a spiritual and temporal view; I feel the Lord who so supported and helped me through the long, severe affliction, even to the last moment, in attending to the precious saint, will still aid me in sorrow and distress. I have round me most of the dear, sorrowing family, who, each and every one, try to show a double portion of kindness and love, which I feel a true comfort now, when my heart is made tender by heavy sorrows."

[A long procession of carriages and people, with two handsome hearses, carried the remains of these two veterans to their graves. I was favoured to speak and pray with a host of friends in Cemetery Chapel; then again at the grave of the minister; after that at the grave of his aged member; after that we had two services in the chapel. Such a day of solemnities I never expect to see again.—C. W. B.]

"DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you much for your kind note; my precious one received your message ere he closed his eyes in death; and now I am waiting to know if you can grant his and our wish, to bury him and preach the funeral sermon; do, dear brother, if you can. When you come, I can tell you how peacefully and happy the dear saint passed away, longing to meet his blessed Saviour: he felt His sweet presence till the last moment, when he breathed his patient, gentle soul into His hands.

"Southampton, Sunday, Feb. 1, 1874."

"M. CHAPPELL.

THE DENIAL OF MAN'S TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

BY DANIEL ALLEN,

Pastor of Castlereagh Baptist Church, Sydney.

OUR ministering brother, Mr. Daniel Allen, of Sydney, Australia, sends us notes of a month's debate in the Young Men's Association, in Sydney, from which it appears that the dreadful, the total, and the helpless condition of man in the fall is denied; and the leaders of "THE BAPTIST UNION" have declared themselves opposed to Mr. Allen because he has so faithfully demonstrated the utter ruin of man, of all men, in their natural, unregenerated state. Is not this doctrine of the fall either directly or indirectly denied to a fearful extent in all our English Churches?

What is the teaching of man's free-will, of his power to believe, to give his heart to Christ, and of his attaining to perfection in the flesh, but indirect denials of the fact, that "all have sinned, and have come short of the glory of God?"

We ask, with holy trembling, does not the present mode and matter of preaching appear to prove that the preachers themselves are ignorant of, and spiritually unacquainted with, the three great lessons which run all through the Scriptures? First, Paul says, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." The law enters the soul of the redeemed man, convincing and condemning. Secondly, Job distin-

guishes between a good moral state and a spiritual state: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes." Thirdly, After many years of Christian life, Paul says, "I find that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." This dark and fearful condition of all, by nature, is held back from the people, hence, we fear the reality of their religion.

Mr. Daniel Allen's tract on "The Total Depravity of Man," is a thorough testimony. We will give his tract in three parts. First, his introduction reads as follows:—

"Man fell as well as devils, and became as far off from holiness as they—'Earthly, sensual, devilish' (James iii. 15; John viii. 44). God destroyed the world for the total depravity of man, and then made a covenant not to destroy it again by water, because man was totally depraved, see Gen. vi. and viii. As if He should say—'If I should destroy the earth as oft as man is vile, I shall always be destroying it, 'For the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth,' therefore I make a covenant not to destroy it though man is vile.' After great research, and strict investigation, the Almighty Judge of all has pronounced His awful sentence upon man as totally depraved, after the following manner—'The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy, there is none that doeth good, no not one' (Psalm xiv.).

"How dare men confront the Almighty in His own court, and tell Him He has lied unto men, by debasing man, with this sweeping declaration of his total depravity? This very perverse denial of man's total depravity, in the face of the Lord's declaration of it, is one of the greatest evidences that these deniers of the doctrine are more depraved than devils, for they have not dared to contradict the Almighty to His face as these evidently do. It is declared that no clean thing can be brought out of an unclean one (Job xiv.). The holiest men have confessed themselves vile (Job xl.). That they were born depraved (Ps. li.). That their lips are unclean (Isaiah vi.). That all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags (Isaiah lxiv.). That when God draws near to them, their very comeliness turns to corruption (Daniel x.). And in Romans iii. we have nine quotations from God's Word, by the inspiration of the Spirit, in demonstration of the total depravity of *all men, everywhere, and in every age*. And the whole design of the Holy Spirit in demonstrating this doctrine, throughout the Scriptures, is to show the justice of God in His condemnation of men—'That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.'

"Those perverse spirits who deny the total depravity of man, thereby deny the justice of God in His condemnation of man. No doubt, the satanic design, in the denial of this doctrine, is to aim a deadly blow at the holy character of the great Judge of all, if He should dare to deal with fallen men, as He has with fallen angels. If the many utterances of the Holy Spirit, in His undeniable declarations upon this subject, are not sufficient to satisfy the deniers of this doctrine, such is their total depravity that nothing from the mouth of God will satisfy them."

A THREE-FOLD PAINFUL CALAMITY.

BY MR. R. G. EDWARDS,

Minister of Silver Street Chapel, Notting Hill Gate.

ON the royal estates of Prince Immanuel, in the midst of Zion's beautiful city, near the banks of the crystal river, on the verdant hills of sovereign grace, surrounded by the goodly cedars and the lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, lately stood the lovely residence of our dear and beloved sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Linforth, subject to the universal regulations of the royal tenements' removal at the pleasure of the Prince, with or without warning. It is not possible to mention the shortest period a tenant has lived in one of the royal cottages, but the longest lease on record was nine hundred and sixty-nine years. Our sister's was rather more than thirty-six years; her infant daughter about two days.

From her diary we extract the following particulars:—"It was my privilege to have a God-fearing mother, who took me in early life to the house of God, and instructed me as far as she could in the ways of God. I entered the Sabbath school when young, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Bowes, of Blandford street. Sometimes while hearing him preach I had impressions, but they were like the morning cloud and early dew which soon passed away. It is true I said a form of prayer as I was taught by my dear mother, but did not know what real prayer was. I knew I was a sinner, but did not feel nor see myself one, nor did I see any need of a Saviour. Sometimes my conscience would accuse me, and say, Suppose you were to be called to appear before God now, where would you stand, on the right hand or on the left, with the righteous or with the wicked? I felt sure I should not stand with the people of God; but I did not feel any anxiety about it. I then thought, others do not think about religion, learned men do not and why should I? Surely they must be right. There is time enough for me yet. I am young; I may not die yet; and in this way I went on till October, 1855, when Mr. Bowes preached from Psalm i. 5: "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous." I then saw and felt myself a sinner, guilty, ruined, and undone before God. Mr. Bowes said in his sermon, "When your conscience accuses you, you may say, there is time enough for me, I am young, learned men do not think about religion and why should I? You may say so now, but when the judgment day comes you will not be able to stand." I then became very anxious about my soul, and thought I was too great a sinner for God to pardon. I believed God had an elect people, and how earnestly did I desire to be one of them. I went on in this way for some time, then I had a little hope through the ministry of the Word, and felt Christ precious to my soul.

Our sister, in the providence of God, was removed to Notting Hill. She attended Johnson Street, and the ministry of Mr. Williamson was blessed to her soul, especially a sermon from these words,

“For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,” and another, “The preaching of the cross.”

On March 13th, our sister writes:—“This morning I had such a sense of the love of Christ to my soul, and of my own unworthiness that it was more than I could bear.”

On June 29th she was baptized and added to the Church the following Lord’s-day, when she writes, “Lord, enable me as a recipient of Thy grace, so to live that others may take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus.”

Passing over the rest of her diary, which is full of Christian experience we find she had to leave London for Brighton, afterwards returns to London, and on February 6th, 1870, joins the Church at Soho, the under the pastorate of Mr. J. Wilkins. October 20th, 1872, she became the wife of our highly-esteemed brother Mr. Edward Linforth a member of Silver Street Chapel, who had passed through the severe trial of losing two former wives, and left with two sons.

On December 7th, 1873, our beloved sister was publicly received into Church-fellowship at Silver Street, when she communed with us at the Lord’s table, and for the last time. Lord’s-day evening, December 21st, was the last sermon she heard in Silver Street.

On Lord’s-day, January 11th, 1874, our sister gave birth to her first-born, after much suffering, The next day this lovely little dear went to yonder world of joy. Our sister never knew her loss; she had for a long period expressed many apprehensions she should not survive the occasion, which, no doubt, had an injurious effect physically and mentally, yet certainly there was the voice of God in her soul, which was sanctified to her good. On Wednesday morning she appeared cheerful and happy, and on her husband entering the room, she said, “Good morning, dear; come round on this side and pray with me now we are alone.” Afterwards she threw her arms around him and said “May God bless you, my dear.” It certainly appeared by this act and expression that she realized her change was near; she was resigned to the Lord’s will. Her husband remained with her the whole of this day; about noon she became drowsy, and slept more or less. At a later part of the day she said to her husband, “You stop with me; I want you and you only.” After that she said nothing that could be understood; the last hours of her life she was not sufficiently conscious to converse upon any subject, her sufferings appeared very great, and about half-past two o’clock, Thursday afternoon, January 15th, she quitted the earthly house of this tabernacle for a mansion in the skies. She that looked out of those windows was gone; she that spake out of that mouth was gone; she that heard through those ears was gone; she that thought with that brain was gone; she that moved those hands and feet was gone; she that loved with such ardent affection was gone; she that kissed with those lips was gone; the house in ruins was left; the occupier was gone. We took up the remains on January 21st, and with many tears and lamentations, deposited them in the Brompton Cemetery, there to rest till the Archangel’s trump shall sound, when the Prince Immanuel intends to gather them together again, and form them into a more beautiful and glorious home of the soul, to be located in heaven for ever with the Lord.

Our beloved brother, for whom we supplicate every covenant blessing in this solemn visitation, says of the departed, "She was a virtuous woman, and her price far above rubies; the heart of her husband could safely trust in her, she looked well to the ways of her household, and eat not the bread of idleness; her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." In her the two sons of our dear brother have lost a kind and loving friend. In fact, few mothers were so worthy of the name, and those two lads loved her as a mother. As a daughter—the only daughter of her dear mother—she was affectionate and dutiful. Many places in her diary give evidences of her great love to her aged, widowed, God-fearing mother. As a Christian, her daily life was a life of service to her God. Prayer and the Word of God she regularly sought after as her daily food, faithful and true. In love to the truth, the ministers of the truth, and those who love the truth. So she lived and so she died, her husband bearing witness that he had never met with a more spiritual-minded woman.

The funeral discourse was delivered on Lord's-day evening, January 25th, by the writer, before a crowded assembly, from Phil. i. 23: "To be with Christ, which is far better." Each of the three wives were young; each of them knew the Lord; each were baptized by the same minister; each a member of the same church, at the same time; each died under the same painful circumstances; each buried in the same cemetery, and each with a darling babe.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives,
Nor dare that favourite angel pry
Between those folded leaves.

R. G. EDWARDS.

Silver Street Chapel, Kensington Place,
Notting Hill Gate.

"THE SPIRITUAL FOUNTAIN OF LIFE."

A DISCOURSE.

BY MR. JAMES HAND,

ON HIS PUBLICLY ACCEPTING THE PASTORATE OVER THE LATE MR. KERSHAW'S CHURCH,
NOW WORSHIPPING IN THE PUBLIC HALL, ROCHDALE.

"Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—PSALM lxxvi. 16.

THERE are divers opinions respecting the time when this Psalm was written, and as to who was its author. Some believe it to have been penned by the Prophet Jeremiah, when the children of Israel had returned to their own land, after their many years' captivity in Babylon. But it is the most prevalent opinion that David, the son of Jesse, was its author. Whoever may be the author, one thing is self-

evident that the writer was most sweetly under the anointing influence of the power of the Holy Ghost. In the opening of this very sweet and precious Psalm, he calls upon the people to sing praises unto God, and upon all the earth to make His name glorious, and to worship Him. Further down the same Psalm he takes a retrospective view of the mighty work that God had accomplished for His ancient people in delivering them from Egyptian bondage; the powerful display of His omnipotent arm in dividing the waters, so that they marched through the sea dry-shod; their enemies, attempting to follow them, were overwhelmed in the ocean; then they sung the song of deliverance. Next he tells of God's determination to try them as gold and silver. He laid affliction on their loins, and led them through fire and through water; these trials and sufferings brought them again to acknowledge God; and, after passing through all their trials and troubles, he declares that God, in His mercy, at last brought them into a wealthy place. He then goes into the house of God to offer sacrifices, and worship, after the custom of the ancient ceremonial. Then he gives vent to his soul's feeling in the language of the text, "Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

The first principle that is presented to us in the words we have cited, that demands our attention, is the "fear of the Lord." Now the fear of the Lord is the beginning of true wisdom; it is of divine origin. The fear of the Lord is referred to in many parts of the Sacred Word, but particularly in the Book of Proverbs. In the second chapter the Lord Jesus Christ is represented under the character of "WISDOM," and the Church of God under the appellation of a son. As if the Lord had said unto us individually, "Hearken unto Me, My son: If thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." This fear is the gift of God, and comes to us by the grace of God. By nature we are dead in trespasses and sins, far from God by wicked works, the children of wrath even as others, strangers and aliens from the commonwealth of Israel; living without God and without hope in the world." This is the dark catalogue given in Scripture concerning the fallen condition of man. If we preach this doctrine fully, we must fearlessly insist upon the full extent of the fall. There is much to do about reconciling the doctrine of the fall with that of free-will and human merit, but in attempting to harmonize these they deny the validity of the fall as revealed in Scripture. The Holy Spirit knew that false teachers would do this, hence, the Apostle of the Gentiles, as well as other sacred writers, speak so plainly and so pointedly upon the doctrine of the fall. The man of God, David, says, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." All these varied statements harmonize with the declaration of the apostle, "We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God." We must have our ears unstopped, our eyes opened, and spiritual life implanted in us, before we can have the fear of the Lord. The Lord bless us this day in our meeting together, and pour out His sweet grace upon many precious souls, that they may realise the truth of the Word of God, That the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, whereby we depart from the snares of death.

“ This fear’s the spirit of faith,
 A confidence that’s strong,
 An unctuous light to all that’s right,
 A bar to all that’s wrong.

Happy the men that fear the Lord ;
 They from the paths of sin depart,
 Rejoice and tremble at His Word,
 And hide it deep within their heart.

This fear’s a rich and endless store,—
 Preserves the soul from poisonous pride ;
 The heart that wants this fear is poor,
 Whatever it possess beside.”

Then, secondly, notice, David here speaks of his soul. This is a day of awful heresies. There are pretended ministers of the Gospel that are preaching up the delusive doctrine of non-eternal punishment. Of the righteous the Lord says, He will be their God, and that the elect shall be His people, that they shall dwell with Him at the right hand of God for ever. This plainly implies the spiritual principle of the soul, of which we are every one possessed, and which we feel within us is capable of enduring endless blessedness, or eternal misery ; and it will live for ever : when all worldly things are passed away, and all earthly connections are severed, the soul remains. The Lord Himself declares that this is a solemn truth, and founds this important interrogation upon it, “ What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? or, What will a man give in exchange for his soul ? ”

The Psalmist David, in a most impressive manner, calls upon those that fear God to come and hear what God had done for his soul. We are not to suppose that he had the slightest doubt at this moment about God’s dealings with his soul. At the thirteenth verse of the eighty-sixth Psalm, he says, “ For great is Thy mercy toward me ; Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.” This doctrine of non-eternal punishment is an awful one for ministers to propagate ; it is a great delusion ; the Word of God plainly tells us that there will be an eternal punishment of the wicked, and that is quite sufficient for our guide. The Lord Himself declares that “ the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God ; ” “ where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched.” The Prophet Isaiah, speaking of Tophet, says, “ For Tophet was ordained of old ; yea, for the King is it prepared ; He hath made it deep and large ; the pile thereof is fire, and much wood, the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it.” This, friends, is the dark picture which the prophet draws of the prospective state of man as a fallen sinner. It was a consciousness of certain deliverance from what appeared to him a dark impending future of misery that was the source of all his joy. Hence, he gives a general invitation for all God’s people to come and hear, while he told them what great things God had done for his soul.

The Lord met him in Satan’s dominion, having been taken according to that Scripture, “ captive by the devil at his will ; ” and it pleased the Lord to deliver him from the power of the devil, and to translate him out of the kingdom of Satan into the free-grace kingdom of His own dear Son. He is in the full enjoyment of this deliverance when he

pens the twenty-third Psalm, where he begins, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want ; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters." In another Psalm he declares that the Lord had delivered his soul out of the hand of his enemy, that is, Satan. Hence, in opening the 107th Psalm he exclaims, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed out of the hand of the enemy." Satan is the enemy of mankind universally, and especially of God and of His people. The devil may snarl at God's people and lay in wait to take them captive at his will, but they must all have a happy release.

"The appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace,
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn their feet to Zion's hill."

The LORD JESUS CHRIST came on this special errand of delivering His Church from the terrible power and dominion of Satan. Hence, we read in Hebrews, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same ; that through death He might destroy Him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." The man of God in his own time was not unacquainted with the machinations of the devil, and the depravity of his own heart. Hence, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death," that is, in figure. For this does not mean corporeal death. We are informed that David, after he had served his generation, fell asleep : he died. He was delivered from eternal punishment, delivered from being banished from the presence of God, and the glory of His power, and from being hurled into an everlasting abyss of woe. "Thou deliveredst my soul from the power of sin ;" not from its inbeing, but from its domineering power. The Lord Jesus Christ hath extracted death's sting. "The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." They are brought out of the track of sin, out of the lying vanities of an ungodly world, delivered from the sinful lusts of the flesh, and brought into the paths of righteousness—to walk, in some measure, in the footsteps of their Redeemer, and to hope in His mercy. This fear of God is the grace of God put into the heart of the poor sinner by the operation of the Spirit of God, not only in bringing the soul out of Satan's captivity, but also out of the vile associations which it had formed in its unregeneracy. Hence, the grace of God in the soul teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world."

In Psalm li., David prayed God to look upon his affliction and to forgive his sins. Now, in reading this Psalm, we see that sin was made a very bitter thing unto him ; hence he prayed to be delivered from the spirit of it, not its inbeing. He did not want covering over with a mask of perfection in the flesh. There is no such thing as perfection in the flesh. It is not to be found in the Word of God. The Apostle says, "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, for to do well is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." But he does not stop here ; he further adds, "But

I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." In much anxiety he cries out, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The Christian character is set forth in the Shulamite. In the Shulamite is seen a company of two armies; the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit lusting against the flesh; so that I cannot do the things that I would; with the mind I serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin. What does the Apostle mean? All through this chapter he shows that we are justified by grace; yet, after all, in the flesh, we are sinners—that the flesh is prone to sin. By the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, the Apostle infers that whatever may be our position in the world, the flesh is flesh; it remains unchanged; and it will remain unchanged until it pass through the grave.

"In every believer two armies are seen,
The new man of grace and the old man of sin."

This is working inside the Christian; it is the principle of God's grace that is put in the heart that causes this internal warfare. The Canaanite dwells in the land; the sons of Anak, it is true, overcame the poor Gadites; but, blessed be God, the promise is that they shall overcome at last; and this is the ground of their hope, that at last they will be delivered from the hand of their enemies, and it is the source of their comfort and peace. Hence the poet says:—

"Buckle on thy heavenly armour,
Patch up no inglorious peace;
Let thy courage wax the bolder,
As thy foes and fears increase."

So that in all the daily trespasses of the Christian, and in all his many conflicts of soul, he is delivered from their penal consequences by the power of Divine grace. "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but yield yourselves unto God." For this fear fashions his servants in love to God, and prompts in them a desire to walk in His paths. "For know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey his servants, ye are," &c.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SHIELD, THE SURRENDER, & THE SACRIFICE.

(CONTINUATION OF "THE PURCHASE AND THE PRICE.")

"Stretch'd on the cross thy Surety hung;
Sustained thy heavy load:
Washed all thy deadly crimes away,
In streams of richest blood."

HOW one's soul pineth for true and real fellowship with the CHRIST OF GOD, after travelling through mixed multitudes of correspondence, which often depress and unnerve the spirit! Multitudes are gathering now together in special missions, in evangelising, and in

revivallising services! But where truth is not maintained, one feels a jealousy not easily conquered.

The last words of the dying, broken-hearted pastor to his deacon affected my mind. The poor man died, saying, "Touch not Mine Anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

In the chief and first sense God speaks of His Own SON as "MINE ANOINTED!" And the Deity did shield the humanity up to a certain and dreadful hour. From the moment the "Child" was born in Bethlehem up to that dark hour a shield did defend Him. All through His thirty years of righteous and holy fulfilling the law, neither friend nor foe could touch the pure and glorious Son of God.

"Touch not Mine Anointed" went with Him until he entered the Garden of Gethsemane, and there surrendered Himself, crying, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt"—and, adding thereto, "the cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" Until the hour came when "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all;" until that moment the mandate was true, "Touch not Mine Anointed;" but when "the hour was come," the shield is withdrawn (not that the Deity ever did separate from the humanity), the sword awakes; Satan useth Judas to betray Him; the curse, the spear, the malice of devils, the cruelty of men—all heaven, all earth, all hell appear now in one combined war against "the Man which is My Fellow;" and not one moment's ease or peace could He find until, on the cross, with a loud voice He could cry, "It is finished!"

"Great was the price to Justice due;
When Jesus would redeem His bride;
Nothing but precious blood would do,
And that must flow from His own side."

"Touch not Mine Anointed" is a shield also for all who are in Christ; but Satan and his seed have ever been in terrible antagonism to Jesus and His bride; and because they are so precious unto, and so highly honoured by the Eternal Father, therefore hath the adversary ever gone out to destroy, if possible, all the election of grace. As Abel had the true faith, and Cain destroyed him, so

"Wherever Christ is in the heart,
There Satan sends His fiery dart,
And aims a deadly blow."

And his apparent success in burning, blasting, and casting down the saints of God has been marvellous. What? has God said, "Touch not Mine Anointed?" Alas! alas!! alas!!! how have devils and demons-in-man-form gone on to dash the Church of Christ to atoms! We wonder what all this can mean: but there are vessels of wrath fitted to destruction; there are vessels of mercy which He had afore prepared unto glory. Our one urgent concern must be to have proved within that we are vessels of mercy, for they compose the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood.

This word "Purchase" or "Purchased," has a blessed companionship in the Bible. It is no mean, empty, or isolated term; and as I am convinced that our young people are being carried away on to the Goodwin Sands—into a sandy and dangerous profession of sing-song and say-nothing sort of religion—I desire to show them that the faith which

was delivered once for all unto the saints of old, is the only spiritual power which can deliver them from the shadowy, glossy, and temporary theories of time, and the only power which can possibly carry them safely through this life, carry them peacefully over the otherwise untold anxieties and agonies of death, and the only power which can bear them up and bring them happily home to our Father's house in the heavens of life and glory.

The ancient Israelites were the pattern-family, the typical army, the first visible worshipping congregation which the pages of Holy Writ opens up to our view ; and it is in the record of their history that we first meet with this corner-stone word, "Purchased ;" and it was from that history, no doubt, Paul fetched his expression, "Feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."

My soul now goes forth in silent sympathy with many who "all their life-time are subject to bondage through the fear of death." Let us for one moment, this month, look at this word "Purchased" in its new covenant relationship, as it came out in the song which Moses and the children of Israel sang unto the Lord after they were brought safely through the deep parts of the Red Sea. Speaking of Israel's enemies, the happy choristers said, "Fear and dread shall fall upon them ; by the greatness of Thine arm they shall be as still as a stone ; till Thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over, which Thou hast PURCHASED." How extensive and complete are the connections of the word in this fifteenth of Exodus. The whole of the blessedness predicted by Moses as certain to come to the people is ensured and secured by this one great term, "The people which Thou hast purchased." This brings them out of the land of Egypt, this brings them out of the power of their enemies, this brings them through the dreadful deep, this brings them home to God.

Do the fears of death now bind thee ? Do thine own sins, thy old sins, now pursue thee ? Do they threaten thee, as Israel's enemies did, saying, "I will pursue ; I will overtake ; I will divide the spoil ; my lust shall be satisfied upon them ; I will draw my sword ; my hand shall destroy them ?" Formidable and frightful foes these ! And when poor Israel saw and heard them, they murmured and were in great terror.

Thousands of believers are terrified in their souls, like this, when left for a season in the dark shades of unbelief. Their poor souls travel back over the whole desert of their sinful career ; and every transgression utters a howling voice of vengeance and of death for ever.

Ah, said one, upon a special time,

"I've met with storms and dangers
E'en from my early years,
With enemies and conflicts,
With fightings and with fears."

But Little-faith immediately came to the rescue, and the poor pilgrim arose, singing aloud,

"There's nothing here that tempts me
To wish a longer stay ;
No ! I must hasten forwards—
No halting, no delay."

“ But how can you hasten forward ? ”

“ How ? ”

“ Yes !—how ? ”

“ Have not many hastened forward in delusion, by presumption, and under nothing but natural excitement ? ”

“ No doubt of that. But, like Israel of old, I was once a slave in Egyptian bondage. The Paschal Lamb and the Passover blood delivered me. I have never been dragged back into Egypt since. Then my old enemies came out after me, a thousand times more dreadful than they had ever been before. They drove me right on to the banks of the burning wrath of God. Hard sorrow and dread despair led me to wish I had died in the old land ; but after a time the Lord appeared. Yes ! more glorious than ever. The deeps of eternal wrath disappeared, a power carried me on ! My foes all vanquished ! Like Israel I sung, ‘ Who is like unto Thee, O, Lord ? Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders ! ’ And, indeed, they are wonders to me ; and these wonders have been done for and in me ! For me to question His mercy would be wickedness more fearful than all sins put together ! ”

“ It is God ‘ doing wonders ’ brought me thus far,” said this tried one.

“ What wonders are they ? ” enquired a curious critic.

“ Electing love that did choose me in Christ, eternal union which made me one with Christ. Atoning blood, redeeming me by Christ—spiritual life which made me hunger for Christ. A living faith which led me to lay hold of Christ. A Divine revelation which unchangeably endeared Christ ; and a mighty, mysterious power which will never let me leave Christ. These are the wonders He has done in and for me.”

“ DOING WONDERS ! ”

“ Enough ! ” said the examining critic.

Now look at the crowning glories belonging to and yet to be realised by these purchased people.

“ Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.” There, with all His purchased people, “ The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.” * So saith the Word. So believeth,

56, Queen’s road, Notting Hill,

C. W. B.

Feb. 13, 1874.

* See April for exposition of this cluster of blessings.

DIVINE POSITIVES.

“ Now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.”—I Cor. xiii. 12.

“ I know in whom I have believed ; ”
And though my faith is often tried,
The mercies in the past received
Assure me *none* will be denied.

“ I know that my Redeemer lives,”
And that I live in Him by faith ;
The power this blest assurance gives,
Will make me victor over death.

"I know in very faithfulness,"
 My God has oft afflicted me;
 'Twas not in anger, but that grace
 In me more manifest might be.

I know this tenement of clay
 Must shortly sicken, droop, and die;
 I know *not* the appointed day,
 But wait for it without a sigh.

I know the law has lost its claim
 To curse, condemn, or sever me
 From Him whose breast-plate bears my name;
 Who from all bondage sets me free.

My prayers are answered ere I call;
 And whilst I'm speaking God doth hear;
 Yet when upon my knees I fall,
 I mingle confidence with fear.

O may these *knowings* be to me
 A banner'd host through all life's road!
 Then vanquish my last enemy,
 And land me on the mount of God.

Totteridge, Herts, February 14, 1874.

ROBERTUS.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Providence." The word means,—1, seeing before: 2, making provision and arranging for the future. This intelligent article, with others both pious and pretty, are in *Home Words* for February. Nisbet and Co.

Zion's Witness for February has more variety, while the articles are as choice as ever. Mr. Wilcockson is coming out largely as a Reviewer, and his criticisms evidently flow from a discerning, faithful, and independent mind. Published by R. Banks.

The Christian is sent us now every week. "Go ye out into the highways and hedges" is work somebody must do; such gentlemen as Dr. Cumming, and Dr. Frazer, and other logical theologians would not like to go and do as some of these Revivalists do. We do not suppose they convert everybody, but they influence multitudes, and we hope, that while they are gathering fish of all kinds, God the Spirit picks out the good fish, who only can live in the river of water of life; all the rest, as bad, dead, and unholy fish, must be cast away. May we be found in Christ the Lamb and know Him in His glory. Amen and Amen.

The Christian's Pathway of Power. Lon-

don: S. W. Partridge and Co. This new monthly represents the higher Christian life as one of perfect victory over every known sin, and of uninterrupted communion with God. We have only as yet glanced over the pages of this well-executed paper. We feel a jealousy respecting two things. The first thing is an implication that victory over sin, unbelief, bad tempers, and the other hosts of evils is gained by the Christian raising himself up into this higher and holier state of living in this world. The second thing is the silence of the writers respecting the sovereign and essential power of the Holy Ghost in the soul, without whose indwelling and revealing, a profession of godliness can be but a name to live, while the working in us mightily may not be found. It is quite possible for gentlemen, for scholars, for eloquent orators, for highly-gifted moral philosophers, and others to mark out a new (so-called) *Christian Pathway*, and to gather out portions of the Word suited to justify their premises; and yet the vitalizing link may be wanting. This foreign importation of a new mission we look at with much caution.

Publications.—*The Interpreter*, by C. H.

S., part XIV., is like a garden of nuts. When time and space permit we desire to gather a few for our readers.—*The Arrow of the Lord's Deliverance*, by W. R. Aikman, is the book for living souls to read. (Houlston's). — "Free-Will, a Paving Creed," is exhibited by the Pewsey Correspondent of the *Gospel Mag.* in plain English. Joseph Irons said, "Free-will is the life-blood of Popery." How many thousands are hood-winking Christ's Gospel now! And us poor fellows, who are compelled to tell the truth, are likely to be stoned to death, not as Stephen, with literal stones, but with the hard words in secret of the false tongue.—Brother Wm. Flack is giving us his life in *Christian Pathway*. No. II. is ready at our office. It is simple, very sweet reading, and opens up schools of adversity which have fitted him for his work.—*Why Baptize an Infant?* by A. M. Stalker. Why, indeed? What Scripture—what sense—what benefit—what real meaning can there possibly be in sprinkling the dear babe and making it cry? It is one of the many things which people do because it is the custom of the country. How the people are priest-led! The veil is truly cast over all nations! Alas! for poor England's religion now.—"The New Plants of the Past Year" is a suggestive paper in Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine*. This original, beautiful, and illustrative weekly paper is a boon to thousands of people. We, under-gardeners, may ask how many new plants have we been instrumental in planting during the past year? Shirley Hibberd says, "there has been a lull in botanical explorations." What a fearful lull there appears in most of our gardens! Are we all as active, as earnest, as zealous, as fervent in wrestling as we should be? Conscience says, No. "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord!"—"The Present Position of Calvinism in England" is the first paper in February number of *The Sword and Trowel*, with Toplady's Last Memento, and other useful articles. We have commenced a notice of the Calvinistic controversy. We are glad the Arminian gentlemen are firing at Master Spurgeon. He is not afraid to meet them. If our men have any real love for Christ's Gospel and honour, they will surely come out some day.

The Christian Standard. Mr. Gordon Forlong has issued an address calling for help to continue and increase the circulation of Mr. James Grant's weekly paper in defence of our great Protestant cause. We, in our humble way, went forth in this great fight many years since; in fact several efforts from the press have we made, but our losses were heavy. It ap-

pears Mr. Grant cannot yet establish *The Christian Standard* on safe premises. Gordon Forlong will obtain help, and in time Mr. Grant may reach the desired haven. His zeal and ability, his experience and devotedness to the good cause must surely command a large reward in due season. But the immense number of publications in this day, the quantity expected for a penny, and the almost universal disregard to God's holy truth, render enterprises like Mr. Grant's more dangerous than can easily be conceived. We bought this experience dearly.

A splendid Bridal Pair of engravings is given in *Our Own Fireside* for Feb. A Norwegian grandmother presides over the work of her daughter who is placing the bridal crown upon the head of the eldest grand-daughter, while the opposite page shews us bridegroom and bride leaving the church amid the music and firing of the group without. That great, grand, bridal morn is yet to come. When the Eternal Son of God will receive His own Church as a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, and on presenting her to Himself, the prophetic anthem shall burst forth, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready." Who can the glories of that day conceive? Of it we read and we believe, But till from earth we pass away, Till God shall usher in that day, Its perfect honours we can never know.

Our Own Fireside gives a paper by Dr. Moore on Training Children, which every mother might read and practice with considerable advantage.

The Academy is a high, first-class, literary, scientific, and artistic journal, with reviews of some of the best books in the upper circles. The amazing heaps of new books advertised is astonishing. What multitudes of writers, printers, and readers this little island must contain. Our schools and colleges are yearly producing thousands of clever writers; our printing machines are issuing millions of copies of new books and serial publications; but you may examine them by wholesale and not find one testimony in favour of Christ's true Gospel. England is becoming a wise and learned nation in all the branches of literature—with one exception.

"Dr. Manning's Theology and Christianity; the Troubles of the Church—their Cause," and other bold, daring, indisputable papers are given in the Feb. number of *The Monthly Record* of the Protestant Mission, whose offices are now removed to 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

GREAT MEETING OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE BENEFIT SOCIETY,
COMMEMORATIVE OF ITS THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

TUESDAY, February 3, 1874, was a day long to be remembered by the friends and members of the above valuable institution. That immense and handsome building was thoroughly well-filled on the basement soon after three o'clock, when Mr. Thomas Bradbury, of Chesterfield, delivered a discourse on those words of God's own speaking by His ancient servant the prophet Zephaniah, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save; He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love: He will joy over thee with singing." Many hundreds of true Christians—ministers and members of churches from all parts of London and the country—listened with keen discernment and holy feelings to the sermon by Mr. Bradbury.

Not far short of one thousand persons were served with tea by Mr. H. Philcox; but as only five hundred were expected to be present, there was some sharp work to get all supplied. The crowds of happy faces convinced us the friends had come together not so much for the tea as for a loving sympathy with the Society in whose interest these special services had been convened. And when in the evening we surveyed the gigantic army filling every part of the Tabernacle—seats, platform, galleries, aisles, &c., we could not possibly resist the feeling that there is yet hope for England, hope for our Churches, and hope that the Gospel of a Triune Jehovah will yet spread wider and further, and strike its roots deeper and deeper in the hearts and affections of the rising generation, and in the souls of millions yet unborn. "Truly," to ourselves we said, as we again surveyed the splendid building called "The New Surrey Tabernacle," in Wansey street, in the Walworth road, "Truly our beloved brother, the late James Wells, achieved a grand triumph in building and leaving entirely free such a noble temple, in which some two thousand persons may together meet, and pray, and praise, and hear the glad tidings of salvation finished, full and free to all who shall into Jesus Christ, the Son of God, believe.

Between the services there was a variety of Conferences holden by the many ministers who had assembled in the vestries. We were astonished to see how study, anxiety, hard-work, and the course of years had "aged" many of the faithful servants of the Lord whom once we knew in the sprightliness and vigour of their youth. As no barriers were placed in the way, we quietly surveyed the different groups, and we could not help listening to a few of the amusing reminiscences flowing so freely from the lips of these sturdy divines.

Thomas Stringer, like a full-grown and

beautiful Kentish apple tree when the white blossom crowns and clothes it, stood head and shoulders above some of the little ones to whom he was recounting the trials and victories which had attended his path for forty years or more in the ministry. † That pleasing but rather venerable John Parsons, of Brentford, and others, were drinking in good Thomas's expositions with mingled feelings of joy and grief—all expressing strong persuasions that our Lord and Master would for His servant yet appear.

In another group, like a tower of strength, uprising high, we saw that careful student and edifying expositor of the Bible, John Inward, of Irthingborough, with his loving brethren George Webb, J. Bennett, J. Clinch, of Down, and that deep-toned archdeacon of the Huntingtonian school, Mr. E. Page, from the London road. "Young Pascoe," as we used to call him, and the judge-like William Flack (editor of the "Christian Pathway"), with the humorous Bermondsey bishop, R. A. Lawrence, R. G. Edwards, Henry Myerson, the patient Jabez Whitteridge, with their fellows, were also freely discussing the topics of the times as regards our Churches.

Screwed up in a bye-passage, stood Thomas Bradbury, holding the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* by the collar, as though something serious was on the carpet—when up comes Tobias Tadpole, to comfort good Bradbury's heart, and at the same time to frighten (if he could) the Editor, by telling of some wiseacre who had made the marvellous discovery that it was the Egyptians and not the Israelites who were immersed in ancient times. Mr. Bradbury, looking like a barrister at his friend Tobias, and referring to the Editor, said, "he has too much good sense to meddle with that."

Suddenly, in the midst of the varied Convocation, came Mr. Chairman, Albert Boulden, Esq., and Mr. Secretary R. Banks, kindly inviting all, at once, to follow them on to the platform, where the large throng of worshippers and witnesses were waiting to unite in the holy service of the evening. Beautifully printed programmes, with the hymns to be sung, and a brief statement of the financial position and benefits arising to the members, were freely circulated.

Mr. Boulden read the first hymn,

"Now to the Lord a noble song."

Mr. J. Inward went to the throne of grace with a prayer, comprehensively representing all the desires and necessities of the Society in particular, and of the whole family of God in general.

Mr. Boulden then opened the business of the evening—hoping the ministers would

follow the key-note which his friend, Mr. Inward, had struck in prayer, "JESUS ONLY," as the theme of all their addresses, after the claims of the Society had been laid before the meeting.

The brethren George Pung and R. C. Bardens each read verses of Duncan's universally-beloved

"All hail the power of Jesu's name."

The Chairman then called upon the honoured Secretary, Mr. Robert Banks, to read a report, which he did with clearness of enunciation and earnestness of feeling, enlisting and calling forth the sympathies and applause of the vast concourse of persons—who thereby learned the origin, the steady progress, the practical and powerful blessings resulting from, and the present solid position of, the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society—which has now for full thirty years been conferring seasonable aid to its members in their times of affliction and bereavements. We understand that report—that historical biography—will be published in a separate form; hence the members, one and all, will only be doing their duty by procuring copies of the same, and circulating them to the utmost of their power, thereby most extensively ventilating the true status of an institution which every faithful minister of Christ should recommend the young and strong men of his flock to join and to support.

Mr. Boulden called upon their friend Charles Waters Banks to address the meeting, who immediately mounted a chair, and in about ten minutes spoke to the friends something in the following order:—

Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends,—I have known something of this Society from its commencement; I knew Mr. Barnes, Mr. Alder, and some friends who were in the Surrey Tabernacle before Mr. Butt, or Sir John Thwaites, or most of the present leaders of this great house were found there. I am glad you have prospered, while so many kindred Societies have fallen, or are falling into decay. Why is it you have so prospered? Because, in the first place, it must be admitted your Society is based upon the soundest of all principles. I venture to call the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society a SOUND Institution. See the inscription on her banner; read her note, "Every person desirous to be admitted a Member of this Society is required to assent to and hold the following doctrines:—That is to say, absolute, free, and eternal election; predestination; full, free, and finished redemption by the work of the Lord Jesus Christ; the doctrine of imputed righteousness; and the effectual calling, teaching, and final perseverance of the saints to eternal glory, by the invincible operation of the Holy Spirit." That is surely Calvinistic enough for the more matured Christian! It is not Calvinistic simply; it is a summary of that which Paul calls "The foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone." I have known and dearly loved these essential doctrines of God's Gospel now for forty-five years, and nothing by grace

divine can shake my faith in them. I do not know that this is a Strict Baptist Society, therefore, Mr. Brabury, Mr. Baxter, or Mr. Wilcockson might have belonged to it; but in a Gospel sense it is a SOUND Society. It stands out for God's Holy Truth as no other Society does in all this world; therefore, the God of Truth will prosper it; that is to say, if the members do, in heart and life, hold fast to those God-like and God-revealed principles, which they must say they hold and assent unto. Why has the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society prospered? Because it is practically a scriptural, a charitable, a Christ-like Society. There are not a few who assent to the doctrines you hold who count it a sin to belong to such a Society, because the Saviour said, "Take no thought for to-morrow." But Jesus never meant a man was to be idle, careless, and indifferent as regards providing for the necessities of this time-state. Nay, three things comprehend the Saviour's meaning: (1) "Trust in the Lord." Without a living faith in our Lord Jesus, nothing is safe; then (2) "Do good," in a spiritual and in a temporal sense; use all the scriptural and lawful means for the benefit of your soul, your bodies, and your families, for time and eternity; then take no desponding thoughts for to-morrow; for (3rd) the promise to you is, "and verily you shall be fed." Paul to Timothy on this point is most conclusive. I have read his expression, as rendered in the Syriac, where the Holy Ghost, by Paul, says, "If any man provide not for his own, especially for the children of the house of faith, such a man denies the faith, and is worse than an infidel." This Society may be called "the House of Faith," and its members may be called "the Children of the House of Faith;" for every member aims at two things: first, to provide for his own in the time of need, and also to help "the Children of the House of Faith," when they are in affliction. Noble Institution, indeed. C. W. Banks said, this Society is, professedly and practically, Godly and God-like, inasmuch as it goes upon the principle of making provision for the consequences of the fall. Our heavenly Father loved His people from all eternity, for He knew the fall would bring upon them the sorrows and trials consequent upon sin; therefore, He made a previous provision for them. He set up His SON as their covenant head, and chose them, and shut them up IN CHRIST. He set up His covenant of grace, full of divine purposes and of great and precious promises. So, the members of this Society, in their humble measure, make provision for the consequences of the fall. A good and godly member of this Society says, "I believe I am in Christ, and shall be in glory; but as a fallen creature in the first Adam, I know I shall some day be sick and afflicted, and some day I must die; therefore, while I have health and the means, I will make what provision I can; this is not distrustful God: it is simply availing ourselves of the opportunities a kind Providence places within our reach, for making provision against a rainy

day. Why has the Society prospered! Because it is conducted upon SAFE principles. Your honoured Secretary (and I have known him some many years now) sent me, this morning, a copy of the Rules, and I have carefully digested them. I see the amount paid to the members is regulated according to the amount of the Society's capital; therefore, it is of the utmost importance that every member do his best to keep up the capital of the Society; and this may be done, first, by pouring into its ranks all the good, hearty, and truly-believing young men you can find; and secondly, by not throwing yourselves on the funds when you have sufficient of this world's goods to enable you to do without it. I have been a member of the United Kentish Britons about forty years. When I get a feeling of being ill upon me, do I throw myself upon my club? Indeed, I do not. But I have known some, who are well provided for, and yet when a little poorly, down they come upon the Society's funds. I think true Christians should not do so. I will sit down and make room for the great men, by simply affirming that the Society has prospered because it is conducted by honourable and Christian men. May it prosper a thousand times more. Amen.

Mr. Thomas Stringer, in his address, paid a solemn and grateful tribute to the memory of the late pastor, Mr. Wells, hoping the Church there would remain faithful and useful, and increase more and more.

Mr. Albert Boulden, the Chairman, very distinctly affirmed that himself and his brethren were as firm in their faith and as steadfast in their order as ever; and next Wednesday week they expected some would be baptized in that place.

Mr. George Webb, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, Mr. H. Myerson, and others, delivered appropriate speeches, but the little time given to each prevented much enlargement.

Mr. Thomas Bradbury gave a correct exposition of the Saviour's words, "Take no thought," etc., and was earnest in his hope that the officers of the Society should do all they did for the glory of Christ; then it must be blessed to enter the rooms of the poor afflicted members of Christ's mystic body, and administer unto them in their hours of weakness those things which might comfort them in body and in soul.

"For ever with the Lord."

Was sung by the whole congregation standing, which had great effect.

Mr. Clinch (of Down) proposed, Mr. H. Hall seconded, a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Mr. Boulden briefly declared he had done nothing to merit their thanks; still, while he was pleased to serve the Society, he was also thankful to them for their good feeling towards him.

We all desired to thank the Lord for what may be termed the continuance of a seed to serve Him in the New Surrey Tabernacle. A thousand solemn thoughts filled our mind, when we silently asked, Where is James Wells, John Carr, John Thwaites, Edward

Butt, and many, many others, who once mingled their songs and their sighs with the Surrey Tabernacle worshippers? They are gone. But the fruit of their labours, the answer to their prayers, is seen in the continuance of the brethren Beach, Mead, and Lawrence; and to the raising up of such earnest men as Albert Boulden, Thomas and Ebenezer Carr, and a multitude we cannot number even here. Praise ye the Lord for all these uprisings of godly, good, and devoted men, to perpetuate, instrumentally, the worship of His name, in connection with a sound, faithful, and Christ-exalting, Gospel ministry. With longing and loving reflections like these, we once more left the Surrey Tabernacle. May its Church, its congregation, and its Benefit Society still go on and prosper in the best sense. Amen.

"WHAT WILL THE WEST END COME TO?"

"The other side! Ah, there's the place,
Where saints, with joy, past times retrace,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be
To bring them safely home."

And "safely home" we pray we shall be found when a few more rolling suns have run their course, and "safely home," we trust, there are already gathered many of those ancient giants whose names and services in the Church below were as ointment poured forth.

"Mr. Banks," says "an older writer, "our beloved minister, Samuel Milner, has resigned the pastoral office at Keppel-street, and the friends have sent him £200, as a testimonial of their grateful affection for his work in their midst."

Happy man! His race in the Lord's work has been steadily pursued, well sustained, and now, ere he crosses over to the other side, he sits down to rest awhile, and £200, with all the other possessions which a successful ministry and a careful economy have poured into his hands, will help to make his descent into the valley a little smoother than some of our poor, old, worn-out pastors find it to be.

One Wednesday evening, between thirty and forty years ago, we sat in good Samuel's chapel, in the Ratcliffe district, waiting to catch a morsel of heavenly food. The chapel was nearly empty; the stillness of death appeared to reign, or it was the sacred silence which precedes the dropping of heavenly dew; the former was our painful feeling; to others it might be a season of rich anointing. As we sat mournfully in a solitary pew wondering when the people would come and when the service would commence, we saw a tall, well-proportioned gentleman walk in, with a cheerful and quick step, swinging a walking-stick in his hand, and soon in the pulpit he stood erect, and gave us to understand he was expounding the Psalms in his week-evening lectures, and in a brief, quiet manner, to the few present, he addressed some good

words. But was that the celebrated Samuel Milner? Ah! we only guess that; no one never told us it was him, and, as we never met him at any meeting, never saw him in any pulpit, never personally knew him; we cannot decide for certain whether we ever saw the late pastor of Keppel-street or not. At any rate, from the serene, solid, and even course of his life, we have said the old poet-aster of the Long Parliament would never dare to include Samuel Milner in his attack upon the ancient Nonconformists. In his rough style, the poet of 1640 said,

"What would yee lazie Brownists have?
You rage and run away."

Neither of these defects could be charged upon Master Milner. He took it easy; he stuck to his work, to his people, to his text; honours have crowned his brow, and a richer reward than £200 we hope awaits him "on the other side."

The old Brownists had their answer for the pompous bishop of the Long Parliament, and in their answer perhaps Samuel Milner might find himself more at home.

"Your lofty lordship tearmes us lazie,
And runagadoes too;
But I could wish you bishops would
But labour as we do.

The Apostles of our Saviour Christ
You plead you doe succeed;
And yet you starve those souls which they
Did labour for to feed."

Keppel-street chapel was erected for John Martin in 1795. John's portrait represents him as a fine man—physically and mentally—ministerially and socially favoured; said to be somewhat singular, and where is the man, who has a mind of his own, that is not singular in some section of his character? Every minister the Lord makes is sure to be an original and singular being; in some things (not essential to the faith) he is as one by himself. Of good old John Martin, Cornelius Slim makes short work. Why, we know not. However, in 1820, John Martin dropped and left behind his once noble cabinet in which he had lodged eighty long years, and now his spirit dwells where

"Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
In that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light, and all is love;
All the shadows melt away,
In the blaze of perfect day."

Between John Martin and Geo. Pritchard Keppel-street pulpit had many speakers, but they are gone and forgotten. George Pritchard died in 1852; again Keppel-street had its fleeting stars. About 1856, Samuel Milner settled there; now in peaceful musings he waits his Maker's nod. May the Lord fill his soul more than ever with the Spirit of Christ, and experimentally lead him all through that pathway described by Peter in his second epistle, first chapter, verses four to eleven; then, his end must be peace in Jesus, and his inheritance "on the other side" the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. We

never knew him on earth but by report; the question of knowing each other in heaven is a matter which never troubles us. All truly saved souls are sure to know Jesus even as they are known by Him. That will suffice.

"What is the West End Coming to?"
must tarry until April; it may be noticed if life and strength be given to
C. W. B.
Feb. 11, 1874.

THE LATE W. GARRARD AND G. WYARD.

By Mr. J. Flory, Bethel, Cheltenham.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You have allowed several, and I must write a few lines for the praise of the God of all grace as manifested in and through our departed brethren, who often with the poet sung:

"Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet."

So may the readers of the *Earthen Vessel* anticipate, with the Holy Spirit's sealing, the "rest that remains for the people of God" in the mansion of homes, "prepared and kept by the power of God."

I first saw and heard Mr. Wm. Garrard in 1836, when he preached for my dear father at Lakenham, Norwich. Mr. Garrard preached there before he went to Dunmow. Of that sermon one part fastened upon my mind. Mr. Garrard said, "Sensible, God-seeking souls were as scarce as 'white-crows'; there were many professors sound in their heads but destitute of grace. Cut their heads off and all their religion was gone." This was a blow for me; I was a sound, high Calvinist; if he was right I was out of the secret. My soul was in trouble, and my own wicked heart laid hold of the "white crows." I was told there were none. I determined to ask him; the exercise of mind I had, no tongue can tell. I believed him to be a man of God. Courage was given me to ask him; never will his kind yet sharp answer be forgotten: "So, young gentleman, you cannot get over the 'white crows.' God bless it to you. There are such, although very scarce; the expression might be strong, but it is true in comparison, and I was compelled to be very close; the Saviour speaks of the broad and narrow road." Mr. G. then opened up what a truly, spiritually, sensible sinner was: one who did not talk about sin and salvation only, but one who felt his sins as a burden; who hated sin and himself on its account, and yet could in no wise lift up himself, but who longed after salvation through Christ's finished work; who, in God's own time, should and would realize salvation through "the blood of the Lamb."

After this I was brought into soul-travail for nine months, was under the curse of the law of God in my feelings and fears; without hardly a distant gleam of hope; friend Gar-

rard and his "white crows" were indeed felt, and often a dark, dark cloud in my feelings, but when deliverance came my soul rejoiced. Friend Garrard's sermon and conversation was blessed to me.

I have heard him once since in London; we shall see his face no more in the flesh; shall we, dear readers, see Christ face to face in glory everlasting? If we could communicate with our brothers, we would say,

"Toll him now you see his face,
We long to see him too."

Now a few words about the late George Wyard. He was a man of God and truth. The last time he preached for me at Squirries Street, London, he took those words for his text: "I give unto My sheep eternal life," &c. He was shut up; the fact was he was very methodical, and he lost the thread of his subject; but he delivered precious truth freely, and the Spirit so applied it that the late Mr. Faulkner, and other friends from Soho, declared they had not heard him so well for years: "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." What! never perish? No, never perish! What! never perish? No, never perish! What! never perish? No, never perish! For said the Man of God, "Sin is put away, justice satisfied; the blood has full atonement made; hell is vanquished, death destroyed, and life and immortality brought to light by Jesus who gave his life the ransom for the sheep;" and God the Father saith, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" no, never! no, never! no, never leave thee or forsake thee."

The unforsaking love of Jehovah he now experiences to its full and for ever. So may it be with reader and writer,

"For ever with the Lord;
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality."

ASKETT, BUCKS.—The good people here are pleased to be able to announce Mr. Buchanan has acceded to their wishes to become their pastor. He entered upon his stated labours, Lord's-day, Jan. 25, 1874, with every prospect of success. One of the chief difficulties in the way of Mr. Buchanan was discontinuing his services with his much-loved and old friends at Prestwood, where he has laboured with so much pleasure for about eight years. But although the Prestwood friends have lost his services, they still live in his affections and have an interest in his prayers. He feels the way open to him at Askett to be so signally of God that he dare not refuse. We trust the people at Askett will now settle down in comfort with their new minister; that they will hold up his hands by their fervent prayers and hearty co-operation with him in every good work. Mr. Buchanan is yet but a young man, able and fit for work, and is never happier than when he is hard at it. He knows the truth, and loves to preach it; with him there is no compromise; what he lives upon and hopes to die upon, that alone, by the grace of God, will he preach. Such are his own words

and we believe in his sincerity. The following singularly plaintive but sweet and simple lines were composed by Mr. Buchanan. They were not intended for publication, but simply handed to a friend; they have since been copied by one and another and read and sung by many of the Lord's spiritual children with peculiar pleasure. If you give them a place in the VESSEL it would afford much satisfaction to many:—

LONGING FOR REST.

FATHER, let me come to Thee,
Where my soul would ever be;
Free from sin and sorrow here,
Glory with the saints to share.

Son of God, O bid me come
Up to Thy eternal home;
Call me, O my Saviour dear,
For I am a wanderer here.

Holy Spirit, source of peace,
Lift me to my glorious rest;
Take, O take me to my home,
Lift me to Thy glorious throne.

Holy Father, Spirit, Son,
Wondrous union, Three in One;
How I long with Thee to be,
That from sin I may be free.

Come, O come, Thou power divine,
Fill this poor, sad heart of mine;
While I stay a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer.

If to Thee I must resign
All I love, which ne'er was mine,
I will bow to Thy decree,
Only let me come to Thee.

HERTS.—The Churches of Christ in Tring and its surroundings are continued both faithful and fruitful. The cause at West End, Tring, with A. Baker's ministry, travels on peacefully; the Gospel is preached and souls are gathered in. Hallelujah!

SUFFOLK.—A Traveller tells tales of happy encouragement enjoyed in some of the churches in the East. At Ipswich, in Zoar Chapel, under Mr. Josiah Morling's testimony, he heard the Church had been refreshed by witnesses declaring what the Lord had done for and in them.

CAMBS.—True Baptist churches are not so scarce in Cambridgeshire as in some counties, but the membership is not so high as some counties which might be named. Have we, in any measure, lost that power which first gathers the people into congregations, and then uniteth them to the churches? Considering the ability and number of our ministers, and the long-standing of some of our churches, how little, comparatively speaking, we seem to accomplish. Our churches date back to 1760; but where the Gospel, without man's additions, is proclaimed our membership is small. One church, in our chief city, has stood near half-a-century, whose members are not registered above 100. Bottisham Lode people had a

good New Year's meeting last January. I went over from Cambridge to see and hear for myself. Chapel, galleries, and all parts filled up. Father Harris read and prayed sweetly. C. W. Banks preached with much freedom; the people heard gladly and sang beautifully. Master Woodrow, the minister, has been and is a useful man; he is esteemed and honoured. As we returned, we sung joyfully, feeling most certain that the Spirit of the living God is yet in the wheels.

"A LOVER OF CHEERING WORDS."

"WHAT SHALL WE DO?" "WHAT HAS THE LORD DONE?"

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I thank you for the interest you have at all times manifested on behalf of the cause of God at Howe Street. I am glad to tell you we are not without hope that the Lord will again appear for Howe-street. It has been a hard struggle the last few years, and caused us much inward commotion; but the Lord is on our side. I will give you just an outline of the Lord's goodness to us during the past year. You are aware our Mr. Burbridge was recommended to us for a supply in 1872. We were not much moved at first, not having heard or seen his name in any publication; and as a burnt child dreads the fire, we were rather jealous; but, after much prayerful consideration, the Church requested the deacons to write and invite him to supply the month of January, 1873. He was also awaiting for the Master's call, and having his loins girt, his lights burning, and staff in hand, like Peter, without gainsaying, he forthwith came.

We found his testimony thoroughly truthful, experimental, and savoury. We believe the Lord sent him. He continued to supply until we gave him an invitation on probation; and in the month of May, after seeking the Lord's guidance and direction, we called him to take the pastorate. He accepted, and the Lord has been us; but you know a cause cannot be continued (especially by a succession of supplies), without incurring heavy expenses. We were in debt, £46 11s. 3d., at the time when our brother took the oversight. This was a heavy burden. Our inquiry was, "*What shall we do?*"

After much anxiety, it was decided, by the help of the Lord, to have about twenty-five collecting cards, and call upon the younger members of the church to go forth, the Lord prospering them, and bring in the proceeds at the anniversary, which was held November 25 and 26, as commemorative of the nineteenth anniversary of the formation of the Particular Baptist Church at Howe-street, Plymouth. Special meeting for prayer and thankfulness, and to acknowledge the Lord's goodness, was held on the 25th: a good season to many. In afternoon of 26th, Mr. Wale very kindly gave a service by preaching from those words of David, "I am this day weak, though anointed king." After service about 150 sat down to a comfortable tea. At seven o'clock evening ser-

vice commenced. Chapel was well filled; brother Burbridge presided. Brother Foot sought the Lord's blessing; brother Northcott read Psalm xlv., "God is our refuge," &c. Your unworthy servant was then called to give account of the origin of the cause, the Lord's subsequent leadings, and the present position. The collecting cards having been brought in, I had the pleasure to inform the meeting that the very formidable sum, which had been standing up before us as a huge mountain, was now reduced to the plain figures of £6 and some few shillings. As one or two cards were out, we expected a further reduction. This was realized, filling the whole assembly with astonishment. I told them there was more to come to yet; the secret was between Jonathan and David, but my brother Northcott would now address them. I was certain he would complete in a workmanlike manner what I had very imperfectly tried to accomplish.

Brother Northcott then said that the Lord had arrested him by His power in that place (pointing to the very pew), eighteen years ago, and convinced him of his undone state as a sinner, and having many times since then blessed his soul, and having blessed him in basket and in store, he felt particularly attached to the place, and having profited by brother Burbridge's ministry, he could not help giving expression on this occasion to the feelings of his soul, and now a few of the friends with himself thought they ought not to forget the Lord's servant; he therefore begged to present to brother Burbridge, as a token of the Church's affection and esteem, the sum of £10. If ever a people were filled with wonder and delight we were then.

Brother Burbridge suitably acknowledged the Church's kindness and said he was quite surprised, although he was the last person in the world that ought to be surprised because the Lord had done such great things for him. He then gave out the hymn of good old Newton's:—

"Elijah's example declare;"

and in right down, good earnest the people sung, and especially the words,

"When the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way."

Brother Carter, of Ebenezer, Stonehouse, next addressed the meeting very acceptably.

Brother Cudlipp followed in a speech full of good admonition and congratulation.

Mr. Wale, of Trinity, addressed the meeting, expressing his pleasure at being present, and also to see the success attending the meeting, and especially as they had not forgotten the Apostolic injunction not to forget the Lord's servant. He called on the friends present from other churches to take an example from what they had witnessed that evening. He felt some satisfaction with the result of that evening's proceedings, although he was not with Jonathan or David in the secret. Yet he thought he had given the first contribution, inasmuch as he had been the first to recommend brother

Burbridge to the deacons, and that they had not been disappointed. The meeting was closed by singing and prayer.

I cannot forbear telling you, although our congregation is small, yet the Lord is working by the instrumentality of our brother's ministry. Three persons have already been baptized, and two added from other churches, and we hope, by the blessing of God, to dip in the waters of believer's baptism two more old weather-beaten sheep, and some others to be received from another church.

The Lord cause His face to shine upon you and give you peace. So prays yours truly,
Plymouth. J. WESTAWAY.

[All glory to God for Howe-street, say we.]

WOOBURN GREEN.—Knowing you take a deep interest in our welfare at Woburn Green, as more than twenty years since, on a memorable afternoon, you laid the first and foundation stone of our Ebenezer, I pen a note of our New Year's tea and public meeting on Monday, Jan. 5. In afternoon we held a meeting to lift up our hearts in thankfulness to our Lord for His mercies toward us during the past year, and to beseech Him through the current year still to show Himself in our midst, working by His irresistible love and power, bringing souls to His feet, and building up His saints in their most holy faith. At five o'clock many sat down to tea. Our public meeting was presided over by Mr. Burgess, of Reading, who has spoken to us. He said our object was, first, as a Church and people, to acknowledge the goodness of God, both temporally and spiritually. Secondly, to inaugurate a subscription to liquidate the debt of £150, which is to us a heavy burden. About four or five months ago, brother Freeman commenced a penny subscription for this object, and that, with a small sum the friends at Reading sent through Mr. Burgess, amounted to nearly £7. We now issue collecting cards to obtain help. The chairman then called on our venerable brother R. Howard to address the meeting, who gave an interesting account of the rise of the Baptist cause in Woburn Green, now more than forty years since. One or two other friends spoke and our happy assembling closed.—

[Woburn Green cause lays near our heart. No people have more steadfastly defended the truth, but they require help. Mr. John Dullely would thankfully receive and acknowledge donations to clear this debt. Men of God, who have the means, think of Woburn Green, near Maidenhead, in Bucks.]

WESTERN WORDS.

MR. EDITOR,—No doubt in your part of the country, as it is down in this part, the fond dream of Christians has been that the Hyper-Calvinists would die out, and when thought just dead (at least, it is so here) they look up, and exclaim, "What do these feeble Jews?"

We look to Trinity Chapel first. Reform has come at last; the first thing we have done, since Mr. Wale came, has been to put

the Chapel in trust, in six members' names; we have an American organ, it improves the singing; we have thorough congregational singing. We have had extra prayer-meetings, and hope soon to commence a Sunday School. In the last two months we have had a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Wale, on five Monday evenings, at the Mechanics' Institute, to crowded audiences, hundreds not being able to get in. Subject: The Signs of the Times, as Precursor of the Second Advent; General Aspect of Protestantism, Spiritualism, Position of Papacy, Mormonism, Infidelity. These lectures have done an amount of good; his abilities are regarded by the churches as necessary in these times. Surely the Lord God is with us; our Church was never in a more prosperous condition. Recently, we had a tea; thirty tables were given: the proceeds were given to Mr. Wale, who delivered a lecture to a large audience, the Temperance Hall being crowded.

Mr. Vaughan has been ill for some time, but is pretty well now; he presided at a meeting a month ago at the George Hall, where a tea and bazaar was held for the benefit of Mr. W. Carter, of Ebenezer, Stonehouse; about £20 was the proceeds for him; not much shaking amongst the dry bones.

At Howe Street, Mr. Burbridge is liked well. Two months ago they had a tea-meeting; they were free from debt, and presented Mr. Burbridge with £10. Mr. Wale has helped the cause all he can; preached at Ebenezer and Corpus Christi anniversaries. Mr. Collins is at Corpus Christi; had a tea-meeting and watch-night service on the 31st of December, well attended.

Old Captain Anton, member of Howe Street, died, aged 93.

Many thanks for your hint in the *Earthen Vessel* for young preachers. I have tried to preach extempore, with fear and trembling. I love the truth. Prosperity to you and the cause of truth. Amen. E.

HALLING-ON-THE-MEDWAY, KENT.

MR. EDITOR,—It will gladden your heart to hear of the progress of the Gospel at Halling. For six years we have been pent up in a room as in the days of old, a church in our own house; many have been the petitions for our God to appear to provide us a house to worship our God in; every way appeared hedged up. In our last extremity, when, to all appearance, we should be a scattered people, our God raised up a dear friend to intercede on our behalf; though we could not obtain a piece of land; yet, through our brother's perseverance, we have obtained a building, and fitted it up to accommodate and seat over 100 persons, at a cost of about £30; the poor of Halling have come to our help, and with promises and money received, the amount is £12. If any of the readers of the *Earthen Vessel* have a desire for the prosperity of Zion, Halling is in need of help; for there never has been known to be a Sunday School; and, God helping, we propose to open one for the good of poor little

children. Trusting this will meet the eye and touch the heart of our brethren and sisters in this our time of need, in carrying out the object we have long desired and needed in this dark neighbourhood, so that we may still have the unadulterated truth proclaimed, and that our God will still bless us as He has hitherto blest His Word to the ingathering of precious souls from the rubbish of the fall, so that many souls may with us rejoice, is the desire of our souls. Donations will be thankfully received by Yours in Gospel bonds,

W. RAYNER.

P.S. Some think, and say too, that the Baptists are dying out. Let but those that think and say, look or come into Kent, where the Gospel of the grace of God is proclaimed; they will find the seed springing forth on the right hand and on the left; it is the truth that is wanted, and nothing but the truth will prosper, grow, and thrive, through the operation of the Spirit. Let the seed of eternal truth become planted in the heart, grow it must, grow it will; churches will grow in all opposition and persecution; the cause of God will grow, until Grace exclaims, the building is complete.

W. G. R.

HERTFORD—Ebenezer Baptist Chapel. Annual Thanksgiving Service was held, Tuesday, January 20, 1874. Interesting meetings were held. Mr. Samford, of Ware, Mr. Seeres, and others, all members of the church, gave encouraging and congratulatory addresses. Before the close, the deacon presented to the pastor, Mr. R. Bowles, on behalf of the friends, a purse containing £20, as an expression of their love and esteem for him for his work's sake. Mr. Bowles made a few suitable remarks, expressive of his gratitude both to them, and the Giver of all good. He stated that he had now entered upon the fourteenth year of his pastorate among them, and was thankful to say peace prevailed, and some amount of prosperity was enjoyed. Their mutual love had not at all declined. The first new year's gift they presented him with in 1862, was £5 10s. Every year since it had gone on increasing, until it had reached the present handsome sum. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—We have long reports of the large gatherings of people, all day prayer meetings, preachings and singings in Newcastle and in Scotland. Not for a thousand worlds would we indulge one hard thought of our Lord's work, let it be by whom it may be done. But when Alderman Johnson and Mr. John Vincent got the late James Wells to preach three sermons in the Town Hall of Newcastle, although they used all right means, they could not get many to hear the Truth. We had four or five Sundays in Newcastle; no great crowds came round us. Mr. Moody says some good things; Mr. Sankey sings admirably; prayers and praises were poured forth among thousands. Our Lord only knoweth what it all doth mean. We watch and wonder.

BAPTISM AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

ON Wednesday evening, Feb. 11th, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered to five candidates in this place. Mr. Forman, of March, officiated on the occasion. The discourse was founded on the words of St. Paul to the Ephesian Church—"There is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one one Lord, one faith, one baptism." On each of these heads, Mr. Forman was logical and thoughtful. No one could have heard the sermon and yet be in ignorance of the subject on which it treated. The preacher is a thorough-going Baptist, who, although he can respect the convictions of others, yet he declared that as there was but one faith, so there was but one baptism—that of the immersion of believers; all other forms originated with the father of lies. He (Mr. F.) contended that all who made a profession of Christ, should be baptised. It was a mark; and if it acted as an incentive to carefulness of walk, so much the better.

The discourse was listened too with marked attention.

Mr. Forman then administered baptism to four females and one male. Seldom have we witnessed the ordinance conducted more "decently and in order."

Having come up from the baptistery, Mr. Forman said he felt it a great honour to have been permitted to administer baptism to five believers in Christ on that occasion.

BUCKS.—The ministry of Mr. F. G. Burgess has been useful at Wooburn Green, and the Church invites him to preach during the next six months regularly. Tokens for good have been seen. The Lord clothe His young servant with heavenly life and light; give him a spirit of wrestling prayer, a mind to penetrate into the holy mysteries of the grace of Christ, a door of happy and acceptable utterance; may he gather in the wanderers, build up the weary, make the garden of the Lord to flourish; glory shall then dwell in the land, and we shall heartily praise our covenant God.

BIRMINGHAM.—To my dear and highly esteemed Friends at the Surrey Tabernacle, Sunningdale, Stoke Newington, Hadlow, Balham, Peckham, and elsewhere. How often have we sung those words,

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

The dealings of God with His children are indeed mysterious, but they are always in accordance with His divine mind and will. I am now away from all of you, whom I have sincerely loved in the free grace truths of the everlasting Gospel; but have realised the Lord's blessing in opening a door in His kind providence, for me; and I have not long been idle. It was the last Sabbath in December, after having commemorated the Lord's wondrous death and sufferings, I took my leave of the dear friends at Stoke Newington, where I was presented with a handsome

volume of Denham's Selection, bound in calf with gilt edges, which has, written on the first page, Presented to Mr. Robert Howard, by the Church worshipping at Mount Zion Chapel, Mathias Road, Stoke Newington, in affectionate remembrance of his ministry during the year 1873. G. V. Weight, J. N. Boreham, Deacons. December 28, 1873. For all the kindnesses shown to me I feel deeply indebted to you. On January 1, 1874, I reached my destination, the busy town of Birmingham, and on the first sabbath was privileged to blow once more the Gospel Trumpet, and was enabled to speak from those delightful words, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." The place of meeting is in Charlotte Street, where a little band, saved by sovereign grace, are united together, the future to me is unknown; here are thousands of immortal souls; may the day prove that many are the Lord's treasures, although now, to all human appearance, are indeed hid in the sand. I have no doubt I am brought here for something, but I must leave all things in the hands of a covenant keeping God. May you, one and all, be abundantly blessed, both with the upper and nether spring, is the desire of yours in the bonds of the new, unalterable, and everlasting Covenant. R. HOWARD.

12, Church Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

EARL'S BARTON. — "The Lord is on our side, we will not fear: what can man do unto us?" The opening of the New Street Baptist Chapel, called Rehoboth, took place Tuesday, January 20, 1874. C. W. Banks preached from Psalm cxv. 12, "The Lord hath been mindful of us." In the commencement of the sermon, he shewed the reason why we separated from others in the village, and built this chapel; our motive being a decided stand for the doctrines of free grace and sovereign grace. Surely, no text, or sermon, could have been more suited to our case, seeing we have been helped of the Lord in a most marked manner from the first day we started until now. Two hundred friends took tea in the hall. In evening at six, the chapel was crowded, friends from other causes visited us. The Pastor, W. Tooke, in opening the meeting, stated, that it was now two years since the cause commenced: that we had been interfered with by enemies; but the Lord had so mercifully ordered it, that those interferences had all worked for good. Also showing the Lord had directed the minds of the friends to him unanimously, and him to them, at the first commencement of the cause. The Lord has prospered them all through. Brother Inward gave us the meaning of those words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," in a masterly manner; setting forth the work of the spirit. C. W. Banks spoke from the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," shewing the difference between a general mourner and a spiritual mourner in Zion, etc. Brother Parnell, on "Blessed are the meek," sweetly defined the meekness and gentleness of Jesus; also, the work of the

Spirit, in planting and exercising that same humble spirit in the hearts of his people. Brother Fountain followed with the words, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after Righteousness;" shewing the appetite of a living soul for spiritual blessings, which only can be satisfied from Christ's fullness. Brother Fountain opened the first service with prayer. Each speaker spoke encouragingly to Pastor and people; there was deep attention paid; many declared they felt the season precious. On the following evening C. W. Banks gave a lecture, in which was shewn the impossibility of human learning, fitting a man for the ministry, apart from the teaching of the Holy Spirit; also, how the Lord had qualified men for the ministry without scholastic training. One main feature which ran through the Lecture was the Sovereignty of God. The chapel was crowded, the lecture highly approved, some expressed a desire to hear it again. The proceeds of the two days were £25 13s. 11d. The Lord is still mindful of us. Our enemies call our chapel a poor, mean place. Many can prove it is a good substantial building, will hold 200 people, can easily be made to hold fifty more; any one measuring the chapel, and considering what it cost, will conclude at once we have not *wasted* one penny. We thank the Lord for His goodness; He has blessed us beyond our expectation; but we need help. To the Churches of Christ, we say, we truly you ought to help us, for we are, yours, think in Jesus,

W. TOOKE.

Pastor of Earl's Barton Baptist Church,
Northamptonshire.

GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

—After Divine service on Tuesday evening, Jan. 27, 1874, Mr. J. Jay requested his hearers to remain for a short time. An address was then read to the two deacons (Messrs. Wellock and Taylor), congratulatory on their emergence from the difficulties in which the church has been placed. The address was accompanied with purses, which with the warm and hearty wishes of their friends, must have formed no light weight to bear home upon their hearts and in their pockets. The doxology heartily sung closed this quiet but interesting proceeding. (Signed by)

OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Notes of the Month.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! A wonderfully kind brother writes to tell us that he will defend us so long as we abide by the Truth. Out upon such conditions! We abominate the idea of ever either skimming or shirking the Truth. We say to all free-will, duty-faith, open-communion, and doctrinal pharisees in the world, as Luther said to the Pope, "I am ready to give up all men and all things, but, as for the Word of Truth, I never can, nor will let that go." There is a three-fold fire which has, more or less, been kept alive in the soul these forty-five years—the

fire of God's everlasting love to poor, guilty sinners: the fire of the Holy Ghost, and the fire of Christ's Gospel. To put out these fires, friends (?), foes, and fiends have done their utmost. They have never quenched them yet. Pedantic editors, precise pulpit men, proud officers of the Church's cabinet, minister-led members—to you all we declare, God helping, we shall fire away, in the love of truth, till time with us shall be no more—although not a man, nor a relative, nor a friend stand by us. Those who can and will live upon a little cold cream, or a clear, cold moonlight ministry, or who are content to support a child, who has a few play-things which pass for Gospel: let them have them. Burning words from a burning altar, out of a burning heart! or, let us die and go home. Amen.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the enterprising explorer, has fallen in the midst of his work. We had often sincerely hoped he would be preserved in health to reach his home once more; but, like many others, his physical powers of endurance failed before the desired victory was reached. When travelling, half immersed in mire and water, death laid his hand upon the Doctor, and he could no longer hold out. Some day we may know more of his last moments: but we indulge the persuasion that his long-wearied and arduous spirit now explores regions more healthful, more glorious; free from dangers, discouragements and deaths.

OUR CHURCHES IN THE EAST OF LONDON.—Inquiries as to where brother Thomas Steed will build his new chapel, we cannot answer. Jan. 27, brother Stringer and his friends, held annual meeting in Bethel, Wellesley street: a large company assembled, Gospel truth was proclaimed.—February 9, brother Henry Myerson celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of his pastorate at Shalom, in the Oval, Hackney road. A handsome presentation was made to him.—Feb. 10, new year's meetings were held in Speldhurst road Chapel. Mr. Bardens gave a spiritual discourse in the afternoon; and other ministers spake out of their own hearts in the evening. [We cannot see that any of our Churches, either in the East or the West, are manifestly prosperous. Why is this? Do we aim at the right object? Are we filled with the true Spirit? Are we girt about with God-like and Christ-given strength? Brethren, can we yet discern the thing wanting? Can ye point out the course to be pursued?]

DR. MANNING, the Romish archbishop, in his Lental, says,—“The days are evil; Christianity is derided and denied. Christian Europe is sick unto death. It is a time of humiliation and sorrow.” [Indeed in many of our churches there is sorrow; but the fact is, the nation was never more full of Bibles, and never did the ministers and people more depart from the doctrines, ordinances, and precepts of the Word, while the experience of grace as the result of the Holy Ghost's work in the soul is scarcely recognised. Have our party spirits and petty jealousies grieved the Spirit? Are we left alone?]

UNICORN YARD CHAPEL.—MR. Editor, —Can you inform me and other friends how

it was that Unicorn Yard Chapel became lost to our denomination? I am told Mr. C. H. Spurgeon obtained for you, from the London Baptist Bond, £400 out of the proceeds of that ancient house of prayer. Is this quite correct?

S.—A STRICT BAPTIST.

Camberwell, Feb., 1874.

[We know nothing at all how Unicorn Yard Chapel has gone from us. Twenty years ago we raised £700 to put it in thorough repair, but not one farthing has ever come to us from the sale of it. It appears strange how it is, and why it is such base falsehoods can be put into circulation; but for over thirty years now has this trade of false slander been carried on against us. “S.” of Camberwell, ought to have told us who the gentleman was that told him of the £400. And, in justice to the Baptist denomination, we ought to be able to show who sold Unicorn Yard Chapel, and whether another place has been built in its stead.—ED.]

AUSTRALIA.—The Sydney papers, with long letters between brother Daniel Allen and the General Baptist Association, have reached us. As a defender of the faith Daniel is too much for his opponents, but they will not confess it. When a man's faith is wrong, we consider him wrong altogether, and unless the Lord convince him of his error, the more he is searched and exposed, the harder he becomes. Still brother Allen is much to be commended for his zeal, and for the ability he exercises in endeavouring to convert his opponents from the error of their ways, but he must limit his labours in that direction.

MOUNT ZION.—“Is it right to desire to get any ‘Shepherd’ from his flock?” [Our correspondent says, ‘There is quite a strong feeling in our young friends for a young shepherd.’] What is the will of heaven we know not, but the young ministers and young people are passing into what they consider an improved state of things. Our judgment coincides with the conviction of grave men, which is this: that many ministers now study the Concordance, but they dig not down into the bowels of the inspired mines. Memory, manner, and mental powers are useful, but no man can fill his discourse with the Holy Ghost's unction and power, and we fear the Spirit has been so grieved by the churches that He has left us to days of withholding. We hope the Lord will give us hearts to love, and pray unto Him to return.]

Marriage.

At Hanover Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, by Mr. W. Webb, William Beach, jun., son of Mr. W. Beach, of Chelmsford, to Sophia Harris, of Tunbridge Wells.

Deaths.

On Lord's-day, Feb. 15, Mrs. Jane Keates, the beloved wife of Abram Keates, of Moorland House, Loughborough Park, Brixton. Aged 56.

In loving memory of Sarah Gill, of Colnbrook, who departed this life, at Kilburn, December Dec. 27, 1873, aged 44. Interred in the Cemetery at Paddington, Jan. 1, 1874.

Mr. James Hand's Settlement at Rochdale.

(His Sermon Concluded from our last.)

HIS CONVERSION: CALL TO THE MINISTRY: MRS. KERSHAW'S
LETTER, INVITING HIM TO ROCSDALE, &c.

“**H**IS servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness.” Now here is an important line of distinction drawn by the Spirit of God for the regenerate soul in which is implanted the fear of God, whereby we avoid walking in those paths which God in His Word has prohibited. “For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as the children of light.” Thus walking in all honesty and uprightness as in the day, and not in chambering and wantonness in the unfruitful works of darkness, spending their money for nothing, and their strength for that which does not profit. Neither the murderer, the whore-monger, the unclean person, the drunkard, nor the covetous, who is an idolator, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God. The fear of the Lord is that pure and clean principle which leads the soul in dismay away from such evils, so that they feel like one of old when he said, “How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?” It is that resistless principle which says in the conscience, “Come out from amongst them; touch not the unclean thing; I will receive you, saith the Lord, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” This is not written in vain.

My dear friends, those that are led through the fear of the Lord are led to put their trust in God, and to act in accordance with the preceptive part of God's Word; they are blessed in their deeds; they have peace of conscience in obeying the command of God. Yet, if any of these are overtaken, “we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous;” and of the efficacy of His intercession the Church of God has had proofs innumerable. They cannot, by their own strength, procure their own peace. The child of God after the possession of this fear of God is liable to fall; he may be left to his carnal inclinations in a fit of rebellion; he may be exposed to a violent storm of temptation; and a fearful pressure from the lust of the flesh, and so may fall; but, thanks be to God, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. One says, “Thy law is exceedingly broad: I have seen an end of all perfection.” Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them. By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified. In his epistle to the Galatians, the Apostle has very sweetly set forth the great truths of salvation. “Knowing that man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ; even we have believed in Jesus Christ

that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law."

"The law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." It seizes hold of the dead conscience, quickens it, shows the soul its degraded state, its lost condition; it exhibits the righteousness of God to its view, and it afflicts the soul with terrible apprehensions for the future; but when God in His rich mercy reveals a free-grace salvation, when the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ is applied with saving effect to the conscience, what a change takes place! Christ is made manifest as the end of the law for righteousness unto every one that believeth. That soul, in a state of inexpressible delight, will adopt the language of the text, and say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul:" the Lord Jesus Christ hath delivered my soul from the curse of a broken law; from the domineering power of Satan, from the ruining influence of sin, from trusting in human power and vaunted self-sufficiency; and from the awful apprehensions of a dreadful eternity, leaving me to recline with placid humility on the mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Blessed be God, in speaking of these solemn truths, we are not talking about something of which we know nothing. No! but of those things which we have handled and tasted for ourselves of the work and Word of God. Our Lord pronounces some terrible woes against those who are trusting to their good works and doings: "Woe unto you, ye Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, ye who make clean the outside of the platter, but within is nothing but dead men's bones; ye who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." These are the severest woes in all God's Holy Word, and are pronounced against false watchmen.

MR. JAMES HAND'S CALL BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

It is now something like twenty-seven years since it pleased the Lord to quicken my soul. It was about the year 1844 when the Lord arrested me as a sinner. I was for between two and three years in a very distressed state of mind; sometimes I thought I should have lost my reason. Now, when I look back upon the way the Lord hath graciously led me, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. My feelings at the time are fully set forth in the ninetieth Psalm, "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men: for a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as in the night Thou carriest them away as with a flood." I believe that the Lord was secretly at work in my soul when I was from eleven to twenty-one years of age. Some real conviction had then seized my mind; the Spirit of God was operating upon my conscience. I had been accustomed to break the Sabbath. My dear mother was a God-fearing woman; I believe I was a child of many prayers. I was rambling up and down the street, when, through the entreaties of my mother, I was induced to go to the little chapel in the middle of Cambridge Street, Birmingham, to hear that dear servant of God, Mr. Thomas Lord, who came originally either from Oldham, or Blackburn, in Lancashire. When he dropped his head for prayer, as I gave him a glance, such an awfully solemn impression came over my soul that I could never extricate myself from, until the blessed blood of Christ was applied to my conscience, and restored me to sweet Gospel liberty. I was in great soul-trouble; when it was morning I would say, "Would

to God it was evening!" and when it was evening, "Would to God it was morning."

Some companions with whom I was connected, persuaded me to go to the theatre to get rid of my trouble by such foolish amusements. My mother heard of it, and was in great distress on my account, and remonstrated with me, and told me, "If I was determined to go to hell, she would not let me go without praying for me. I did not get any relief at the theatre; on the contrary, I was worse, if possible. My soul was just in the position of David, in Psalm cxvi., "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." In His own time, the blessed Lord did deliver my soul. I was led to read that blessed portion of God's Word, in Exodus xxviii., where it is recorded that the high priest should bear the names of the children of Israel upon the breastplate of judgment when he went into the holy place. I was led to see that the Lord Jesus Christ was the Great High Priest; that He was the representative of His people; and faith in me laid hold upon Him; I could claim him as my Saviour. Peace and pardon flowed into my conscience; I felt the solemn truths uttered by the Prophet Zechariah to pervade my mind, "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications, and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn."

Some months after the Lord manifested His pardoning grace in the remission of sin. My mind, for a length of time, was exercised in trying to solve that problem propounded to us in the Book of Job:—"How should man be just with God?" After much earnest seeking the soul-comforting doctrine of justification by faith was revealed unto me. I say revealed, for it is a doctrine too deep and profound for unenlightened reason to grasp; hence the necessity of a revelation. The above problem was made plain to the enlightened understanding by the application of the following Scriptures: "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16). In connection with the above came that soul-confirming declaration of the Apostle's, as recorded in Romans iv. 4, 5: "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

In January, 1849, I was led to embrace and attend to the ordinance of believers' baptism, in obedience to the command of Christ, where He says, "If ye love Me keep My commandments." His approving smile, I hope, was internally enjoyed while celebrating that divine rite.

MR. HAND'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

What I believe to be my call to the ministry occurred about 1858. I was then going to a situation in a village near Oxford as manager of a business. Just as I got a sight of the place, a very striking

impression, couched in the following words, was made upon my mind: "Thou shalt testify of God's truth in this place." From 1844 to 1858 I was brought into conversation with some of God's people, who believed I should be brought into the ministry. Among others was that very dear servant of God, William Hatton, of Wolverhampton, now dead, and, I believe, gone to heaven and glory. When we were in conversation together, he said, "I believe you will have to bear testimony to the truths of God to men." This proved to be the case; for in less than twelve months, quite unexpected by me, a door was opened for me to preach His Word, and from that day to this the Lord has mercifully upheld me.

Some time after this I ceased preaching for a while. I was in great trouble about my work. My dear wife said, "You will have to commence preaching again." A door was opened for me. This Scripture settled my mind: "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden whose waters fail not." The Lord has upheld me by the arm of His power and love in preaching His Word; He has sustained me in flame and in fire, and you know mine has not been a very smooth path; but, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.

You know my introduction to Rochdale, and what has transpired since. Having become your stated pastor, I thought right to give a full account of my Christian career, and how I was called to the ministry, which will, in some measure, account for my reading these precious words as a text this afternoon: "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare unto you what He hath done for my soul."

For seven years I followed my secular calling in a small town a few miles from Oxford. Five and a-half years of that time on the Sabbath I constantly preached the Gospel of God's free-grace to a little company there; and, at that same place, in the year 1863, I baptized in the month of February four persons in the river, in the presence of about 1,200 people. In March, 1865, I left those parts and obtained a situation in Manchester. I had been there but a short time ere an over-ruling Providence again called me forth to labour in His vineyard. My Sabbaths became fully occupied in supplying various churches in different parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Upon the first Sabbath in October, 1868, I accepted the unanimous call of the church at Charlesworth, Derbyshire, where for five years and three months I stately laboured until my removal to Rochdale.

The following letter will shew my first introduction to Rochdale; it was sent to my late dear wife:—

A LETTER FROM MRS. KERSHAW TO MRS. HAND.

"MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you and your dear husband in and through the Lord Jesus Christ.

"My object especially in writing to you at this time is business that concerns your partner in life; but, like myself and Mr. K., I know you are one in the things of God and all matters connected with the welfare of Zion, and, as we are old friends, I send to you. At our last

church meeting supplies were mentioned for the pulpit while Mr. K. is at Sunderland the two last Sabbaths in July (D.V.), namely, 19th and 26th; Mr. Hand was mentioned, as some of the friends had heard of him. Now I have no doubt he is engaged, but sometimes churches have given up a supply to serve us, as Mr. K. is well known amongst them. Will you ask him to do his best in the business and let me know as soon as he can: either the 19th or 26th will do. Only we shall want to write to the other supply chosen when we know the result. I am very glad to hear the dear Lord is making your husband's labours of use among the churches of the ever-blessed God. May he be kept very humble, for I have seen ministers destroyed by a little prosperity. May he be preserved from the many snares that beset a minister's path. We are such poor, weak creatures; it is often with us, as dear Hart says,

‘Seldom do we see the snare
Before we feel the smart.’

“Excuse my plainness. I hope you are in the enjoyment of health and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and which will support our souls amid the most dark and dreary circumstances. Mr. K. left home last Tuesday and got to London on Friday; he is pretty well.

“So with kind love to you and Mr. H.,

“I remain,

“Yours affectionately, L. KERSHAW.

“Hope Chapel House, Rochdale, May 3rd, 1868.”

[The above invite was accepted. Mr. Hand's ministry was exceedingly useful. The sequel is found in the pamphlet published. Our Review of Rochdale, Hope Chapel, the Public Hall, &c., as soon as possible, with other sermons by Mr. Hand.]

THE EVERLASTING SECURITY AND BLESSEDNESS OF GOD'S ELECT.

BY MR. GEORGE BURRELL,

Of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Watford.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.)

[Having shewn the Church's position in Christ to be one of safety and security, Mr. Burrell proceeds to say:]

SECONDLY. It is a position of dignity and honour, as well as safety and security—higher—a more honoured and dignified there cannot be than they are in Him. They are not only sharers in His undivided and infinite love, they are sharers in all He has and is, “heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.” Let us not pass over these wonderful words hastily or thoughtlessly, “a heir of God, a joint heir with Christ.” Angels were elected in Christ, and confirmed and preserved in Christ, but they have not so high a place in Him, not so deep a place in His heart; they are not *heirs* but ministering spirits to

the *heirs*: they are His glorious creatures and servants, but they are not His Bride—not His spouse—not His body; but the saints are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. He possesses nothing but that which they have a joint interest in. O, it is the privilege of the saved sinner, the poor worm who has crept into this great Rock, who has fled to Him for refuge, to look with wonder, and amazement lost, at the dignified position grace has placed him in, and sing:—

“ All that He has and is, is mine,
And I with Him shall ever shine.”

Is it a dignified post to be a king? He hath made us kings and priests. Is Christ the King of Glory, and is He married to her? He takes all her debts and liabilities: she takes all His wealth and property. Saints are His jewels, His special treasure; He calls them by all the endearing names of love—“ my love, my dove, my undefiled.” What an honour we should think it to have a place perpetually in the warmest thoughts and affections of an earthly monarch. But this honour have all His saints; His Church is the darling of His soul, the apple of His eye, sharer in all His glory and splendour, and partner of His throne. “ Riches and honour are with Him, yea, durable riches and righteousness;” and all this honour is made over to His saints by virtue of this most blessed and precious union. We take His name, “ The Lord our righteousness;” we take His nature, we possess His very life. Everything out of Christ, which men call great and noble, sinks into utter insignificance and vanity, contrasted with the real grandeur and greatness the soul has in Christ. O, as these things can only be estimated properly by precious faith; when faith realizes her hold of this solid, substantial reality, she can and does triumphantly sing:—

“ In Christ, O, how the blissful thought
Buoy up the hope Thy love hath wrought,
Midst change, and grief, and woe;
Were crowns and empires mine to-day,
I'd freely give them all away,—
For Christ, I'd all forego.”

But, Thirdly. To be in Christ is to be not only in a place of safety and dignity, but in a position of endless wealth, untold wealth, unsearchable riches. Who can enter far or deep into this interminable ocean? There are heights, depths, lengths, and breadths in His love which passes all knowledge. Everything that is great, glorious, and grand, meets and centres in Him, the whole of God, all the persons in God. “ In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.” It *dwelleth* in Him: God was in Christ, and in Him for all His saints; all the perfections of God, all the majesty, infinity, purity, wisdom, power, goodness, and love of God—all in Christ. It is the love of God in *Christ Jesus*, all the thoughts of God, all the purposes of God, all the heart of God, centres in His Son, and is made known and opened by Him. “ I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one:” “ all spiritual blessings.” “ *Adoption*,” it is in Christ; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself. “ *Election*,” chosen in Him. “ *Sanctification*,” sanctified in Christ Jesus. “ *Justification*,” by Him we are justified from all things.

"Redemption," in whom we have Redemption. "Access to God and communion with Him," in whom we have boldness and access. "Liberty," the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. "All fulness," it hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell—all grace, pardoning grace, calling grace, supporting grace, preserving grace, succouring grace, restoring grace, yea, grace to help in every time of need—all forms of mercy to meet all forms of misery. O, to be in Christ is to be in that land where there is lack of no good thing—a land of brooks and water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil olive, and honey, a land where thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything that is in it; everything that is great, that is good, that is useful, that is sweet, is to be found in Christ in endless variety and plenty. In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; all the promises of grace: they are all in Him, yea, and Amen. All the glorious doctrines of the Gospel centre in Him, and derive all their grace, virtue, and sweetness from Him, by which they become not dry doctrines, but full of grace, savour, and rich consolation: all the Gospel provision is in Him. Bread for the family for ever, He is the bread of life: water, He is a fountain pure, living and ever flowing: wine, His love is better than wine: milk, 'tis all in the Word, the incarnate Word of God, they shall therefore suck and be satisfied: honey, Thy word is sweeter than honey; all the honey that drops from the Word and is contained therein is in Christ: all the fruitfulness and godliness that ever appeared in the world, or shall appear, is all in Him. "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." Being filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, an endless spring, a continually rising fountain, the source and seat of all spiritual gifts. By Him ye are enriched in all knowledge and in all utterance; yea, the apostle sums up the inventory in a few and wonderful words, thus: "For all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." We shall therefore never travel over all our vast estate, never reckon or cast up all our wealth. It is a kingdom, 'tis an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and fadeth not away. Well may the inhabitants of this Rock sing and shout from the top of the mountains, for it is indeed a position of endless enrichment. If by precious faith, wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, we have been led hither, we may and must sit secure and sing:—

"I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
Since Thou, O God, art mine."

I know, when led to contemplate by faith, even here, one's own interest in such unspeakable glories, the soul is overcome and lost in holy wonder and joy:—

"The lustre of so bright a bliss
The feeble heart o'erbears."

It seems so great and too good for such poor sinful worms ever to hope to realize, but it is not too great for the God of all grace to bestow: therefore, says our rich and glorious covenant God in Christ,

“ I will do all these things : I will magnify My grace and mercy, and it shall be to Me a name of joy, a praise and an honour before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good I do unto them, and they shall fear and tremble for all the goodness, and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it.” These are but two or three feeble remarks as to the blessed position in Christ : a position of endless security, eternal and never-fading honour and dignity, and a position of unsearchable wealth and enrichment.

II. A few thoughts upon the condition as described in the text, “ free from condemnation.” There is no condemnation *to* them ; it does not read—there is no condemnation *in* them ; those who are in Christ vitally and experimentally, are all condemned in themselves ; yea, more ; they are the only persons in existence who are most ready to condemn themselves ; the Pharisee justifies himself and most men will proclaim their own goodness—but a faithful man, who can find ? You will find him nowhere else but in this blessed position : he will never attempt to justify himself ; at least he will not proclaim his own goodness—he condemns himself before God ; as our God says, “ You shall loathe yourselves in your own sight.” The law does condemn ; Satan condemns ; the world condemns ; and our own heart often condemns us. But this is condemnation *in self ; in the world ; 'tis in Christ, and only in Christ* there is no condemnation. There is nothing against the saints in God’s debt book. “ Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect ? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died ; yea, rather that is risen again ; who is even at the right hand of God ; who also maketh intercession for us.” There can be no condemnation from God, because the cause of condemnation is removed by Christ, which is sin. God cannot justify a guilty person ; and he cannot damn an innocent person. We are all guilt in Adam ; but—

“ In him the Father never saw
The least transgression of His law ;
Perfection then in Christ we view,
And saints in Him are perfect too.”

In this blessed-connection the Lord has never beheld iniquity in Jacob nor perverseness in Israel. Besides another certain and blessed reason why there can be no condemnation in Christ is this—Christ has been condemned in their room. “ What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled *in us* (not by us) who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.” The Holy Lamb of God was condemned and put to death in the room and stead of His people ; He bear them in His heart (that is, all His sheep) and all their sins in His body on the tree. The storm of divine vengeance fell on Him as the storm from the opened windows of heaven fell upon the ark ; but as the pitch within and without preserved the rain from penetrating into the ark, so the dignity of the glorious person of Christ and the infinite efficacy of His precious blood became an invincible shield to all who were in Him. The storm raged against and beat upon the Rock, but could not penetrate or enter to touch one of the inhabitants of the Rock. His eternal Godhead, in union with His spotless humanity,

secured all His hidden ones; he was the Stronghold in the day of wrath; He sank beneath the billows of almighty vengeance and ire, as Jonah into the mighty deep; but He covered and concealed His Church in His heart; went down with her into all the depths of His humiliation and woe, and rose with her a justified Head and a perfectly justified Body. "He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification," and, therefore, though guilty and depraved as a fallen creature in Adam, I am in myself as a sinner, yet as a refugee by faith in His great name in this strong tower, it is my privilege to sit and sing—

"Now no more His wrath I dread,
He hath thus to Zion said,
Since Thy Surety paid thy score,
I behold thy sins no more."

(To be concluded next month).

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

IN giving the following hints, we have in view the number of young men belonging to our Churches who feel that God has called them to be His witnesses before men; but who, not having received the advantages of a liberal education, feel themselves to be deficient in some of the requirements for public speaking.

We do not intend primarily to shew the advantages of education to the pastor and teacher, but to give such rules as our experiences as a schoolmaster and a learner have verified.

To every would-be student, however ignorant, and who is very probably despairing of bettering himself, because he has no educational advantages, we say most emphatically that self-culture, by home study, is the very best kind of instruction. He who sets out on the road of self-improvement, with an average amount of common sense and the very largest amount of industry he can muster, fully determined to spare no effort to accomplish the task he has set himself, will assuredly succeed. Add to the foregoing that, in the instance of the future ministers of our Churches, they are sustained by the divine help, and are conscious of being engaged in a work without compare, and the prevision of success is greatly heightened. We cannot tell what we can do until we have tried; let no one, therefore, be daunted by the presumed difficulties of the object, for he has no right to say he cannot do a thing until he has repeatedly tried and failed. We know of ministers among us who, amidst greater difficulties than any in these days of books meet with, have commenced with the English Grammar and Spelling Book, and finally mastered Greek and Hebrew, besides other attainments. Of this the late Mr. Wells was an illustrious example; for, as is well known, though he was so ignorant when he began preaching that he could scarcely read, yet, being strongly convinced of the utility of learning, he toiled early and late until he became not only a thorough English, but also a Greek and Hebrew scholar. We trow that Calvin, Owen, and Gill, were none the worse

for what they knew; more, they would not have built themselves a name without it.

In these remarks it is to be distinctly understood that we are considering only the desirable externals of the preacher. "The preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue are from the Lord," and these are absolutely necessary for a real minister.

The first requisite for an educated Englishman is to be able to speak his own language with at least correctness. This should be the first endeavour of our student, and until he has succeeded he must begin nothing else. The book we should advise him to commence with is Allen and Cornwell's *School Grammar*, 1/9, cloth. Published by Simpkin & Marshall.

Having mastered this he will at once attack the Greek Grammar. Do not be led away by the idea that it is necessary to learn Latin before attempting Greek. This was formerly the case when Greek Grammars were written in Latin, but there is now no occasion for it. Latin is by no means of paramount importance to a minister; but in Greek the Gospels were first written, and such is the fulness of that language that no translation can adequately represent it. There is certainly sufficient in our English Version for the support and consolation of believers under any circumstances; but it must be better for a minister to be able to go to the original, and read the words of Christ exactly as they were dictated by the Holy Spirit to the Evangelists.

For the commencement of the study of Greek, we recommend you to procure the "Greek Grammar, by H. C. Hamilton, Weale's Series, price 1/-." The only other books required are a Greek Testament; the cheapest we know of is one in "Oliver & Boyd's Series. Greek Testament, by Duncan, price 3/6.;" and "Robinson's Greek Lexicon," second-hand copies of which (quite equal to new) can generally be procured of Mr. Dickinson, No. 73, Farringdon Street, E.C. Do not on any account get any other Greek Lexicon for though they may be much cheaper, this is the only one which at all supplies the wants of a student of the New Testament. As the Gospels were not written in classic Greek, but in a dialect peculiar to those Jews who spoke that language, it is necessary to have a work treating exclusively of the Grammar of the New Testament, and Robinson alone supplies this want. On the student giving an hour or two every day to the Greek, he will be able to read with some ease the original in six or nine months.

In future papers we shall hope to give hints on the best means of pursuing the study of the above subjects.

J. L. & J. E. B.

Any communication upon the subjects of these papers may be addressed to J. L., 3, Avenue Road, Clapham, S.W. A stamped envelope should be enclosed if a reply is required.

[These papers must be considered only as auxiliaries to any other efforts to afford mental aid to young men in the ministry.—ED.]

THE SHINING ONES WAITING.

THE LAST ILLNESS OF MY DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND.

BY M. CHAPPELL, OF SOUTHAMPTON.

MR. CHAPPELL'S last illness began August 7, 1873. He first complained of pains in his right arm and shoulder; I procured those remedies which are used in such cases, and for a short time he seemed relieved. A violent attack followed, which left him very weak. He managed, with the aid of my arm, to walk to the chapel and preach with much comfort and freedom, blessing his God each time for help afforded. Soon another complaint seized his trembling frame—the rheumatic neuralgia in his right side, which caused him much severe suffering. I sent for our kind doctor, who is one of the most skilful in the town, who was soon in attendance and prescribed those medicines which he hoped would do good, with the Lord's will to bless them, and the dear one prayed most earnestly for the sake of the cause which lay so near his heart, and for the sake of myself and the family, who all loved him most devotedly.

At times we felt encouraged to hope the Lord would restore him to his much-loved work; often, when at the throne, he realized such sweet comfort in the precious promises; once, in particular, he had been begging the Lord to direct his mind to some passage of His Holy Word; when, on opening "Smith's Morning Portion," used at our daily devotions, his eyes rested on the text, "this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God:" this so cheered him, that we wept for joy together, in that we hoped his valued life would be spared a little longer. Another sweet text was much on his mind, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Those words did comfort him. He said on one occasion, "I do feel, my love, my Father will restore me to preach His precious truth, and I hope He will make me more faithful than ever, for I fear I have not been so faithful as I ought to be, and if I am spared I hope to be more than ever devoted to His service; if it would please Him to raise that cause up again, how rejoiced my poor heart would be."

Our good doctor used every means, but nothing gave relief. He much enjoyed my reading to him the Acts of the Apostles, the Prophecy by Isaiah, and the life and sufferings of Christ, with many good books. Our kind doctor's visits were much prized, as then we had some sweet seasons, talking on the best things, which often left a savour on the mind. Still he got up from his bed on the Sabbath, and I always led him to the chapel myself, though often in great weakness; but he told the friends he wished to die in harness; but the last two Sabbaths he was too weak to walk, therefore a Bath chair was got for him. He much enjoyed himself in preaching the Word, and was greatly supported through it; but many of the friends were grieved to see him so ill; but he would persevere in his much-loved work. The first Lord's-day in last December he was not so well, but he went through the services, morning and evening: his then favourite text being, "Unto Him that loved us." It was a time of refreshing with many. Then he administered the supper of the Lord, but he was forced to sit to do it. He remarked how the blessed Saviour sat down with His little family round Him; so that even then he felt at home

and happy. After all was finished, he said he had preached his last sermon. When he reached home he was so exhausted that he leant back in his chair without speaking a word. Our doctor came in ; but for some minutes he could not speak. He revived, and spoke of his sermon to the doctor, and the sweetness he felt in preaching. Alas ! it proved to be his very last time of coming down-stairs ; he gradually felt his work was done.

At Christmas, his two beloved brothers came down from London to see him ; they were much shocked to see such a change ; yet he sat up in his chair, and ate his dinner with them ; the parting with them was touching : they hoped to see him again in the flesh, but that was not permitted.

It had been our custom to hold a short prayer meeting at our house at seven o'clock on New Year's morn, and my loved one did hope to have the same this year, but the day before he felt he could not bear it.

New Year's evening I read Psalms xc. and xci. ; then he prayed most sweetly, and asked me to pray, which I did, and thus we commenced the new year together, with one of our dear girls, then at home.

Feb. 5.—Teachers' anniversary. Our youngest son, with his sister, were gone to take their part in the meeting, while I kept my post with the dear saint. I had read to him the fourteenth of John, and a friend called in and prayed with us. My dear husband enjoyed it. I felt there was a change for the worse. During the night he revived again, and the next morning he seemed better, and talked sweetly on divine things. One or two came to see him ; he felt delighted, and gave them all his fatherly blessing as they were gathered round his bed.

One morning, as we sat around, he wished us to read, verse by verse together, the Epistle to the Ephesians, which we did, and he felt it much. Then our dear son prayed. It was a solemn sight to behold us all watching our dear friend. Mr. Hurst came in, and in a few words he told him how the enemy had been distressing him, but that now he was gone, and he felt peace. He said,

“ I shall not die as a minister, but as a sinner saved by grace.”

At another time we all read together John xiv., and I offered my feeble petitions. His mind was comforted ; he often spoke of departure with a longing to be gone : he feared that he was getting impatient, and that we should get tired and worn out. When our eldest son was in prayer, he burst out in sweet assurance of his blessed Saviour's presence. But utter prostration set in, and he became too weak to say or hear much.

One night, while we were watching, he said :

“ My love, I have just seen two shining figures pass the foot of the bed, all in white, but they did not stop.”

He wished each kind friend that called to see him an affectionate farewell ; also our kind doctor, whom he much loved. He often spoke with much concern about me, but prayed the Lord to keep and bless me. I asked him to give me a parting verse, he said,

“ ‘ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee ; ’ and ‘ Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.’ ”

I kissed him and sat down. He said :

“ ‘ Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my soul out sweetly there.'"

Again, he said :

" 'I asked them whence their victory came ? ' "

and many others at intervals.

My own dear sister came to sit up with us the last two nights. O ! how often would he cast a sweet smile on us all as we sat around—then upward, as if longing to be gone. I asked him if he felt Jesus to be with him, he said, with a heavenly smile :

" Yes, yes ! "

About nine o'clock on the Saturday morning, his happy, longing spirit began to take her flight—so gently, that we could scarcely tell the change had taken place. At 9.15 he was gone.

Oh ! it was a sweet yet truly affecting scene for us all to witness ; but I trust the blessed Jesus will console and comfort all our hearts, and keep us by His grace, to follow the dear departed as true as he followed Christ.

On the Friday following the beloved one was followed to his grave by seven of his dear children, two not being able to come ; his brother, sisters, and numerous friends were also present. Mr. Johnson (a true friend to Mr. Chappell) having died at the same time, was buried with him. This double funeral procession was a solemn spectacle. Our kind friend C. W. Banks officiated on the occasion.

On the Sunday, as Mr. Banks could not possibly stay, Mr. Hawkins, of Brighton, kindly came, and preached from the text chosen by the dear departed : " I have fought a good fight," &c. Mr. Hawkins had known my husband over forty years ; he preached the same precious truths as faithfully the last time he heard him as at the first. He said his departed friend had fought the battle faithfully and manfully : he had received many sharp wounds, but he still kept in the front, and stood firm even unto the end ; he was a sinner saved by grace. Mr. Hawkins spoke of the victory he had obtained, and the glorious union prepared for him. It was a most affecting sermon. My poor heart was so cast down and broken.

[We hope one of Mr. Chappell's sons will write a concise memoir of the beloved father before long.—ED.]

THE SHIP IN A STORM : THE HAVEN OF REST.

[CONTINUATION OF THE "PURCHASE AND THE PRICE."]

" **M**ANY of our Churches, of late years, have been like the scene which Matthew gives in his fourteenth chapter," saith the Pilgrim, whose words we quoted in our last paper. We found this Pilgrim to be one who has passed through many years of interesting labours in the Churches of Christ ; but when speaking of some of those Churches, he says,—" The little ships which have carried me hither and thither have all of them been 'tossed with waves,' 'for the winds have been contrary.' The venerable and respectable owners of other ships have had the wind in their favour ; they have sailed smoothly down the rivers of a pleasant profession—while not a few have consigned

me and my ships to the bottom long since ; yet, all glory to the loving heart and unalterable purpose of the CHIEF CAPTAIN of our salvation ; if I have, like Jonah, gone down to the very belly of hell, in fears and in painful feelings, like that poor runaway Prophet, the Lord has compelled every fish which threatened destruction to carry me safely on to the dry land again ; and, after recovering from the shocks which many sharks have given me, I have sat down quietly and said to myself, ' This is grace indeed ! for when my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord ; and my prayer came in unto Him, into His Holy Temple ' (wherefore my soul often saith unto the Lord), " I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving ; I will pay that that I have vowed. ' And I did solemnly vow unto the Lord in the day of my distress ; therefore, while the polished ones can gently lay down their essays, so neatly prepared, I am compelled to come out with all the decision and determination of one who cannot help exclaiming with much vehemence, ' SALVATION ! OF THE LORD ! ! ' "

" When my thoughts run back over the dangers and deliverances of the past," saith the Pilgrim, " that word often comes up which is written of Jonah ; and, although no terrible experiences can ever be safely set down as evidences of one's salvation, yet it is clear that heart-rending and heart-healing exercises are often the most powerful expositions of God's Holy Word. Hence, for myself, I can say, that one word has thrown a light over my past history many a time : ' Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. So Jonah was in the bowels of the fish three days and three nights. ' "

" Poor fellow ! " says my Pilgrim, " I can pity him, although, of course, nothing can justify Jonah running off to Tarshish when he was commanded to go down to Nineveh ; nothing can justify us in doing wrong at any time. "

That text in Nehemiah is concise and truthful where the Levites, in their confessions before the Lord, exclaimed :

" Thou art just in all that is brought upon us :
For Thou hast done right :
But we have done wickedly. "

We ask, poor, fainting believer, where is our remedy ? Where is our hope ? It is here :—

" Nevertheless, for Thy great mercy's sake, Thou didst not utterly consume us, for Thou art a gracious and merciful God. "

So Jonah could sing, if ever he did sing ; and some of us can sing, " Thou art a gracious and merciful God ! " "

How little did Jonah think " the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow him up ? " And, being swallowed up, little did he think he should ever see or feel the dry land again. Neither did we for one moment think that so-and-so was anything more or less than a great fish to swallow us up ; and when angry waves rolled over us, we had little hope that we should ever be carried through the midst on dry ground, and stand once more on the Rock of Ages, and praise the Lord our God.

" Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

Then we stood, breathless, in much dread :
 All baffled was our skill ;
 But ONE was there who rose and said
 To the wild sea, ' BE STILL !'

Then the wind ceased, it ceased : that word
 Passed through the gloomy sky ;
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,
 And fell beneath His eye." °

All through the Church's History, all through the living Christian's career, "after a storm, there cometh a calm."

Ministers of Christ! will you look at that holy pattern which Matthew gives us of the great and gracious Master's way of dealing with His disciples? Consider this carefully, ye tried servants of Christ.

First of all, Matthew tells us, "Straightway Jesus constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him unto the other side." Into the ship they went, sailing away for the other side. In like manner, we appeared to see His hand directing us in a certain course; and, when the words came so distinctly into the hearing ear, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest"—immediately we conferred not with flesh and blood, but went right into the ship—expecting all was right—and all would be pleasant and smooth.

Was it so? No! Quite the reverse.

"Matthew, how is this?"

"Why," saith Matthew, "when Jesus had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when evening was come He was there alone."

Yes! He went clean away from the poor disciples. Even so, He appeared to be gone quite away from us. But, though gone from us in person, He was only gone to His Father for us.

How about the disciples who were "to go before Him?" With them it was a trying time: the dark night came on; "the ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary."

Contrary, indeed! Just when you have a pretty little ship, and when Jesus bids you go into it and go over; and you have His word that He will come; then, instead of fair and quick sailing, a storm arises, and no Jesus is come.

Poor ministerial mariners! You spread your sails in prayer, in study, in thinking, in reading, in preaching; but Jesus does not come, the Spirit does not come, the unction and power do not come; the people do not come, the means do not come: cold winds do come; official hard hits do come; the sound of a howling tempest comes and says, "We have all been deceived!"

"Blind unbelief is sure to err."

Well, what is to be done? The first, the second, the third watch are past; still no Jesus appears; no helper is found. Oh, how heavy the waves! How dark the night! How cutting the contempt of those who cry out, "Aha, aha! so would we have it!"

° From Part XV. of C. H. Spurgeon's *Interpreter* (Passmore and Alabaster), a selection of Scriptures, with pithy notes and precious hymns for family worship; a well-condensed and beautifully-executed household book.

"Who told you to get into that ship?"

"Jesus constrained us."

"Not He! You are deceived. See the winds are all against you! Neither committee-men, nor treasury-men, nor legal-men, nor official-men, nor any other kind of men will help you. Down to the bottom you must go!"

Thus speaketh hasty-flesh-unbelief and the despairing heart.

Little faith comes in due time. She whispers, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble!" See, now:—

"In the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."

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

Jesus never fails in the moment of extremity, where faith watches for Him, and prayer cries after Him. Let me tell you this, all ye truly humbled, regenerated, and seeking souls—Jesus hides the purpose of His grace; but it is to make it better known; and when we are READY to PERISH; when all hope and strength appear to fail; when no arm can save and every helper is gone, then is the time for Jesus to appear. And He does appear.

They seem to make Christians too quickly in these revival times. The new race of ministers do not give time enough. Not time enough for the law of God to convict them; not time enough for sin to wound, bruise, and break the soul down; not time enough for the enmity of the carnal mind to die out; not time enough for self-righteousness to turn to filthy rags. Nay, not time enough for the SPIRIT OF GOD to open up the fountains of iniquity which are within the sinner; nor time enough for the SPIRIT OF GOD to reveal the glories of the Person and work of the SON OF GOD, which are without the sinner.

We live in telegraphic and express-train times, I know; we dare not limit the powers of the SPIRIT OF GOD, I know; the case of the thief on the cross, and the Philippian jailor, I know: for me to sit in judgment over the enlightened sages of our own times is unbecoming one like myself, I know; and to drive back the seeking soul is not right, I know. Nevertheless, having trembled, and stumbled, and groaned, and sighed so many years myself; having seen so many fall away, because there appeared to be no root in them; and seeing Jesus waited until the fourth watch of the night before He came, one cannot help fearing that some of these good men who are making so many Christians, may hurry on their work too fast for the permanent safety of those with whom they have to do. Patience in every part of the economy of grace must have its perfect work. I almost shudder to write the following, but serious questions have exercised my mind lately; and I ask wise, spiritual, God-taught men, first, Is the Spirit of the Lord in genuine conversions withholden from some of us in these times? I ask, secondly, are men now left to pretend to do God's work without the Spirit of God? Or, thirdly, is the Lord now making a short work in the earth? Is He accomplishing the number of His elect, and hastening the coming of His kingdom? Christian brethren, what say ye to the present signs of the times?

Before the morning did break fully, the disciples saw Jesus walking on the sea, but they did not know certainly that it was Him; they were

troubled : " They said, it is a spirit ; and they cried out for fear." They feared it was an evil spirit coming to do them mischief. Such is the darkness of our sight, that many times when Jesus is coming towards us to do us good, we are afraid it is not Him at all.

How delightful His voice must have been ! " Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid." These gentle words frequently raise up our souls into a secret ecstasy of holy joy. Still, there is some misgiving. And all tender consciences, all spiritually-sensitive souls are subject to misgivings ; so Peter cries out, " Lord, IF it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." Is not that like us ? If I were sure that it was my Lord working in all these strange ways how gladly would I fly unto Him. " Ah," saith many a timid soul, " I would be baptized ; I would unite with the Church if I were certain it was Jesus thus appearing to me.

" ' If it be Thou, ' Oh ! bid me come,
Dark though the waters be ;
I will not fear if Thou art near,
And bidst me come to Thee.

' If it be Thou, ' the storm may swell
Obedient to Thy will ;
For Thou canst all its fury quell,
And bid its waves be still.

' If it be Thou, ' Oh ! yes it is
My Saviour's voice I hear :
He tells my soul that I am His,
And He is ever near." *

Jesus and His disciples went safely over, and they came into the land of Gennesaret—which was a large, lovely, fruitful, and delightful place—full of gardens and orchards, a land of pleasure and delight, a faint figure of that haven of rest which Jesus has promised to bring all His ransomed ones into in His own time,—which was shadowed forth in that cluster of blessings which I referred to at the end of my last chapter, where the Israelites, when delivered out of the hands of their enemies, and saved from the dangers of the Red Sea, sang prophetically of the Church's glorious possession, because she was " the Church of God which He had purchased with His own blood." This prophetic song, in its close, has three parts.

First, the declaration, " Thou shalt bring them in ! " Nothing there contingent, or dependent upon creatures or circumstances." The Lord Himself will bring them in.

Secondly, there comes the description, " And plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance : in the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in."

Lastly, the ultimate destination, " In the sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established."

Some exposition of this declaration, description, and destiny, I must again defer until the month of May. My brethren are kindly supplying me with excellent papers for insertion ! and, as fast as possible, I desire to make room for them ; and thus, in some humble measure, fulfil that prediction of our Lord, when He said, " What I tell

* *The Interpreter*, Part XV.

you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops." Many precious sermons are, comparatively, told secretly in the ears of a few. With God's help, we will set THE EARTHEN VESSEL upon thousands of house-tops yet; and thereby preach to people in all parts of the civilized world. To accomplish this, I ask the co-operation of all who have any Christian sympathy with their friend in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's road, Notting hill, W.

March 3, 1874.

THE AWFUL FOUNTAIN OF ERROR.

WE now give a second paragraph from "Pastor Daniel Allen's" tract on "The Total Depravity of Man." We shall show Daniel Allen is no mere verbose talker—no empty sentimentalist; but a good fellow, with mental bone, with spiritual marrow, a deep well of research, authenticated knowledge, and a spirit which can and will contend for truth. We mean good Daniel shall have a month or two in London, if the Lord and the Lord's people will it so. Here is a grave illustration of the dark side of things:—

"All the orthodox fathers advocated this doctrine. Pelagius was the first monster in human form who dared to teach its denial in a professedly Christian system of theology. He denied original sin; inward corruption—or the descent of Adam's sin unto the contamination of his race; that men are not sinful by *generation* but by *imitation*. This shocking man ran through the principal parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, in the beginning of the fifth century, spreading this awful heresy, to the grief of all real Christians. And such was his total depravity, whilst he denied the doctrine, that when he was brought before the bishops and councils to answer for his dreadful errors, he lied, deceived, and practised great duplicity in covering and denying what he had taught; so that by such lying and duplicity he was acquitted as innocent for some time, but when some of his own disciples saw his fearful errors and left him, they produced his letters, in proof of his vile heresies; and thus the bishops discovered his falsehood, errors, and deceitfulness, and condemned him—even some of those who acquitted him. Augustine wrote against him, for twenty years, some of his very best works. Among volumes of testimonies upon this subject he says:—'Neither the guilty unbeliever, nor the justified believer generates innocent, but guilty children; because the generation of both is from corrupt nature.'—Cal. Inst., Vol. I., B. 2. Sec. 7. Jerome was more determined against this awful error of Pelagius than Augustine, which caused him to say—'The highest perfection of man is to know his entire imperfection.'—Milner's Vol. II., chap. iii., iv. Wherein it will be seen that, when these artful deniers of man's total depravity were discovered and condemned by these godly men in their advocacy of man's vileness and God's free-grace, Satan got vile men to pretend to believe in free-grace, and to say all manner of horrible things about being saved *in your sins* or however you might sin. And they suited their acts to their words, and while they boasted of free-

grace—deceitfully, they rolled in sin. Thus did this vile monster seek to bring the doctrine of grace, as advocated by Jerome and Augustine into contempt. And are there not men now in Sydney who, while they deny the total depravity of man, manifest it in seeking to defame the doctrine of free-grace by similar methods to those adopted by Pelagius in the early part of the fifth century?"

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON AT NAIN.

(LUKE VII. 11—16.)

A widow's only son—what tongue can tell
The depths of love that these few words
suggest?

Her *only* one—of her lone life the stay,
The constant sharer of her griefs and joys.
How terrible the void in her fond heart,
When the dark angel summoned him away,
And she was left in solitary woe,
Henceforth to tread this weary world
alone.

* * * * *

'Twas evening, and beyond the distant
main

The golden sun sank slowly in the West;
Within the city, men walked to and fro,
And many a kindly greeting was ex-
changed;

And busy women clustered round the well,
And all was stir, and life and eagerness.
When lo, a hush subdued each speaker's
voice,

For forth in sad and slow procession came
A funeral, winding towards the city gate—
Bearing the widow's son to his long home.

The mother followed—but no words
can tell

The anguish deep that bowed her bleeding
heart. [spring

The shallow mountain torrent in the
Babbles and chatters o'er its pebbly bed;
But the wide river noiselessly flows on
Until its waters mingle with the sea:—
So often sorrow, that lies very deep,
Is silent and can find no utterance,

And stricken hearts bleed all unknown to
men. [pressed

So neither words, nor tears, nor sighs ex-
The pangs of human woe that pierced her
soul.

Her surcharged heart knew its own bitter-
ness,

And none were sharers of her lonely grief.
She followed on—not one of all the crowd
Could speak a word to comfort her.

When lo,

A group of travellers were sent 'approach
The city, headed by a wondrous man,
In whose grave face there shone the
heavenly light

Holloway.

Of love untold and grace ineffable.

'Twas Jesus, and as through the city gate
The lifeless clay was carried forth, He
stood

And gazed upon her with a tender glance;
And then in words that stirred her inmost
soul

And thrilled the pulses of her heart with
joy,

He bade her 'Weep not.' Then He touched
the bier,

And they that bore the sleeping form stood
still,

And at His bidding laid it at His feet.

Hush! breathless silence chained the lips
of all,

As with uplifted eyes toward the blue
heavens,

And upraised hand—in cadence sweet—
He spoke.

His tones were gentle as a mother's song
That soothes her weary babe at eventide,
Or the soft falling of the summer dew,
Or the strange accents of the still, small
voice

That fell upon the Prophet's wond'ring
ear.

Yet they expressed the will and power of
God.

"Young man, I say to thee, arise,"

And lo, the dead sat up; and life's warm
blood

Coursed through his veins and he began
to speak.

The stricken mother, who so recently
Was dumb with sorrow, now could find
no words

To give expression to her rapturous joy.
Her sunken eyes and swollen lids were red

With weeping, yet she gazed on Christ and
looked

The grateful praises that she could not
speak;

Then with a throbbing heart her arms
she threw

Around her son and clasped him to her
breast.

And when the gathered throng dispersed,
all told

The story of Emmanuel's power and love.

MARIAN.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Christian Age. Periodicals, like some people, often appear to "see men, as trees, walking;" their eyes are partially opened; another healing touch from the Divine hand is required to enable them to "see every man," and every essential doctrine "clearly," and harmoniously. It was said over Mr. Binney's coffin that Christ's ministers differed as much as the stars, and that every true minister reflected some one particular attribute of his Master more prominently than he did the others. That was a very charitable view to take of ministers. As John and Peter, as Paul and Matthew, as James and Jude did differ in some things, so it may be now; but none of the Apostles, after the Holy Ghost descended, differed on the foundation principles of the grace and Gospel of God. In one, faith might be almost omnipotent; in another, love might exceedingly abound; in a third, zeal might burn with much vehemence: nevertheless, their knowledge of the eternity, the unanimity, the co-equality, the sovereignty, and the immutability of each, and of every Divine Person in the undivided Godhead, was clear, conclusive, and correct. This much cannot be said of all the preachers and writers whose productions appear in our periodicals and papers, whose name now is "Legion;" a great number of which bear the name of "Christian;" or are professedly the representatives of some sect or section of the visible Christian Church. From its commencement we have read and watched the principles and the progress of *The Christian Age*, issued every week from that highly respectable and flourishing theological book establishment, well known as Messrs. Dickinson's, of Farringdon Street. The Editor politely presented us with a copy of the monthly part for March, and we are bound to express our conviction that for varied and useful reading it is the best of all the Christian penny weeklies now flowing from that almost inexhaustible fountain, the steam-printing machine.

Books, Papers, and Pamphlets.—"The Absurdities of Romanism;" with a bold frontispiece and some spirited papers, are in *Old Jonathan* for March. England's "Political Situation" is nobly sketched in *The Gardener's Magazine* for March. Mr. Gladstone will think Shirley Hibberd might attend to his garden and leave politics alone. Squire Shirley is Prime Minister of the Horticultural Kingdom. He has enough to do there, without coming into our political convulsions. But every man, in these days of free-thought,

in these times of schooling, reading, and intellectual training, every one now has his parable, his proverb, or opinion, and every one will speak his mind; therefore, from the pretty, innocent, and universally-admired floricultural garden, Shirley Hibberd, Esq., steps out into the political arena to gauge the strength of men and their motives. For ourselves, we silently watch the wheels of Providence, and oft wonder, as a nation, whither they will carry us. A startling pamphlet, *Free-Grace or Free-Will in a Sinner's Salvation*, by Mr. Scott, of Oxford, can be had of Robert Banks, Raquet Court, which we request every man to read with prayer and serious reflection. It is, *multum in parvo*, a volume closely packed, worth ten times its cost. "Nearly Home," by Dr. Doudney, in the *Gospel Magazine*; and "Faith, not Feeling," in the March number, are papers out of the inspired Word in the living soul; and a variety of other articles which plainly declare there are many who love and fear the Lord in these days of excitement and error. In the *Sword and Trowel* for March, C. H. Spurgeon gives a leader on "The Need of Decision for the Truth," wherein we read this sentence: "We have to deal with men who either will be lost or saved; and they certainly will not be saved by erroneous doctrine." Again, stronger still, he says, "We have to deal with God, whose servants we are, and He will not be honoured by our delivering falsehoods." Solemn words! We do well know a minister who can vouch for the truth of the following fact. In Lincolnshire, a God-fearing tradesman went to a certain chapel; whereupon, the minister called upon the tradesman, hoping to see him at chapel again. "No," said the tradesman, "you cannot feed my soul." After some conversation, the minister declared he fully believed all the tradesman believed; "but," added the minister, "I dare not preach it; if I did, I should lose my bread at once." What! Can a minister stand in his pulpit year after year dealing out falsehoods, when, in his own soul, he knoweth God's truth, and also is quite aware that he is deceiving the people? Oh, awful pulpit! Dread position! Let us who know, love, and contend for all God's revealed counsel, be faithful, although despised and forsaken by men.

The Baptist Watchman, of Nashville, U.S., is a large paper, with testimonies of experimental godliness more deep and solemn than can be found in any of our modern publications.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

BERMONDSEY — LYNTON ROAD. — On Lord's-day, 25th January, services were held, commemorating the 5th anniversary of Mr. Lawrence's ordination. The pastor preached in the morning, from 1 John ii. 27. In the evening, Mr. Henry Hanks, of Woolwich, uttered some weighty truths from Eph. v. 25, to the rejoicing of many hearts. On Tuesday, 27th January, Mr. Cornwell, of North Brixton, preached from Matthew xiii. 30, a well-thought-out discourse. The friends then adjourned to the school-room for tea. At the public meeting held in the chapel (after tea), W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, kindly presided. On the platform were brethren Anderson, Myerson, Lodge, Steed, Warren, and R. G. Edwards, together with Messrs. John Beach, Joseph Beach, Mr. Lawrence, his three Deacons, and the Secretary of the Building Fund. Poor brother Caunt, who was to have been with us, was prevented by that illness which terminated in his death some two or three days afterwards. The Bermondsey people will miss the familiar face and loving spirit of our departed brother, and as a slight memorial of the real interest he ever took in the welfare of our church, we would desire to mention that at our last public meeting he presented twelve hundred farthings to our Building Fund, the collection of which had been the work of many years. After prayer and praise, Mr. Lawrence, in a short speech, gave some interesting particulars of the wonders God had wrought on behalf of the church. Additions had been recently made, more were shortly expected; many heard the Word to their souls' profit, peace reigned in their midst, the Pastor felt no inclination to *enlarge his views*, was more than ever impressed with the solemnity and importance of his work, and altogether they had, as a church, very much to praise the Lord for. When touching on the matter of the Building Fund, he felt at a loss for language to express the gratitude of himself and colleagues to God, for His wonderful works on their behalf, and, moreover, he could never adequately thank those friends who had so liberally helped and so nobly stood by him in such a "truly great undertaking." With the proceeds of those anniversary services, and including handsome donations from the chairman and his respected brother, they had collected a little over £1100; their building had cost them a trifle over £1900, so that a little over £800 has now to be collected. £340 had been lent without interest, and £500 at 5 per cent., and they lived in hope of seeing this debt speedily extinguished. A proposition was started to get the whole £800 in one year, and over £100 was promised there and then if it could be done. The committee, while scarcely expecting this, yet hope to reduce the debt by one half in the next twelve months; some handsome sums are promised

on the condition that this is done. Will any of THE EARTHEN VESSEL readers kindly help us by donations in stamps or otherwise, remembering in so doing, that they not only give directly themselves, but they also give indirectly, by securing those donations which are promised conditionally on our obtaining the £400 in twelve months. Sixpences and shillings soon run up into pounds, as we have proved to our joy in the past, and as the heart of the committee yearns to see this place paid for and put into trust for the "denomination" for eighty years to come, we earnestly ask for the "small helps" of the "many" to enable us to do so. Mr. Lawrence, 2, Marlborough road, Old Kent road, will most thankfully receive the smallest sums, and acknowledge receipt of the same; as will also Mr. T. Knott, Secretary, 198, Bermondsey street. Our two former "Vessel appeals" were singularly unproductive; may we hope this one will be more successful. The ministers gave some cheering and instructive speeches on "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness," and a very happy evening was spent. "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

MOUNT ZION, HILL STREET, DORSET SQUARE.

A little more than two years have passed since this church was deprived of the services of him who had been for upwards of forty years their pastor. Some thought that when Mr. John Foreman ceased to be, Mount Zion would decline. Such, however, is happily not the case. John Foreman had done his work well and faithfully, and the results are still manifest. Many of the hoary-headed saints are still there; and as they fall out of the ranks there is no lack of younger men to take their places. The cause appears healthy; no signs of decay are apparent, though for these two years they have been dependent on supplies.

On a recent visit (Feb. 22nd), we found Mr. Kern in the pulpit. He had supplied before, and was so well received, that it is rumoured the Church contemplate giving him a call.

Mr. Kern is a promising man, about thirty years of age, with a commanding appearance; a strong, well-managed voice, and of ready utterance. He appears to have plenty of work in him. His text was, "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee for ever." On this glorious theme—the exaltation of Christ—the preacher seemed very happy. First, he touched on the description, "fairer than the children of men." Then the assertion, "grace is poured into thy lips." Lastly, the declaration, "God hath blessed thee for ever." Turning to the Songs of Solomon the preacher, by many apt illustrations, portrayed the character of Christ as in every way suited

to be the Saviour of poor sinners. Not only by illustration and figurative expression, but by his own experience did Mr. Kern preach Christ and Him crucified. A few years ago he feared he should be "for ever and ever" in darkness. He wished there was no "ever and ever;" but now, through grace, he looked forward to spending "for ever and ever" with Him who was the fairest among the children of men.

The congregation was encouraging: the chapel was filled: this is gratifying to the preacher, and to those who have the management of the cause.

HOKTON—BETHEL BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Our beloved Pastor, Mr. W. Osmond, had the privilege of immersing a Jew, of the spiritual seed of Abraham, and receiving four believers into the fellowship of the saints, February 1, 1874. The Lord is good.

GLEMSFORD.—February 7, 1874, I was called to bury a child, one year old, in Somerton Parish Churchyard. The clergyman having refused to bury it because, being the child of Baptist parents, it had never been sprinkled, of course was not regenerated. 'Twas as much as his gown was worth to bury it. However, he said he would permit their own minister to perform the service; the doors of his steeple-house were closed, but the bell was rung; the grave was dug in the "consecrated" graveyard. It is time such God-dishonouring systems were exploded.

A. J. M.

BROADSTAIRS.—Four very interesting and solemnly devotional meetings were held in the Strict Baptist chapel here, thus:—The two last hours of the old year were devoted to prayer and praise. On New Year's day the annual tea; the Pastor, J. G. Kiddle, was presented with a purse of money. The following day, the Sunday school had their tea, and after tea sung and recited with great credit to themselves and teachers. On the following Sunday, Lord Teynham preached two excellent Gospel sermons. Praise God for seasons of refreshing.

ROCHDALE.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS** in the faith of the Gospel, the sum and substance of which is our Lord Jesus Christ. The text you preached from on Tuesday evening keeps following on the mind,—“And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.” How good when the Word preached is as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. Mr. Hand preached a solemn, weighty sermon on Sunday morning from that text, “But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.” One friend spoke to me of it; how he felt under it. May the Lord make bare His holy arm, and get unto Himself a glorious name, in ingathering of many precious souls to our spiritual “SHILO, unto whom the gathering of the people shall be.”

E. B.

**THE TRUE BAPTIST CHURCH,
VICTORIA PARADE, MELBOURNE.**

[We have received, with holy pleasure, the following letter from Australia. Our friends at home will gratefully peruse such cheerful notes; and praise the Lord for thus appearing for His people in those new colonies to which many of our people are emigrating.—ED.]

Editor of Earthen Vessel.

DEAR BROTHER AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION.—Since I wrote you in May last, there has been evident and unmistakable soundings amongst the tops of the mulberry trees at the Rechabite Hall, saying, “Ye have tarried here long enough, gird up your loins, and watch for My coming, for I am about to remove you elsewhere for your good and My glory.”

You may remember that, after the death of our late beloved Pastor (Mr. William Bryant), in March, 1812, the Church in Geostreet held on for a time to the glorious truths he proclaimed, but divisions arose for the truth's sake; and the question of a free-grace ministry in that chapel, and that of another order, became the issue of the occupation of that place of worship; the consequence was, after much contention, the lovers of a free-grace Gospel, between eighty and ninety members, were compelled to leave the chapel, being out-numbered by their opponents; but not before a solemn protest was made in writing from the vanquished to their victors, setting forth, in plain but sorrowful language, the cause of their defeat and dispersion from the house of prayer.

The outcasts soon took up a temporary residence at the Rechabite Hall, near at hand; the only place available at that time where they could assemble, and where the Lord, in great mercy and compassion, has blessed very many of the living family, and established them in Church order under the pastorate of Mr. William Cuttle; but this place has become much too strait for the people, also very inconvenient.

Many have been the earnest prayers to the Giver of all good to shew a way, whereby there might be a breaking loose from it; but no movement of the cloud could be seen, until the Lord was pleased to influence the Church in Victoria parade, formerly under the pastorate of Mr. James Bassett (who left some time since for America), to exercise themselves between the two camps, *i.e.*, the camp in Victoria Parade, and that at the Rechabite Hall; they in the Parade had no pastor, but they had a large new convenient chapel, with not much encumbrance on it; a sanctuary set apart for the worship of God, and for no other purpose but spiritual household work; while the Church at the Hall had a recognised pastor (Mr. William Cuttle), whose ministry is much blessed, but withal a most inconvenient place to meet in: the people were thus closely straitened, and in a measure shut up. The Lord has, in a most wonderful way and manner, brought about a union of both the Churches, under the pastorate of Mr. Cuttle. I should say that their recognised faith and order is the

same as that at the Hall, and that Gadsby's hymns are used alike by both. The clear intervention of God has been so peculiarly manifest in this movement, that many, like Manoah and his wife, look on with admiration and astonishment while the angel of the Lord was doing wondrously. He has been pleased to use agencies in both Churches to accomplish this purpose, but the action is supremely His; and to Him all the glory belongs.

Very much might be said concerning the night (ah! the night; for that has predominated) and day exercises of our souls; also the heartfelt sorrowful feelings of some, who have watched the ark (the spiritual ark of God in this great city) with deep anxiety for upwards of twenty years past; but now, almost unsuspected and unasked for by some, a resting-place is prepared for it—"sought out, a city not forsaken."

I must give you a short account of the amalgamation services of the two Churches which took place on Lord's-day morning, December 21, 1873, in the Victoria parade chapel.

After singing, prayer was offered by Mr. E. Wood, of Preston (one of the oldest free-grace Particular Baptists in Australia), who then read Romans xii., and made seasonable homethrust and homefelt remarks thereon; 366th hymn, and prayer again by brother E. Wood; then followed the presentation of Mr. Cuttle by brother E. Wood to the assembled members of both Churches, which was received by the unanimous holding up of hands. Mr. Cuttle then gave a solemn, feeling address, alike suitable to himself and those who were present, both members and congregation (and they were many), after which the Pastor, with the senior officers of both Churches (the brethren Henry Yeo and James Cother), gave the right hand of fellowship to the members present; the Lord's Supper was then administered to the Church as one body; and so they became joined together in one spirit. A manifest feeling of solemnity in the presence of the Lord was experienced alike by Pastor and people, a day of deep searching of hearts, and of deeper gratitude to the covenant Jehovah of Jacob and Israel for such a display of His loving kindness towards them. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

A prayer meeting was held in the vestry of the chapel previous to the more public services, to seek the presence and blessing of the Lord to rest upon the solemnities of the day.

I am, my dear brother, one who has continuously overhauled the cargo of the VESSEL for many years, ever since it first came into port. I am truly glad to see the ship in as good sailing trim as the first day it was launched, and to all appearance is Al in heaven's register for many years to come.

Truly and faithfully yours in Christ Jesus,
J. F. MATTHEWS.

GOMERSAL, LEEDS.—A correspondent writing on the 2nd of March, says: "All

being well you will have our dear and much beloved pastor (Mr. Crowther) in London next Sunday. The Lord direct his way unto you, and bless the testimony delivered by him when he arrives. Oh, what a blessed time we had yesterday at Rehoboth in hearing him. Some of us will not easily forget it. We pray it may be as bread cast upon the waters, seen after many days. Glad to see from the VESSEL that there has been some baptized at the Surrey Tabernacle."

PRESCRIPTION FOR THE PULPIT. DO NOT GO WITHOUT HIM.

Mr. Griffith, of Carnarvon, was to preach one night at a farm-house. Before the service he wished to retire to a private room. He remained there some time after the congregation had assembled. As there was no sign of the preacher making his appearance, the good man of the house sent a servant to request him to come, as the people were waiting. On approaching the door, she heard what she supposed to be a conversation carried on between two persons in rather a subdued tone of voice. She stood listening at the door, and heard one say to the Other, "I will not go unless Thou come with me."

The girl returned to her master, and said, "There is some one with Mr. Griffith, and he tells Him he will not come unless the Other comes with him. I did not hear the Other make a reply, so I conclude he will not come to-night."

"Yes, yes, he will," said the good-man; "and the Other will come with him, if matters are as you represent them. We shall begin the service by singing and reading till the two come."

At length Mr. Griffith came and the "Other" with him; and that night proved the commencement of a powerful revival in the neighbourhood, and many were converted to God.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Our Church in Ascupart street has lost its beloved Pastor, W. Chappell; the pulpit is now supplied. Brother W. H. Haydon, who has been down to preach to them, says: "Dear brother Banks,—I had a very sweet time at Southampton; the Spirit of the Lord went before, prepared the hearts, and then went with me and gave out the bread of life, and enabled the people to feed on it and confess it was sweet to their taste. There is a first-rate opportunity for a good, truthful, working Pastor to gather up a Church. I am convinced that a good man, who will preach Christ as the Saviour of sinners, in conjunction with the work of the Father and Holy Ghost, God will bless him. God has many of His dear people in that place who are starving for the bread of life; but it wants a man who is willing to work amongst the people. As to breaking up the Church, it would be sinful. I administered the ordinance to more than I expected, and the Lord was with us. The congregation numbered about one hundred in the evening. Everything seems to say, go on."

"YOUR FATHERS! WHERE ARE THEY?"

"There is a blessed home beyond the land of woe.
Where trials never come, nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, and patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light its glory throws around."

It is thirty-three years since we saw and heard that quiet godly preacher, David Kent, in his own chapel, in Liverpool. On the 9th February, 1874 (the day we reached our 68th year), David's ransomed spirit was caught up, just as he was approaching his 78th year. For full fifty years did David Kent honestly maintain the new covenant Gospel of the grace of God. Nevertheless, one section of the Baptist Church in Liverpool would fetch ministers from all parts of the kingdom to preach to a few people, while their devoted townsman was passed by. What spirit in man is it that does such things as these?

DEATH OF CHARLES SMITH.

AFTER a long affliction, Charles Smith (once the pastor of the Baptist Church in Shoreditch, and for some years the minister of Peter's lane, Leicester) breathed his last on earth the 27th January. About the same time his wife departed also, and the remains of both husband and wife were laid to rest on the 3rd February, 1874; Mr. Hazelrigg conducting the funeral service. Charles Smith's ministry was the means, in the Lord's hands, of much spiritual good, but his faith and patience was severely tried. We have long known Leicester, it has lost several singularly gifted ministers; the names of Thomas Hardy, Chamberlain, William Garrard, and several others, once familiar to thousands, have left us.

"While we are to the margin come,
And know we soon must die."

May the Eternal God be our refuge, while underneath are found the everlasting arms. Amen, and Amen.

At Hadlow Down, in Sussex, on the 29th of last January James Hallett finished his course. As a Bible preacher and faithful witness Mr. Hallett travelled, at one time serving the Churches most readily and acceptably. He was considered one of Mr. Huntington's followers, but a second Huntington we have never found yet. Thousands loved James Hallett as a truthful and honoured servant of Christ.

At Walsall, only 57 years of age, Charles Mountfort, a minister in the select circle, laid down his mortal tabernacle, January 28th, 1874. Brethren, let us not be dividers of Churches nor despisers of Christ's servants: for soon shall we leave this land of clouds and of cruel spirits; and if we are with Jesus one, we shall in His dear likeness shine, and in His kingdom dwell.

PRIVILEGES AND PROSPECTS.—Speldhurst road chapel, South Hackney. Tuesday, February 10, we had an annual public meeting; several ministerial brethren were present. In the unavoidable absence of C. W. Banks, our Pastor, through illness, one of our deacons, Thomas Thiselton, occupied the chair. After tea the public services commenced. The chairman explained the cause of the regretted absence of the Pastor, and called upon brother Austin, a member, to implore the divine blessing. The subject for the evening's consideration was: "The Present Privileges and the Future Prospects of the Church of Christ." Brethren Bardens, Bennett, Dixon, of Attleborough, Dearsly, Edwards, Masterson, Rayment, and Woodward, spoke to us with sweet liberty. Brother Bardens (who preached in the afternoon) opened the subject by showing the blessed state of the Church of Christ in their covenant relationship with Christ their Head. Brother Bennett was faithful and unflinching in his profession of adherence to the old-fashioned Calvinistic doctrines of the Puritan Fathers, and deplored the now prevailing milk-and-water theology of our day, and asked where were the students of the present day to go for sound theology? Was it not to those who were the backbone of the religion of England, who shone out so brightly, and were the means of preserving the truth in its purity? He gloried in the fact of belonging to those who trod in their footsteps. Brother Dixon (a very old friend of the pastor) said he came expressly to London to greet our Pastor on his birthday. He referred to his early life as a sailor; and gave a simile of the characters Jesus Christ takes in hand, by referring to a sailor presenting himself to the captain of a vessel for employment. "Well, my man," says the captain, "What character have you?" "A sailor's character, your honour." "And what is that?" demands the captain; "Why," replies the sailor, "The more you look into it the worse it is." Is this not so in the awakened sinner coming to Christ? He reckoned it among one of the many privileges to meet with such brethren as occupied the platform this evening, to hold communion and interchange thoughts. Brother Dearsley gave an excellent speech, and kept well to the subject. Brother Edwards, in the course of a very spirited address, reverted to the tendency of brethren to too deeply deplore the removal of the great luminaries of the body; and in not adequately appreciating the smaller measure of grace and ability of the lesser luminaries that remain; but Jesus Christ was the same, and would remain with all His ministers to the end of time. Brother Masterson was very happy on the Privilege of Prayer, and held the congregation in earnest attention during his eloquent speech. Brother Myerson, who always plainly, and, we believe, effectually speaks the truth in love, followed with a few words on the same subject suggested by Mr. Masterson's speech, and then recurred to the subject of the evening in a concise and interesting manner. Brother Woodward and other brethren rendered this a most pleasant meeting.

THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

I ought not, I am thinking, to promulgate a remark I caught last Sunday, as I was leaving the Tabernacle after the morning service: however, Mr. Editor, if you do not approve, cut it out. But the very strangeness of the expression, and the evident earnestness with which it was given, tempts me to repeat it, showing as it also does the peculiar phraseology that some use to express their admiration of a preacher. Two apparently humble hearers who had been listening to the "Little Jew" were pushing their way out of the crowd, and meeting one another, the matter uppermost was, as a matter of course, the preacher and his preaching. These two brethren appeared to have heard that morning with very much pleasure and satisfaction. Such gratification was first stated in ordinary language; but for, I presume, the simple reason that ordinary language did not convey the feeling of satisfaction and evident enjoyment these "good folk" (as Thomas Jones would say) had realized, such language was thrown aside, and warming up with the subject, one brother who appeared to be more demonstrative than the other, exclaimed to his fellow, "Well, I tell you what it puts me in mind of; its just like XXXX (four X); no adulteration, no half-and-half there!" I plead ignorance, Mr. Editor, to what are the especial qualities of "four X," but I believe it represents a very strong and unadulterated beverage. Doubtless our temperance friends could enlighten us on the point. Perhaps taken in a limited sense (I mean the simile, not the four X) there was some ground of justification for the remark; the Gospel heard that morning was unadulterated, it was strong, it was unmixed, it was not "half-and-half," as our demonstrative brother observed—half free-grace and half free-will—but it was the "pure wine of the kingdom."

The pulpit on that occasion was occupied by Mr. Edward Samuel, "a converted Israelite," formerly of Salford, but now of Sleaford. Two Sundays Mr. Samuel has preached here on this visit; he has supplied previously, but I think I am correct in saying he has had more people to hear him on this occasion than previously; be this as it may, he has had large congregations. There is of course a certain degree of curiosity attached to him, not only from the fact of his being "a converted Israelite"—which designation he seems rather pleased with—but from the peculiar style of his delivery, which partakes both of the character of singing, intoning and speaking, arising perhaps from his early training for the service of the synagogue. Mr. Samuel is not an ordinary man, and it would seem to be almost a pity that his regular labours should be confined to such a very few persons who form his congregation at his own chapel. There was one remarkable feature noticed in his discourses: the number of divisions, and sub-divisions, and sub-sub-divisions he will separate his text into. I think, on one occasion when I heard him, he had five general heads; then, in speaking on the first of these five, he had

four sub-divisions, and then on the first head of this sub-division he had nine more heads. The first head, or original idea was, *the presence of God with His people*; then the first sub-division was *the blessedness of this presence*, in speaking of which blessedness we had nine ideas: thus,—

- 1.—It was sweet.
- 2.—It was quiet.
- 3.—It was inflaming.
- 4.—It was peculiar.
- 5.—It was desirable.
- 6.—It was joyful.
- 7.—It was happy.
- 8.—It was noble.
- 9.—It was the best of all blessings.

In announcing these several "propositions" there is a fluency and readiness that displays a very retentive memory, which I believe Mr. Samuel has, for I remember when reading his life some years ago he there states as a fact,—which, having been disputed, he deliberately repeats,—that when only seven years of age, he could repeat from memory the whole Book of Psalms and the Song of Solomon! Such a memory must be an invaluable aid to a minister in the pulpit. In thinking of Mr. Samuel and his many heads, brings to my recollection the "great preacher" we had once, who had preached "forty years without heads or tails" and thought he was "too old to begin to divide his subject now!" Truly men's gifts and abilities are as diversified as their countenances! It is not surprising to find that Mr. Samuel repeatedly refers to the original in his discourse, for when a child he was educated in the Mishna and Talmud, also in the Old Testament. I was sorry to find that the preacher was evidently suffering from a bronchial affection, and appeared to be weak in body; he intimated in the opening of his discourse that it was too much for him to speak in so large a place; he was too little a man for such a great congregation; and he did not expect to come there any more; yet he is not so advanced in years as some might imagine. He was born in Russian-Poland in the year 1812, so that he is now about 62. However, the people at the Surrey Tabernacle evidently enjoyed his ministrations much, and I dare to think the little "Unbelieving Jew" will, if life is spared, be again found in the Tabernacle pulpit; and then I hope to say something more about him and his work.

During the past month I understand the vacancy caused by the decease of Mr. Butt among the deacons, has been filled by the choice of Mr. Pells—a very wise and judicious appointment, I would respectfully submit is this. For many years Mr. Pells has been a great friend to the cause; and as he holds the very responsible position of one of the trustees of the building, we only feel surprise that this choice has been so long delayed.

During February, on one Wednesday evening, we had a "Member of the Tabernacle" supplying the pulpit. I don't think his name was included in the list in the VESSEL, so he did not come forth with "a flourish of trumpets," but I think not a few "heard the

word with joy and gladness" as spoken by Mr. F. C. Holden.

Since Mr. Wells's illness and death the pulpit has been occupied by upwards of eighty different ministers, of varied gifts and abilities, but all, I think, men who have preached a free-grace Gospel, and the message delivered by them, as a rule, has been well received. Yet I am not aware that out of this large number there is one man on whom the eye of the church has rested as a probable successor to the late pastor. How is this? Is it the fault of the men or the fault of the church?

THE LATE MRS. A. KEATES.

We have recently been again reminded of the uncertainty of life, and that we are as the grass that cometh up in the morning and cut down before the setting of the sun. Last month's VESSEL, on the last page, three short lines told us that "Mrs. Jane Keates died Lord's-day, Feb. 15th." Mrs. Keates was in her place on the previous Lord's-day, and listened to Mr. Forman with much peculiar pleasure. She was a quiet, loving, and meek Christian, and her loss will be felt by a large circle. A friend who knew her intimately, in a note thus speaks of the departed, and as it expresses our own mind, we here give it:

MY DEAR SIR,—Having known the late Mrs. Keates for a long time, and having taken sweet counsel together, I felt (on seeing her name in the obituary of last month's VESSEL) I must pay my tribute to departed worth.

Although not a member of the visible Church on earth, yet she was a truth-seeking, truth-loving, and humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. In early life she was convinced of salvation by grace, and from that time could only attend where the precious truths of the Gospel were fully and faithfully preached. Residing in Somersetshire at that time, she has told me that she has often separated herself from her friends and walked over fields (even in unfavourable weather) to hear the Word faithfully spoken, often praying she might feel her interest in the truths proclaimed. In the order of Providence she was removed, after her marriage, to London, when, like Martha, she was cumbered about many things, when her early impressions faded like the early dew; and in some measure she lost a sense of the earnest seeking she had formerly possessed. But it pleased the Lord to visit her, and by a painful dispensation—the death of three of her dear children from fever in one week,—she was led to seek for comfort under the preached word by that man of God, Mr. Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle. There she felt her state as a sinner, and her only hope was in her dear Redeemer's precious blood. Again the Lord was pleased to visit her, and take two more of her dear children; while mourning over the last (an interesting boy of three and a-half years), and saying with the Patriarch of old, "Surely all these things are against me," the words of the Psalmist came with power to her mind, "Be still and know that I am God." Mr. Butt visited her frequently, read and prayed with her, and eventually she found that peace she had long been seeking; and ever after this found in the Surrey Tabernacle

"A settled rest,
While others go and come,"

and always filled her place, unless prevented by illness.

On Feb. 8th, she attended morning and even-

ing, with her dear husband and family, and enjoyed the ministry much; was taken ill on Tuesday; and the next Sabbath she entered on an eternal one, there to drink at the fountain head those joys she had so often sipped by the way. She has left a dear husband and four daughters to mourn her irreparable loss.

E. K.

EARLS BARTON NEW BAPTIST CHURCH.

BY F. FOUNTAIN, OF SHARNBROOK.
To C. W. BANKS,—I am requested by the friends connected with Strict Baptist cause at Earls Barton to give short account of the Lord's dealings with His people in that locale. As the Lord was pleased to use me as an instrument for good to those who have long loved the Gospel in Barton,—encouraging them to come out from the yea and nay system of religion, and commence a cause of truth, it was thought by deacons and members, also by Mr. Tooke, the minister, that I was the proper person to give particulars as to the rise and progress of the Strict Baptists in Barton. I reluctantly enter upon my task. My motive is good, seeking the glory of God, and commend those who have laboured hard to get the chapel completed in such a little time.

There has been a Baptist cause in Barton for some years; the date of its origin I am unable to give. I cannot learn that it ever was a place of truth; or that the covenant of the old Church was based upon doctrines of grace as believed and taught in Strict Baptist Churches. Such being the case there were no signs of ever having the whole counsel of God proclaimed within the walls of the old chapel for any length of time. Occasionally some good man by God was sent to cheer and comfort the faint-hearted. At such times the "Hypers" came out in force, to the discontent of the "Moderates;" personally they wished to enjoy a "feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow." What sweet refreshing draughts from the pure fountain of truth were these; but, like angel visits, few and far between; still it proved that when God has planted the seed of eternal truth, it shall never die, nor be lost in a mass of ignorance and superstition. Also, that God's people cannot lose the taste of God's Paschal Lamb and wisdom's mingled wine, who have once partaken of them. It will be asked, Why men of truth were allowed to supply the pulpit when such a diversity of sentiment was against them? The simple answer is, there were two deacons favourable to truth; for their sakes, also for getting a good collection, the other deacons agreed to have such men occasionally. Among those who supplied before I went were Messrs. Ward, Warren, Brittain, and Tooke, the present pastor. My first invite to supply at the old chapel was Feb. 20, 1870, when a goodly number of people came to hear. After the services of the day were over, I was asked by the deacons to supply again. I did, the first Lord's-day in April. Subsequent to my engagement at Barton, received an invitation to Trinity Chapel, Plymouth, two Sundays in March and the month of April. I wrote to the senior deacon

at Barton, asking him to allow me to alter the date of my intended visit, naming the first Sunday in May in lieu of it. The answer came, Would I supply the whole of May? I promised to do so. I went down to Plymouth and fulfilled my engagement there; was asked by Mr. Chambers to stay longer; said I could not conscientiously do so without first having the consent of Barton friends: at his request I wrote to them, asking if it would be agreeable for me to postpone my visit until June. The reply was, "We expect you to fulfil your engagement." I did so. Since then have had sufficient reasons to bless and praise our covenant God for His wise ordination and regulation of the steps I should take. By God's help I proclaimed the glorious Gospel of fulness and peace in my humble way for five Lord's-days to the joy of His people and strengthening of heart in those dear young friends who were seeking after the truth as it is in Jesus. The Lord was pleased to bless my testimony to the souls of the people, and confirm the inquirers after truth in the old paths of Gospel liberty and privileges. My next visit to Barton was Dec. 18, 1871; preached three times in the old chapel: stayed Monday evening, preached in school room: a glorious time that! never shall I forget the unctuous anointings and soul-bedewing influences of the Holy Ghost that were experienced by God's dear children. We "went to our own company" that eventful evening; I then began to see why I was not to stay in Devon, but travel to Barton, for there the Lord had some people. I pray more may be brought out through the preached Word and power of the Holy Ghost.

Finding things growing worse as to matters of truth and soul interest in the old chapel, I proposed that those who were members should come out from amongst them, and join those who, though not members of that church, were lovers of truth, and stood in connection with the late C. Drawbridge, and other places: and form a Christian community to meet together in the name of Jesus for mutual strength and comfort. I gave them as good advice as my age would allow, praying them not to stay at first impediments, but to solicit the aid of men of truth, to patronize them by way of preaching occasionally, but, above all, not to trust in a single creature, but "work well and leave results to God." The following items I copy from a note before me from one of the members:

"Our first meeting was held in Dowthorp Cottage on Sunday evening, Jan. 21, 1872. Our good brother Mark Smith presided; commenced by singing: brother Smith then read John xvii. and made some very Scriptural remarks and comfortable words to cheer us on the way. Two friends engaged in prayer, another hymn was sung, when brother Smith implored the blessing of God on the service, that our way might be made plain, that the truth we might abide by, and that, above all, Jehovah's cloud by day, pillar of fire by night might direct us on the journey.

Jan. 24. — Prayer meeting; found a

time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

"Feb. 7. — Wednesday, Mr. Tooke preached in the evening.

"Feb. 22. — Thursday evening, Mr. Warren (Ringstead), preached.

"March 6. — Wednesday evening; Mr. Bull (Wellingborough), preached.

"W. A."

Having heard from the friends the good news of their exodus from the land of Egypt, I arranged to visit them on Sunday, March 10, 1872, and preach to them in the room they had hired. Although not the first to minister unto them, yet it was my unspeakable delight to break the bread of life to them on a Lord's-day for the first time since they "winged their flight from bondage and grief." Morning text, Genesis xxvi. 22. "And they digged another well, and for that they strove not, and he called the name of it Rehoboth." The place was filled; the Lord was with us, our souls rejoiced, we blessed the Lord and took courage, "In thy name, O Lord, set we up our banner" was the war cry; in sworn allegiance to our King Immanuel the determination to conquer opposition, to live down calumny, put to flight the aliens by prayer and supplication; in short, the whole tenor of soul was, "The Lord is with us to bless; and from this day will He bless us."

My engagements would not allow me to visit them again until May 19, when I found they had hired the Co-operative Room: it fell to my lot to open that for public worship on the Lord's-day; a good day was enjoyed by all the friends. I obtained several supplies: others were invited by the friends: Messrs. Batchelor, of Tring; Tireman, of Bedford; Wilderspin, of Chatteris; Tooke, of Chesham; and Wise, of Watford. Mr. Tooke, on leaving Chesham, the Barton friends, knowing and loving him as a man of God and truth, thought it would be to their advantage to get him down to Barton, tendered him an invitation to supply the newly-formed cause. Mr. T. accepted it, commenced his labours in June.

A church was formed August 12, 1872, myself preaching in the afternoon, Mr. Took and Mr. Lee, of Rushden, taking part in the services; Mr. Lee gave the hand of fellowship to fourteen believers in the Lord. Mr. Tooke was duly received into the church by the senior deacon, who acquitted himself worthily on the occasion. Praying the Lord to bless the union, make Mr. Tooke's ministry a very great blessing to the souls of God's people, and for the ingathering of others not yet gathered in. Thus passed a memorable day in the history of the church of Christ at Earls Barton. We all could heartily sing,

"Thus far our God hath led us on,
To make His power and mercy known."

To Him be all the glory.

The movements of the church have been duly chronicled in E. V. by Mr. Tooke. The memorial stone of new chapel was laid by C. W. Banks, August 13, 1873. The opening services took place January 20, 1874, o

which an account has already appeared. I only add my best wishes for the prosperity of the infant cause of truth at Barton. The disinterestedness of brother Tooke as to monetary business is truly great; he took the hand of the "little one," when many would have waited until the "child" could run before they undertook the management. May heaven reward him for the kindly act, and the people have him near their hearts when at the throne, that power and unction may attend the ministry of truth at Barton, sinners be brought to a knowledge of Christ, weeping saints made joyful, and strong ones glad in the Lord. Israel's covenant God send life and spirit into His churches. So prays, Your humble servant,

F. FOUNTAIN.

P.S. "Sabbath school commenced April 21, 1872, which we are glad to say is on the increase; we have a fund for defraying expenses, our friends contribute monthly to this object. Mr. Dulley and Mr. Mitten, of Wellingboro', were very kind to us, in presenting the Sunday school with Clifton Hymn Books.—W. A."

[This rising cause must have about £50. Who will help us to raise it?—Ed.]

BOROUGH GREEN AND RYARSH, KENT.

Having spent some part of the winter in this neighbourhood, I thought I would ask for a corner in the *Vessel*, for a few jottings in reference to the proceedings of the old-fashioned folk, the Baptists.

In the month of December last, I learnt a meeting was to take place on the 31st, to recognise a good man and true, in the old-fashioned, and what some call worn-out Bible truths of the Gospel, as the pastor of the Strict Calvinistic Baptist Church of that place, viz., John Wood. Accordingly I bent my steps thither on that day, as I thought I should like to close the year with the people of God, whose desire it is to exalt the Lamb of God. On arrival, I found the service had commenced, and a goodly number of earnest countenances were congregated (greatly surpassing my expectation) in the neat, comfortable, little chapel; a venerable looking brother, whom I learnt was Mr. Lingley, the aged, of Maidstone, was in possession of the rostrum, interrogating the pastor as to his eal) by grace and to the ministry, which was answered in a workmanlike manner, evidently showing that God and not man was the author of it, and grace and not college was his training-school. Decidedly proving himself called of God by the revelation of His Son in Him to the work of the ministry, which is a position both noble and holy; all lovers of Gospel truth appeared satisfied and pleased with his testimony, and heartily wished him God speed in his pastoral labours.

The patriarchal Lingley then gave the pastor-elect a short address, the foundation of his remarks, Numbers vi. 24—26, concluding the afternoon service about five o'clock.

Tea was then served, which reflected great credit on the ladies, whose loving dispositions in Kent seem always anxious to add to the

comfort of the sterner sex in catering for their temporal wants.

The evening service—Bishop Dexter, of Meopham, previous to his reading and praying, offered a few remarks of congratulation and good wishes for the Bishop and his flock, in the diocese of Ryarsh—Bishop Huxham, of Borough Green, preached by request of the Church on appropriate and Gospel discourse, in which the Gospel bells were rung merrily and harmoniously (text, 1 Thess. v. 13), which was well received with almost breathless attention. Brother Huxham's friends at Borough Green appear to rally round him well and to be quite at home with him, as a large van full of them came, and others on foot.

On Thursday, February 5, I rambled into the rather spacious chapel of which brother Huxham is the minister, at Borough Green, it having been announced a tea and public meeting would be held, and surely a good season they must have had, and brother Huxham must be surrounded by some of the right sort, quite an army of young people appear to be hanging about him, receiving the Word from his lips, ready to serve him in any way they possibly can.

The noble and spacious new school room, which has been erected during Mr. Huxham's pastorate, was literally packed with bright, smiling, and happy countenances. The occasion of the meeting was to commemorate the Pastor's jubilee, he being fifty years of age on January 12. Trays were liberally given by the friends in the congregation, superintended by the teachers in the school, with whom the idea originated.

The public meeting I should say was quite a success, and must have been highly gratifying to those behind the scenes in particular, and even to all present. On the right and left of Pastor Huxham, who presided, we noticed Pastor Wood, of Ryarsh, Pastor Dexter, of Meopham, Deacon Crowhurst, of Ofham.

Service commenced with a piece being sung by the choir; Scripture read, prayer offered by brother Dexter. The pastor then addressed a few words as to the object of the meeting, viz., to commemorate an event which seldom occurs more than once in a man's life, and often never; also to express his thanks to the teachers for the handsome present they made him on his birthday, but had not given it into his absolute possession until now, as it was their wish he should occupy it at this meeting, viz., a very handsome, useful, easy, morocco-covered spring chair, which he graced admirably during the evening.

Brother Crowhurst, on behalf of the superintendent, read the annual report of the school, which was of a very encouraging nature, and admirably got up. Previous to his resuming his seat, he made the startling announcement, that he had been entrusted with a purse containing £6 10s., being the proceeds of the tea, which he was requested, on behalf of the teachers and friends, to present to their beloved pastor, as a token of their love and esteem for him in com-

memoration of his jubilee, and which, as for himself, he felt the greatest pleasure in being the medium of communication.

Thanks were returned by the pastor to the friends for their thoughtful and loving remembrance, in a few feeling, congratulatory, and stimulating words.

Master Wood spoke in a loving, kind, affectionate, and encouraging manner to the pastor on his jubilee, as also to the church, advancing some precious truths, suited alike to the old veteran and the young recruit.

Master Dexter said he was pleased to be there; pleased with the spirit of the meeting; pleased with the acts of kindness displayed in the presents; pleased with the success of the cause under the pastorate of Master Huxham, whose labours the Holy Ghost appears to be blessing to some considerable extent, as we learn two believers were baptized by Him the first Lord's-day in the year, and pleased with the report of the school. I was exceedingly pleased with the able way he analysed it and spoke relative to it. He closed his remarks in expressions of congratulation and good wishes for both pastor and people.

Several pieces were well executed during the evening on the harmonium, presided at by Master C. Walls, of Wrotham, and harmoniously sung by the choir, led by the sonorous voice of Master Jacob Crowhurst, as I was informed.

A happy evening was brought to a close by the pastor being loaded with good wishes for his spiritual and temporal welfare and usefulness.

By the bye, I further learnt the day chosen to celebrate the pastor's jubilee, viz., Feb. 5, was Mrs. Huxham's birthday; nothing having been said publicly about it. I was told that several privately wished her many happy returns of the day, and most assuredly I do, for she appears with her good husband to live in the affections of the people, and to be quite at home among them.

Another social gathering, I understand, is to take place on Good Friday. Service, afternoon and evening, with public tea; also the choir have engaged to attend and give some pieces, which they are enabled to do admirably. I am apprehensive this is to be a growing neighbourhood, as the railway from London to Maidstone, via Chatham and Dover line, is expected to be opened next month. May peace dwell in the church, prosperity attend the word, and God glorify His name in the cause at Borough Green and elsewhere. Amen.

A SOJOURNER IN KENT.

STEPNEY—(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*)—MY DEAR BROTHER,—I thought it would be as well for me to send you a few lines relative to our position as a Church and people at Bethel Chapel, Stepney. It is now pretty well known that our tenancy was to expire on the coming Lady-day; but, from communications received from our landlord, I regret to say we were led into a false position, viz., to believe we were to remain from quarter to quarter, which we

vainly hoped was to be for a very long time. Very much surprised was I, therefore, when I received a letter last week to say, if we chose to stay after Lady-day, it would only be for three months longer, that is, until Midsummer, and then to go out without further notice. No doubt, my dear brother, this is one of the decrees of our covenant God being unfolded to us, but what a painful unfolding it is! How sad to think that we are to be scattered abroad without any just cause whatever. I may say that we are not in debt, as has been reported, but we have always paid our way honourably. We raise for various objects over £300 per annum, which is a goodly sum. Our minister has been supported, our landlord has been paid his rent, and everybody has had their just due and demand; and I am bold to affirm, Mr. Editor, that for the truth of the Gospel, for supporting the cause, for consistency of character, and for exalting the matchless name of our glorious Lord, both minister and people, the Church of Mr. Thomas Stringer stands second to none in London. And we are to be broken up! And we are to be scattered abroad! Well, be it so, if it is the Lord's will. No place of retreat having been discovered, we can only come to the above conclusion; in fact, even if a place were found at the last moment it would not mend matters much, as our pastor, Mr. Stringer, is at perfect liberty to accept any call the Lord may direct him to, though not at liberty to go away from us until the final break up. Here we must leave the matter, my brother, in the hands of Him who "overrules all mortal things, and manages our mean affairs." Oh, that our heavenly Father may yet dispose the heart of some one to purchase for us, that we still may go on in the work and worship of the dear Redeemer; but if it be otherwise yet it will be well, according to the eternal Word of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will. Should anything appear favourable for us you shall hear from me again. In the meantime, with Christian love, I remain, Yours in Jesus,

GEORGE BALDWIN.

Oxford Street, Stepney.

March 16, 1874.

SETTLEMENT OF MR. BUCHANAN.

Askett, Bucks., Wednesday, Feb. 25.—Services were held to recognize the settlement of Mr. William Buchanan as pastor of the Baptist Church in this place. Afternoon service commenced by Mr. Buchanan giving appropriate hymn, and reading the Word. Mr. Crampin offered solemn prayer; many hearts were melted. A concise, well-arranged address was given by Mr. Buchanan; he gave a statement of the leadings of Divine providence from his childhood up to the present time. There were remarkable passages in it, setting forth with convincing force and power the sovereignty of Almighty God in first troubling his conscience about sin; the awful state of his soul; the effect it had both upon his body and mind; and the sudden and joyous liberty into which he was

brought while walking along the public street, moved some to tears. Mr. Buchanan also showed the way by which he had been led into the public service of Christ. First, as Scripture-reader under a clergyman of the Church of England, a post he sustained for about eight years; how he was led into the Baptist denomination; the way by which he had been carried into the ministry, and his ultimate settlement at Askett; with a clear and well-defined statement of his doctrinal sentiments; all was perfectly satisfactory. We cannot better characterize Mr. Buchanan's address than to repeat the words of pastor Crampin, that it was the sweetest and most blessed testimony he had ever heard, or had the privilege of listening to.

A pleasant time was spent at tea; everything well arranged and well carried out. In the evening a savoury discourse was preached by Mr. Crampin, who seemed as young, as powerful, and as happy as ever in that work so precious to his soul. We sung "Crown Him Lord of all," and thus ended one of the best days I ever spent at Askett.

G. LANE.

Butler's Cross, near Tring.

OUR AUSTRALIAN AND UNITED STATES MAILS.

We have received packets of *Signs of the Times, Church Advocate, &c.*, which we purpose to analyze, for these papers are almost wholly occupied with spiritual communications, furnishing heart-felt testimonies of a vital fellowship with our Lord Jesus and His Gospel; more simple, more genuine, more original than can be found in our English papers; we rejoice with grateful praises to our heavenly Father for these messages of grace from the distant parts of the New World. We ask for a continuance of these issues; and hope soon to raise a fund, enabling us to send out to these United States Christian friends copies of the EARTHEN VESSEL and CHEERING WORDS, because, from private letters, we find it is difficult to obtain our monthlies; but, where received, both EARTHEN VESSEL and CHEERING WORDS are highly prized. Bless the Lord, our work is not in vain.

PRECIOUS NOTE FROM PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN.

From Sydney, dated Feb. 15, 1874, we have letters from brethren Allen and John Wm. Bamber of a rich Gospel spirit. This month we can only take the following from brother Allen's note:

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The Lord bless you. I put in a line to you by my dear young brother John, who is making himself known to you, and I believe he will be lovingly known to you ere long.

Mr. Cuttle, of Melbourne, is a Particular Baptist, and, being a gentleman of education and considerable abilities, has succeeded in gathering the people around him. Our young brother Bamber has come to Sydney. I have had some strong crying to the Lord about this, with tears. Brother, my Lord hears me. He has opened doors for my brother, and

thus has added to our ranks. The Lord has given us a place in the very quays of the great hunter district. God in mercy establish it. I find it hard to get the people up to the apostolic work. "From you sounded out the Word of the Lord;" "They went everywhere preaching the Gospel of the kingdom in the synagogues of the Jews," &c. I never knew a company so guileless, true, humble, honourable, loving, and kind, as our pastors Hicks, Robey, Young, Sutherland, Beedel, and Bamber. Glory, glory be to God for such great grace in them. They are not very greatly gifted, but still they have enough to speak the Gospel plainly. Talented villains are in great abundance; highly-gifted vagabonds are without number. O that God the Holy Spirit would give your brethren in England a great spirit of prayer for us, that the blessed Gospel, by these simple-hearted, loving and humble men, may be blessed to many souls.

We have bought and begged a large number of tracts, *VESSELS, Standards, &c.*, to spread about among the people, and good has been done. We have put them in printed covers and called them "Particular Baptist Tracts." I have felt this rather heavy upon me; will any of my dear brethren send me supplies of good, sound Gospel tracts, *Cheering Words, Gleaners, Sowers*, and such like? We want large numbers for all these places in the country.

I have been spending and being spent a long, long time, but I cannot meet the demand upon me. Brothers, help us; we are young; we are beginning in a new land; the people are too few in a place to support our dear pastors in the things which are seen; many in England are the same; well, dear brothers, let us help each other with our prayers. Blessed be my Lord who said, "Pay for thee and Me." He has paid my debts all along, and so He will for ever. When I get to heaven, by mercy, He shall never, never hear the last of it. He has paid my way up from the gates of hell to the doors of heaven honourably, and He well deserves the praise, and He shall have it; because

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
And Jesus Christ is my all in all."

O what a sweet and precious Saviour He has been to me! so loving, so pitiful, and kind. I hear He is just the same all over the world to His own, and I fully believe this report just from what I have seen and felt of Him.

I send you our *Protestant Standard*. Bless the Lord, old Antichrist will soon stink all round the world; our Christ will soon be more glorious than ever unto the world's end. Never mind, brother, don't cry; our Lord will make Zion glorious very soon. Old Rome shall wail while we sing "Praise ye the Lord." Love to you and dear Zion,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

[We shall make up a large parcel of *VESSELS, CHEERING WORDS, &c.* to send out as early as possible. An "Australian Book Fund" will be commenced at our office. We ask for co-workers and help. We cannot do this single-handed.—Ed.]

IPSWICH.—BETHESDA CHAPEL.—On February 25th a tea and public meeting was held to celebrate the 78th birthday of the veteran Pastor. Mr. T. Poock, whose physical powers are evidently being relaxed, but, notwithstanding, usually preaches three times on Lord's-day and once in the week, besides conducting the prayer meetings. After singing the hymn,

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,"

and prayer by Mr. Sheldrake, the Pastor briefly reviewed the past year's sorrows and mercies, observing they had great cause for praise and thankfulness. Several of the sisters had been removed during the year to the brighter world, where God wipeth away all tears from all faces. One had entered her 95th year: in her last moments she said, "My precious Jesus." O how sweet, indeed, it must be to die in such a way. Three had been baptised. The Lord has never left them, and promised He never will. They did not feel at all inclined to lean to any of the compromising spirits of the day. The Sabbath school registers 130 scholars and 15 teachers, 10 of whom are members of the Church. We are inclined to think if the members of our Churches were half awake, they would be more ready for activity. Who so fit for so noble a work as godly men and women? Shame on their slothfulness! We were glad to find 10 members acting as teachers at Bethesda. Sodom would have been saved if ten righteous ones had been found therein. Brother Whorlow next addressed the meeting. He has been in the furnace and has been sharply tried. For a time his life was almost despaired of, but the Lord was gracious and restored him. Utterances of humility and thankfulness came from his heart. The brethren Thornley, Houghton, Morling, and T. Poock, jun., also gave addresses. The harvest is great, the labourers are few. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers.

PLYMOUTH.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—We held in February, at Howe street, a special meeting for prayer on the occasion of our brother George Cudlipp leaving us to settle at Cardiff in Wales. We are sorry to lose him; he has been an honourable member of the church for over nineteen years; he has stood by us in the storm as well as in the sunshine; beside which, as a good Gospel ox, he treads out the corn of Gospel truth in Howe street, and in other places, according to apostolic admonition. Those that labour in the world are to be accounted worthy of double honour. He preached from Jude's closing prayer, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy," &c.; after which, we commended him to the Lord, and brother Burbridge presented him with a marginal Bible, subscribed for by a few of the members as a token of their union to and affection for him. I trust the prayers of the church will be answered on his behalf,

and that the Lord may raise up some other faithful, truth-loving, and truth-living man to declare His truth in the midst of Zion.

J. WESTAWAY.

CLAPHAM.—Rehoboth Sunday-school sermon was preached March 8, from Isa. xxix. 23, by C. W. Banks. Mr. Fothergill has resigned his pastoral office here; the church is looking to the Lord to send them a messenger from Himself, an interpreter, and a kind, industrious, intelligent under-shepherd. Clapham is a delightful suburb; growing population, of easy access to the City, and where the truths of the Gospel have long been proclaimed. Where shall we find the man whom the King of glory will here delight to honour?

MEOPHAM.—The Annual Sunday School Meeting was holden on Tuesday, January 27. A report was read by the Superintendent, which showed the School to be in a healthy and prosperous condition. Mr. Dexter (Pastor) announced that during the past three years the friends had raised £400 for the purpose of building the minister's house, a circumstance for which they desired that evening to offer thanksgiving. The building was reared and entirely free from debt. An address was delivered by Mr. Wood, of Ryarsh, who, in the name of the parents, presented to Mr. French a handsome flower stand. Mr. Edgerton, of Chatham, also spoke, and on behalf of the friends presented Mr. Martin, who is the colleague of Mr. French, with a timepiece, as an expression of gratitude for services rendered. Both the brethren acknowledged the gifts, and a few words from the Pastor brought the meeting to a close.

WATCHER.

DOVER.—Our venerable pastor, John Austin, has been honoured at Pent-side annual meeting with a valuable and handsome present, value over £40. Since the days of fathers Crambrook, Edgecombe, and others our church has sailed on steadily in the faith, and although our pastor has not the large congregation he preached to at Tring, still he is happily useful, ripening for that garner of God's providing, into which so many have entered, and where they are for ever blest.

CITY ROAD.—Brother Walter James held anniversary of prayer meeting for the Spirit to be poured upon our Churches, on March 6, in his rooms, 43, Singleton street, East road. Over 40 friends assembled. There was a blessed Spirit pervading the gathering. C. W. Banks presided; brother Dearsly delivered spiritual address. Prayers were presented by E. Griffith, Myerson, R. G. Edwards, Collins, Mavhew, Warren, Nichols, Beddow, Starling, Foster, Brannam, &c. Walter James closed.

CHELTENHAM.—Mr. Joseph Flory has baptized recently; it is hoped many others will so follow their Lord.

NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE—Mr. Cornwell has been laid by with a severe cold, but we are glad to report his recovery. We understand his pulpit was supplied, during his absence, by two of the Surrey Tabernacle members, Mr. Backett and Mr. Mead, who were heard well by the people.

Notes of the Month.

"WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE."—A sermon, by C. H. Spurgeon. We have received from the publishing house of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster a copy of this discourse. We have patiently read it from beginning to end. We admit its arguments are ingenious and well carried out. It will be almost universally applauded, but so blind, so bigoted, so jealous, so uncharitable are we, that we could not feel at all satisfied with the sermon. We are asking, and we hope next month to answer, two questions. 1. What is it that is "Without Money and without Price?" 2. Has not Mr. Spurgeon, in this discourse, put such a price to be paid by the people as it is utterly impossible for any man to bring? We shall see.

TIMES OF EXCITEMENT.—We have feared that the dignity and solemnity of the Saviour's character and cause was too much lowered by many things recently passing before us. We have read and reviewed the out-spoken feelings of men on these things. Dr. Stoughton tells us he honours such holy feelings; still he believed Jesus, in a special manner, is now passing by—is now working amongst men. The careless, the ignorant, the blind are powerfully moved. There is a prophecy to the dry bones—there is a noise. There are large gatherings. After this, may the four essential winds of the heaven come and breathe upon the slain! We will watch, and hope to realize the saving power of the Spirit, the revealing glories of Jesus, the precious love of the Father, then Zion will shake herself from the dust, and thousands will rejoice.

"THE AWAKENING."—To our friend "A. N." and all others we say, God help us to pray that, while multitudes are powerfully beating the bushes, we may not only catch some of the living birds, but also some of the holy fire which, we trust, is burning in the souls of some of them.

DR. BINNEY AND DR. BROCK.—Everybody knows Thomas Binney is here no more. We knew he was physically a great man, but we did not know he was such a mental and ministerial giant until we read all the high encomiums which the editors have written of him since his death. One says, "He is gone to the Truth-Land;" which means, there is truth in heaven, if there is none on the earth. Dr. Brock has been trembling in the balance of a heavy sickness, but we hope he is recovering for a season. When we reflect upon the continuance of the veterans Woollocott, Felton, Philip Dickerson, Chas. Box, Samuel Milner, and a few others, we are amazed at the length of time some may

live after their work is done, while multitudes, in large circles of usefulness, are quickly taken off.

SCOTLAND.—Our valiant and beloved friend, T. J. Messer, is still working in Scotland to put down intemperance, and to open the mysteries of the Gospel. He has been, he still is, afflicted; but, although about seventy, he loiters not. Day after day, from place to place, he is journeying and proclaiming the moral, the spiritual, the eternal blessings resulting from a sober knowledge of the Gospel. He must be about the oldest temperance advocate now living. His reports of his mission are racy and full of interest.

ADVERTISING.—Mr. Editor,—A clever gentleman recently told us in his sermons that the points he was expounding would be found more largely treated in his books. Of course everybody wanted his books, but where can we find them?—**JONAH PANNELL.** [Enquire at our office. A Northamptonshire parson accustomed himself to carry his books in a large bag. When he had done preaching, then came the question, "Who will purchase my books?" J. Claygett thinks this system of hawking books, in the centre of the sermon, is against his trade, as he is a bookseller. Yes, but he is only a Gentle.]

BIRMINGHAM.—"What a mass of child's preaching there is here!" Surface Religionists are most successful in the appearance of things. The "foundations" are, to a large extent (ministerially), destroyed; the "everlasting Gospel," which John said "the angel had to preach," seems diluted. Is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" wanted now? Viaducts over the Slough of Despond are invented. Are they safe?

Deaths.

On the 4th March, 1874, Thomas Crowhurst, of Harvel Cottage, Meopham, Kent, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He had been a deacon of the Strict Baptist Church at Meopham (now under the pastoral care of Mr. Dexter) for a period of over forty years, and was baptized at Eynsford, by the late Mr. Rogers, more than fifty years since. After a short illness from bronchitis, he died, in a sweet and full confidence of his interest in that Redeemer he so long had known and loved.

RUSHDEN.—Another firm friend to doctrines of rich, free, and sovereign grace of our triune covenant God, has gone home to glory. Mr. John Corby died suddenly on March the 9th, in about four hours after being taken ill, aged seventy-three. Deacon twenty years at Elm Chapel, Rushden.

Other old friends seem to stand

"Ling'ring on the brink
And fear to launch away."

Wondering who next shall hear those sweet words,

"Child, your Father calls, come home."

ERRATUM.—In our March number, in announcing the marriage of Mr. Wm. Beach, jun., we stated he was the son of Mr. W. Beach, of Chelmsford, it should have been "Son of John Beach, Esq., of Neptune Villa, Berrymondsey."

An Extraordinary Appeal to the Deity.

[CONTINUATION OF THE "PURCHASE AND THE PRICE."]

" 'Tis the dying Victor's cry ! "

AFTER one of those Sabbaths when some ministers, with brain and body, work in bonds and sorrow, I flung myself on the seat of a railway carriage, having some miles to travel home. Musing silently, there sprung up this sentence, "the NINTH hour!" A thought ran through my soul like this: "the ninth hour was a special time with the Jews." It was then that they offered up the Paschal Lamb. "At the ninth hour," Mark says very distinctly, "Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? Which is, being interpreted, My God, My God, WHY hast THOU forsaken Me?" Passing for the present "the ninth hour," my heart was drawn into a long and deep research after the true and real meaning of this appeal unto the Eternal God, by the suffering and expiring Mediator,—THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

The Time when this cry pierced the heavens was most remarkable and eventful. The Person from whom the cry proceeded was a gloriously and graciously extraordinary Personage; and the appeal itself was, to my mind, like a fountain full of the most heavenly and yet mysterious meaning.

Towards this time, when Jesus was nailed to the cross, all heaven, and all heavenly-minded men had been looking for four thousand years! Back upon that time angels, apostles, martyrs, ministers, and all God-blessed Christians have now been looking for near two thousand years! For six thousand years have the eyes of the regenerated elect of God been looking—either forward or backward—upon that time, that day, that hour—"the ninth hour," when Jesus with a voice so loud did cry, "My God, My God, WHY hast THOU forsaken Me?"

Neither my time nor my space will let me give here any thought upon the Divine and Human—the complex Person who made the appeal: that I have written in outline; but there in silence it must lie for awhile.

The appeal itself gently opened up in my mind on a subsequent evening; and just four of the rays, or beams of light which issued therefrom are imperfectly noted here, subject to the criticisms and corrections of any of the more favoured ministers of our Great Advocate and most glorious High Priest, the Captain of our salvation.

While our Lord was and is the Mighty God, equal and co-eternal with the Father—here the distinction between the Divine Personalities appeared clear and certain—the Holy Son of God, unto the Eternal Majesty in the heavens, cries out, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" This was the first ray in my mind. The Eternal Divinity and equally eternal distinct Personality of the Son of God in the Trinity, has always been the richest and most blessed revelation which my soul has been permitted to enjoy.

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Secondly, this appeal did wonderfully unfold the innocence, the freedom from taint, or sin of any kind in His immaculate, spotless, perfect, and holy Person, as though He said, "In ME, Holy Father, as in My own Person, as Thy Son and Thy Servant, is there one, even the slightest taint which causeth Thee to forsake Me?" Nay, He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," as in His own mysterious Person He dwells.

A third thought, more difficult to express than any was this—that after hanging so long, after three hours of such intense darkness, after enduring the extremes of torment, He comes in all the feelings of His Manhood—in all the sufferings and griefs of His soul to the very belly of hell itself; and when Philip preached Christ unto the Eunuch, he said distinctly, "In His humiliation His judgment was taken away." That is, in the darkest and deepest hour of His soul's agonies, He was (in *feeling*, though not in *FACT*) so bereft and deserted, that all knowledge of His covenant-engagements—all realisation—for the moment, of His true and proper Sonship was so overwhelmed, that, while He never lost His hold of faith upon His God, He did lose all enjoyable sense of His real character; therefore, out of the darkness of His deep prostration, He cries, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The Jews had four kinds of death for the most guilty of criminals:—Strangling, beheading, burning, and stoning. These four all culminated, I believe, in the death on the cross, which in my next may appear; and of all this, more anon.

The last small beam of light from this "WHY?" was exceedingly precious. My pen can find no words fully to define it: this is all I can say of it. The Jews, when they would most positively affirm and declare a great fact, would do it by way of exulting challenge, as Paul in his triumphant eighth of Romans: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" "Who is he that condemneth?" "Who shall separate us?" and so on. Now, as OUR JESUS was a complex Person, so this was an appeal of a complex character—on the one hand, in His human nature, He was amazed. Isaiah says, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him;" then, as the final climax of the whole, the Prophet says, "*He hath put HIM to GRIEF!*" That is the word I will explain in my next. On the other hand, in His Divine nature, as this precious Redeemer, as this Goel, this Daysman is coming out of this dark abyss of the curse, bringing His Church up with Him, He triumphantly cries out, "O, My God! why? ah, why hast Thou forsaken Me? Is it not because it pleased Thee to make the iniquity of all Thine elect to meet upon Me? I have borne their chastisement; I have, FOR THEM, been made sin, that they in Me might be made righteousness!" Wherefore Luke says, He cried with a loud and strong voice, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit;" and John is favoured to tell us, His Master then exclaimed, "IT IS FINISHED! and bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." Having in the next six days some hundreds of miles to travel, and ten sermons to preach, I hope this wondrous theme of life, love, atoning blood, and a finished salvation by the One all-perfect and eternal Saviour, will be the subject of them all, by yours most truly,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's road, Notting hill. April 2, 1874.

"IF YOU WILL ONLY LET HIM."

A NOTE TO DR. J. STOUGHTON.

HONOURABLE DR. STOUGHTON.—As a modern divine of no mean order; as the minister of a Congregational Church of large dimensions in the aristocratic part of England's gigantic metropolis; as an author of superior ability and extensive fame, I approach you with feelings of pure, natural, and social respect, and beseech you to allow one of those "foolish things of the world" which Paul told the Corinthians, "God had chosen to confound the wise;" one of those "weak" ones, sometimes employed "to confound the things which are mighty;" yea, as one of those despised things which, in the estimation of the higher ranks of the clergy, are as "NOT," or as worse than nothing, which the Almighty, the Eternal, Just and Holy God sometimes sends forth "to bring to nought THINGS THAT ARE," in order to illustrate and accomplish two essential and great principles "that no flesh should glory in His presence," but that "He that glorieth should glory (only) in the Lord;" as one of those now accounted as "the off-scouring of all things" (1 Cor. iv. 13) I beseech you, Dr. Stoughton, to sit down in your study-chair, and let me freely speak unto thee: for if thou art not ministerially dishonouring the glorious CHRIST OF GOD, then I am fearfully blind and awfully deceived, as regards the genius, the design, and the true character of the Gospel ministry. With a gentlemanly and dignified flirt, I think I hear you exclaim, "I am engaged! I cannot attend to you! WHO ARE YOU? and WHAT IS THE nature of your mission to me?"

Sir, you may be engaged; but I am resolved, in the fear of the Lord, in the defence of the Gospel, and with the hope of throwing some few words of holy truth into thy soul, to constrain you to attend to me.

Do you ask "Who are you? What's your name? On what errand do ye come?" I answer, with all simplicity and meekness, I am the author of "*The Country Lad and the Christian Curate*," whose pages you, no doubt, have perused with singular interest, and from whence you learned that I was born in a low and marshy part of this island; that I was not exactly "brought up," as the people frequently talk, but that I entered an ancient foundation college near the woods, the waters, and the hop-gardens of a very rural district; was subsequently trained under the sharp discipline of a venerable parish clerk; matriculated in a printing-office; took my degrees as sub-editor, reporter, and reader to a city weekly, and ultimately ordained as a "S.P.B.M." in London: and as "Home Missionary" I have travelled and tried to tell the tale of evangelical truth in most parts of this our richly-favoured British home. My name, sir, in full, and where I reside, shall be found at the end of my note; so now, having thus introduced myself with such frankness and good feeling, I know your gentlemanly, courteous, and amiable spirit will calm down to a patient attention to the few words I have to pour so quietly into your ear.

Oh! pray, Dr. Stoughton, that it may be with me as it was with that good old king, whose name you know, and who said, "the Spirit of the Lord spake by me; and His Word was in my tongue:" for "He shall

be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth: even a morning without clouds ;" that morning, dear Dr. Stoughton, has never yet fully and perfectly dawned, either upon your precious soul or mine; we are still living in a rather cloudy dispensation: therefore, it properly becometh us to receive with meekness the engrafted Word which is able to save us from the perils of the second death; for, humble distich though it be, there is correctness in its sense, which says:—

"The sons of science and of fame
By God are not preferred;
He gives to some of little name
The treasures of His Word.
Amos was called from servile clans
To preach to dying souls;
Bunyan from brazing leaky pans,
And Hunt from heaving coals."

Despise not, therefore, the day of small things; but, as the King of kings stopped, and stopped to listen to the plaintive cries of one blind Bartimeus, so, eloquent and learned Dr. Stoughton (now having a member's chair in the Athenæum), sit ye down patiently, and peacefully listen to the appeals of "The Country Lad and the Christian Curate," who promises not to detain you long.

First of all, most learned and exalted Dr., let me ask you: think ye not most painfully, that in the present current history of England, the times of Jehoshaphat are being produced over again?

"Jehoshaphat," "the judgment of the Lord" has been the reigning power—the ministerial power—in those Protestant Churches, which were wont to be termed, "Independent," and "Baptist" Churches; from whence Churches of your faith and order first did spring: their ministers, and their godly people most certainly enjoyed and expounded "the Judgment of the Lord:" that is the revealed mind and will of the Lord God Almighty, as regards the total ruin of maukind in the fall; as regards the law and the old covenant of works; as regards the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the essential life, light, and liberty-bestowing powers of God the Holy Ghost. "The judgment of the Lord" was enunciated by many of the faithful fathers who preceded such men as your worthy self, and the co-workers with you.

Often, with sorrow, must you have read that when Jehoshaphat had riches and honour in abundance, he went and joined affinity with Ahab, who drew the good king Jehoshaphat into a dangerous and dreadful war, wherein Ahab was slain. But the point to which my attention has been specially called is that part of the history where the conscience of Jehoshaphat compels him to adjure Ahab first to "enquire of the Lord" whether they shall with success go up against Ramoth-Gilead? The Assyrian King called his 400 prophets, who, all with one consent, exclaimed, "Go up to Ramoth-Gilead and prosper, for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king."

The providence of God brought up Micaiah, a prophet hated by Ahab, but honoured of God, whose indirect but piercing verdict was opposed to the whole of the 400 false witnesses. Micaiah—a word which in the Hebrew means "Who-is-as-the-Lord!"—burst forth with a prophecy fastly fulfilling in our times, when he cried out, "I did see all Israel scattered upon the mountains as sheep that have no shepherd, and the Lord said, These have no Master:" which is painfully too much the

case with the sheep of Christ in these times, most assuredly, Dr. Stoughton. The masters in our British Israel are gone; who have we in their stead? God, even now, has not left Himself without witnesses, but, for the most part, they are despised.

Let me proceed. Micaiah's word brought the august assembly to a stand. While they are pausing, the Prophet Micaiah is inspired again: he says, "Hear the Word of the Lord: I saw the Lord sitting upon His throne and all the host of heaven standing on His right hand and on his left; and the Lord said, Who shall entice Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one spake, saying after this manner, and another saying after that manner. Then there came out a spirit and stood before the Lord, and said, I will entice him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go out and be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And the Lord said, Thou shalt entice him, and thou shalt also prevail; go out, and do even so."

Then said Micaiah, "Now therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil against thee."

For this prophecy poor Micaiah was smitten on the cheek (as many other Micaiahs have been), and was cast into prison, being sustained with bread of affliction and water of affliction, even unto this very day.

Did not that lying spirit come forth in Jacobus Arminius, who was considered a famous minister at Amsterdam in the sixteenth century? What did that spirit positively affirm? It declared:—

1. That Predestination was not absolute, but conditional.
2. That Christ has not only redeemed all, but that there is a universal grace given to all mankind: that grace is not an irresistible principle; that man is a free agent, always at liberty to obey all the motions of the Holy Ghost, or to resist them.
3. That with respect to perseverance, a man may, after justification, fall and perish.

With the earlier errors of Pelagius, in the fifth century, I stop not now to trouble you; but having your sermon on "the Periods of Excitement," I do, of necessity, protest against the spirit and meaning of this paragraph which is published, as expressing your own words. Addressing your congregation in Kensington Chapel, on the 8th of February, 1874, you said:—

"And now I urge again the fact that Jesus is passing by, that He is present, and is waiting, as it were, before you, standing and looking at you in the face, ready to lay His hand upon you, *if you will only let Him*. And remember, if you miss this opportunity, when you wake up in another world from the state of unconsciousness in which you are in at this moment, you may ask mercy only to be told that Jesus of Nazareth *has* passed by, and that the Saviour has become the Judge."

Dr. Stoughton, I ask, did you fully believe these things when you delivered them? Did any one of your hearers believe them? Had you authority from the teachings of the Saviour, or from the ministry of the apostles, for such assertions? I pause here. I leave you now. In the month of June, if grace and life be given, I will call on you again.

EVIDENCES OF BEING IN CHRIST.

[The conclusion of Mr. George Burrell's Sermon.]

Referring to his text (Romans viii. 1), Mr. Burrell proceeds to say:—

THIS word condemnation is in some places rendered “damnation,” and has alarmed some of God’s timid saints. “He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself.” Satan has frightened some of God’s people away from the ordinance by this text: he has represented it as meaning eternal damnation, whereas it should be condemnation; the conduct of the Church at Corinth was very condemnable; that is evidently the meaning there and in other places of a similar nature. But the word condemnation in our text does mean “damnation.” There is no curse, no hell, no penalty to them which are in Christ, and the reason is this: He was made sin for us who knew no sin, He was cursed in our stead, and He hath therefore redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. Ah, then, no wonder to be thus covered and shielded from all that is penal and destructive on the one hand, and to be thus blessed, honoured, and enriched on the other; no wonder the Apostle, who possessed such a large understanding of these sublime and precious mysteries, should say, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ and be found in Him, no matter where we are found; if we are found out of Christ, we shall be found wanting; but if trouble finds us there it cannot harm us; if temptation finds us there it will only refine us; if death finds us there it cannot harm us; and if the great and notable day of the Lord finds us there, we shall be safe when worlds depart on fire. O, then, how important the question becomes. Where are we? in Christ, or in our sins; in the kingdom of Satan, or in the kingdom of God’s dear Son. Well, the sensible sinner, the living soul, is deeply concerned to know, therefore, let us come,

Thirdly, To the evidences of interest, as described in the text, and they are thus described, they walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. What is it then to walk after the flesh? anxiously enquires the believer. Well, the Apostle explains a little lower down what it is in these words: “They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh,” that is, they follow with avidity and pleasure the inclinations of the flesh, in a great variety of different forms, of course; but it is the flesh, fleshly ease, fleshly gratification, fleshly honour, they do not walk after the Spirit *at all*; they *cannot*, for they which are in the flesh cannot please God; if they walk after religion, and that it is certain thousands do in our days, it is all fleshly religion—that which pleases the flesh, that which exalts the flesh—they will follow that which gratifies the fleshly senses, and so Popery and Puseyism has all manner of painted windows and pictures and images to catch the sense of seeing, music to catch and please the sense of hearing—many walk after this pleasing sound to the natural ear; incense and perfumes to gratify the sense of smelling; and the real body and blood of Christ,

as they blasphemously assert, for the sense of feeling and taste. This is walking with a certainty, not only after a fleshly religion, but after a diabolical religion, for it all came from hell and will descend again with all its votaries, admirers, and followers, as sure as God is true. These are, of course, some of the most gross flesh-pleasing systems; and then there are a host beside who preach up the power of man's free will, and declare the ability rests upon and with man himself to turn to God and be a Christian when He pleases, this, of course, pleases the carnal mind; but God has determined to stain the pride of all creature glory. His determination is that no flesh shall glory in His presence; to walk after the flesh, therefore, is to be in the flesh, to be in sin, to be governed by its motions, to consult it, and to follow all its dictates as far as lies in the power of its followers. We walk after, or follow that which we approve; to walk after the flesh is, therefore, to walk according to the course of this vain world, to approve of its maxims, to be at home in its company, to be absorbed in its pleasures, to go the way by nature, all flesh goes, the broad way, the downward way; it is to go unopposed on the stream of sin in the arms of the wicked one down to the chambers of death. Such persons have no foundation whatever to hope that they are in Christ, but give evident and demonstrative proofs that they are without Christ and aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, strangers, entire strangers to God, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them; they may be professedly in Him, but His solemn words to such are, "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit shall be taken away; every plant which My Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

But those who are vitally, experimentally, and blessedly in Christ do not walk after the flesh but after the Spirit. They are not free from the flesh; they are plagued and opposed continually by the flesh; they know that in them, that is, in their flesh, there dwelleth no good thing; they will not, therefore, and cannot voluntarily follow that in which they are deeply convinced is no good; they are not free from fleshly inclinations to sin; they are the subjects of fleshly lusts which war against the soul, and oftentimes they have to mourn and groan because of the powerful operations of the flesh; but they are not left and cannot fulfil, carry out, and prosecute, as those in the flesh do, the desires of the flesh and of the mind; they walk after the Spirit; follow with pleasure His promptings; walk after the light of truth; they walk the way of the Spirit which is Truth. "He will guide you into all truth." To walk after the Spirit is to cease from one's own works; to leave Sinai to renounce self, for if ye be led of the Spirit ye are not under the law; to walk after the Spirit is, therefore, to walk in the light as He is in the light; to walk at large, for where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty; to walk after the Spirit is to mind the things of the Spirit, and to receive most cordially the testimony and things of the Spirit of God; His testimony in divine revelation as to sin, salvation, and every other eternal truth; to walk after the Spirit is to be led to Christ, for His work is to glorify the Saviour; to walk after His sweet teachings and leadings, therefore, is to live a life of faith upon the Son of God; to draw all supplies from Christ; to take and to roll all burdens, sins, and sorrows on Christ, and to be conformed by the Spirit's power working within to the image of Christ. These are the blessed

characters, and these are their marks and evidences, as declared by the lips of our most glorious Christ Himself: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Have we, then, heard the Word of Christ, and received that Word, not as the word of man but as the Word of God? Has it proved to be to us the engrafted Word? Has it brought our souls into vital union to Christ? If so, we are alive from the dead; ours is the blessed position and condition we have faintly described. To us there is no condemnation, and never can be, world without end. Amen.

THE STARS.

THE stars, the stars, how bright they shine in yon blue vault above,
As slowly to'ard the distant West in stately march they move.
I loved them as a little child, and still the star-lit sky
Has power to fill my wond'ring mind with eager ecstasy.

Yes, they are vocal to my heart, of Him they softly tell,
Who in the far-off glory-world enthroned in light doth dwell;
Whose wisdom their design first planned, whose power upholds them still,
As they in cycles vast roll on obedient to His will.

Yet they are but His *finger works* ; * how mighty then the arm
With which His children He defends from all that might alarm !—
That arm on which He bids them lean as through the world they roam ;
The arm that will support each one till all arrive at home.

Countless though seem yon glitt'ring train, by names He calls them all ;
By number He in power brings out their host empyreal ;
And lonely though my life may be, I never am alone,
My every care, to Him who holds the stars, is fully known.

When darkness veils the slumbering world, yon orbs of radiant light,
Like sentinels, their vigils keep throughout the silent night ;
So God, enthroned in glory bright, with eye that never sleeps,
With love's untiring ministry His Israel guards and keeps.

I watch them with a yearning heart ; how still and calm they are !
Sweet emblems of that world of joy whose peace no foes can mar ;
Where strife and turmoil shall have ceased, and where, for ever blessed,
Each worn and weary traveller shall gain the wished-for rest.

And oft they raise my grateful thought the star-lit sky above,
To God's great home where all His saints shall reign in endless love ;
Where I, when called away from earth, hope through His grace to stand,
To take the place designed for me among the white-robed band.

Ere long the Sun again will rise, and then the shining host
From the illumined firmament to sight will all be lost ;
And soon the Sun of Righteousness in glory shall arise,
While lesser lights all fade away before our raptured eyes.

Then will all love and joy in Him alone concentred be,
And " Christ is all and all " confessed throughout eternity.
O may I then in Him be found and His sweet praise prolong
Far, far beyond the distant stars in Heaven's unending song.

Holloway.

MARIAN.

* Psalm viii. 3.

A STRONG CONSOLATION & A FEARFUL WARNING ;

OR, TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

By JOSIAH MORLING, MINISTER OF ZOAR CHAPEL, IPSWICH.

2 CHRON. XIII.

THIS whole chapter is replete with thrilling interest and instruction. It shews a solemn contrast, worthy of our most serious consideration. In the first place, we have Abijah, King of Judah, with his army of four hundred thousand men. Secondly, Jeroboam, King of Israel, with his eight hundred thousand. The historic account is well known to every Bible reader. There are not a few who suppose such portions of Scripture as this have become obsolete, at least as far as we are concerned. We are far from thinking such to be the case. By looking at the chapter in a mystic sense, we have Abijah and his people representing the true Church of God on earth; Jeroboam and his people, the false Church. The former represents the true Church, inasmuch that they had not departed from God's order of things relative to the service of the Temple, &c. "As for us, the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken Him." Nothing can be more clear to the Scripture reader than the fact, that in all ages God has had His own order of things respecting true worship; and that the departure from it has incurred His righteous displeasure, as in the case of Uzza, who was smitten for laying hold of the ark to prevent its falling, which ark had been put upon a new free-will cart, that had not been ordered by, nor received the sanction of, the Lord. As David said, "It was because . . . we sought Him not after the due order." Certain it is, God's order of things in the Levitical dispensation was beautifully typical of a better order, and, far more glorious, that should be displayed in the Gospel dispensation.—"Which was a figure for the time then present." "For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious." If, then, God was so exceedingly particular about things which in themselves were but mere shadows, and manifested His anger against such as departed from them, how much more so concerning things infinitely more valuable and glorious? Judah adhered to the order of the *old* covenant; God still has a people who abide faithfully by the *new* covenant order.

Abijah said, "The priests which minister unto the Lord are the sons of Aaron." These, and these only, were ordained, sanctified, called, and anointed for so holy and sacred an office. This God Himself had solemnly declared, both by commandment and judgment. Is it less important that men now should be ordained, sanctified, called, and anointed by the Holy Ghost for the more solemn work of the Gospel ministry? Are not spiritual realities far more momentous than carnal ordinances, which things could not make the comers thereunto perfect? God has never been without His faithful witnesses, nor do we think He ever will be, although there has been times when they were comparatively few indeed. For many years England has been highly favoured in this respect; but we can scarce refrain from weeping when we remember how many truth-loving champions of late have been called from off the

stage, and, as yet, so few appear to have received, or even desire the mantle of those illustrious men of God.

Again. "They burn unto the Lord every morning and evening burnt sacrifices and sweet incense." Yes, and are there not those still who glory in setting forth the great sacrificial work of Christ? Indeed, He was the great Sin-bearer: "On Him was laid the iniquities of us all." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Heaven appointed no other, provided no other, approves no other, accepts no other. In that was, is, ever will be value, worth, dignity. Would we in the hands of our faith bring to the Lord an acceptable burnt-offering? Ah, then, let it be nothing short of a perfect Christ. Would we bring sweet incense to burn upon the altar of our devotion before our God? O, then, let it be nothing more nor less than the merits of our adorable Redeemer. Precious Lord Jesus! Thy precious blood, Thy dignified merits, are indeed the richest perfume, the sweetest fragrance that earth or heaven knows. O ye sons of Judah, ye children of the mystic Zion, forget not, forbear not to come before the Lord morning and evening with this burnt-offering and sweet incense.

"The shewbread also set they in order upon the pure table." It was not lawful for any but the priests to eat the shewbread. God's people are a "Royal priesthood" ordained to offer spiritual sacrifices. It is they, and they only, who do or can feast upon the bread of life. "Feed the Church of God." What with? Christ saith, "I am the bread of life." Hence, Paul said, "We preach Christ crucified," yea, and are determined to know nothing else among men. "Bread corn is bruised." Christ was indeed bruised that he might become living bread to every poor hungering soul. Fail not then, O ye officiating priests, to bring the bread of life fresh and hot into the sanctuary every Sabbath, that God's hungry poor may be fed, yea, and be satisfied with the goodness of His house.

Again, there was "the candlestick with its lamp." The Gospel of God is called "a light that shineth in a dark place." And Christ said to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." They went forth, carrying the seeds of the everlasting Gospel, and scattered them broadcast wherever they went, which burst and cast forth rays of light, like bright and shining lamps, dispelling the darkness, ignorance, and superstition that the people had hitherto been wrapt in. Their faces shone, and it was said of them, "These men have been with Jesus." So it continues to go on, predictions are being fulfilled, promises accomplished, and Christ, the sum and substance and the true light of the Gospel, has, indeed, become "a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of His people Israel." "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the (spiritual) world." The faithful in mystical Judah still set forth the light of the glorious Gospel of God, and keep the charge of the Lord our God.

"And, behold, God Himself is with us for our Captain." Happy people! blest beyond compare. O what a claim for faith to make! God Himself! Not merely a mighty convoy of angels: that would have been great. But there is no satisfying a living soul with anything short of God Himself. Poor, weak, worthless, insignificant, and hell-deserving he feels himself. Yet, true living faith saith, "Give me

Christ or else I die." "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." God *was* with them in His covenant relationship. He *is* still with His dear people in the *new* covenant relationship. *That* was a covenant of works which could be and was at different times broken by the creature. *This* is ordered in all things and sure: hence, cannot be broken, because no creature has any hand in the matter, but the three glorious persons in the Trinity in Unity. "There are three that bear record in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." In essence, purpose, and power. Eternity, immutability, and omnipotence, are essential attributes of the blessed Trinity. *That* was but a time, national, and temporal covenant. *This* stretches back eternal ages, encompasses in its embrace all the changing scenes of time without *its* being changed; rolls on through countless ages of eternity, when the wheels of old nature shall cease to move, yea, parallel with the existence of Jehovah Himself.

Again, when Abijah uttered these words it appears the eye of his faith was fixed upon the *faithfulness* of God, to which faith always gives credit. Faith never doubts, but, like charity, believes all things. Many people foolishly and ignorantly take doubts to be evidences of Christianity, which perhaps is one of the most prolific causes of so much supineness and sterility in our churches in the present day. It is high time this wretchedly base deceiver should be unmasked, exposed, and denounced by every servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. Doubts are the fruit of hell, fostered in the corrupt soil of the human heart, and are an annoyance and plague to every child of God. Faith honours God, doubts *dishonour* Him. Although the Christian may have ten thousand doubts rise up, as perhaps Abijah had, yet faith rises higher than them all, and gives them all the lie, and says, "God is faithful." He hath said, "Lo, I am with you alway, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." She ransacks all the annals of history and proves to her satisfaction and their confusion that He hath never yet forfeited His word, waxes more bold, grasps the sword, and in the strength of the Lord slays all the grovelling, flesh-pleasing calf-worshippers. Abijah's faith had God's great *power* also in view. Did not the great apostle say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me?" The power of Jehovah is always ready to be put into operation on behalf of His dear people when needed. It matters not if it is the Red Sea or Jordan to be passed through, to blast an Assyrian army, to open prison doors, the casting out legions of devils, frustrating the subtle plots of hell, or turning to naught the cunning, crafty artifices of the time-serving, calf-kissing, truth-hating Jero-boams, who are stalking all over our country, pretending to be friends to Israel, but are leading poor deluded souls blindfolded to hell, and endeavouring to wrench the sceptre from the hand of our royal, anti-typical Judah, and trying with all their might to annihilate from the face of the earth the people who abide by the good old yea and amen order of things. But, saith faith, "Cheer up, fellow soldier, for God Himself, in all the omnipotence of His power, is with us for our Captain; He has a thorough knowledge of all our enemy's stratagems, He never leaves in time of war, but makes the arms of our hands strong for the battle, yea, even fights our battles for us. Therefore, *to* Him we will look and pray, *in* Him put our trust, *on* Him rely. The

victory is sure, for He giveth the victory to all that love Him through our Lord Jesus Christ, and we shall be more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us.

Cautiously would we now look at the solemn warning.

(To be concluded next month).

PRACTICAL ADVICE ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

NOW before setting to work to show you how to proceed in the study of English Grammar, allow us to caution you against a very common error: many persons say, "What is the use of wasting time, and puzzling our brains about nouns, adjectives, verbs, &c.; we can talk very well without that." This is not the right way of looking at the matter, whether you can detect them or no, you may depend upon it you make plenty of blunders, just because you are not acquainted with the rules of Grammar, and it is only because you have never mastered the mysteries of the nine parts of speech that you cannot discover your own mistakes. You cannot learn to speak correctly by studying the Dictionary, which is simply for reference. Once for all, it must be understood, plainly and distinctly, that the study of Grammar is neither to be shirked nor skimmed lightly over; it must be well masticated, and thoroughly digested before you can possibly proceed to our main object, the study of the Greek Testament, because the principal grammatical terms are alike in English and Greek, and until you are quite familiar with the general facts of Grammar you are not in a position to proceed to the study of another language.

Do not imagine that Grammar is an artificial set of rules imposed upon the language, or that the Grammar was formed first, and the language afterwards shaped in accordance with it; these are both errors. Grammar, rightly considered, is merely a statement, in as clear a manner as possible, of facts already existing. English Grammar is an unfolding of those general principles which are found to govern all languages, and also of those various peculiarities which distinguish our own from other tongues. The authors of the Grammar-book did not make rules *for* the language, they simply stated, as best they were able, the rules which already existed, and were observed by the usage of the best writers *in* the language.

It would be more than our space would allow to go through the Grammar piecemeal; and the book we have recommended is so simple that we do not imagine you will meet with many difficulties. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few observations on some points which might possibly escape your notice. You *must* write out every exercise from the beginning; never mind if some of the earlier ones look very simple, you had much better go again over something you know already than miss anything. Do not be afraid of the labour of *writing* out the exercises, it is the only way to master them thoroughly; do not be lazy and think reading them will do as well. There is no royal road to learning any subject. You can get a slate for fourpence, and when you have done one exercise you can rub it out and go on again. Do not miss anything. Go straight through the book, page by page, till you reach page 59, when you may pass on to page 100, leaving the remarks on derivation until you have finished the book; they are very useful, but not being absolutely necessary to correct speaking, you can leave them for the present. Do not be alarmed at the sight of the verbs written out in full from page 34 to 44, they must be thoroughly mastered, and a little diligence will soon overcome all difficulties. At this point you may advantageously refer to page 146. Write out not only the exercises on the verbs, but the forms of the verbs themselves, first the auxiliaries, then the verb "to

praise," and then the passive "to be praised," in the form recommended at page 162. Write these out not once, nor twice, but continually, until you know them, and can repeat them easily from memory.

It may be asked what is the best way of committing anything to memory? should we sit down, or stand up, or walk about; to this we say, whichever you find most convenient to yourself, practice will teach you better than any direction of ours, and rules that would suit one person's disposition would be altogether unfit for another. Still, if we gave any general rule upon committing to memory, it would be this:—when you have read anything over carefully, so that you understand it, write it out, then read it over several times, and try whether you have made any progress by putting your hand on the slate, and endeavouring to repeat the lesson: continue this process until you have mastered whatever it is you are engaged upon, sufficiently to write it from memory. Never proceed to a fresh lesson until you have thoroughly mastered the one before it, and do not go hopping and jumping about the book here, there, and everywhere. If anything appears very difficult, do not give it up, read it over very slowly and carefully several times, and if you cannot understand it then, put it away till the next day, then look at it again, and it will be plainer than before. If you do not understand it now, try again the next day, and so on, until your difficulties vanish.

The learner must not be discouraged because at first his ideas of the subject are rather hazy; further acquaintance will remove all this. There are four stages in mental assimilation: firstly, when we feel uncertain as to whether we are right at all; secondly, when a strong effort has to be made to recollect the required rule; thirdly, when it readily occurs to us directly we want to use it; and, fourthly, when it becomes a part of us, and we employ it unconsciously.

We shall suppose that our student has, during the day, bought an Allen and Cornwell's Grammar. On leaving his work he scans it through as he walks home. Having seated himself with his Grammar before him he proceeds to write out the first exercise, the paragraph on which he has learnt going home. On correcting it he finds numerous mistakes, and, therefore, resolves to commit to memory more thoroughly the lesson. He reads the first one through very carefully, till he quite understands it, and then aloud, at the same time endeavouring to imprint the form and look of the words on his eye. When he thinks that he has mastered the instruction on the first page, he will write it out verbatim, and compare it with the book to see if it is quite correct, and should it not be he will pursue the foregoing method again and again until it is ineffacably fixed in his memory, and he can write it out exactly word for word. He will then carefully write out the exercise, and afterwards correct it, drawing a line under his errors, so as to be able to go through them at the earliest opportunity. Until he has done all this he will not attempt the next lesson. We cannot too strongly impress upon our student's mind that it is not his object to get through as many exercises as possible, but to *learn*, and the two things are by no means the same. Before finally putting away his books for the night, he will ask himself what he has learnt, and should he not be able to readily answer this very important question he will again go through his evening's work until he can. If he has any spare time on the morrow morning he will read the lesson over again, and look carefully through his corrections in the exercises, so as to prevent their fading from his recollection. Of course he need not read over what he has done rightly, but only his corrected mistakes. When he has gone through each exercise in this manner a second time he will make a mark in the book against the sentences over which he stumbled, so as to be able to easily write out them alone again and again, and he may advantageously read over the rules as often as he likes. On his way to business in the morning he will commit to memory the succeeding rules one by one. This, with a little practice, he will find quite easy, and it will save much time. Our own experience leads us to strongly recommend this; indeed, physiologists say

that some action of the body is needed to counterbalance the extra activity of the brain during the period of study. But the student must not forget to practise at the first available opportunity what he has thus learnt. At such intervals as he may have during the day he will repeatedly go through the rules he is committing to memory, for a lesson which has been learnt by heart in the usual way is generally forgotten in three hours; the memory must, therefore, be continually exercised in order to baffle its treachery. He can pursue the same method at night going home as in the morning, and if he cannot see to read fresh rules, he can think over the old ones, and what exercises he is going to do when he gets home. This is hard work, but we are sure that our future ministers will deem no sacrifice too great in the cause of Christ, and love to the Master will hallow and brighten the sternest toil.

J. L. and J. E. B.

Any communications on the subjects of these papers, or exercises for correction, may be addressed to J. L., 3, Avenue rd., Clapham, S. Inclose stamp if a reply is required.

A CURIOUS, ORIGINAL, RHYMING LETTER, BY THE CELEBRATED COALHEAVER.

MR. R—, a minister in Cambridgeshire, having read with much interest Mr. Hooper's Memoirs of Huntington, has kindly forwarded a copy of the following singular letter from him, which came into his hands from his family having been friends of that extraordinary man, and has never before appeared in print. Its publication will, no doubt, gratify many, although written in a jocular humour, unusual in his correspondence, which, as is well known, is generally and almost entirely of a deeply spiritual nature :—

REVEREND LADIES,—

I received your in and out, round about, up and down, to and again epistle; what shall I call it? Why a medley of faith and unbelief, darkness and light, fire and water, smoke and heat, good sense and nonsense, simplicity and inconstancy, sincerity and incoherency, some divinity but no affinity, a wild decoction but no connection, well-meant and quickly sent, honest fragments and broken sentiments, a little joy and some sadness, some composure and great madness, expressive of grief and asking relief, talking of liberality and complaining of indigency, expression of another's woes and begging for a suit of clothes. Ask what you will, Ladies, I will not say "nay." I have sent the clothes, and the old divine is to appear at Shiloh with them the next Lord's day, and to minister in them before the Lord, as Samuel once did.

At present I have hardly time to send you either prose or rhyme. I have a deal of work in hand and scarce a moment to command; I have carried on the begging trade, and spent three days in this parade, and having travelled London round, I gathered five-and-thirty pound, which gave the priest so much content, that he is now set off for Kent.

Last night I preached at Silver street, and 'twas a time both choice and sweet, and as I saw so great a throng, I made a speech two hours long; Mrs. Sanctus came to me, and said "the Lord had set her free, in all her life that she could find, she never found the Lord so kind." I wish you, sister Baldock, health, and *more in love with Christ than wealth*, and when from Mary I am free, she may expect to hear from me. Remember me to sister Bid, and thank her for the deed she did, with my request she did comply, nor did she fail to bring the pie. Pray, give my love to all at large, my debts of love do thou discharge; let Mr. Holden have his share, and Mr. Gilbert, if he's there. I wish you all the best of joys, and happiness that never cloy; and as I cannot see their face, I'll meet them at a throne of grace.

Your humble servant, I remain, until I see you all again,—

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, dwells at Paddington.

[No date; but he lived there 1789 to 1798.]

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS MALLOCK.

MARY MALLOCK departed in peace to her eternal rest on the 9th Feb. last. Mary was the second daughter of the late Andrew Mallock, Esq. of Millbank Street, Westminster, who was for many years a Deacon of Romney Street Chapel. Shortly before Mary's death, when extremely low, lifting up both hands, she exclaimed, "Glory, glory; I am going to heaven." Thus, with a firm trust in her Saviour, she fell asleep.

She sleeps in Jesus, life's battle is o'er,
Sin, sorrow, or pain shall affect her no more;
The Valley is past,—the victory won,
And all that is wearying, past and done.

She patiently waited till the summons should come
From the Master she loved, to take her safe home;
Sheltered by His love, so warm and so bright,
She knew in the eventide there would be light.

Through the Valley He led her, with scarcely a sigh,
She knew He would guide her to that land on high—
Where her sorrows and tears will evermore cease,
And her joys and delight will ever increase.

Safe in His arms, with no foe to fear,
Yet leaving behind her those tender and dear;
She would not their hearts should sorrow or sink,
For they soon shall be joined by a heavenly link.

Then mourn not, oh! weep not, she is happier far
In the presence of Jesus, her "Bright Morning Star,"
His love is her strength, to fail never more;
And to those who are left—there's reunion in store.

Only her body lies 'neath the green sod,
Her spirit is hovering near the throne of her God;
Her voice will now mingle with bright angels' song,—
She will praise without ceasing the Father and Son.

'Tis hard to be parted; yet do not feel sad,
Remember, thy loss makes thy dear sister glad;
Glad to be first on that happier shore,
Where she is not lost to thee,—but gone on before.

God loved her, and took her to dwell there with Him,
Because she was weary of this world of sin;
At His tender mercy do not murmur or sigh,
The same rest awaits you in that land on high.

M. J. T.

THE DEW. (HOSEA XIV. 5.)

DRAWING from heaven its birth,
Gladdening the thirsty earth
With gems of priceless worth
Descends the dew.

So doth God's love appear
Coming from heaven's high sphere,
With words of holy cheer
Our hearts to woo.

In midnight's darkest hour,
Cheering the thirsty flower
With sweet refreshing power
Descends the dew.

So in dark sorrow's night,
Making our burdens light,
Cometh God's promise bright,
Faithful and true.

Not on the cedar tall,
But on the flow'ret small,
Choosing the least of all,
Descends the dew.

So God's rich charity,
Scorning the Pharisee,
Dwells with humility,
E'en as the dew.

Not when thick clouds appear,
But in the still calm air,
When all is bright and clear,
Descends the dew.

So when temptation's wile
Doth our frail hearts beguile,
Thick clouds our Father's smile
Hide from our view.

Oh! Thou Celestial Dove,
Let Thy rich power of love,
Falling from heaven above,
Drop as the dew.

Come, Thou Consoling Guest,
Give to the weary rest,
Pour on each wounded breast
Grace ever new.

J. E. B.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

Papers Received—"Green Leaves" a Monthly Voice from Homerton Row: Variety in Church history, theology, and poetry.—*Old Jonathan* abounds with pictures and reading suited for circulation. Mr. Covell's sermons; good truth, with the experience thereof. "A Sermon for the Young," by C. H. Spurgeon. *The Day of Days* gives a fine picture of Paul at Philippi. *The Christian Age* Part for April furnishes Dr. Sutherland's Dedicatory Sermon; one of the richest in Exposition *The Age* has given us yet. *Our Own Fireside; Home Words; Cheering Words, &c.*: the last, though least, is the oldest of them all, and if our zealous Christian teachers and tract distributors were but as fond of little *Cheering Words* as is the venerable deacon at Zoar Chapel, in Ipswich, they would be circulated much wider than they now are.

Presbyterianism is discussed and Scripturally examined at great length in No. XIX. of *The United Kingdom Anti-Papal League Magazine*, edited by James Johnstone, Esq., of 16, Princes Street, Edinburgh. The various phases of the Protestant and Papal conflict, now fast approaching a terrible crisis, are ventilated in this Scottish magazine with ability, zeal, and honest boldness. Mr. Johnstone tells you the time-of-day in unmistakable terms.

"The Body of Christ and the House of God." We have received a small book, bearing the following title: *Baptism: Only the Holy to be Baptized.*" To us, this appears very clever; but if the arguments and conclusions are correct, then away goes our order at once and for ever. Our readers shall hear more of this, if possible.

The Baptist shows up Mr. Beecher, of Brooklyn, as quite a play-actor; the great Arminian orator seems going off into weakness. *The Baptist* recently gave a report of many conversions in detail, which are striking and solemn: whether they are the result of the Holy Spirit's work in regenerating; in revealing Christ unto new-born souls; and in sanctifying them through the truth, or not, we dare not decide; they are reported as deeply solemn events. We can only look on and inly pray that all our Churches might be revived and enlarged.

Baptist Hand-Book for 1874. London: Yates and Alexander. As a volume for information, for constant reference, or a memorial of those good men who have

been called home, and as a library of statistical and official matters connected with our denomination, this issue is well produced and arranged with much care and correctness. The memories of our deceased ministers have all been written expressly for *The Hand-Book*.

"War with Amalek for ever," says *The Monthly Record*. April number exhibits Mr. R. Steele, Dr. Manning, and the Society of Arts in a sharp collision. Offices of *Monthly Record* are now removed to 5, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

"The Resurrection," both by poetry and prose pieces, is truthfully expounded in *The Rock*, a penny weekly paper, cheap, comprehensive, and faithful to the grand principles of the Reformation (W. H. and L. Collingridge). We think the following very precious:

"We have found Him; and before Him
Low we kneel and clasp His feet;
And while thus His presence proving,
Listen to His accents sweet,
We have 'the Christ indeed.'
The Saviour of the chosen seed;
He of whom the prophets told
To our sires in days of old;
'Son of God, in mortal mould,'
Thou art risen, indeed!

Lord of Life! Oh, leave us never,
Though Thy form no more we see;
Placed at God's right hand for ever,
Still our Friend and Brother be.
Hallelujah! let us raise
Louder yet the song of praise;
Let us still repeat the strain,
Telling how the Lamb was slain,
How gloriously He rose again,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord."

The Interpreter.—Sixteen parts of this royal quarto, this elegant work for family worship, are published; five more parts will complete the volume; and, when substantially bound, will form a property more valuable than all the pictorial albums in the world. Gems of heavenly truth are scattered through the pages which convince us there must be a deep love to the great principles of grace in the compiler's soul; he says, "the Lord's purposes of grace will not fail. Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and heaven shall be tenanted by rejoicing millions. Out of the poorest and meanest of mankind sovereign grace will select its favoured ones, and make them partakers of its bounty." With these favoured ones may we be found. Amen. *The Interpreter* is published by Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

Without Money and Without Price. A sermon by C. H. S. London: Passmore, &c. We have, as requested, gone through

this discourse again, and have marked its strong points, but our time this month will not allow us to separate between that which is pure free-grace, and those pieces which involve a price beyond man altogether. It is the Herefordshire Miller and Mr. Cresswell over again. Old William Prynne, once a famous barrister of Lincoln's Inn, wrote a volume, entitled "God no Mocker:" wherein salvation, as the eternal and free gift of God to the blood-royal heirs to the throne, is set forth in a masculine and Scriptural form, honest in truth and harmonious in every note. Our modern divines have heard of the fearful frailties of some of our fathers who proclaimed the full Gospel as revealed by the Holy Ghost. The most orthodox have gone, occasionally, over the land-marks, and their extravagances and weaknesses, their afflictions and temptations have been so magnified, that their very names carry a horrible sound to the ears of the modernized, the educated, the evangelized, and the converted of these days of advanced thought, rapid progress, amalgamation, and monopoly. Like Mordecai, we must sit down outside the gate in sackcloth and ashes; like Mordecai, we cannot bow down to everything which passes for Gospel; like Mordecai, we have cried with a loud and bitter cry; like Mordecai, we know deliverance to all despised Israelites will come. "Without money," &c., will be fairly weighed; and the Hereford Miller will not be forgotten.

Catholic Sermons by Eminent Ministers of all Denominations. London: F. E. Longley, 29, Farringdon Street. Portraits of ancient ministers always presented men with the clear stamp of holiness and godliness upon them; but the portraits in these *Catholic Sermons* are terribly strange. Arthur Mursell, Dr. Parker, and Charles Garrett present very singular frontispieces; they are all clever men; but the Almighty speaks of two classes of shepherds, those who feed themselves but who feed not the flock, and those who sacrifice all their earthly interests (like Paul) that they may be God's instruments to strengthen His flock. These discourses, as moral essays, are well prepared.

A Portrait of Mr. Rogers, and a brief memoir of this remarkable man, famous for devotion, instruction, and charges given to new pastors, will be found in *The Sword and Trowel* for April. Every Christian man must be thankful that here and there in this wicked world a really good man is to be found. Mr. Spurgeon's report of the still increasing tide of prosperity in his immense tabernacle is deeply humbling to some of us.

The Gospel Magazine for April (W. H. and L. Collingridge). For quiet, spiritual, happy Christians, this monthly excels all the monthlies with which we are acquainted.

Something New. "Potatoes Grown on Tiles." Our country friends have large plots of garden ground. The April *Gardener's Magazine* has much instruction for gardeners of every size. It is published by Allen, in Ave Maria Lane.

Mr. John Bunyan McCure's Pamphlets. Published by R. Banks, 5, Racquet Court, Fleet Street. No one whose mind is open to receive an astonishing testimony to the power of Divine grace will be able to read *The Australian Widow in the Valley of Decision* without deep searchings of heart, especially if the obedience of faith has been neglected. Lay aside all your volumes of controversy and authorities on the True Eternal Baptism, and if the Saviour's commission—if the Acts of the Apostles and the inspired Epistles are not enough to convince you who are unconvinced, then read these few pages in *The Australian Widow*. If this has not sufficient weight to call your faith into a loving practical discipleship, we should fear you are blind and hardened to an alarming extent. *Faith Triumphant* is another of Mr. McCure's pamphlets which carries us into the dying chamber of the late Mrs. Beale, whose experience and expressions are beautifully adapted to strengthen the faith of such poor things who stand shivering on the brink and fear to launch away. *Ancient Witchcraft: Modern Spiritualism, Tried by the Word of God*, is an exposure of that popular and powerful delusion of the day which is sweeping away its thousands. With much zeal, holy indignation, and nervous ability, Mr. McCure has laid this daughter of "the mother of harlots" naked and bare. All honest Englishmen must feel indebted to the pastor of Eden chapel, Cambridge, for this thundering attack upon the citadel of Satan.

Free and Sovereign Grace. A sermon by Rev. E. Wilkinson, M.A., Ph.D., Rector of Snargate and Snare. London: Robert Banks. We love to see the Bible re-producing itself from age to age, in the life, work, faith, and entire devotedness to the eternal truth of the Almighty Jehovah, as is seen in the triumphs over desolation and ruin accomplished by the preacher and author of this elaborate and extraordinary discourse. Like another Hezekiah, Mr. Wilkinson has been the honoured instrument of raising up the shattered walls of Zion, and as a restorer of paths to dwell in, he has evidently been sent by the Lord to turn the wilderness into a fruitful field;

to set up and to unfurl the ancient banner of the original and only Gospel which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself and His Apostles preached unto the people. Mr. Wilkinson's sermon on "Free and Sovereign grace" is a tower of strength in defence of those heaven-revealed principles which are, in these days, almost entirely holden back. We pray that many thousands of our young people may read this sermon. With the Divine blessing, it will preserve them from being carried on to the dangerous sands of free-will and the other delusive schemes of the day. A neat two-penny book by the same author, published by Hunt and Company, entitled *Fundamental Doctrines of Religion; or, Scripture Plan of Salvation*. In due consecutive order is a casket full of inspired jewels, *Death to Popish and Arminian Doctrines, by the Five Points*. Will help to show anxious enquirers the new and living way; while the *Snargate Free-Grace Tracts* will confirm the unconformed in truth, and comfort the seeker after the salvation of God.

"England is the centre of a conspiracy against the Majesty of God, the rights of mankind, and the welfare of society!" So saith *The Christian Standard*. Is this a true charge against our Protestant country? "A calm observer" says, "The profession of what is called religion in this day looks like a large commercial enterprise; selfish ambition; raising large structures; obtaining naturally gifted orators; gathering immense assemblies; and obtaining the people's money, professing that the aim is to help the Eternal God to convert the world." If tabernacles and talented ministers, hosts of people, and large sums of money are tests of prosperity in Heaven's holy cause, then, as yet, the Pope and his Romish kingdoms have the best of it.

We would call attention to the advertised proposal to issue a New Edition of Hymns, by Mr. Thomas Stringer. His Hymns are original; they are the Gospel of Christ, and the Grace of God, with the work of the Holy Spirit; all set in such plain and correct verse, that thousands have read and sung them joyfully. Let us all help our brother to give the Churches a new and enlarged edition.

"What is the Trinitarian Bible Society?" See the Penny Tract, at Marlborough and Co.'s, Ave Maria lane. This Society is richly deserving of the warmest support of all who value the dissemination of the Revealed Will of our Triune God. Perversions of Scripture are fearfully ruinous. Come to the help of the Trinitarian Bible Society.

Vol. III of *The Christian Standard* is

now completed. Mr. James Grant and his contributors are throwing out their expositions of those things which are true, and good, and necessary to be believed; and they are trying to stem the torrent of error and of semi-Romanism; but, turn where you may, the public, as a rule, the priests and parsons in particular, have opened their doors to receive delusions; and the battle appears dead against us.

"*Valiant Women of Israel!*" In the late Mr. William Garrard's last edition of his "*Valiant Men,*" he has added several poems of the Noble Women who have done good service in the cause of Christ. The simple, the genuine, the most touching genius of the Leicester Poet, never came out with ideas more correct and enchanting than in his little essays upon the Valiant Sisters. Mrs. Garrard, the sorrowing widow, has heaps of the good watchman's works. Her address is 14, New Town street, Leicester. Our Christian ladies will thank us for recommending them to procure copies.

THE LATE THOMAS JUGGINS.

To the Editor of "*The Earthen Vessel.*"

DEAR SIR,—Another of the old veterans in the Strict Baptist connexion has just passed away in Mr. Thomas Juggins, of Thame, Oxon, for many years associated with the cause at Thame, as minister, etc. But, ah! many days have passed since then: many changes he has seen; and though he passed away not enrolled as a member with us, yet he loved to meet and was one in heart, being a thorough Baptist of the true type. The last time he was out was at our Sunday School Anniversary, on Good Friday, to hear Mr. Briscoe, of Salem chapel. He was taken ill in the evening, to which he succumbed on the Tuesday week following; was borne to his last resting place on the Friday, followed by many friends. Yes, many were the friends he made by his acts of kindness—deeds not known till he passed away; for he detested to hear of any one sounding a trumpet before they did any act. He, though reproached and scorned, tried not to justify himself, but let time reveal it. He has left a life of deep trouble and tribulation; yes, too deep to tell which must have crushed him, had he not One above earthly friends to lean upon; but now he has gone to join the songs in a nobler clime which he so loved to hear about on earth. The old familiar face and pleasant company will be enjoyed no more by any here, for he is gone, but not forgotten by, yours truly,

R. C. B.

Thame, Oxon.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE GROVE—MR. JAY—AND MR. BRADBURY.

MR. EDITOR,—Easter Sunday morning found me in Grove chapel, Camberwell. In my boyish days I have seen that neat and beautiful place of worship crowded; and then you had to be early, and beg hard for a seat, and consider it a favour to get one at all. I can remember the noble figure of Joseph Irons (robed in that gown he would wear) in that handsome pulpit, which he built with his own hands, when addressing with eloquence and earnestness the attentive and compact body of sober Christians who were wont to gather there to listen to the choice expositions of Biblical and experimental truth which flowed from the lips of the author of "Jazer." I think, sir, those were days when "truth flourished in our streets." The "Surrey side," then, had many Churches of Truth, enjoying both prosperity and peace. James Wells, at the Borough road; Thomas Gunner, also in the Borough; Mr. Lewis, at Trinity; George Francis, at Snowsfield; C. W. Banks, at Crosby row; and others might be named.

But how the scene is changed! When I entered Grove chapel on Easter Sunday morning, 1874, the place was not a quarter occupied. I was kindly shown to a seat, and handed a copy of the tenth edition of "Zion's Hymns," containing "611 Original Hymns, by Joseph Irons, dated from the Shepherd's Tent, Jan. 21, 1846." In front of the pew of which I was the only occupant, I saw nine pews without a single worshipper, and when I looked around the beautiful building, so scantily occupied, I sorrowfully thought of the balm days when I, as a lad, had seen that house of prayer packed with earnest hearers. Some excellent Christian brother was in the pulpit: a layman, I presume. He had been unexpectedly called to occupy the pulpit; at least, I gathered so from his observations; and, as appropriate to the season (Easter), we had some remarks on the "Resurrection," and I think he did the best he could; and, doubtless, the officials at the Grove were grateful for his endeavours to preach. But there appeared to me altogether a want of life in the entire service. The good friend who read the hymns, read them without emphasis or expression—much like a school-boy repeats his lesson. Not like Elijah Packer would read them, with love in his heart, a tear in his eye, joy in his soul, which would find expres-

sion and power in the happy and cheerful way he would "give out" the hymn, and lead the people along in their service of song; and the people caught the spirit, and would they not—

"Praise their Maker in their song?"

They would and did. But the singing appears to have been deputed in a great measure to the Sunday school children, who occupy part of the gallery, led by an harmonium; and so far as one could judge, it took some time before the little songsters discovered the tune, and then several little voices would burst forth, perhaps, with more zeal than accorded with time or tune. I do not here discuss the question of musical instruments, but even with an harmonium you must have a leader—and this is a want at the Grove.

I was led to the Grove by seeing a paragraph in *The Earthen Vessel*, stating that Mr. Jay had resigned, and that his probable successor was a minister who had been well received at the Surrey Tabernacle. I had been informed this information was not literally true. Mr. Jay—you will, I know, regret to hear—is too ill to preach; and the pulpit is now being occupied by different ministers. But Mr. Jay has not resigned; he is still pastor at the Grove; but you may gather the state of Mr. Jay from a remark from the desk on the morning of my visit—we were told the ordinance of the Lord's Supper would be deferred till the following Sunday, when Mr. Jay hoped to be able to administer the same, probably for the last time. We were told this was Mr. Jay's thought, and was not stated to "favour any wicked or false report that had gone abroad." I know, sir, you will regret to hear that Mr. Jay is in so low a state; no one could have spoken in higher terms of Christian love and affection than you have of the Grove pastor; and it would rejoice your heart to hear that the Lord had restored him to health and strength, and that, through his labours, the Church was prospering and in peace. But it is not so.

Sunday morning, April 19, I was again a hearer at the Grove. But the scene was changed. As we ascended the hill leading to the chapel, the sun shone out with warmth and brilliance; the beautiful trees that line each side of the Grove were newly clothed with their bright green foliage; the birds were warbling their

cheerful notes, and all nature appeared to rejoice. Drawing nearer the chapel, we are joined by numbers who appear to be wending their way to the house of prayer, so pleasantly situated as to bring to mind the words of the poet,

"Stands like a palace, built for God
To show His milder face."

As we enter the chapel, we find the pew-openers are busy in finding seats for the worshippers, the place is not crowded, but there is a large congregation. The service begins—the people sing cheerfully; and joyful anticipation seems marked on many countenances. Mr. Thomas Bradbury, of Chesterfield, with his cheerful and florid countenance, is in the pulpit. Is this the minister who is referred to in your wrapper paragraph, "who has on several occasions supplied at the Surrey Tabernacle with much acceptance," and is "spoken of as Mr. Jay's probable successor?" I cannot answer the question, but from remarks I heard, it is evident many minds appear to be impressed that way. The text was from the Psalms: "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance." I must not give you any notes of the discourse, as I fear occupying too much of your space; only to say it was a sermon full of Gospel blessedness to the people of God, listened to throughout with attention, and delivered with evident power and feeling by the preacher. Should this note find its way into your pages, I may again trouble you.

R.

THE WORK AND THE WAR IN THE CHURCHES.

MR. DALE'S CONTEMPT OF CALVIN: MR.
SPURGEON'S DEFENCE.

Truly, these are times of great excitement, of marvellous change, and of unceasing bustle!

During the month of February, now passed away, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom have practically preached the doctrine of election in a most surprising manner. Puny man has asserted his own sovereignty with great decision; he has chosen one—he has rejected another. One party is sent into the shade with painful mortification, while another party is exalted to the summit of national greatness with enthusiasm and temporary glory. A few questions, hard to deal with, have turned the minds of a considerable majority; and unfettered man has come forth with an air of imperial dignity, and has elected for himself his own representative, rejecting as forcibly the man in whom he had no faith.

In this, as in all the other movements of man, he simply carries out the spirit which he received from his Maker at the first;

which free, sovereign, and elective spirit, man refuses to allow to his Maker, when the great subject of salvation is proclaimed. But the Church of old triumphantly threw herself upon that one indisputable fact, "Our God is in the heavens: and He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased;" and the eternal God hath Himself proclaimed, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure." Therefore, those who "know the truth," and by that truth are made free from the delusions of men; and who are not ignorant of the devices of Satan, may rejoice in the prospect which is before them; for "the Truth" Himself must reign until He has put all enemies beneath His feet: then shall the saints of the Most High take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever and ever.

It would be only the work of a traitor; it would be only playing the part of Judas over again were we to stand silently by, while the hosts of Zion's foes are marching into our land and nation; into our churches and chapels; into our palaces and public seminaries; into our schools and families, with increasing force and with beguiling attractions. What does the Lord say to the house of Israel in the ancient prophecy? What did Jesus Christ say in His personal ministry, and in His last letters to the seven prophetic, typical, and representative Churches in Asia? In the ancient prophecy He said (speaking of the idols who could never save one soul in the time of his trouble):—"Remember this, and shew yourselves men; remember the former things of old, for I am God: and there is none else; I am God: and there is none like Me; declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times, the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure."

What said Jesus Himself? Did He promise a world's conversion before He comes the second time? Nay, but as in Noah's days, so in our days, "There shall be two in the field, the one taken and the other left. Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come;" and while the Jubilee singers and the American revivalists are gathering their thousands, and producing what they call surprising revivals; while many of our Englishmen are gladly catching their spirit and producing a wide-spread sensation, we are watching, and working, too, in an humble way, looking and praying for the holy fire to come, as in Solomon's days, "upon the house;" then shall the fire try every man's work, of what sort it is. Now it is impossible to tell what spirit possesses public men; for all seem to seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's. Between Messrs. Dale and Spurgeon, on the Doctrine of Election, some difference existeth. We desire, presently, to listen to them both.

PEMBERTON.—A Christian brother says:—We do not always feel that our hearts are impressed with that solemnity, and our

minds free from the beclouding influences of those other cares which so often engross our attention, and bring our souls into that captivity, which forces from the very depths of the heart the plaintive cry, "Bring my soul out of prison that I may fear Thy name." I often think as I am plodding along in these lowlands, that there is not a poorer wretch than myself under the sun. I scarcely know where I am: so dark, blind, and hard in feeling as the very Adamantine rock, and can keep company with him who said:—

"Can, dearest Lord, O, can there be Mercy for a worm like me?"

Somehow or other there are times when (if I am not mistaken) the Lord comes in with a word, a line, a verse, a whisper, and sweetly tells me I am one of His. Oh! to be fully assured upon this point; this is the highest point of my ambition on this side Jordan's swellings. You ask me is all well? Yes, all is well. We had a terrible time of it with the boy; so I suppose the dear Lord, who knows how to adjust the troubles of His people, has been kind and considerate to us in this matter. So far, as we can truly say, the Lord does all things well. Goodness and mercy seem stamped upon all His dispensations towards us. His cross-handed blessings are very evenly bestowed. We seem kept neither too low nor too high in one spot, "Looking unto Jesus," I think it is a safe spot whilst kept here; and oh! to be kept, that is it. As to chapel matters and the special lectures, our God continues to shine upon us, and abundantly answer all our supplications, referable to those lectures.

"Let Zion songs of triumph sing,
Let gladness crown the day."

Every man in the programme put in an appearance, but . . . we had magnificent meetings; the Word was made a great blessing to many souls, who avowed that never had they had such sweet, blessed times of it. All expectations more than realised, in every sense of the word; "not one thing failed." We made a great effort on the behalf of our God, who has done so much for us in past days, and in faith we went along, relying upon His own word of promise by power to our hearts, and He never forsook us or falsified His word. Oh! dear no, blessed be His name. We made only one collection at the close. Our expenses were heavy, but every penny was collected, and we came out clear. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory for Thy name and truth's sake."

[The special services here referred to lasted over nearly two months. Seven different ministers publicly proclaimed the Gospel; good was done. If our Churches could unite together; go forth in faith, in prayer, in the love of the truth, and nobly unfurl their banner, as the Pemberton people have done, we are confident the Lord's blessing would attend them. Separating and selfish motives must be cast to the winds; unity and a peaceful harmony maintained.]

NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

Second anniversary of Mr. C. Cornwell's pastorate here was held Lord's-day, March 29. On Good Friday we had excellent sermon by our pastor on Romans ix. 16., "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," &c. An excellent tea (well conducted by Mrs. Cornwell and the deacons' wives) was enjoyed by upwards of 100 friends.

In the evening the chair was taken by Mr. E. J. Acworth, one of the newly-elected deacons. Mr. Williamson implored the divine blessing; the chairman expressed how happy he felt in being able to sit, from time to time, under such an able and faithful ministry. Mr. J. Battson said he had for many years been an itinerant preacher, and an intimate friend of Mr. Cornwell; he gave a solemn address upon the sufferings of Christ. Mr. Williamson gave us an address upon the Great Shepherd, the under Shepherd, and the flock, with real, sound advice to those who stood without the fold; he was by no means harsh, but spoke the truth in love. Mr. Sack, the well-known itinerant and tried brother of Chiswick, expressed the warmest love to our pastor. Brother R. A. Lawrence gave a neat and pithy discourse upon the text, "Where the word of a king is, there is power." Brother Lawrence is humorous, but an able expounder of God's truth. The collections, amounting to £11 10s., was then handed by the chairman to our pastor.

Mr. Cornwell, on rising to address the people, thanked them for their unabated kindness to him. He thought some explanation should be given of the late division. He said upwards of twenty members had left; at least nineteen had been withdrawn from. On his own behalf, on behalf of the deacons and the Church, we are heartily glad that now we enjoy peace. Some have been led away, poisoned in their minds, rashly absenting themselves, not knowing there were two sides to be known before the truth could be arrived at.

[Mr. Cornwell gave satisfactory explanation; but the details would occupy more space than can be given this month.]

The leading men who had left, Mr. Cornwell said, "As men of truth and as men of God I love them, but I never will submit to have my feet crippled, nor my tongue tied; they may call me a pope a thousand times, but, for all that, no man shall stand with his foot on my platform; that is my place, and, with as much grace as God hath given me, I magnify mine office. As the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* has published a word or two from misrepresentation, I may ask him to give me space to publish the whole particulars." Our pastor then gave us some reasons why he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

The tabernacle was well filled in every part; the people listened with great attention to the able speeches of our brethren. A vote of thanks was given to the chairman; singing and prayer closed this happy meeting. Signed on behalf of the pastor and Church,

JAMES SEARLE, GEORGE HUBBARD, ELIJAH JOHN ACWORTH, Deacons of North Brixton Tabernacle.

ERITH PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHAPEL, ROYAL HILL, S.E.

The friends here have recently extended their chapel, and among other improvements have also added a baptistery. On Sabbath, the 22nd March, Mr. Noyes, of Poplar, preached twice; the evening attendance was exceedingly good; the chapel being well filled, the discourse was from Ephesians iv. 5, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." It was a comprehensive sermon, and very suitable for the occasion; as at its close Mr. Noyes baptized one believer; this is confidently believed to be the first baptism in Erith; the friends here are, we trust, not in vain earnestly seeking to build up the cause. They have been privileged for the last five years, year by year, to add some to their number by baptism, but have been at the kind disposal of others for the use of a baptistery. Judging from this occasion, we may hope that ere long the new baptistery may be required again, and that many may be brought to give proofs of "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," following Him in His own appointed ways.

ARTILLERY LANE CHAPEL.—On Easter Sunday our dear friend Mr. Thomas Jones returned to his pulpit here. He appears to be thoroughly renovated in health. We were rejoiced to see this. On the Sunday evening we had a grand discourse; our good brother was quite at home. May he be spared to us for many years.—K. Another correspondent writes to us as follows: Being in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch on Sunday evening, April 5, I went to hear Mr. Thomas Jones. I was thoroughly surprised to see how well he appeared. The same voice and the same happy face that I remember many, many years ago! He preaches the Gospel in love; nothing unkindly or offensive. On the evening to which I refer we had a sermon full of Gospel—and I mean this in no narrow sense. The simile of the impress that a great Master stamps on his pupils was admirably worked out. In the midst of such a dark neighbourhood it is pleasing to see a Church who hold fast the form of sound words; where free-grace is dispensed to those who have nothing wherewith to purchase it.—B.A.

"GLOOM."—We give the following short note as it came into our hands. At present we make no comment;—Mr. Editor, occasionally I look in at the late Mr. Hughes' chapel in Hackney. I did so on the evening of the first Sunday in April. Marble, well cut and polished, is fine to the eye, but very cold. Trinity Chapel is faultlessly clean, and in this respect is a pattern. But why should a large chapel, parsonage, schools, and every necessary for carrying on a good cause, be hopelessly trittered away? Why not use the necessary means? Why is the pulpit hermetically sealed? Is there no man born who is good enough—qualified enough to preach

there? If there is, why not find him? Oh, does it not seem a pity that such an edifice should be kept for—, well, certainly not for the proclamation of the Gospel. If the pastoral office be necessary for the growth of a Church, any community that turns its back upon this office must decline. One need only to look in at this chapel, and he will find this verified. Gloom seems to pervade the whole building. Well, Mr. Editor, I made a determination to write to you, and beg of you a corner in your immensely-circulated periodical. When it is taken into consideration that places of truth in Hackney are few and far between, we cannot afford to lose one. We should be bold for the proclamation of the Gospel, for it is the means appointed for salvation. Pseudo-Plymouthism is a fearful error, and should be treated as such. Let us awake to our manhood—our liberty, and if anything stands in the way of the Gospel of Christ that we can remove, let us remove it, though Mr. Soft-tongue-do-nothing-but-grumble holds up his finger. Sword in one hand, trowel in the other. I have penned this with one simple desire—that the purpose for which Trinity Chapel was built should be carried out, namely, the proclamation of a free-grace Gospel. Any other use is not right. ANTI-RAVEN.

GREENWICH.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, LONDON STREET. Sunday, March 29th, was first anniversary of re-opening. That highly-favoured servant of the Lord, Joseph Parsons, of Brentford, preached morning and evening. Having been favoured at times to hear him (when he exchanged pulpits with my late pastor, Jesse Gwinnell), I went on Sunday evening, and heard him most blessedly. I was delighted to see so large a company listening to precious truth. I can say in the fear of God that I have never heard Mr. Parsons without some degree of soul profit. I was pleased to meet many old Christian friends; many of them I stood for years in Church fellowship with, under our late pastor, Jesse Gwinnell. When our chapel in Devonshire road, Greenwich, was sold to Mr. Bourne, the dear souls were led to believe they would be allowed to commune, as before. O, what a blow to their poor hearts when, after hearing Mr. Bourne for one month, they were told from the pulpit, "Stand by, you must not approach the Lord's table with us." Not liking to neglect the ordinances of the Lord's house, wherein He had made Himself precious to their souls, they wandered to other Churches, and were welcomed with, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." Some, among whom was the unworthy writer of this note, living in the heart of Greenwich, took the old Baptist Chapel in London street, where now, in Church fellowship, in Gospel order, and in soul union, they meet; the Master is with them. May the Lord abundantly bless them. On Monday evening, March 30, Mr. Thomas Bradbury preached a good sermon; many testified the Word was with power. It would rejoice the hearts of many if God, in answer to prayers, should compel Thomas Bradbury to find a

settled rest, to proclaim the Gospel of sovereign grace in that highly favoured spot—yea, the blessed spot, the Grove, Camberwell, where dear Joseph Irons, of blessed memory, sounded forth covenant union, covenant love; the Lord bless you.

—
 JOSIAH CRUTCHER.

A TIME OF REFRESHING.

Mr. Thomas Collings, of Hoxton, sends us a precious discourse on the unity and anointing of the Holy Spirit, as delivered by Mr. Elias Griffith, at Walter James's rooms, 43, Singleton street, East road, in January last. We have witnessed the power and rich grace which attends these meetings, and we lift silent prayer to our Advocate on high, desiring that these gatherings may be increasingly comforting to the saints, and prevalent on behalf of our Churches. Brother Collings must pardon the omission of the discourse as our pages are so crowded. He says,

I was agreeably surprised to find such a hearty spirit of prayer to pervade the meeting; it entirely settled my mind it was of the Lord. We all realised the fact, "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities with groanings which cannot be uttered, for we know not how to pray as we ought," unless we are taught by the Spirit. We felt we were praying to the Lord. Mr. Griffith, of Chatteris, began the meeting with

"Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love."

We realised the fact we were all one family of the living Jehovah; like Jacob, "We will not let Thee go, except Thou bestow the blessing." Our meetings, from time to time, do not interfere with any of the Churches; if ministers of the Gospel would come and see and hear they would certainly lend a helping hand, and we should have a healthy spirit pervading our Churches; sinners would be brought into Christ's fold. Our little room was certainly well filled with praying souls. Mr. Griffith spoke on Psalm cxxiii.; it was a delightful time. In reference to dear brother James may the Lord long spare him to hold on to these things, and by continual prayer may he be strengthened with all might in his inner man. Mr. Griffith, of Chatteris, is a faithful preacher of the Word. About thirty members from different Churches all mingled their prayers and praises together. Friend James seems filled with holy fire, and it burns its way into the hearts of all present.

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 MANCHESTER.—When God girds up the loins of His Elia's they can do plenty of work. Thanks be to Him for His wonder-working hand! Day by day I have to confess it, because I feel it and know it, and see it every day in temporals and spirituals. You say true of this place, we have little Gospel preached here; our hearts feel deeply for those who still follow the beast. "They worship they know not what," may be well applied to them, and also what Paul said, "Whom ye ignorantly worship," &c. Money stops the mouths of many parsons

here; dignity starves others: "the people love to have it so." Oh, the cowards we have here who dare not speak Christ's name out of their pulpits, and for all they speak of Him in, they are almost worth nothing. But God has some purpose in it all. Wm. Nunn, Wm. Gadsby, Thomas Owen, and William Parks lived not in vain. There is a little salt here yet. Our prayers are continually sent forth for all God's dear sent servants everywhere, and He does condescend to bless the words of those who come among us; they seem refreshed and rejoiced at meeting with those who do what they can to uphold the precious truth of God's sovereign grace. The word "sovereign" is condemned by our Bishop and many of our clergy; they would wipe us off the page of existence if they could. God will judge them.

OUR EASTERN COUNTIES.

Chelmondistone Baptist Church, in Essex, is really in need of a laborious and Spirit-taught servant of Jesus. The Chelmsford, Coggeshall, Sudbury, Dunmow, Halstead, Maldon, and Sible Hedingham Churches are all in the same destitute condition. Harwich Church has been tried through the affliction of our brother George Whorlow. Praise the Lord, he is better, but he has indeed been sick nigh unto death. In Ipswich, Mr. T. Poock has preached continuously for nearly thirty years. He is now praying for a powerful successor, knowing he cannot continue his most arduous work much longer. Saxmundham, Somersham, Stowmarket, and other Churches in that county, most loyal to the Gospel, are not prosperous, because they cannot find the under-shepherds they require. If our Great High Priest would mercifully shower us down a baptism of the Holy Spirit, we should have hope; but while the ministers are jealous and the people divided, what can we do? This month the Suffolk Association will meet on the banks of the Waveney. If the Baptist bishops and elders of those Eastern Counties have a deep sense of the poverty of their state, they will endeavour to unite, heart and soul, in their cries to heaven for ministers and pastors who have love, life, and zeal enough to fulfil, with God's blessing, the prophetic promises laid up in Ezekiel xxxiv. 7-16. To the members of the True Baptist Churches in the Eastern Counties we solemnly appeal and ask: Can you afford to sleep on any longer? Our notes from other parts we reserve. "Poor Stowmarket!" We pity you. Norfolk and Cambs ere long.

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 LINCOLN.—HOW THE DIVISION TOOK PLACE. Those who formerly met at Upton's school room had no minister to speak to them; they had supplies: they besought the Lord in prayer at every prayer meeting to send one amongst them who would declare the whole counsel of God. Our gracious Master answered by sending one. He was rejected, because they wanted one with independent means, who could give all his time gratuitously; therefore the despondent one sat as a listener to preaching and

sometimes to reading; he could not go away from them, feeling the Lord had sent him. Some months after this they moved to Fisher's school room, leaving an open door behind; the Lord disposed some to invite our brother to preach to them. He complied, and the Word is blessed through his ministry to many humble and sincere believers, and is increasing us in numbers of anxious enquirers.

ABOUT GETTING OUT OF THE MUD.—MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

We are anxious to know how you are. I believe Mr. Turk heartily repents taking you across the fields instead of the road, but do hope all was ordered by Him who never makes an error. [Yes! although the rain descended, the wind blew enough to throw me into the mud; and my feet stuck in the miry clay; yet, therein, I had the blessed Word come into my soul: "Your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace," "Out of the horrible pit and from the miry clay" He took me; and more than ever do I desire to praise Him.] I do pray your visit may be blest, but the ground is so hard we often pray for heavenly showers to soften and the glorious sun to shine and warm, and the Holy Spirit to pierce the hard and benighted heart of man; but we are like James's husbandman, we have to wait with long patience. We hear of much blossom in these days, much of the outside, which dazzles the eye of man, but when we look for the fruit, alas! how little! and that little how frail! but, O my brother, may we not be thankful for a little, not quite barren; not altogether unfruitful; a crumb now and then; a sip of the precious brook; a rustle here and there in the topmost branches among the leaves, which tells us that our God is still amongst us; still permits us to draw near to Him, and there unbosom our anxieties and get a little relief from the otherwise over-burdened mind. We dare not look back, and yet at times fear to go forward. We will still look up to the hills and hang upon his precious Word on which He has caused us to hope.—Your affectionate brother,

ROBERT.

R Y E L A N E, P E C K H A M.

(Not sent in time for April.)

On Sunday evening, January 25, Mr. James Griffith preached and baptized for the aged Pastor, two of the four female candidates being members of the Bible class; a special service for elder scholars and friends was held in the school-room in the afternoon. Mr. Congreve (who presided) then gave the following Acrostic (the second) on Baptism as a subject for seven addresses:—

Baptism is
 a B eautiful sign,
 an A lliance with God's People,
 the P ath of Christ,
 the T ribute of a Loving Heart,
 tells an I mmortal Story,
 is a S weet Remembrance,
 and M y Witness for the SAVIOUR.
 The addresses occupied five or six minutes

each, and were delivered by Messrs. Clubb and Creasey, J. A. Brown and Congreve, and were diversified by singing and by several short and earnest prayers. One of the seven scholars who had been seeking the Saviour was happily brought to a decision for Christ through this service.

At a recent meeting of the young women's week-night Bible class, in connection with Rye Lane Chapel, a beautiful chased cup was presented to the superintendent, Mr. George Thomas Congreve, as a token of their affectionate regard.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—Good Friday. We set up a memorial stone of New Strict and Particular Baptist chapel, Knox road. Service commenced by singing. Mr. W. H. Lee read the inscription on the stone: Zoar Strict and Particular Baptist chapel. Memorial stone laid 3rd April, 1874, by Mr. James Lee. Ephesians ii. 8, 9. Pastor W. H. Lee gave an account of the commencement of the cause; of our views as Baptists; then placed on the stone a bottle, containing the printed model trust deed and articles of faith when the Church was formed, December 31, 1873, of twenty-nine baptised persons; their names, also of the committee, and three other candidates for baptism. The bottle was built in the wall. Mr. Lee placed on the stone a bag, containing £12 18s., and introduced Mr. James Lee, who laid a substantial amount on the stone, and made some very suitable remarks. Friends then came and laid their gold and silver on the stone—about £50. Tea was provided in the Town Hall; 150 sat down. W. H. Lee preached in the evening. Total collected for the day, £55. The chapel will seat about 220, and is to be put in trust for the denomination when finished.

W. H. LEE.

EPPING CHAPEL.—The tenth annual meeting, commemorative of the opening of this place of worship, was held on Good Friday. Mr. Oakey preached a good, sound, homely Gospel sermon in the morning, which appeared to be exceedingly helpful and comforting to the way-worn pilgrims there assembled. Mr. Wait spoke in the afternoon. After which the friends removed to the schoolroom, kindly lent for the occasion, and there did good service to the tea and cake so amply provided. Several Christian brethren addressed the audience on Gospel subjects. Mr. Cottis occupied the chair. The day ended very pleasantly, much to the honour of God and to the Christian friends of Epping, whose hospitality far exceeds the best thanks of the writer. It is to be hoped that these kind friends will be helped of God to make a more decided stand for the truth in Epping. So prays,
 ONE WHO WAS THERE.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Wilcockson preached in Temperance hall the other Sunday, says J. H., "good, pure Gospel;" but only few will hear it here. [We have not been able to give notes of our last visit to Manchester yet.]

"HE WILL NOT FORSAKE ME!"

Mrs. C. BULL was the eldest daughter of Mr. William Feek, and born at Ipswich, 1803. Her parents loved the Lord, and attended the ministry of Mr. W. Payne, pastor of Baptist church, Stoke Green, Ipswich. It was under the ministry of this devout servant of Christ that she was led to see her lost state as a sinner before a righteous and holy God. When thirteen years of age she was under deep anxiety for her spiritual welfare. On one occasion, at a week-evening service, the text was from Jonah, "I cried, by reason of mine affliction, unto the Lord, and He heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and Thou heardest my voice." This Word of God was with power, and the discourse, by the Divine blessing, directed her faltering footsteps Zionward. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple." From this time the service of God's house presented to her new joys, which enabled her to mingle her prayers and praises with the people of God.

About this time she was placed at school in Colchester. Here she had the privilege of hearing Mr. Francis, who was sent out from Little Alie Street Chapel, London. During an interval of several years she passed through many painful scenes, both personal and relative.

In 1832 she removed to London, and was married to Mr. Samuel Bull, of Bildeston, who survives her. The first Sabbath she heard the late Dr. Andrew Reed. The following Sunday they went to Little Alie Street Chapel. In the morning, Mr. Philip Dickerson, who had but recently succeeded Mr. Shenstone, took for his text, "Because of the savour of Thy good ointments, Thy name is as ointment poured forth." The sermon was very much blessed to her, and before long, under his ministry, she was enabled to say,

"Here I could find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

In the strength of the Lord she declared herself on His side, and was baptized with several others, most of whom have, ere this, crossed the flood. Lately, when referring to that event, she said, "I have not forgotten the warmth of love to Christ I felt when Mr. Dickerson gave out that verse previous to my being baptized,

'Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.'

The happiness she was favoured with under the preaching of the Gospel and the social gatherings of the dear saints now in glory was very great. During a period of forty years, dating from the time she joined the Church, she was more than once brought near the gates of death, but was mercifully restored again to her family. The departed was an affectionate mother and deeply solicitous for the spiritual welfare of her children, and ultimately had the joy of seeing them, as

they grew up into life, baptized in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. The last few years of her life she was, through afflictions, a prisoner at home; but the Lord was her stronghold in the time of trouble, and she was enabled by faith to realise more fully than at any previous period the precious promises of God in Christ. For the last three months it was evident to all who saw her that she was very near the end of her journey, gradually being weaned from the world, having a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better. On receiving the assurance from her sorrowing husband that she had proved a good wife to him and a devoted mother to her children, she replied, "Do not say good of me, nothing good of myself, but say this,

'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.'

At another time she remarked, "All I have read and heard of the future life is nothing to be compared to the clearer light I have realized of late; but I cannot express myself in words." Her sufferings being very great and protracted, she said, "It is evident I am not meet for the inheritance; when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold. Lord, help me to endure the refining, and give me patience to wait.

'He knows the hour when I must die;
He knows each friend attending by;
He knows my righteousness is dress,
And that my hope is in His cross.'

A friend said to her that she would soon wear a crown. She replied, "I do not want to wear it, I shall cast it at the feet of Jesus." When feeling very thirsty, she exclaimed, "Oh, to drink of that everlasting fountain; I am wading through the river, pray for faith to the end; and then

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

Oh, what I suffer no one can imagine; but what are my sufferings to be compared to what my Saviour suffered for me? I shall now get a little sleep, and I hope when you come to look at me my Father will have taken me home; and when my time shall come, angels will hover around my bed, and waft my spirit home."

One Sabbath morning, about six weeks before her death, she exclaimed, "O that I might spend this Sabbath in heaven! but I must wait, my precious Saviour, Father, Son, and Spirit in One, give me patience just a little longer:

'Then happy entrance will be given,
All my sorrows left below;
And earth exchanged for heaven.'

It is well to note that the desire to enter heaven on the Lord's-day was repeated so often as that blessed day came round, and that at last it was reserved for her to be taken home on the morning of the first Sabbath of a new year.

On several occasions the enemy was permitted to assail her, but only to be speedily vanquished. It must suffice to mention one instance, and that the last. A few hours before her departure, she said to one of her children, "Do you think I am on the right road?" Her son replied, "What, mother! is the enemy taking advantage of your failing powers? Why, that question was settled more than forty years ago. The Captain of your salvation has said, 'I am the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'" Her face brightened as she replied, "Yes, bless His name—the Rock."

About half-an-hour before her death she said to her beloved husband, "I want help." He replied, "I cannot help you, my dear, but the Lord can, for He hath said, 'I have laid help upon One that is mighty, and He will not leave you, nor forsake you.'" At the last, death came suddenly, and her last words, uttered just before she expired, were, "*He'll not forsake me!*" and she gently fell asleep, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

"We looked—she was dead; her spirit had fled,
Painless and swift as her own desire;
The soul, undressed from her mortal vest,
Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire,
And proved how bright were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon the sight."

Thus finished the pilgrimage of a saint of God, on Sunday morning, January 4, 1874, in the 71st year of her age. Her mortal remains were consigned to its last resting-place in Ilford Cemetery. The service was conducted by her pastor, Mr. Masterson, who paid an affectionate tribute to the departed.

On the morning of the Sabbath following, Mr. Dickerson delivered an able discourse from Genesis xxviii. 15, "And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land, for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." In reference to the deceased, he stated that he remembered her telling him, more than forty years ago, how much blessed these words had been to her on the occasion of his speaking from that text.

Thus closes the earthly history of one who through faith and patience now inherits the promises.

SUBSCRIBING THE EVIDENCES.

Special services were holden in Speldhurst Road Chapel, close to South Hackney Church, Thursday, March 26, 1874. Mr. Thomas Bradbury delivered a solid discourse in the afternoon to a full assembly of friends. About 200 were served with tea in a most comfortable and prolific manner. The ladies, Mesdames Thiselton, Crowhurst, Stanton, Fowler, Jacquierey, Jagger, Brewer, with the Misses Tettmars, Box, M. Banks, Abbott, Fowler, Stanton, and others, having united to furnish the provisions gratuitously, so that the proceeds should help the fund for purchasing the chapel. We observed a good sprinkle of ministers: brethren Thomas Stringer, Steed (who presented us with one sovereign toward the fund), E. Page, Geo. W. Straton, J. Hudson,

J. Palmer, G. Reynolds, E. Griffith, Isaac Dixon, H. Myerson, John Hunt Lynn, J. Harrison, N. Oakey, &c. James Mote, Esq., presided over evening meeting. He said, as his friend, C. W. Banks, had now legally purchased Speldhurst Road Chapel, they had met that evening publicly to pay down into the hands of Messrs. Thiselton, Crowhurst, Bond, Stanton, and Fowler, the instalment of purchase-money, and to hand over to C. W. Banks the legal acknowledgement and evidences signed and confirmed. Mr. Mote said he had known C. W. Banks full twenty years, and nothing had ever abated his esteem for him as a devoted and useful servant in our churches. He was happy to meet so large and so respectable an audience. That large and happy meeting proved to him that a good measure of Christian sympathy existed toward their brother, Mr. Banks; and Mr. Mote felt assured that the churches throughout the land would enable C. W. B. speedily to pay the full sum of £750 for this beautiful chapel, where he hoped for many years the Gospel might be successfully proclaimed. He felt great pleasure in announcing that a gentleman, a real friend of Mr. Banks's, Frederick Jacquierey, Esq., would act as treasurer, and in his hands everything would be well attended to. The amount required was soon laid on the table, it was paid over to the trustees, and the legal receipt of purchase was signed by Messrs. Thiselton and Bond. Cheerful and congratulatory addresses were given by brethren Reynolds (who gave a sovereign to the fund), Myerson, Dixon, Hudson, C. W. Banks, and others; and this practical and pleasant meeting was closed by singing most delightfully,

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

On the congregation leaving, they found outside some lads distributing circulars, which gave serious pain to the minds of the friends; at a future time this will be referred to and reviewed. S. S. S.

ORTHODOX LONDON.

ROBERT GLEDHILL EDWARDS.

NOTTING HILL is a rather aristocratic neighbourhood; yet even there you may find streets and courts where poverty shows its unwelcome presence. How strange appears the great gulf between classes in England! Where is the panacea? How is it that the richest and the poorest are to be found in this country? Some such thoughts as these pressed my spirits as I wandered up and down Silver street in quest of the chapel where R. G. Edwards now officiates. There are times when depression seizes the frame, and under such oppression the soul looks for that better country, where, with harp returned, she may join the anthem of those who having come out of great tribulation, and having washed their robes in the blood of the LAMB, sing, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Thinking of that city of music and flowers as a grand contrast to this valley of Baca, in

my own mind I passed a resolution thanking Mr. Congreve for inserting the following germ in his "Gems of Song":

Beautiful Zion, built above;
 Beautiful city, that I love;
 Beautiful gates of pearly white;
 Beautiful temple,—God is light;
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me.
 Beautiful heav'n, where all is light
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
 Beautiful harps through all the choir;
 Beautiful strains that never tire;—
 There let me join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
 Beautiful crowns on every brow;
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show
 Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there:—
 Thither I press with eager feet;
 There may my rest be long and sweet.
 Beautiful throne of Christ our King:
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest,—all wanderings cease;
 Beautiful home of perfect peace:—
 There may my eyes my Saviour see!
 Haste to this heavenly home with me!

SILVER STREET CHAPEL,

near the Notting Hill Gate Station, is by no means the most modern of buildings. It appears to have weathered the storm. If to be "square" is to be orthodox, then give the palm to this edifice. The Church is anxious to beautify, but then the place is let by the quarter; therefore it would be unwise to spend much money upon a building which may be required at a quarter's notice.

Leaving the matter of mere bricks and mortar, it is pleasing to notice that the Church is in a flourishing condition. For awhile it had droomed; but, to quote,

"Since Mr. Edwards has ministered to us we have greatly increased. He is a man of warmth and energy. People like hearty preaching: cold, freezy, would-be-philosophic, long-drawn and long-winded sermons give persons a dislike—especially young people; happily we have something better."

To this I ventured a "yes."

It is really encouraging in a vast suburb like Notting Hill to see a Church growing into life. With the blessing of God on the labours of Mr. Edwards, we may hope that a new and modern chapel may be erected, wherein the Gospel of Christ shall be fully and fearlessly preached. Why not? Let us hope it may be so. We want more places where the truth is preached, and we require above all that the truth should be preached in love. When St. Paul wandered about Athens, sad and solitary, he saw an altar erected to an unknown god; yet, when he poured forth his logical discourses to the Athenians, he did not abuse them for their folly, but preached unto them the only true God, and Jesus Christ, the everlasting Son of the Father. It were well could this example be followed.

I am commissioned, however, to give a sketch of a very interesting service which took place at Silver street, on Sunday evening, March 29th.

Robert Gledhill Edwards is a minister of whom it is a pleasure to speak. He is in the prime of life, and has the stamina for hard

work. He is a workman who need not be ashamed. He is ready, or, to use another phrase, "he has a good utterance." Mr. Edwards is eminently qualified to do that which appears before him at Notting hill,—to work up a weak cause into strength and usefulness. We can only trust that so good and useful a man may be more than ever useful.

BAPTISM.

The ordinance of believers' baptism was administered on the evening referred to. Ten persons received baptism at the hands of Mr. Edwards. The chapel was literally crammed. The utmost decorum and respect were shown by the large company.

The service commenced with singing an appropriate hymn.

The third of St. John was read, upon which a few comments were made.

Prayer followed. Mr. Edwards implored a blessing for all sorts and conditions of men, upon all the ambassadors of the cross; and—subject to the Divine will—that the heathen might soon hear the jubilate song, and know savingly the matchless story of the cross.

"From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise."

The text was Rev. xiv. 4, "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." I shall not transcribe the sermon. It was a well-thought-out and well-delivered discourse. The divisions were

1. The Lamb.
2. The followers of the Lamb.
3. Where they follow Him.

Upon the last head the preacher, though disclaiming the idea of preaching a controversial sermon, brought some very pungent remarks to bear upon the subject. What was the meaning of those words uttered by the Divine Master, "For so it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness?" Not "Me," but "us;" "For so it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Was it the righteousness imputed to His people? Well, say some, we believe it was. Then you make more of baptism than I do, for by that view of the passage you make it necessary to salvation, and woe be to you if you do not attend to it? But what was it? Was it not the righteous example of the blessed Son of God? Our Lord baptized by commanding His apostles to do so. Away, away with the idea of sprinkling. Christ was not sprinkled with agony that we might be justified, but was deluged. If baptism were a figure of death and resurrection, then baptism by immersion was the only mode.

I left Notting Hill with the impression that Mr. Edwards has a fine field of labour open before him. May God be with him, and make him "equal to the occasion."

A correspondent from Notting hill says:—
 Lord's-day, March 29, 1874, the ordinance of believer's baptism was administered to ten persons by R. G. Edwards—three male and seven female—on a profession of their faith in Christ Jesus. The chapel was crowded; a very sweet and profitable discourse was delivered by our minister from Rev. xiv. 4.

"These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." It was a joyful time to many who were present, and our hearty wish is that many more may be brought to know the Saviour. Our minister is happy in his work, and the Lord is blessing him in the ingathering of many precious souls. The congregation is increasing and the church is in peace. May the Lord abundantly prosper it, so that it may be said that this and that man was born there. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

CHARLES ATKINSON.

14, Devonshire terrace, Notting hill.

A NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL FOR
MR. J. B. McCURE.

EDEN CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

OUR friends will not be surprised that we have made up our minds to build a new chapel when we inform them that the present building was erected in the year 1825, at the head of a small street, in a very sparsely-populated part; then there was but here and there a house; and in wet weather the roads were so bad that it required some amount of courage in the sterner sex to tread the ways of Zion. But since that period house has been added to house, and street to street, until it has become one of the most densely-populated districts in the town. Still no addition has been made to Eden, except when, many years ago, galleries were put up at the two sides and in front. The aspect of the chapel is one of the finest you could imagine, standing as it does at the head of the principal street in the neighbourhood, with three other streets converging in the front. As regards the building, it is a disgrace to the thriving locality in which it stands; and, setting aside its inadequacy to meet the requirements of the people for worship, it appears to be quite time that we should put ourselves right with the public, and arise and build a place worthy the position as citizens in such an important place as Cambridge.

Some have thought it would be economical to sell the present site, as it is such a valuable one, and purchase one in a less prominent position. But should we thus squander away the noble patrimony which has descended to us from our forefathers, and which the lapse of time has made so prominent and so valuable? Surely not. The Gospel we publish, the glad tidings we proclaim, the glorious truths we disseminate, and the precious doctrines we teach, are worthy a place in the most prominent parts of our towns and cities. But alas! how often it is the case, especially in large towns, that these blessed truths, which are the rejoicing of our hearts and the joy of our souls, are only to be heard in some court, back street, or alley, most difficult to be found.

A second reason why we would not move is, that this has been the birthplace of a multitude, who have cast their crowns at Jesu's

feet in the "bright mansion love ordained;" and many still in the wilderness revere the sacred spot as the place where "their soul first drew its vital air," and where many precious love visits from the presence of Jesus has been enjoyed.

Another objection to moving is, that there is a part of the purchased possession resting awhile here; and here they will rest until the mortal shall put on immortality, and the corruptible put on incorruption—in fact until death shall be swallowed up in victory. These ashes are dear to Jesus; He purchased them at an immense cost: should they not be dear to us also? How sacred to the mind of dear old Jacob was the cave which was in the field of Machpelah; it seemed to refresh his soul and to revive his spirits in his dying moments, while he recounted the sacred and beloved ashes that were slumbering there. "There," he says, "they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

These things considered, we have decided still to hold the possession which has descended to us from our forefathers inviolate and undisturbed, and there to build a house to the name of the Lord God of Israel; and it is our earnest prayer that His holy and sacred Majesty may condescend to say of it as He did of the Temple of old, "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it."

Now, if some of our dear friends who read these lines, and whom it has pleased our God to place in affluent circumstances, will be kind to assist us in this great work, they will receive our warmest thanks; and should any people desire to give us a collection, we will send our dear pastor (much as we love him) upon such an important errand, to receive their contributions; and our prayer is that God may be pleased to bless and refresh their souls, as ours has often been under his ministry, and then they will indeed be gainers by assisting and helping us on in our necessity.

On reviewing the past year, as a people, we have much cause for thankfulness. At its commencement our dear pastor had just entered upon his labours amongst us; and although the Word has at times been spoken in much physical weakness, yet it has been accompanied by Divine power to the hearts of many, so much so, that twenty-four have been constrained to cast in their lot amongst us.

On New Year's day, a goodly number of the Church and congregation took tea together in the vestry; and after tea we had a conversazione and public meeting, when our dear brother Deeks, in a neat, instructive, and appropriate speech, presented the pastor with a free-will offering from the Church and congregation, consisting of a purse, containing £21 6s. 3d., as a token of their love and esteem. The meeting, which was a most enjoyable one, was also addressed by brethren Levett and Tyler.

Surely it becomes us to thank God and take courage.

J. FAVELL.

NEW PHASES IN THE MINISTRY.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

A friend says, I heard a sermon preached to perhaps more than 5,000 persons, wherein the preacher said to the congregation, "I not only exhort you, but I command you, yea, I demand of you, that, this night, you make your peace with God before you leave this house." [We tremble in our souls over such demands; but the question is urged, "Are you prepared to say the Spirit of the living God might not thus sovereignly speak through a minister right into the heart of a sinner, and, applying the demand with such power, that that sinner shall realise and exercise such a measure of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as to bring his soul into peace, freedom, and a full salvation?" We dare not write one word to limit the Holy One of Israel. The days in which we live, the various phases of ministration now so popular, and the amazing efforts now making to civilize, moralize, and evangelize the people, are so overwhelming, that we can only read, and look and wonder. Our most deep and painful thought and conviction is, that men with a fire, fluency, and freedom, almost unparalleled, are bringing the Gospel down from its high and holy standing to such degrees of looseness, lightness, and anythingarianism, that we feel safe only in cleaving to the Word of God, and abiding by that which the Lord Himself hath been pleased to reveal and work in us with saving power. What treasures of wisdom and knowledge, of consolation, and of caution are embalmed in that one Scripture: "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His; and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." That text contains doctrinal, experimental, and practical divinity enough to occupy a man's lifetime to understand and to work out. May we follow only the Lamb whithersoever He goeth! May we learn of Him; love and honour Him! May we at last be found with Him! Amen and Amen. Any spirit which would lead us from Him is dangerous.]

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, ISLINGTON GREEN.

Until recently the Strict Baptists were the only denomination in the metropolis who provided no educational assistance for their rising ministers. To remedy this defect, the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches early in the past year commenced a students' class, to give publicity to which a meeting of an interesting character was held in the above place of worship on Wednesday last, when several addresses were delivered by gentlemen who are availing themselves of the advantages of the effort.

In the absence, through indisposition, of Robert Wilkinson, Esq.—the "Robertus" of *The Earthen Vessel*—the chair was taken by Mr. W. J. Styles, the minister of the chapel, who, under the direction of Mr. J. T. Briscoe, the minister of Meard's-court chapel, Soho, acts as tutor and lecturer to

the class, to whose kindness and ability in that capacity many allusions were made in the course of the evening.

Mr. Briscoe expressed a hope that the present undertaking might form the nucleus of another of far wider range and influence.

Mr. W. Alderson (minister of East street chapel, Walworth) exhorted his younger brethren to make the Cross of the Redeemer the central and prominent theme in all their ministrations.

A private tea-meeting preceded the public gathering, at which nearly fifty gentlemen were present, consisting of the students and some of the leading laymen and ministers of the denomination. Several gentlemen testified to the kindly appreciation in which the students' class is regarded in the metropolis. Among those present we were glad to notice the following pastors—Messrs. H. Brown, Bracher, Cornwell, Crompton, Hewlett, Waterer, and Woodward, of Ilford.

Robert Wilkinson, Esq., kindly forwarded the sum of two guineas towards the carrying on of the class.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

The third annual meeting of the above was held on March 10, at Meard's-court chapel.

In the afternoon the pastor and delegates assembled in the larger vestry, and Mr. W. Alderson was elected president for the ensuing year. *Inter alia* a letter was read from Mr. C. W. Banks, who has recently, through accepting the pastorate of the church at Speldhurst road chapel, become a member of the association—commending the present circumstances of the effort with which he is identified to the prayerful sympathy of the assembled brethren.

Tea having been partaken of by a company rather more select than numerous, the chair of the evening's meeting was taken by Mr. W. Alderson, who, on rising, observed that not having anticipated being called to that position he was prepared to say but very little. He, however, delivered an exceedingly long address; after which he called on Mr. J. T. Briscoe, who read the annual report. Pecuniarily it was certainly encouraging. Ten pounds had been voted to a church whose funds were low, and the students' class had been in many ways successful.

Mr. Falkner read the treasurer's account.

Mr. J. S. Anderson defined the nature of true Gospel Churches, between all of which, he contended, real unity existed; to endeavour to keep which in the bond of peace was the object of the association. Churches, though independent, should not be isolated; but should co-operate in works of faith and labours of love.

Mr. Meeres spoke strongly against the "Plymouth Brethren," whose heretical notions respecting the pastorate were, he feared, beginning to be shared by those Churches who neither sought nor prayed for pastors, but remained content with an order of things contrary to God's revealed will.

Mr. W. J. Styles declined speaking on the subject allotted to him, in consequence of the lateness of the hour. He, however, expressed an opinion that united prayer was called for. The cry of feebleness and lament was coming from all quarters. It seemed to him that supplications rather than speeches were demanded by the aspect of the times.

Mr. John Box, Jun., on rising, spoke in strong terms (perhaps rather too strong, the inclemency of the evening being considered) on the apathy of absentees. He then made some remarks on the Lord's reviving His people again.

It was mentioned during the evening that there were funds in hand which the association were empowered and would be glad to devote to the relief of necessitous Churches.

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS.

"Fine county this of Kent, sir!" "Yes sir, sometimes." "Sometimes, sir? it has always been considered the Garden of England." "Yes, sir, and I am one of the plants, for I was born in it, and am very fond of my native county; but this morning I did not so much enjoy it. Where do you live, sir?"

"Pretty well everywhere, sir; my home, or my lodging, or temporary tent has been in London more than thirty years; but my Master is kind to give me a good share of work in different parts of the country; so I am often running hither and thither as Master is pleased to direct." "What part of this fine county may you have been into this time, sir?"

"Very early yesterday (Good Friday) morning I left my home in London for Egerton, where I heard my brother preach in the morning, and in the afternoon and evening I spoke to crowded assemblies of people in the Baptist Chapel, and a blessed season we had; I think over 200 people took tea, and all appeared to be happy." "Why, are you brother to R. Y. Banks, the pastor of Egerton?" "Yes, sir, we have been own brothers over 66 years, and I hope we shall be brothers in the Lord for ever." "How did you get from Egerton this morning?" "On my legs, sir." "Could you not ride?" "No, sir.

Mr. Turk and myself walked through mud-clay, slimy fields, over little wooden bridges, through woods and lanes, so dirty, so windy, so wet, I thought we should have been thrown into some of the puddles and never get through; but just before the train came up, I reached the station, weary, wet, and with plenty of Kentish mud; to mend the matter, when I presented my return ticket they demanded of me 5s. 5d. excess fare, which I paid, and now, if God permit, I will fly home, and then down to Ipswich, where to-morrow I hope to preach three times in Zoar Chapel, in the populous city, county, and town of Ipswich." "How can you possibly prepare for so constantly and so successively going up before the people with messages of mercy?"

"I study in my bed, as I walk, when riding in railway carriages, anywhere, everywhere, and at all times. For instance, this morning, when rising up, the words came to me, 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the

first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.' In those words I saw two opposite conditions: the first resurrection, and the second death also. I saw two different characters; the 'blessed and the holy who have part in the first resurrection; and those who are under the power of the second death.'

"Very solemn, sir; but how can anybody tell which their lot will be?"

"Oh, the Spirit of God is given, and the Bible is given, and ministers are sent on purpose to declare unto men the salvation of Christ, and to show unto true believers their interest in it."

"Ah, ministers; well, why I almost get cross when I think of them, for my old grandmother's Bible says, the Lord's watchmen shall see eye to eye: but, upon my word, some of them are always in the mud; some as high as the stars in their creed and as low as the worms in their conduct; besides, some tell you God's full grace and mercy saves you, and others tell us they come to 'offer Christ unto us, if we will but condescend to accept of Him we shall be saved,' and so on. I cannot make some of these parsons out at all."

"You make me think of my journey this morning. As we were tugging and slipping along the dreadfully muddy fields this morning, now and then I nearly rolling in the ponds of miry clay, my guide, Mr. Turk, looked back upon me and cried out, 'You are not prepared for such work and walking.' 'No,' I said, 'indeed I am not.' Immediately Paul's words rolled over my mind, 'Having your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.' 'Mr. Turk,' said I (poor, dear man, he was pushing through the mud as fast as he could, wishing I had been at York, I expect; then,

Through these muddy fields and lanes,

With heavy toil and anxious pains,

He never had been this day.

But my home in London I must find,

So, when to stop he felt inclined,

I urged him on his way.

'Mr. Turk' (said I), 'you have given me a text. First, I saw the character of the Gospel: it is the Gospel of peace. Then the Christian's pilgrimage is over sloughs and snares, through storms and fires, and many thorny roads; hence, it is well and safe to have the feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.'

"What do you reckon that preparation to be?"

"My meditations over the slimy and sliding, the clogging and the sticking mire were like this: 'The preparation of the Gospel of peace,' said I to myself, must lay principally in three things:—

"1. An inwrought, experimental, realisation of the doctrines of the Gospel.

"2. A comfortable hope and confidence in the promises of the Gospel.

"3. A preservation, by grace, from violating the precepts of the Gospel. Let a man have a God-given experience of the holy doctrines, the precious promises, and the wholesome precepts of the Gospel; and that

man is prepared for the great war which is every day coming against the covenant and the Christ of God, against the Gospel and people of God, and against all that we know to be 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

"Thank-you, sir. Good morning. If ever you come Red-Hill way, give me a call. I have some curious specimens of parsonic experiments I would willingly show you."

"Thank you, sir; Red Hill is a place I am not often visiting. As to parsons, I know more than I wish." C. W. B.

TRING EASTER MEETING.—As we trotted down to the station on Easter Tuesday morning, we heard a soft whisper chanting,—

And when to that sweet land I come,
And find in heav'n a peaceful home,
Sure then I never shall forget
His mercies, nor that pond'rous debt
Which He for me did pay.

"Fine morning, this, sir." "Very." "How did you find the Church at West End yesterday?" "Quite like a clover-field; not one thorn or thistle did I feel all the time. My good friend Arthur Baker is evidently doing a work in Ebenezer, by the grace of God, which caused my heart to thank God and take courage. One of the deacons—not a young man, but a ripe Christian—came to me, and said, 'We thank you for sending us such a honest and hearty minister as Mr. Baker; he is a good preacher; with great variety and freshness, and the Lord is blessing the Word to the souls of the people.' That testimony came sweet to my heart." Easter Sunday was a holy day with West End people. In the morning, Arthur Baker preached from Jesu's own words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." After which he baptized four believers; in afternoon the Lord's remembrance table was spread; the Church gathered around, which, with the new disciples then received, numbers about 80. It may be justly said peace, prayer, unity, charity, truth, and growth prevail. Oh, may these choice privileges long continue and abound. That West End cause has had many pastors, many trials, but still she lives. Yes, and where Churches have the privileges Ebenezer now enjoys, they must live. Here the Church meet three times every week for united prayer; and I heard one say, "Never did I count upon meetings for prayer so much as I do on these at Tring; they are to my soul hallowed seasons indeed." Mr. Baker gives them four sermons every week; holds a Bible class on Friday evenings; and in himself, in his clean and pleasant parsonage, and with his people, he is happily favoured. I hope this will be his field of labour for at least the next quarter of a century, then

On his staff serenely rest,
Till God shall give him, with the blest,
A home with life and joy.

Our Easter Monday meeting was well attended. A. Baker, friends North (of Aylesbury), and J. Crampin conducted the devo-

tional part of the services; C. W. Banks preached two sermons; the choir sung the hymns with a heavenly and harmonious power, and the day was one we shall gratefully remember. So believeth

AN ANCIENT SCRIBE.

The old Baptist Church has just lost its pastor, Mr. W. Sexton, who departed this life early in this year, after being pastor near thirty years.

A VOICE FROM A CATHEDRAL CITY.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God; my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" Under these feelings, I left home for the temple of God, hungering for food; but when I got there the old minister was ill, and a young Arminian in the pulpit; I heard him once, but could not sit to hear him this morning; so turned out and came home: did not know where to go; surely the Prophet's words were never more true, "Truth is fallen in our streets, and no man careth for it." Nothing is there to be heard in this great city but dead Calvinism or Arminianism. At one place there is the letter of truth, but the minister ignores experimental religion. Your pieces in the VESSEL have fed my poor hungry soul. May the Lord long spare you to feed His purchased people. Oh, that the Lord would send a John here—a burning and shining light. There are plenty of shining lights, such lights as they are. For all the talk of religious awakenings, I believe the Church, for the most part, is gone into a trance. Much excitement; my soul's deepest wish is that it were real. I stay at home a good bit and read my Bible: but I would much rather enjoy the public ministry. I know it is right. I have tried hard to hear, but got so entangled in the yoke of bondage that I scarcely knew what to do or what to believe. I tried the Presbyterians a long time; there is a good deal of truth and much apparent devotion, but sometimes such rank free-will. I do not feel justified in going to such places. It is a great mercy God is not confined to means. I have proved the blessed truth of it. My Bible and closet were never so sweet to me as now. The Lord has promised to keep the soul alive even in famine, and His promise never was forfeited yet; indeed, His mercies are new every morning: great is His faithfulness; but my heart is so hard, my eyes so blind; I cannot either see or feel unless the Lord gives feeling and sight. L.

MR. S. SMITH, of St. Garmon's Sluice, by Lynn, Norfolk, departed this life the latter end of last year. Mr. John Vincent, of Love lane, Spalding, says, He was known by the name of Banker S. Smith, thirty years ago. He was a warm-hearted man of God; zealous for his master's honour. He was led to know himself as a lost sinner. While listening to a young man, one Mr. Alcock, a brickmaker, at Tiney Baptist Chapel, about thirty-five years since, I was warmly attached to him;

he was a great help to me when I was but a lad. His end was peace. Mr. Barnes, of Tilney, says, Mr. Smith was ill about two months, confined to his bed a fortnight before he died. He came to my house two or three times after he was not able to speak, and I read and spoke to the friends as well as my feeble abilities allowed. I went to see him several times after he was not able to come and see me; he said he was like a bird confined in a cage; he longed to depart and be with Christ. I went to see him on the Thursday night, the 16th of October, 1873. It was about 8 o'clock when I got there; his wife then thought he was going. I stayed with him all that night; he said when he revived, that he thought it would have been over with him. He lived just that week round, and died Thursday night, October 23rd, 1873, aged 68. He was as firm on the Rock in his last days as ever he was.

THE LATE THOMAS WEBB, Baptist Minister of Swaffham Prior, Cambs. Dear Mr. Editor,—I send you a short account of the ministerial life and death of Mr. Thomas Webb, who preached the Gospel nearly forty-eight years at Swaffham Prior, in Cambs. He died January 5th, 1868, aged seventy-five. It was my privilege to sit under his ministry sixteen years. I had heard him with the outward ear before. At one time he preached from these words, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise," etc. I was led to believe I was the one, though unbelief, Satan, and sin, will say it was not genuine; but there are times when, by faith, all the world cannot dispute me out of it. In Mr. Webb's early times, he was in London eight years; he first heard the gospel preached in Keppel street chapel, by Mr. Martin; after that he went to Zoar chapel, Great Alie street, Whitechapel, and sat under Mr. Bailey, and have heard him say how he went under great exercises of soul. But there was one spot in Threadneedle street he never could forget, where the Lord applied with power to him the words, "I am pacified towards you in all that thou hast done." His first sermon he preached in Green street, Cambridge: his text was, "God is love!" so it is, so it is now. Mr. Webb would say, "Study the good man, not the great; be yourselves, and not another, except it is to follow Christ." I cannot give any particular account of his ministry; there are many can testify when in the most trouble his ministry has been blessed to their souls. This I can say with honour to his name, I do believe had our friend Webb had the choice of the manner of his death he would not have chosen otherwise. On January 5, 1868, in the morning he preached from those words, "Trust in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength:" he dwelt more particularly on trust. There was one thing noticed, he did not allude to the new year that morning. He came into the vestry in the afternoon to go to the pulpit again: he was in the vestry against the table, taking his gloves off; he fell, I picked him up. He went off without a struggle as far as we could tell. Mr. S.

Marks, of Cambridge, preached his funeral sermon, Sunday, January 19. His text was "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." He was buried in Swaffham Prior churchyard, January 13. On his stone is, "Mark the perfect man, behold the upright one: the end of that man is peace." We have been having supplies for six years. We hope the Lord will send us one of His servants to break the bread of life amongst us again, if it be His will. When heart and flesh fail us, may we join our friend in that brighter and better world above; this is the wish of your friend, Swaffham Priory. JOHN DAY.

Notes of the Month.

WE WISH IT WAS SO.—Sir Charles Reed (are not Non.-Cons. rising in the scale of national dignity now?—Sir Charles) said at a meeting in Hackney, "Much was being said about divisions in the Church, but he contended that this did not necessarily prove the existence of hostility or acrimonious feeling on the part of one sect towards another. These divisions were, on the contrary, of great value, for they, as it were, brought up the different regiments in the great army of the Lord to fight the great battle in which all Christians were engaged. He had no objection to see this divided state of effective work, which he did not look upon as hostility, but co-operation. He looked upon it as a blessed thing that they could work harmoniously. What were they united in? He had the pleasure of being a member of the Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, President of the Sunday School Union, and also a member of the London City Mission—an association which had a platform as broad as any organisation he knew. It was now thirty-eight years ago since David Nasmyth established the mission, and since then it had gone on with strengthened and more vigorous action, and, in fact, was never more vigorous than now. Referring to the want of unity on points, he expressed a wish that they could be united on more points than they were. The defence of the Sabbath-day and of their common Protestantism demanded unity; for he believed the time was coming when they would have to stand shoulder to shoulder as one great army in defence of the Gospel." [Sir Charles Reed is a noble representative of Christian benevolence. We pray for the funeral of all "acrimonious feeling" in the professing Christian family; for, with Sir Charles, we believe the time is coming when the faithful will have to stand, as one great army, in defence of the Gospel. But for forty years we have silently wept over the bitter, the proud, the unholy, the un-Christ-like spirits which weaken and divide the army, which tend to strengthen infidelity, and open the way for anti-Christ to come in.]

Deaths.

Rebecca Durrant, relict of the late John Durrant, of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, who departed this life, February 8, 1874, aged 82.

God's Voice in Man's Soul.

A SERMON PREACHED IN MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, HILL STREET, DORSET SQUARE,

BY MR. WM. CROWTHER,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 11TH, 1873.

“Then, said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child.”—Jer. i. 6.

THE words to which we especially wish to draw your attention, are these, the last clause of the verse, “I am a child.”

Jeremiah said, “I am a child,” when the Lord first spoke to him. It is not a matter of moment what age he was at the time, God has always been in the habit of speaking at whatsoever period of life He pleases. To Josiah He seems to have spoken when he was but eight years of age. To others He has spoken at different periods of their life. There is a time for everything with Him, and a season for every purpose. At His own appointed time He spake to Jeremiah, and the effect of His words upon Jeremiah was very great, as the effect of God's words always are when spoken to the soul. When He spoke to Moses, the effect was so great that Moses used expressions very similar to those which Jeremiah used, acknowledging his own incompetence, and his own unfitness to do anything. When God spake to Job, Job said, I have spoken once, but I will go no further. He had heard the words of God, and He said, “Wherefore, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes.” When God spake to Isaiah, he said, “I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips.” And when God spake to you and to me, the effect was very much the same. We felt our nothingness, our insignificance; and our worthlessness, and we were led to say, as Jeremiah said, “I am a child.”

Now, there were feelings that led to this expression; and there were feelings that were implied and meant by it; and we will to-night just glance at those feelings that led to this expression, and at those that were implied by it.

When Jeremiah heard God speaking to him, his beauty was immediately turned into corruption in his own eyes; and that which had been comely in his own estimation before, became immediately pollution. He saw himself as he had never seen himself before. When man speaks there is a certain kind of influence, according to the tone of anger or of kindness in which he speaks. The influence of man's speaking is totally different from that of God's speaking. A great proportion of the so-called religious world think it is enough if man speaks, and they hear, and take heed to what man says. Men are influenced by men, and take up religion as a sort of external possession, a social custom, a general observance, which has its influence from society, and its influence upon society. So that many people's religion is bounded by the customs, habits, feelings, intentions, and objects of society, as it is

constituted. But when God speaks to a man, the influence of society is gone. Man becomes then, for the first time in his life, in the purest sense of the term, a unit. There he stands, and for the time it does not signify to him what the whole world else is, what the whole world else says, or what the whole world else does. There he stands, severed from the whole of the rest of the human family; and as completely severed as if there were not another being under the whole canopy of heaven but himself. He stands, as it were, face to face with God: the voice of God has arrested him. It does not matter what the voice of man may have said; it does not signify how true what he has said may be; nor how much you may have been influenced by it as a testimony approved of, satisfied with, or believed in your judgment, unless God Himself has spoken to you in a totally different way, you are yet unaware of those feelings which Jeremiah experienced when he said, "I am a child." Now what was it that caused Jeremiah so to say? First, it was a sight and a sense of the holiness of God. God spake to Him. He was overwhelmed with the thought that God should speak to him: and to his mind was made manifest the purity of Him that spake; bringing into bold relief his own unworthiness, his own wretched state and position. In God's light we see what we have been, and what we are: we stand aghast at the fearfulness of our state, at the wretchedness of our condition, at the depth of our iniquity and sin. There never was a better man in the world, as a man, than Saul of Tarsus was. Though he did many wrong things, and though he persecuted the Church of God, he was sincere. There is not a question or a doubt that he believed he was doing right; he was holy in his own estimation, and in the estimation of others, till Jesus Christ spoke to him, till the voice of God spake to him on his way to Damascus. Then he was immediately horrified at his impurity, and trembled before the presence of Him that spake. What a common thing it is for a man to be satisfied with himself until his faults are pointed out to him: but when God points out those faults, when God shows man His holiness, and shows man *his* own corruption and filthiness; when God makes man see what is due from man to God in vivid colours; and makes him know that, to be guilty in a single point is to be guilty in all; and that to fail to fulfil every requirement of God's law is to involve himself in guilt that deserves eternal wrath. When a man sees this, it is a sight the like of which he never saw before, the like of which he cannot describe to another, and the like of which he alone knows that has experienced the reality of. Well, Jeremiah, when God spake to him, saw, as Isaiah had done before, the holiness and purity of God, which brought out before his vision, to his terror and distress, his own impurity. When God spoke to Jeremiah, what did He say? "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee: and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." Here was a manifestation to Jeremiah of God's sovereignty; of God's sovereignty exercised towards him in a way of grace. And if you and I have realized what grace is, we have known it in the way of an act of sovereignty.

Not one person since the world began has received grace from God, who has not been constrained to acknowledge, whatever the words might be in which he made the acknowledgment, that that grace came

to him in the way of sovereignty. There are many who do not like sovereignty; but every one who knows what the conveyance to the soul of the mercy of God is, knows what sovereignty is, though he may not even know the meaning of the word. Many Christians speak *theoretically* of the grace of God, in a manner that is entirely contrary to their own *experience*; and if you can bring them to speak how they received the first tokens of God's kindness towards them, and how they were first brought to know the Lord, without using the word sovereignty at all, they will describe, in words of their own, that which conveys most clearly and distinctly, that God "found them when they sought Him not;" that He had mercy upon them, and came upon them by His power and grace, in a manner that they had no way anticipated or previously sought. And I hope, and believe too, that there are many thousands of people in the world who do not theoretically know what the meaning of *sovereign grace* is, who, nevertheless, have received it; and in other words, when they tell their experience of the Lord's dealings with them, acknowledge it in the fullest sense of the term. But men have received various impressions and prejudices which are founded purely upon modes of expression. Every one of the children of God knows that the influence which God exercised towards them when He first appeared to them, and first made manifest His grace to them, was in spite of themselves, and in no way of their own seeking, and was such as to be absolutely irresistible in its influence. It captivated them, it apprehended them as surely as ever a policeman apprehended a thief. It seized them, and would not let them go; it laid hold of them with a severity and with a strength of hold that made them feel themselves under arrest. Every one who has seen and been taught his own nothingness before God knows, in whatever words he expresses it, that he was made to stand guilty, notwithstanding all his own efforts to the contrary, and was made to plead guilty, notwithstanding his desire to plead and to stand otherwise. Jeremiah saw the sovereignty of God in the fact, that God not only said, "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee," but that He said it to and of him personally.

Now we, although not in the first instance told, yet are made to know that it is by the will of God, by the sanctifying of God alone, that we come to occupy any position of acceptance in His sight and presence. And as the soul comes to see this, the feeling arises, "Oh, if I am not chosen of God, I must perish; if God has not sanctified me by His own favour, I must perish." And as the soul comes to this conclusion, it trembles, as it asks with anxiety, "Oh! that I might know what my case is." And many say, "I would like to know the decision. This suspense is so painful and dreadful to my heart, that, if I am to perish, I should like to know it, and not be kept in suspense. Oh, if it should be that I am one of God's, and if I am interested in this choice of His, in this sanctification and ordination of His, oh! won't I make all heaven ring with songs of joy and gladness, that I, even I, should be among the chosen of His love!" And thus the sight of God, and the hearing of the voice of God, made Jeremiah feel! And it makes us, and it made us, I may say of many of us, and of some I hope it may be *now*, that it makes them feel so sensible of

their helplessness, so desirous to know their real position, and so anxious about their state, that, like Jeremiah, they tremble before it. It is God by His grace that alone can relieve the anxiety, and it is He who alone can continue those gifts of life, and love, and mercy, that shall cause the relief to continue, and shall give such evidence of His favour in our hearts as shall help us to love His name, and wait His will.

But I say, in the third place, when Jeremiah heard the voice of God, it revealed to his mind in some degree the mystery of salvation. You and I know nothing of the mystery of salvation, unless we have heard the voice of God. I mean that voice which He utters in the heart through the power and force of His Word. I believe God always makes use of His written Word when He speaks into the heart of His people. I always feel some doubt and fear about that experience of the teaching of God, which is not in some way connected with the word written in this book. When God speaks into the heart, the system of salvation is first revealed to the mind. Jeremiah saw it—God's choice, God's appointment, God's fore-ordination. The moment he felt that it was the voice of God, the voice of power, the voice that he could not resist nor turn away from (for that is how the voice of God is heard in our hearts and consciences); the moment he heard the voice it opened to his mind a system totally different from all systems of men. There is nothing like God's way of saving; but there are counterfeits innumerable. There are denominations innumerable; and amongst probably all of them, at any rate, amongst many of them, there are living souls; and these living souls, each of them, stand upon a pedestal quite independent of any system of denominationalism. Denominationalism is nothing to you or me when we stand before God; it all becomes a matter of no moment. But it is to us, while we are here, a matter of moment to seek out, if we can, associations with those who have experienced like things with ourselves, and fellowship with them who love and fear God, and have heard His voice as we have. We may make mistakes; we may find some that do not seem to have heard the voice of God in the same way that we have; yet, when we find those that have had some of the experiences we have had, the communication of the feelings seems to make two souls like two drops of water, which become one as soon as they come together.

There is that in connection with the Word of God, which distinguishes it so completely from all belonging to the works, arrangements, contrivances, and devices of man, that the soul says, "Give me life; let me have life; let me recognise life. That is what satisfies me." There may be, as there are now, in every part of this country, all sorts of chapels and churches, the difference being, that to some they pay, and to others they can go, in some degree, free. But all these attractions become like the leaves of autumn, which are only to be trodden under foot, when the power of God has reached the heart. When God visits the soul with this influence, the soul flutters out of this obscure, foolish, and worthless rubbish, that it may get to the light of day, and that it may know where it is, and what it is, and all these things die, its feeling being, "Give me Christ or else I die." It is of no moment what man says, or what he does not say; what he approves, or what he disapproves; what he does, or what he leaves undone. My soul is

intent on this : "I want to know what God says to my soul, and I must have it said from Him!" And when a burning anxiety is kindled in the soul to know what it is that the Lord says, then there is true prayer, true inquiry, true searching, true concern, true desire, true dependence upon God, and a true casting away of every matter else. Jeremiah saw the system of God's operation and salvation; and you and I come to see, under His speaking into our hearts, how empty are all the forms and arrangements that attract men, that draw various classes of men in their crowds, in their zeal, and in their excitement, to these extensive attractions.

(To be concluded next month).

A STRONG CONSOLATION & A FEARFUL WARNING; OR, TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

(Concluded from page 140.)

THERE were the priests with sounding trumpets to cry alarm against them. Against whom? Alas, alas! it was the children of Israel: "O children of Israel, fight not against the Lord God of your fathers; for ye shall not prosper." What! can it indeed be true that a people who had God's name upon them, and which very name signifies, "Prince who prevails with God," should be found fighting against Him? Yea, too true, indeed. How awfully solemn! But, may we not congratulate ourselves that such is not the state of things now? Nay, we cannot, for there be multitudes who, although they wear the name of Israel, yet are bitter enemies of the God of Israel, and to those who are truly circumcised in heart and eat the Paschal Lamb. There is, therefore, no difficulty to see the analogy between Israel of old and the false Church in the present day.

In the first place, they were a rebellious people, not only against Rehoboam, but also against God's covenant order of things. So now men continue to rebel against new covenant truths. In setting aside the truth of God they set aside the God of truth. It is totally impossible for any person to be an enemy to God's truth and yet be a friend of God. Abraham was said to be a friend of God, but never in one instance do we find that he hated or set God's truth aside. But there be thousands now who are continually rebelling and committing high treason against the Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, yet call themselves Christians. How terrible to have a name to live and yet be dead!

They were vain men, children of Belial, who gathered and strengthened themselves in this iniquitous work. Yes, in the Saviour's day the religious people imagined vain things against Him. So, still, there are those who are vainly puffed up by their fleshly mind, exalting the creature far above the Creator. Ignorant of the law of God, and the sunken depravity of their own deceitful hearts, therefore cannot understand the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Man's heart is full of pride until the Holy Ghost begets the grace of humility within him. Then his cry will be, "Lead me in the paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake." They were children of Belial. Their eyes were lofty, they were pure in their own eyes, but were not washed from their filthiness. Ah, and there

was a great multitude of them, not a few, not a remnant saved by grace. The number of their army was quite double to those of Judah. Is it not so still? Does not this country teem with such as are at war with the great fundamental truths of the Gospel? How can we expect otherwise when the Word of our God declares there should be many saying, "Lo, here, and lo there," and that the number of them is as the sand of the sea shore? Glance at the means used for the accomplishment of this end. At the fashionable places the task is frequently given to each member to bring at least one in such a time. A few weeks ago, at one of these fashionable places in Ipswich, they were rejoicing that during the past year they had succeeded in getting 130 to be added to the Church. It is a well-known fact that they have training-classes to prepare boys and girls for Church membership. Surely numbers are no evidence of real spiritual prosperity; yet they scorn us because we are few and they are many. Truly, they well answer to their ancient type.

Again, they had the golden calves. Man is constituted a worshipping being. Jeroboam knew they must have something to worship. As it was in the beginning, so it is now. Look at the Church of Rome, the mystic Babylon, the great whore, the mother of harlots. Angels, saints, the Virgin Mary, images, pictures, crucifixes, old bones, rotten rags, wood, &c., are worshipped. In the Church of England, Ritualism, baptismal regeneration, the blasphemous so-called confirmation, &c., by many; and a host of other things in the territories of the Arminians. Anything, if so be they can thrust aside the doctrine of distinguishing love, particular redemption, efficacious grace, the completeness and eternity of the atonement, and the absolute certainty of all the purchase being finally gathered to eternal glory. These things they denounce, because they cause their Dagon to fall, hides pride from man, exalts and extols the Triune Jehovah alone. Therefore they cast calves in the moulds of carnal reason, fleshly pride, and fiendish presumption.

These are they who cast out the sanctified priests of the Lord and consecrate such as are ignorant of the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Is it not an undeniable fact that a great majority of professing Christians in our land seek more after human learning than the precious truths of the Gospel? As soon as a Church is destitute of a minister, they send to a college for an intelligent man, rather than joining in one band, as with one heart, and implore the Lord, in His mercy, to send them one filled with wisdom from on high, the spirit of Christ, love to the truth of God, His ordinances, &c. The reason is obvious. It proves to a letter they are enemies to God and His truth, and hate the ways of the Lord, although they have the name of Israel upon them.

Now what are these respectable gentlemen doing? Doing just what the mischievous Jeroboam and his people did, viz., cause an ambushment to come about behind them,—which means, If we can't beat them by fair means we will by foul. Before us we have a host of avowed Arminians, behind us an army of Romanists, under the name of Protestant Churchmen, who are sometimes called Ritualists. These are watching their opportunity to come out, as in the days of our forefathers, when those blood-thirsty persecutors, such as Mary and others, hunted for the precious life. What are we to do? The times look fearfully portentous; a dreadful struggle seems to be impending. Shall

we fear it? Why should we? Nay, ye men of Judah, but rather bind on the armour. Blow the trumpet with a certain sound. Give the alarm of war. Enter the battle field; fear not the results, for ye shall conquer, though ye die. Think it not strange you are called to battle against professed Christians. It is nothing new. The greatest enemies the Church ever had, has now, or ever will have, are those who profess the Christian name. Thy God is with thee. Remember what He did to Jeroboam and his people. Be assured He will not, He cannot desert thee to thy foes. Soon thou shalt wave the palm-branch; and then, O! how sweet the conqueror's song, Victory, victory! through the blood of the Lamb.

JOSIAH MORLING.

MERCIFUL PRESERVATION OF A MINISTER'S LIFE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I have often been anxious to send you a line. Will you give me a space in your next issue?

My eye is upon the signs of the times we live in. I had several numbers of a paper sent me unsolicited. Before God and man, I say, if the contents of that paper be the religion of the crucified Son of God, then I am a lost man; but my soul rejoices in the God of all grace, who, for nearly twenty-two years, has made known to my soul the power of His own Free-grace Gospel; it is my happiness to say I have not so learned Christ; it is no small mercy to be of God enabled to say:—

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.”

The God of all grace said of old to the children of Israel: “When I see the blood I will pass over you.” The blessed Son of God has come and done all things well. God can be just, and have mercy upon every poor soul upon whom the blood of Christ is found. Had it not been so, it could never have come to my soul. Jacob of old looked back to the forty years the Lord had led him; by the same power and spirit I am enabled to look back forty-eight years, and exclaim, “The goodness of the Lord has followed me: the prayers of a righteous man availeth much.” You know my dear father was a good and gracious man; and the Lord gave him a heart to pray for fifty years upon earth; now he prays not, but sings and praises God for ever, while his son sounds the trumpet in Zion below; and hopes to pray for Zion while life and breath remain, and who have more cause than me? A brand plucked out of the fire. Ah, my brother, when I think of the Lord's goodness to me. I am lost. Can it be so? Yes, bless his dear name it is:—

“Love I much?
I've much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.”

Fourteen years have fled away since the Lord brought me out of

the army and established me in the good but laborious work of the ministry. He has made it the power of God unto the salvation of many precious souls, and to Him be all the glory. My soul before God often feels as Paul writes to the Church in 1 Cor. i. 26—29.

My brother, how little this good old truth is thought of in the day we live in! but with our God there is no change, yes, the eye of the Lord is upon His people, and that for good. He will not turn away from them to do them good. The Psalmist of old said, Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works. I will triumph in the works of Thy hands; "all the works of God do praise Him, and His saints shall bless Him."

On the third Sabbath, in December last, I had been to Eaton Bray, to preach, and on my way home by train on Monday, I had been seated in the carriage about ten minutes, when myself and four other passengers were thrown off our seats. I felt something was wrong; my soul cried to the God of all grace, as it often did when in the field of battle, and the carriage was at a stand in a minute. We got out. Oh, the sight was awful! two carriages off the line had fallen down some fifteen feet, broken to splinters; the front of the carriage that I was in had its corner smashed; eight passengers injured; but, all glory to our God, my life was not injured. May I not say with all the family of God,—

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

This is not all that has befallen me. Since I came to Tring, I had been to preach at Long Marston; one of my deacons kindly came to fetch me home. Before we reached home the horse shied, turned the trap over, threw us both out; but the Lord's eye was upon us; in this, also, with my brother, I have cause to bless the Lord, in that I sustained no harm; all glory to our God! I remember the Lord said unto me some few years since, "what thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." Well, my brethren, I have found it true to the letter, both in the deeps of soul conflict, and in the Church of God; but here I am through mercy. Fifteen months have fled away since God made C. W. Banks the means of bringing me to Tring. To the honour of our Lord I have much pleasure to believe He has been, and is still with us, His poor and despised people. Twelve have been added to the cause, and I hope in an eternal union to the Great Head of the Church. I had the pleasure of baptizing four believers in Christ, Lord's-day last. However much people may speak against this blessed ordinance, it is to my soul delightful; it is following the footsteps of Jesus: the only scriptural way into the visible Church of God below. We had a good meeting, Easter-Monday; you was God's mouth to us that day; it gives me great pleasure to say, the Lord made your message a profitable season to us all. The proceeds of the meeting were kindly given to me, for which I am thankful.

May every blessing of our God rest upon you, is the prayer of
your's in Christ, A. BAKER.

Tring, Herts, April 9th, 1874.

THE PRECIOUS DOCTRINE OF SUBSTITUTION.

BY J. C. THURSTON,

Of Croydon.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—Isaiah liii. 6.

THERE are two things essential to be known before we can be truly and spiritually happy in this world. The one is our lost condition by nature; the other is our recovery from that condition by grace. It took Adam but a very few minutes to plunge the world into misery and death; it took Jesus three-and-thirty years to recover us from that misery and death, and secure life and happiness for us. These things are reported in the Gospel, but "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" How many sit under the sound of the Gospel for years totally unmoved either by its warnings or glad tidings! We have in the words of the text,

First. A Solemn Declaration.

Secondly. A Divine Act or Transfer.

The salvation of a sinner being a subject of immense importance, it becomes those who preach it to be simple, faithful, and affectionate; and those who hear it should listen with the greatest attention. There is no theme so great that can employ the tongue of man. The Prophet Isaiah uses a similitude: he compares men to sheep: his original state was a state of innocence, or purity, and harmlessness; and, indeed, it could not be otherwise, being created by Him who is holiness itself; so that man's sin is not of God, but of himself; he, being a mutable creature, was liable to fall; and he did fall, and all the human race fell in him. Oh! what a pit did he fall into! It was a pit of misery and ruin from which he could never recover himself. This was the effect of straying away and wandering from God, by which his mind became alienated from God. Oh! what a solemn change took place! His nature became corrupt, and he transmitted that corrupt nature to us, for we were born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and we have all gone astray by actual transgression. Where did we wander to? As far off from God as sin could lead us. The Bible loudly proclaims the distance: the Lord looked down from heaven to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek after God; they are all gone out of the way; there is none that doeth good; no, not one. Not a thought about God, nor a desire after Him; in a state of entire ignorance, carelessness, and unconcernedness. Like lost sheep, wandering in the dark mazes of sin, exposed to every danger. Oh! what gins, and traps, and snares does the devil lay to entrap and entangle the feet! How many have been caught in them! What sorrow and suffering have been the consequence! Pride and pleasure have carried people as far away from God as vice has: "All we like sheep have gone astray:" all God's elect as well as the rest of mankind; if one has not gone into such open acts of wickedness as another it is not because his heart is any better than another by nature. We have all gone astray; we have not kept His laws; we have broken His commandments; if you have not sinned with your hands or your feet, as some

have, you have with your eyes. The eye is the inlet to the heart, and oh! what evil thoughts have been hatched, as it were, in the bosom, and how often have they been fostered; how does the heart of man wander after forbidden objects! Have we not been as guilty as Adam and Eve? How foolish and stupid we are by nature! how liable to go into crooked paths which lead to destruction, and never should we return of ourselves, of our own will, or by our own power: it must be the power and grace of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls to bring us back. The prophet does not exclude himself:—"All we like sheep have gone astray;" one is as prone to go astray as another. We have often seen in a flock of sheep, when one has broken the fold, another and another has followed it: how often does one sinner lead another astray. "We have turned every one to his own way;" every one wants his own way, and seeks his own way: and it is an evil one, a dark and slippery way, the end of it is ruin, though they may differ. There are different propensities in human nature: some are addicted to one sin and some another. What you might be inclined to, I might not; and what I might be inclined to, you might not. But we have every one of us turned to his own way, and nothing but divine grace could turn us out of it to the Lord, so that the Lord's people are no better by nature than others. David said "I have gone astray like a lost sheep."

Secondly. The divine act or transfer: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." That is God the Father against whom we have sinned, and from whom we have turned. What inconceivable love is here commended! What amazing mercy is here exhibited to sinful man! He left the fallen angels to eternal torments without hope, because without a Redeemer; and what are we better than they? God, in infinite love and mercy, provided a Substitute, and that in the person of His own Son, who is called "the Lamb of God." He laid on Him the sins of all His people, and what a mighty burden was that: all the sins that ever were, and ever will be committed by them, all made to meet together upon Him, and borne by Him. Could He have borne them if He had been but a mere man? No! none but the mighty God could have borne them: "Who His own self," says Peter, "bare our sins in His own body on the tree." This substitute was beautifully portrayed by the ram that was caught in the thicket; this ram was offered in the stead of Isaac: in that I think Abraham saw the day of Christ and was glad. It was beautifully set forth by the scape-goat; yea, and by the slain goat. Aaron was commanded to take the goat, kill it, and bring his blood within the vail and sprinkle upon the mercy-seat, and before the mercy-seat. The slain lamb was for an atonement for the sins of the people; and Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their trespasses in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited. Behold Jesus at once the atoning High Priest and the effectual Sacrifice, for He offered Himself to God. He needed no offering for Himself, but the Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all. See how He, as the slain goat, atoned for our sins, and, as the scape-goat, Jesus did bear them away into the land of forgetfulness; the Lord removed them from His

people and transferred or made them over to Him—made them all to meet upon Him: the burden, the guilt, the punishment of them. This is how God disposed of sin, and there is no other way in which it could be disposed of or put away; no other priest could bear it, make an atonement for it, or put it away. There is no sacrificing priest now though men pretend to such.

Now let us pause for a moment. Look back to Calvary and contemplate the amazing act; let us gaze on the once-burdened Redeemer, groaning beneath the ponderous load, beneath the weight of divine vengeance. Listen to the Almighty voice, as it thrilled through the heart of the Saviour, "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts. Smite the Shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered, and I will turn My hand upon the little ones." Not to smite them but to protect and save them. O marvellous assertion! "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief." "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" behold Him in the depth of His agonizing woe in the garden; behold Him crowned with thorns; behold Him bearing His cross; behold Him in His bloody baptism, immersed in the wrath of a sin-avenging God; drenched in His own blood; in that mighty sea He took and cast the sins of His people, that when they are sought for they shall not be found. O here's a deep that knows no sounding. O what a day was that when the fountain of the Saviour's blood was opened! How rich was that blood! What virtue flows from that fountain! The dying thief proved it: his debts were all cancelled, his enormous crimes were at once blotted out, his soul cleansed and purified, redeemed, saved, and glorified. Oh, what an act for Jehovah to lay iniquity upon Christ, to make Him to be sin who knew no sin! As the Lord laid iniquity upon or transferred sin to Him, so He imputes His righteousness, makes it over to them whose sins He laid upon Him; as Jesus was viewed as a sinner by the imputation of their sins, so they are viewed as righteous by the imputation of His righteousness. As He took the curse, so they shall take the blessing; the curse was death, the blessing is life, eternal life. Well might angels wonder; and while they wonder, they adore and sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" Well may saved sinners sing, and rejoice, and love, and praise, and bless, and adore Him who died for them and redeemed them by His blood. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all; He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Oh! the precious doctrine of substitution. There is no salvation without it. What are all the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church? Of what use is the Pope, and his cardinals, and bishops, and priests? If what they say were true that there is no salvation out of their Church we should do well to join it; but that is a falsehood, and they are deceivers, therefore, let us have nothing to do with their religion. There are some who still hold office in the Church of England who cannot do without their Ritualistic mummeries; they must have something tangible, something they can see with their eyes or touch with their hands. There were many who saw Jesus that did not believe in Him: they despised and rejected Him. It is not what the natural eye can see, but what faith believes.

“All we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” Who are included in the us and the all? Not every individual in the world; if so, all must be saved; but all the elect of God in the different parts of the world, for they are scattered abroad; they are all that were given Him by the Father, and He said, when upon the earth, “I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given Me; for they are Thine. And all Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them.” They are His sheep: “I lay down My life for the sheep.” He had some sheep among the Jews, but they were not confined to the Jews, for He said, “Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.” They are His jewels: they are sought out from among the ruins of the fall. They are His workmanship whom He adorns with His grace and who will make up His crown. They are manifested by the new birth, by faith in His name; they are brought to trust in His blood and righteousness, and to hope and look for salvation by Him. We know not who they are till they are manifested, and, therefore, the Gospel is to be universally preached, and it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. They are among different denominations, but they belong to the true Church of God, whose names are written in heaven. “Can you tell me, sir, whether my sins are laid upon Christ, and whether I shall be saved?” I can’t search the sacred roll; I can’t search your heart; the Bible says, “He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.” We have the great question asked by one who doubtless felt his lost state and was anxious about his soul, and the great answer was given by one that was commissioned to publish salvation: “What must I do to be saved?” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” I dare not presume to say of any one that Jesus did not bear his sins; it can only be made known by the Spirit through faith. What can we say? “It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” and that “He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.” Dost thou feel thyself a sinner? Dost thou feel thy need of a Saviour? Art thou anxious to be saved? Look to Jesus; venture on Him—venture wholly. Some of you have believed through grace; you have found salvation in Him; you know His name, it is precious to you; you have had communion with Him, enjoyed your interest in Him; you have been brought into the liberty of the Gospel; the Son has made you free, and you are free, indeed; you have abundant reason to bless and praise Him for the great things He has done for you.

You were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. May the Lord bring back those who are still wandering far from God into the fold, and lead them into the green pastures of His love, and cause them to lie down beside the still waters of peace. He will see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied when He has brought them to the fold above. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of water, and God Himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

“CHRIST HAS RISEN IN MY HEART THE HOPE OF GLORY.”

SOME OF THE LAST WORDS OF

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GARRARD, OF LEICESTER.

[The following encouraging testimony to the holy and infallible truth of God, as delivered by Mr. John Bunyan McCure, in his Funeral Sermon for the above-named deceased minister, we have been specially requested to insert in our publication. Copies of the entire discourse may be had of the Deacons of Providence Chapel, Newark Street, Leicester; or of Mr. McCure, Clarendon Road, Brookland Avenue, Cambridge. Towards the close of the Funeral Sermon (which was preached in Leicester, December 21st, 1873), Mr. John Bunyan McCure said]:—

I will now direct your attention to the exhortation—

“*Mark the perfect man, and Behold the upright.*”

Mark and behold them, and you will see that, by the grace of God, they are what they are. Our dear brother ascribed all that he was, as a Christian man, to the riches of sovereign grace, and could he speak down from the glory kingdom, he would tell you to mark and behold triumphant and unmerited grace in his perfection before the Throne. Let us consider the end of the perfect and upright man.

“The end of that man is peace.”

More than fifty years ago, our brother preached his first sermon, from the words, “Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.” By the grace of God, the valiant soldier did fight, and the Captain has given him the victory. In his “Valiant Men of Israel,” he writes—

“Soldiers! brother soldiers! we do not fight as them that beat the air, nor run at an uncertainty. We must be more than conquerors, for we shall surely possess the glorious country. Courage! courage! Stand fast in the faith! quit yourselves like men. Be strong; strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.”

It is not quite four months since the never-to-be-forgotten “Jubilee” was held in this chapel,—August 24th. Our dear departed brother preached his “Jubilee Sermon,” in the morning, from the words,—

“Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”

He was helped to deliver a blessed testimony in his Great Master’s name. Public services were held on the Tuesday following, when a purse, containing £235, was presented to him, being an expression of love from those who loved him for his work and Master’s sake.

That great meeting has passed away, and can only live in history. The valiant man has also passed away from time, and shall now live for ever before the THRONE. To him the money is now valueless, to his dear widow it will be useful. Therefore you have not given it in vain.

The last sermon that he preached, only about three weeks since, was from the words of our Lord to Martha.

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in Me, shall never die. Believest thou this?"

He particularly emphasized "*Believest thou this?*" That was the last sermon the dear old "Watchman" preached, which will never be forgotten by many who heard it. He came to you then just as he wrote of himself:—

"Here comes a Watchman of the night,
With lantern, and his glimmering light,
Watching your dark soul's door;
You know the glow-worm in the dark,
Shines all he can, though but a spark;
And what can I do more?"

When I came to preach here, the last Lord's day in November, I saw him several times, and on Wednesday, December 3rd, after praying with him, I took my final farewell of him for time. I left him strong in faith, giving glory unto God. He expressed a great dread of being laid by from his work; he wanted to die with *sword* in hand, for he felt to fear a long illness. He was most anxious to preach to the people once more, and told me to give notice that he would do so on the following Lord's day. That day he was not so well. He was in a very happy state of mind. There was read to him the 14th chapter of John. He asked to have also read the 15th chapter, and then for the 473rd Hymn (*Gadsby's*) to be sung to his old favourite tune, which he sang aloud:—

"Lord, I am Thine, but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

He then prayed with great power and liberty.

Friday, 12th.—He came down stairs as usual, several friends saw him; he was very anxious concerning the Church and people of his charge, and prayed for them most earnestly, and said:—"I fret for the people; I fret for the people."

Saturday.—He was not able to come down, but dressed himself and remained in his room. He said during the day, "If I have offended *any one*, I wish to be forgiven; and if any one has offended me, I freely forgive *them*. I desire to forgive, and I hope to be forgiven; I want to die in peace."

Lord's-day.—He was not so well, not able to get up. To his dear wife, he said, "Who am I? What am I?" She replied, "A brand plucked out of the fire; yes, a monument of grace; a sinner saved by blood." There was then read to him, the 174th hymn:—

"Jesus is precious, says the Word,
What comfort does this truth afford!
And those who in His name believe
With joy this blessed truth receive."

The subject matter of that hymn was the joy and rejoicing of his soul, in the prospect of death, particularly the sixth verse:—

"As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly Friend;
And when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed."

During the night he quoted these precious words, "I give unto my sheep eternal life." He spoke of the gift, the certainty of it. *I give unto them! None can pluck them out of My hand!* And then said, "Christ has risen in my heart the hope of glory,"—

"Glory to God, I ne'er shall rove
Beyond the limits of His love;
Fenced with Jehovah's 'shalls' and 'wills'—
Firm as the everlasting hills."

To the family then present he said, "I leave you all in the Lord's hands. The Lord bless the dear children!" and then said to himself, "Safe in the Redeemer's hands, until the day break and the shadows flee away." He then looked round the room, and Mr. Challis asked him "What are you looking for?" He replied, "Eternal life! Eternal life!" Mr. C. said, at his request, he immediately quoted—

"To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven."

"Oh, Eternal life; What can destroy that life? Oh, what an inheritance! Incorruptible!" Three times he repeated "Incorruptible! Immortal! Eternal! and that fadeth not away." And then said, "Now also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, when my strength faileth." Then repeated—

"Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favourites from His breast;
In the dear bosom of His love
They must for ever rest."

"When He comes, He can make the light to shine," and then said,—

"The joy prepared for suffering saints,
Will make amends for all."

"Glory in my soul! glory in my soul! my heart waketh!" and then said "I shall drop some thoughts now"—meaning that he would speak again, and then fell off into a comfortable sleep. When he awoke he was perfectly sensible, and dozed off again; gave one gentle sigh, and his ransomed spirit left the body without having experienced the bitterness of death. The end of that man is peace! Peace for ever. Not a wave of trouble now can ever pass over his peaceful soul in glory. Tribulation and the thorns of the wilderness are all over; the end has come. The end of sin, Satan,—the world,—the old man. The sorrows and troubles of this dying life, the anxiety of a pastor's life, which is made up of joys and sorrows, have come to an end. The end has come. The great timepiece of the throne struck twelve! The morning now began; the door was opened wide; he entered in for ever and for ever; to live, and reign, and dwell with Christ, his glorious Head in spotless white. A Saviour's righteousness in uncreated light, in holiness, apart from sin, sorrow, pain, and woe.

Farewell, dear brother, only for a little season, when we shall

meet thee before the throne. Then we will shout, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!"

One word to the poor dear bereaved widow. My dear sister, your loving Father, who made you a wife, has now made you a widow, and He Himself will now be your husband; He will always love you, and care for you. Try and cast your care upon Him. He will sustain you, and enable you to bear this trial that He has now given you.

"Himself has done it, yea, although severe
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup;
 'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know
 He'll give you grace to drink it meekly up."

I do most deeply sympathise with you, and commit you to the loving and faithful sympathy of a precious Christ. The Lord bless your dear children, that they may follow in the steps of Him who was "faithful unto death," that they also may have the crown of life; but, in the meanwhile, "Mark the perfect man!" see! behold the grace that made him a Christian, and which has saved him for ever!

To the Church.—My dear Brethren, you have never been in the condition you are in now. Your pastor, who watched over you for so many years, is gone. Look to the Chief Shepherd, and Bishop of your souls. Cleave to one another with purpose of heart. Love one another with pure heart fervently. Contend very earnestly for the faith. Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering; for He is faithful who has promised. And consider one another to provoke unto love and good works, and when God's faithful servants come among you, that they may praise you, as Paul did the Church at Corinth, "Now I praise you, brethren, that ye remember me in all things and keep the ordinances, as I delivered them to you."—1 Cor. xi. 2. This Church has ever been particular in doctrine, and strict in New Testament practice.

It is both a Particular and Strict Baptist Church.

It was such when I preached to you thirty-one years ago; it is the same now. I beseech you, brethren, be faithful to your own consciences, *for consciences and souls were made to be the Lord's alone.* Be faithful to one another, and to the profession you have taken upon yourselves, when you declared your loyalty to King Jesus and said—

"His institutions will I prize,
 Take up my cross, the shame despise;
 Dare to defend His noble cause,
 And yield obedience to His laws."

And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace; which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.—AMEN.

This account of the going home of a godly minister must be useful to confirm the faith of the weaklings; yea, in the hand of God, it will make the scoffing infidel blush for shame.

Read this dying testimony again and again. Read it everywhere: so prays the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, who knew, and loved, and laboured with, and for, the honoured "Watchman on the Walls," more than a quarter of a century.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Pictorial World—Office, 63, Fleet Street, London. Coming in between the high-priced and the poor penny illustrated, this three-penny weekly journal is a new, handsome, and superior candidate for public favour. The portraits are the finest, most natural, faithful, and highly-printed of any we have seen.

"England in Olden Times," with some ancient wood-cuts, tells you, in *Our Own Fireside*, what our ancestors were, how they looked, and what they did. "The Snow-Huts of the Esquimaux," their character and industry, are well sketched in *Home Words* for May. The Philippian Jailor on his Knees before Paul and Silas forms a touching frontispiece to the *Day of Days*, in which we find "A Tale of Martyr Times; or, Faithful unto Death:" a kind of trial-life almost unknown in these religiously revolutionary days, when everybody is just doing as his own fancy or the seducer may incline him. Old James Nisbet's famous book shop, in Berner Street, is the dépôt for these pleasing productions of the worthy Rector of St. Nicholas, in Worcester.

The Snare of the Fowler. A tract on Confession. By Montague Russell Butler. London: Macintosh. Truly, it is well to expose this hideous, monstrous, unnatural, blasphemous, Christ-ignoring, and soul-deceiving machinery, which England, alas! has allowed to be set up in her midst. England was once a kingdom of power, strong in faith, and loyal to her God and His Bible. But now she is given up to idolatry of every kind. Tell it, with weeping and wailing, ye few poor afflicted Protestants, tell it with strong cries and woe of heart, England is sold, ensnared, blinded with the gaudy glitter of gold, of foolish fashion, and of every kind of false worship. What her end will be is certainly foretold. We are glad there are some few like Montague Russell Butler who will try to unmask the roguery of the Romish and Ritualistic adversaries, warning the people of their danger. The Irish woman on the step of the Brompton Oratory is a terrible picture of the insanity of the people and of the cruelty of the priests. Oh, what will be their end?

Flashes of Thought. One Thousand Choice Extracts from the Works of C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster. In green and gold binding; clean and clear printing; with immense

variety of pious and pithy compositions' all alphabetically arranged and index complete, forming one thick volume, suited to these busy times, when one may catch a morsel now and then, and so stir up the slumbering embers of the soul.

"*Immanuel's Land!*" A new tract (by the late Vicar of High Wycombe, H. Paddon, M.A.) has come forth through the publishing house of W. Macintosh, called *Court Dress*; or, the Bride of Christ Ready and Waiting to be Presented." In the preface Mr. Paddon warns those ministers who have run unsent into the ministry and who address all they speak to as the redeemed of the Lord. Let us read one sentence from Mr. Paddon's preface: "I believe countless multitudes are passing away, even from under many reputed evangelical ministers into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—deceived!" We fear this awful statement is too true! We feel that no minister of Christ can be too much in earnest, nor too faithful; but when he rejects Divine Sovereignty, and runs wild upon the quicksands of universal redemption and man's power first to open his heart and to "let the Saviour come in," then we painfully fear it is the blind leading the blind: and, if grace prevent not, they will both fall into the ditch together. Poor "Draper," the once popular preacher of Southampton, in his last days, cried dreadfully under the temptation that he had been deceived and had deceived others. We hope this was not really the case: but, when we read and hear of the popular men of our day; how buoyant, how merry, how prosperous, how worshipped! we cannot kill our inward fears, lest they are but as Satan transformed into angels of light. Mr. Paddon's *Court Dress* is heavenly, full of God's Holy Word; and precious in its revelations of Zion's future glory. Rutherford's "*Immanuel's Land*" we give in CHEERING WORDS.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF ENGLAND.—*The United Kingdom Anti-Papal League Magazine*, No. XX., says "Oh, Mr. Spurgeon, what advice to College Students! Anything will be accepted by men if you will but preach it with tremendous energy and living earnestness." Those words of Mr. Spurgeon's are quoted by Mr. Johnstone; and then to C. H. S. the keen-eyed Scotchman saith: "No; all the energy of a hundred-ton gun, and the

earnestness of all the preachers in the world combined in one man will do nothing against Popery unless God is on your side!" Ah! there is the only source of vital, saving power. And the awful fact, we fear is, that in the professed Protestantism of this day, God will not be mocked, therefore, He is not on our side. Look straight and honestly at the religious condition of this country. Atheism, Spiritualism, Mormonism, Unitarianism, with its adopted and fast-growing family, the deniers of man's immortality and of eternal punishment; look, further, at the hosts of Arian and Arminian armies, the Ritualists and Popish priests, with their saints and sisters so miserably-looking. Consider the length and strength of the advancing bodies of people, and on your knees, in honest prayer before God, ask, "Who are these? and whence come they?" ask, "Is this God's host, or is it Satan transforming himself into an angel of light?" Our God is the God of truth and is not the Author either of confusion or of contradictions. Let us think of these things seriously, and let us, like James Johnstone, Esq., speak out like men; and we may add, that both J. Johnstone and C. H. Spurgeon do speak out like giants when they come upon "the soul-destroying doctrine of universal atonement." Mr. Johnstone tells us, C. H. S., referring to the grand old doctrine, the redemption of the Church by the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, says, "the opposite of which is deadly error, and comes from the father of lies." That is plain, faithful, Christ-honouring speaking. For this one great Bible-truth we have contended for over forty years. Help us still to witness for it. The mixed tide of anything-arian is rolling in. The waves have often overwhelmed us, yet we have not sunken into death or despair. God is on the side of His people in His Son, in His truth, in His covenant, by His Spirit: all systems opposed to this are unsafe.

Down with Isolation, Up with Fellowship. Some one sends us Mr. Minton's Sermon on *Mutual Recognition*. As it proceeds from the soul of a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian, we need not say it is a pretty, a pleasing, and a pertinent address. Here is one practical item: "Depend upon it," says Mr. Minton, "if any minister of Christ withholds fellowship from another minister, because they differ in opinion, it is because he is thinking too much of his own things, and not enough of the things of Jesus Christ." Therein is the secret of nine-tenths of our divisions, and of our consequent weakness. We are persuaded that the Strict

Baptist churches suffer as much from this spirit of "Stand-by-thyself" as doth any community in the world. One class of men belong to that section considered richly experimental; another to that division which is highly doctrinal: some consider themselves so pure in rectitude and moral deportment, while others have been like Jonah in the very belly of hell, against whom the secret cry is, "Keep clear of them!" Is all this Christ-like, or Gospel-like, or Charity-like? If it can be proved to be so, then so let it remain; if it is nothing but the fruit of a party spirit, the sooner it is buried the better. Have the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle acted consistently in inviting clergymen, Independent Ministers, and *Gospel Standard* men to occupy their pulpit? Have the brethren Rolleston, Battersby, Bradbury, Vinal, Baxter, A. B. Taylor, Gorton, and others done right in going into that pulpit, first occupied by the late and increasingly-lamented James Wells? If all this has been right, and the church at the Surrey Tabernacle tell us the Lord has made the services of all these good men most precious to their souls; then, if so, God has honoured this fraternization, and we may hope that amongst all godly ministers, who hold fast the true faith, there may yet be found a richer, happier, holier, and more extensive fellowship in the ministry.

Notes of Four Sermons, by Frederick Tryon, of Market Deeping. London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street (6d.). We have gone through these discourses in a solemn frame of mind. Having heard Mr. Tryon more than twenty years since, we were concerned to ascertain, if possible, his present spiritual condition. It is evidently one of deep heart-searching; the Word of God, in Mr. Tryon's ministry, appears to be quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword of man's natural power, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Professors, who have never passed under the rod, will not like these discourses: but the God-fearing, conscience-purged child will find them useful in the discovery of those secret spots and hidden exercises which are found where the work of the Comforter, as promised by Jesus, is in saving operation. Elihu, in the Book of Job, and Frederick Tryon, of Market Deeping, are kindred spirits. We recommend all exercised Christians to read this sixpenny book again and again.

"Without Money!" Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, *Without Money and Without Price*, is certainly both eloquent and gracious in matter and spirit: we shall not analyze

it; but, on page 135, are two sentences which, to our mind, mar the whole. First, he tells of many who knew the way of salvation for years; but they "could not bring themselves to the idea that then and there, just as they were, they had but to accept the salvation of God and it would be their own!" What is involved in that sentence—"they had but to accept the salvation of God?" Certainly the idea of an offer on the part of God, and the power to accept or reject on the part of the sinner. Now, fearless of all consequences, whether we offend or please parsons and peoples, let us declare plainly, Salvation is the eternal and the entire gift of God. It was given by electing and predestinating love, purpose, covenant, and unalterable promise, by God the Father, to all the chosen seed, who were appointed to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. It was given by the Son of God when He gave Himself a ransom for many; and it is given by the Holy Ghost when He quickeneth the soul, when He revealeth Christ in the soul, when He thereby produceth faith in the Lamb of God, and when He sealeth home the precious promise of forgiveness by the cleansing blood of the Lamb. The Gospel of the grace of God never did lead to fatalism, to antinomianism, to licentiousness, nor to any other God-dishonouring or soul-endangering snares; but the grace of God doth lead the truly saved soul to exclaim, "Of Him, through Him, and to Him are all (the) things (which make up our salvation), to whom be glory for ever. Amen." We must insist upon Mr. Spurgeon's casting overboard this canker-worm of man's accepting. We are God's husbandry, the earth is ploughed up, the seed is cast in, the harrow passes over, the rain is poured down, the sun shines, the blade comes up, the harvest is gathered. The other sentence next month.

The Baptist has ventured to criticise Mr. Spurgeon's "expressed contempt for scholarship." The "schools of thought" were evidently not appreciated by "the president." *The Baptist* very respectfully steps in to vindicate the honour and usefulness of the other colleges. We think Mr. Spurgeon would reply in words ready to his hand in Paul's 2 Cor. xi., "Would to God ye could bear with me a little in my folly, and indeed bear with me; for I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy." There evidently is a jealousy of some kind. We trust it is for the honour of our Lord. We confess we are dreadfully jealous; and to all the churches we would cry aloud and spare not (whether they hear or forbear), saying, "If he that cometh preacheth another Jesus, whom we have not preached; or

if ye receive another spirit which ye have not received; or another Gospel which ye have not accepted, ye might do well to bear with us in our jealousy." Mr. Spurgeon cannot shut his eyes to some stern facts: springing up around him are "schools of thought," exceedingly daring, imaginary, numerous and varied. These "schools of thought" are leading their pupils away from the "pure river of water of life," which is "as clear as crystal," into the artificial theories of these last days. It was, doubtless, a warning voice to his own students, knowing some had departed from their original profession. Our conviction and our consolation is this, "The kingdom of God is preached, and every living man is pressing into it." Neither railing, nor rash judgment can much advance the cause of truth. This weekly paper also gives a Report of the President's annual address from the Chair of the Pastor's College. It is full of arguments to push them forward; and onward they are marching. Like some of Gideon's army, we "are faint, yet pursuing." Why? We repeat the question, Why cannot the truthful and entire Baptists have a series of grand field-days? Let us marshal our troops; let us encourage and help our recruits. We have proved there is much young blood in our churches; and although some of us may be deemed "old and foolish," the Timothies and Tituses will redeem the cause and raise the churches, if we, under God, give them our counsel and smiles.

RECENT ISSUES.—*The A B C Church and Chapel Directory* for 1874. This is no flimsy, temporary, casual, or catch-penny publication. It is very neatly and correctly printed. To Churchmen and to Dissenters of every shade and section it must be a useful guide; and as a manual for reference nothing is issued so comprehensive or so cheap. It is published by R. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, price 2d.—Part XVII. of C. H. Spurgeon's *Interpreter* enters upon that hallowed portion of New Testament Revelation which opens, in measure, the humiliating sorrows, agonies, and sacrifice of the Son of God. In these awful passages of the Word, our annotator is clear, heavenly-minded, and illustrative. In the person, in the mediatorial and substitutionary work of the Son of God, many thousands are united in faith, and hope, and experience, while in some other way they are all at sea. That is a blessed word, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God!" As our life is hid with Christ in God, so in the Christ of God may we live, now and for ever. Amen!—"A walk through the City" is a lovely and lively paper in

that always pleasing monthly, Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine*, which all the admirers of gardens, fields, and flowers are now so well acquainted with, that we need say nothing more than as a little boy said, "It grows gooder and greater everdy time I sees it."—For *The Bible Echo* we have no room, only to say, as it says, "Spiritualism is the most wretched thing produced by the devil amongst men." The meaning of the Divine name, "Jehovah, the Fulfiller," is most expressive.—Our next packet is a bundle of magazines, the first of which is the dear old *Gospel Standard* for May. This excellent monthly we have known and read from its commencement; its good old father, William Gadsby, we loved with our whole heart: his memory we sacredly revere: beneath his ministry we sat with heart-meltings and tears flowing indescribable. In those days there were men worthy the name of "Standard men." "But now," says Job, "they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock." As *The Gospel Standard* for May is sent to us, let us speak our mind freely. Some have said, "I took the *Standard* while Philpot was its editor; since then I have flung it up." Now, Mr. Philpot was a gracious, a learned, and a gifted man. But he was not everybody; and, for the class of persons for whom it is designed, the *Standard* is as good now as ever it was; yea, we think, in a general way, it is better. It is more consistently charitably than it was. When clergymen leave the Church of England, and come to us poor, unlettered Dissenters, they bring a kind of stiffness with them which never renders them so truly useful as those blessed men whom the Lord has taken out of the dust, and fitted expressly to preach the Gospel to the afflicted and broken-hearted. The *Standard* is not the source from whence men get their material who "preach corruption instead of Christ," if such ministers exist. Ministers like Messrs. Taylor, Hemington, Hazelrigg, and others, are holy and devoted men, and useful in their different spheres. We are glad Mr. John Gadsby has seen Sig. Grassi, and that he will send him all the help he can gather.—"True and False Preaching," by the late D. Fenner, is a searching testimony; but our proud boys won't listen to it.—Mr. Wm. Flack's *Christian Pathway and Pastor's Scrap Book* (published by R. Banks) continues to pour out some lively testimonies of the heart. "Handfuls of purpose" herein many a Ruth will find. Like some others, William has had long, dark lanes to travel through, but now he is

getting into the clover field.—May we, in the midst of such select company, take up the next monthly, *The Sword and Trowel* for May? Why not? Does the religion of Jesus Christ consist only and wholly in feeling? There must be heart-feeling, soul-crying, flesh-crucifying, Satan-resisting, conscience-cleansing, and heaven-revealing; but is that secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him the whole and the only part of true religion? Certainly not.—If it were, we should say, give us Mr. Arthur Wilcockson's *Zion's Witness* (now most respectably and improvingly printed and published by R. Banks), the May number of which issue has some wholesome crumbs, and a beautiful dish, called "Love's Appearings," by W. L. Rolleston, with other supplementary fillings up, not the least of which are some genuine poems by the Editor of *Zion's Witness*; and certainly he can open the Christian's sympathies in poetic stanzas very fairly. But we ask again, Is internal experience the whole of our Christianity here? Nay, nay, brethren. Some of us have had feelings as black as midnight and as base as the pit of woe can produce. We have had feelings as holy and as happy as we could hold, but we cannot lay down in either. Some of the real disciples of the Lord, like Moses, are sent into Egypt to fetch the Israelites out, and to lead "a mixed multitude" through the wilderness.—When we read *A Glorious Sisterhood*, and other papers, wherein we see the Lord lifting the beggars off the dunghill, pulling some poor wretches out of the fire, plucking many, as brands from the burning, we can but rejoice; many are favouring the righteous cause, in different ways; good is being done.

The Snare of the Fowler. A tract on Confession, by Montague Russell Butler (W. Macintosh). Condensed into about sixteen pages, you have here the plan, the process, the perils of the Confessional, now doing a large business even in the English churches. Mr. Butler gives several cogent and conclusive reasons for exposing and opposing this black traffic of delusion and misery.

"The Catholics at Mill Hill, near Hendon"—their Pilgrimage, the Shrine they set up, and all the doings of the Romanists, are given fresh and full from the pen of that indefatigable grandson of Martin Luther, Robert Steele, Esq., the Editor of *The Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission*, in the monthly issue for May. Offices, 5, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London. Such another pennyworth of Popish explosion you will not find in the world.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"ROME SHALL NEVER SLAY ANOTHER SAINT OF GOD!"

Glorious News—if it be True.

WE have, in our Australian Mails, an epitome of Mr. Daniel Allen's Lecture on Father Grassi, at the Wallsend Baptist Church Anniversary. After J. Fletcher, Esq., had introduced the subject, Mr. Allen reviewed the present condition of the Romish Aggression, and of Father Grassi's Conversion. It was a noble address. The substance was as follows:—Mr. Allen said it was true the Church of Rome said they were the Church, and there was no other; they were the only right Church. Well, if they stopped at that, we would let them alone, but they did not. They forgot that it was to Protestants that the Church of Rome owed its existence and liberty of action in England and in the colonies. While they allowed her to work, to preach, to mass, or do whatever she pleased in her ecclesiastical department, they were not prepared to allow the Church of Rome that awful and tremendous assumption of authority, which said there should exist no throne, nor should there sit upon any brow a crown, nor should there be a sceptre swayed by any hand, but what should be derived from Rome, or submitted to Rome, received at her hands, and continued at her pleasure. The whole Romish law was to the effect—that its members resolve to tear down every throne, crown, and power which would not submit itself to the Holiness of Rome. Every Romish priest was sworn to subvert every power to the Pope of Rome, and every priest in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was sworn to reduce those countries to subjection to the Pope at Rome. It was with this they had to do, not a mere ecclesiastical difference. This being the case, they would see that the character of the man about whom he had to address them was somewhat remarkable, as evidence of the great changes that were taking place. It seemed as if some wonderful breeze from the Eternal Throne of Heaven had blown on every mind, over every nation, and stirred up the feelings of humanity, the brave spirit of mankind to say, "From this thralldom, and from this tyranny we will be free." For the last ten years it had been moving and fermenting among the nations, notwithstanding the disadvantages that England laboured under as being nationally the greatest favourer of Rome upon earth. There was a wonderful spirit of leaven abroad, which was at work in the minds of men, and which would continue to operate till there was not left one vestige of political assumption in the Church of Rome; and he maintained that this crisis was close at hand, if not already arrived. In the Book of Revelation it was stated that the Court of the Gentiles should be trodden down forty-two months, or twelve hundred and sixty days, and that the power of the

oppressors should cease then. In the year 606, Boniface III. caused the destruction of the Roman Emperor and his whole family, and assumed temporal, as well as spiritual jurisdiction over the whole world. Taking, then, each day, as commanded by the prophet Ezekiel, for a year, and adding 1260 years to 606, we have 1866, which was about the very time that the fatal blow had been struck (applause), and Rome would never again have political power to slay another saint of God. In October, 1873, Father Grassi entered the Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition at Rome, and, pointing to the walls of the room in which he stood, said, "Oh, ye Inquisitors, Pontiffs, Cardinals, and Prelates, God speaks to you! To what have you brought the true Church? She that was so pure, so beautiful, so glorious! You have betrayed, violated, despoiled, wounded, and crucified her by your doctrines, superstitions, and immorality, and sealed her doom by your blasphemous 'Dogmas of Infallibility.' Hear what God says to His suffering children. 'The God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.' Do you not tremble at these words? Who but Satan instigated the tortures in this place? Oh, could these walls, within which so many have been burned, speak; could this roof but echo back the cries of agony from your innocent victims, and the vaults beneath us reveal the corpses of those who have been buried alive, no other sentence of condemnation would be required. But the breath of God has for ever extinguished the fires of the Inquisition, and swept away your power; therefore, I stand before you to-day and declare these truths, while you dare not touch a hair of my head. Yes, God has begun the work, and soon this tribunal, these walls and instruments will be bruised under our feet, and scattered as ashes to the four winds, proclaiming to the world that the 'Most Holy Universal Roman Inquisition is dead.' Dead, because God has crushed it under the feet of His children. Oh, ye obstinate ones, hear me! Hear one of your own brothers, who has said mass and confessed and preached with you. Weep not for me as dead. I am not dead, but among the living, and stand before you to announce the resurrection of that Church which you have tried to drown in blood." This was part of the address of a man who had been for thirty-six years one of the leading Roman Catholic priests in the Eternal City. By reading and studying the Holy Scriptures, like Martin Luther, he had become convinced of the errors of the Romish Church, and had sent a letter to his former superior, Cardinal Patrizi, vicar of the diocese and City of Rome. In this wonderful letter, the doctrines of the pure Gospel of

Christ were maintained. The lecturer quoted from this document, to prove that Father Grassi held the pure Gospel of Christ; and pointed out its beauty and grandeur in the most forcible manner, triumphantly appealing to the conversion of Father Grassi, who for thirty-six years performed successively the duties of priest, confessor, curate, mitred abbot, lent preacher, and, lastly, incumbent of the Great Basilica Santa Maria Maggione, as indicative of the coming downfall of the Church of Rome. The lecturer concluded his address by repeating Milton's sublime verses on the Martyrs of Piedmont, and by entreating his hearers to pray that the Saviour might be hailed all over the earth as the Redeemer, Lord of all.

ROYTON, LANCASHIRE.—On Good Friday evening a public meeting was held in Bethesda Chapel, Royton, in recognition of Mr. Thomas Butterworth, on his appointment as pastor of the Church. Mr. Samuel Stott presided, and read a letter of apology from Mr. Wm. Whitworth, of Rochdale, who was absent through indisposition. In his letter, referring to the pastor, Mr. Whitworth stated, "I love him as a man and as a Christian, for I believe he is an upright man. He is faithful in the ministry, and preaches the truth as it is in God."—Mr. William Suttle, Manchester, read those portions of the deeds of the chapel bearing upon the doctrines of the Church, and the rights and privileges of the pastor and the congregation as they bear upon each other.—The Chairman stated they had no appointed pastor for nearly seven years, but during that period Mr. Butterworth had officiated in that capacity, and had served them well.—Mr. Robert Grindrod, said it was just six years and nine months since their late pastor was disabled—falling suddenly ill in the pulpit. Mr. Butterworth was present that Sunday morning, and conducted the services, and he had officiated ever since. The experience which the congregation had had of Mr. Butterworth during the period named would indicate his future conduct. He was like the Apostle Paul preaching without stipend. He was a working man, having to labour every day in the week to earn his livelihood, regarding his ministerial duties on the Sabbath as a labour of love. He deprecated the doctrine preached by some Baptists. They were like the Wesleyans, and therefore he said, "Shame upon them." They said that Christ had died for everybody, but they could not find a sentence like that between the backs of the Bible, unless it was read without the context. There were ministers professing to be Baptists who kept back the truth, instead of showing a bold front; they preached "free grace" in the morning, and all kinds of stuff in the afternoon. He concluded by expressing his pleasure at the appointment of Mr. Butterworth.—The Chairman next introduced Mr. Thomas Butterworth to the meeting, taking him by the hand and saying, "In the name of this Church I give to you the right hand of

fellowship."—Mr. Butterworth addressed the meeting. He said that it was simply owing to his own demand, and that of two or three of his friends that the deeds had been read. The reason why he felt particular on this point was his anxiety that the points which the deeds contained should be known to them all. He had laboured among them a long time, but he never had heard the deeds read before, though he knew that no man could act as a minister in that place who did not preach in accordance with the conditions laid down in them; and he could venture to say that during the last six years his ministrations amongst them had been in strict keeping with those matters which the deeds contained. He would challenge any man or woman to say that, since the first Sunday he came amongst them, he had preached anything but the total ruin of man, his eternal recovery by Christ, and his eternal glorification. Some might say the contents of the deeds, as regarded their Church doctrine and discipline, were far too stringent, but he was prepared to prove at any time, without any previous warning, that such contents were based upon Scriptural truth. He would maintain those truths, and he felt that in doing so he would not become popular. He had seen men run after and obtain popularity, which was afterwards blown away by a single breath; but there was something about the truth of God which afforded delight. Other addresses followed.

JOY AND GLADNESS AT LOWER NORWOOD.

As we reflect upon the services connected with the opening of the Gipsy Hill Tabernacle, on Wednesday, May 6, 1874, we behold a most striking and practical illustration of that oft-quoted text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." One or two godly men some few years since were moved in their hearts to endeavour to have the Gospel preached in that extensive district, called Lower Norwood. Like Noah, being moved with fear, or "being wary" (careful to do right), and having a good measure of faith, they thought, they prayed, they consulted with other godly men; they found a place, they invited ministers to come and preach; they banded together; they devised means; God raised them up friends, friends found them ground; in a word, the whole culminated in the erection and the opening of a comely, a comfortable, a commodious Tabernacle; and before the people separated on the evening of the opening day, Charles Spencer, Esq., said to us, "The whole of the building debt IS PAID!"

We never saw a chapel debt melt down to *nil* so rapidly and so easily before in all the course of our experience. Not even the New Surrey Tabernacle debt was so easily swept off as was the cost of the Gipsy Hill Baptist Tabernacle, on Wednesday, May 6th, 1874.

Gipsy Hill is anything but a "wood" now. It is no desert; nothing like a wilderness, or

a glen, as it was some years since. Within sight, and but a short distance off, stands the Crystal Palace, around which is gathering a host of busy and respectable folk; while in the immediate neighbourhood of Lower Norwood, beautiful roads, populous streets, and crowding thoroughfares arceseen; interspersed are villas and mansions rising in all directions. In the centre of this extensive suburb now is to be seen the spired, the sacred-looking, and the appropriate sanctuary.

GIPSY HILL TABERNACLE,

of which Mr. George Pung, late of Cottenham, in Cambs. (ex-Secretary of the Cambs. Baptist Association), is the accepted, approved, and successful minister.

We attended the opening services; of the first sermon, preached by William Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, we took copious notes. The speeches of T. M. Whittaker, and James Mote, Esqrs., the elaborate report of the rise and progress of this cause by Mr. Pung; the addresses by the brethren Britain, Griffith, George Webb, and others, we have also before us. Pressing engagements may prevent our production of an interesting summary this month. If so, let this suffice for the present.

The sermon, by Mr. Crowther, was Christ's Gospel—the Gospel as preached by Paul and the Apostles—the only true Gospel. It was most carefully expounded, illustrated, and enforced, with all that Christian decision and ripeness for which our noble friend is, by grace, by nature, and by discipline so well qualified to represent. The removal of the entire cost of the building was commenced by Thomas M. Whittaker, Esq., of Blackheath, offering to give £100, if the friends with whom the project commenced could raise £100 first. Fired with this generous and stimulating offer, Pastor Pung and his people went hard to work. One hundred pounds is not so easily picked up among a few hard-working Christians. But—as the historian says of the ancient originator of the Baptist cause in Amsterdam—“Smyth was not the man to be shaken from any position he had deliberately taken up. No. By lip and by pen he persevered, until his enemies said, Smyth and his disciples did at once, as it were, swallow up all the difficulties.” So Master George Pung—a man every inch of him—and his hearty co-workers, the brethren Stevens, Wootton, and others, went to work; they raised the £100; Mr. Whittaker gave his £100; hence, with other gifts, the debt was reduced to under £200, in the early part of the evening meeting, when, to the joyful amazement of the crowded assembly, Mr. Whittaker again stood up and said—as he had made the first offer, so he would make the last; if they would meet the remaining debt he would give another £50 toward it: and so clear it at once. This was a grand move. Such men as the Spencers, the Crutchers, the Crowthers, the Berrys, and others we must not name, were not the men to be beaten; the most substantial and all-sufficient pledges were immediately advanced, and, as little “Cheering Words” says, “Mr.

Pung closed the meeting by thanking God and taking courage, as well he might.”

We shall (D.V.) go through our notes, and furnish another notice in July, for

“Shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?”

God help us. So prays C. W. B.

WHY ARE STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES SMALL AND SUFFERING CHURCHES?

This being a watering-place, we have a floating population. We get persons of every grade, shade, and cast of religious profession, and none of them fail to censure and condemn Strict Baptist principles. Say there are 100 sects in the world, 99 of them cry this one little one down. I am often told the Strict Baptists are a narrow-minded, ignorant, bigoted sect, fast dying out. It has been said, “We come and hear a good Gospel sermon, it may be, on brotherly love, and at the close we are not allowed to partake with you at the Lord's Table. Do you suppose none are Christians but those who are dipped? Are you so uncharitable as to suppose there are not as many good Christians not dipped as there are dipped; or that undipped believers are not Christians? If you would be persuaded to open your arms of charity, as all respectable and prosperous congregations have done, it would improve your congregations and revenues. As it is, public opinion is against you.” These would-becharitable arguments often ring in our ears. Strict Baptists suffer from misrepresentation. The above remarks were well meant; but the judgment of such individuals is not according to truth. “They see through a glass darkly.” They look at human tradition for light and not at the infallible Word. They see men as trees walking, and, therefore, represent our piety, zeal, and firmness for truth, by the odious epithets of ignorant, narrow-minded bigots. Is not this evil speaking and secret persecution? It is as much like it as the photograph is like the reality. We boldly deny the charge, we affirm there is no want of the brotherly love at the Lord's Table we preach in the pulpit, neither do we limit the number, or gainsay the Christianity of those believers unbaptized. We have to do with the Word of God and not human tradition. “Thus saith the Lord,” is more to us than the favour of popular opinion; prejudice is blind and deaf, but it has a tongue of slander to mangle, disfigure, and twist pure truth and then condemn its advocates. This was foretold by our despised Master (Luke vi. 22—26). Strict Baptists suffer under sentence of death. It has been said, as some of her pillars have fallen, who is to conduct them now? We answer, God. Free-will, which always leads from God, may strike with a vengeance at our root, and Antinomianism at our branches, but both will fail, as long as the doctrines of Divine Sovereignty, Eternal Election, Particular Redemption, Free-Grace, Justification by Faith, Renewing by the Holy Ghost, and Final Perseverance are maintained against Free-will, and the ordinance of

baptism, preaching the Word, and the Lord's-Supper, against Antinomianism. Free-will denounces these doctrines dangerous, as the chemist does the phial containing poison, and Antinomians cast aside the very ordinances instituted by our Lord Himself; but Strict Baptists believe the whole Word of Divine revelation and nothing but the Word, and act according to the Word. Many have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, many are only hirelings, and yet there are no signs of death, but increased life. Suffer we must, suffer we do, more or less, everywhere, but especially in villages and watering-places. Here we have five places of open Churches, as well as an open table. We are tried with young converts, nevertheless the care taken to teach them. They mix with the fashionable religionists; and the many attractions win upon them; they, like the young birds, leave the nest for new attractions. We suffer great decrease of population and scarcity of money in the winter. We suffer greatly on the Lord's-day in the summer by our people's engagements for their visitors. But we suffer more than all by the lack of Scripture knowledge, by lukewarmness and want of brotherly affection. Only let Strict Baptist Churches be more united and we shall be stronger and more prosperous. Is it right to be so divided? Is it love that I care only for my own place? Is it not said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?"

Broadstairs. J. J. KIDDLE.

A WINTER OF WEEPING AT READING.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you let an old friend to the Providence people at Reading, say one word to all who love holy, four-square Gospel truth? We have had the first part of that significant Scripture, "He that goeth forth and weepeth:" indeed, Mr. C. W. Banks, you, having known us for over twenty-five years, can believe me when I say we have had a long winter of weeping. But we have "gone forth;" we have always had some hard-working men. Despair has never locked us up in sloth and carelessness yet. Praying men, honest men, Gospel men; such brethren as Sykes, Vyse, Brown, Abigail Martin, Gray, and others, have been bound together by the strong cords of life, faith, love, and fervent prayer; and numbers of godly men have come with their seed-basket, and scattered the seeds of eternal truth in our midst; we have "gone forth bearing precious seed;" not cunningly-devised fables, of which, even in Reading, we have a large stock. No, sir, we have been preserved in the faith. Think ye such seed-sowers as the Hetheringtons, the Stevens, the Wyards, and hosts of others have all laboured in vain? We know they have not. But, as we have plodded along through our long, dark winter of weeping, we have asked, "When will our Lord grant us the other part of that Scripture, 'Shall, doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him?'" The sound of the harvestman appears to be on the tops of the mountains. We hope, at length, the

harvest is nigh. Young W. F. Edgerton (I am told you were the means of thrusting him out into the ministry; you sent him to Tring, from thence he removed to Chatham) is shortly coming, God willing, to labour for the Lord in Providence Chapel, Reading, where many hearts are praying that showers of blessings may descend upon us through his instrumentality. Ask the wrestling Jacobs throughout the land, Mr. Editor, to plead for us in Providence. I have weighed Master Edgerton in the balance of the sanctuary as well as I could; and when our Deborah asked me the other day what faith I had in him, I told her he was neither too young nor too old; neither too deep nor too high: neither too hot nor too cold; neither too broad nor too narrow; neither too soft nor too hard; neither too stiff nor too loose. In fact, we hope he is the man for Reading for many years to come. We have in Reading, sir, and its surroundings, over 50,000 souls. We have Messrs. Anderson and Longhurst; two earnest Baptist ministers. We have a "Gospel Standard" Chapel, with a comfortable, useful cause; there is still an abundance of room for Mr. Edgerton, and if he comes here, as Abraham's servant went forth, with a Divine authority, with a special commission, with rich treasures, with persevering prayer, with the spirit of Christ, with nothing less than the whole, and the full, and the faithful Gospel of the Son of God; and if life, health, strength, and an expanding mind be granted to him, he will reap a good harvest. Do not put my name yet. I will watch and write again (D.V.).
Meanwhile, I am

ONE WHO KNOWS READING.

SOUTH HACKNEY.

TO MR. H. WISE, OF WATFORD.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE TRUTH,—On my return from Southampton I found you had faithfully fulfilled your promise to preach in my absence, on the 26th of April, 1874; for this I thank you. In the congregation to whom you preached, there were seven true believers in Jesus who had passed before the Church, and were, on the next Thursday evening, baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity. Your text in the morning was, "Let Thine hand help me, for I have chosen Thy precepts." Four out of the seven candidates told me separately, that your ministry was rendered a comforting and encouraging blessing to their souls; you were indeed God's mouth unto them; burdens were taken off, stumbling blocks were removed, fears were silenced; all the people did praise the Lord; and for this I do desire to praise Him too. On Thursday evening, April 30, I was helped to baptise four full-grown brethren and three sisters. It was a holy season—a time of much trial, but of glorious triumph. During the few months I have been settled at Speldhurst road, between twenty and thirty have been added to the Church; and, in my soul before the Lord, I am led to pray that I may be His Nehemiah, to build up the walls of Jerusalem

in this place. I have seen, heard, and known all about Nehemiah iv. Sanballat, Tobiah, the Arabians, and the Ammonites, have all been busy, but my cry has been, "Hear, O our God, for we are despised." Our God has heard our cry; He gave the promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." He is faithful; may we be preserved in His sacred service till our work is done. The envy and wicked work of some will never overthrow the purpose, promise, or power of our Lord. So believeth your grateful servant in the Gospel.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Since Mr. Chappell's death, the Ascupart street pulpit has had supplies. I am deaf—not supposed to hear anything much; sometimes, however, I hear a thing or two. I heard the private opinion of some Christian people, touching the pulpit men they have had during Mr. Chappell's illness and since his death. "Mr. Wiltshire is one of the best friends we have had all the time; he served us freely, fondly, and faithfully. He never charged us anything; he always tells us the truth; and we know he is a thorough good man. Ah! I wish Banks could get him a church; for, if he has not a lot of gifts, the grace of God in him shines most plain and powerful too." "What did you think of brother Lewis?" "Oh, he is a worthy and a blessed man; in pulpit, in school, in the parlour, he is the same ready and willing worker; he always gives us double measure and long metre too; his expositions and discourses are full of truth; he never breaks down, nor does he leave off before it is time. No, no." Pure and Plenty shall be Master Lewis's name. "Young Beddowe will make a good preacher in time; I never heard a man sweeter in prayer in my life." "Mr. Haydon would draw and keep a congregation, if we could afford to draw him from London. He is a consistent man; the same out of the pulpit as he is in it; that cannot be said of every man." "Mr. Parnell! the most rapid speaker I ever heard. He thinks orderly, speaks boldly, sends the Word right into you. We had more to hear him than any minister we have had yet. But we are neither numerous nor rich. We do thank the Lord that our late pastor, Mr. Chappell, was not left to want anything all his long illness; we did our utmost, and we are now praying the Lord to send us one of His own faithful, devoted, and useful servants to build us up. We have a neat little chapel; it can easily be enlarged; we have a good Sunday school and earnest teachers. Oh! Lord, remember Salem Church, Ascupart street, Southampton. Amen. Mr. F. Fountain's lecture on the "Life and Times of Bunyan" was very nice; but we could not get the people to hear it. Nothing is to be compared to the Gospel. Southampton is a growing and populous place. Some of our town clergy are poor preachers. Here is room for a man who can work, who will work, and to whom the Lord has given the keys of authority, knowledge, love, with patient zeal and power to plead in faith and prayer.

CAMBRIDGE, EDEN CHAPEL.—Considering the apparently recent date at which this place was erected (viz., 1825), many will be surprised to hear that its rafters and other timbers were in such a state of decay and insecurity that for a long time we have worshipped there in the most imminent danger. To the people themselves ignorance was bliss, but we cannot do other than view the very tender mercy of our God in the matter, that at this particular time there seemed to be such a necessity for us to arise and build; yea, though some who have contributed to the Building Fund seemed to stand aloof, and look coldly on, yet there was laid upon us such a necessity to *build at once* that we could not withstand it. The following, taken from the local papers, will be read with interest and thankfulness that God has been pleased in His providence to avert what appeared to be an impending calamity.—"But for the ceaseless and unflagging energy of the chairman and the indomitable perseverance of the committee, the rebuilding of this place would most certainly have been left a work for the future generation, or rather until some terrible injury to life or limb had occurred. There were some who had strong prejudices against seeing a brick of the old place removed; they thought the old building might still last for years; indeed, to the cursory beholder outward appearances favoured the idea, and it seems most providential that at this particular juncture it was felt to be most inconvenient, incommodious, and uncomfortable, which stirred up the minds of the people to build at once; and this, to all appearances, has been the means of preventing an awful catastrophe. Subjoined is the report of Mr. Thoday, the contractor, upon the state in which he found the old building:—'Cambridge, April 18, 1874. DEAR SIR,—Eden Chapel. The old chapel is now nearly down, and I am greatly surprised (seeing the nature of the joists, and the very bad state of the gallery timbers) that some accident has not taken place. The roof was found to be very lightly constructed, and really could not have held together much longer. One of the columns which supported the galleries, and which had been put in some time after the chapel was built, rested on one brick only in width. I have written this to you so that you may give the congregation some idea of the dangerous situation in which they were placed each time they attended divine worship in the old building. I am, dear sir, Your obedient servant, FRANCIS THODAY. To Mr. Joseph Favell.' Since leaving the old chapel the congregation have been worshipping in the Reform Club Room, Green Street, and will continue to do so until Wednesday, the 10th of June, when it is expected (D.V.) the memorial stone of the new chapel will be laid."

"BUT I FEAR."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I trust you will kindly favour me with a little space in your next issue, although my subject is a visit to Speldhurst Road Chapel. The fact is, having in the most casual way heard that you had

administered baptism recently, I made up my mind to hear you on the first Sunday in May. I am glad I went. Of course my mind flew back to the time when I was one of your chorists in the organ loft at Unicorn Yard Chapel. "Many days have passed since then." This is not quoted as information. What I want to infer is that those happy days, spent under your pastorate at Unicorn, will never be forgotten by thousands.

Having travelled some miles I found your chapel. I heard you read your text, "But I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." As twelve persons were to be added to your communion how appropriate the text. The great conception in the mind of the Apostle was given to the people with power and pathos: and though the "But I fear" was spoken to with nervous words, yet as gentle as zephyr, as lovely as the first streaks of daybreak on a summer's morn, came the balm, if indeed it were wanted, "Not that I fear for you whom I receive to-night. Nay, you have well witnessed before us; and it is my earnest prayer that you may be useful to the Church of Christ."

The sermon to me was very good. But what was most interesting was your twelve little sermons to the twelve new communicants, to each of whom you gave a card on which was written a portion of Holy Scripture, with short expositions.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Yes! If all the new phases of old philosophical unbelief are strung together there is not an iota of comfort in them to poor, lost, wrecked humanity. But this tie of the cross, which, to the old Greek, with his supposed mental greatness, was foolishness—to believers is a tower of strength. At Speldhurst road on the first Sunday in May there were imprints of the Divine favour. A day long to be remembered. With profound respect, I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours,

ANGLO-SAXON.

OPENING SERVICES OF COLLEGE PARK BAPTIST CHAPEL, LEWISHAM.

THIS prettily-built place of worship, situated about six minutes' walk from Lewisham Station, was opened on Wednesday evening, May 15, by a prayer meeting, presided over by Mr. Peplow, of Sidcup.

The services were continued on the following Sunday and Tuesday. On Sunday, by a prayer meeting, and two sermons by Mr. P. W. Williamson, of Notting hill, when the chapel was filled on each occasion. On Tuesday (the 21st), in the afternoon at 2.30, a prayer meeting was held, at which Mr. Anderson (of Deptford), presided, and read and offered a short exhortation, and the brethren Palmer, Whittle, and Sparks offered prayers. At half-past three, Mr. Thomas Bradbury delivered a discourse from the words, "Lift ye up a banner upon the high

mountain, exalt the voice unto them, shake the hand, that they may go into the gates of the nobles." A truly eloquent and grace-discerning discourse; the hearts of those who were permitted to hear, by the aid of the Eternal Three in One, rejoiced, to know that the banner of Christ was then and there unfurled.

An excellent tea was provided and partaken of by over seventy of the friends.

At 6.30, a public meeting was held. James Mote, Esq., in the chair. Brethren present: Messrs. Dearsly, Fothergill, Lawrence, Meeres, Sparks, Mountford, Peplow, Whittle, Kennard, Palmer, and others. After singing, and prayer by Mr. Whittle,

The Treasurer (Mr. Northover) reported as follows:—After worshipping for upwards of two years at the Lecture hall, Lee, it was proposed to erect a Chapel, and the one we now occupy was commenced in October last, the memorial stone was laid December 16, 1873, by Wm. Crowther, Esq. The building was finished without any accident, and possession given 25th March last; the obstacles at first were considerable, especially on the part of the company's architect to the estate. The building will hold comfortably 180 people; the length is 45 feet, and width 22 feet. The cost £1000. Total amount collected £555 (less £10 since returned to Mr. C. Box, late of Enon chapel, Woolwich, by his consent); amount owing to the treasurer, £455. Amount collected at the opening services £35 13s. 1d.

Lewisham has over 10,000 inhabitants, and no Baptist cause of truth in the place. If God has blessed His truths to our souls, it is only right that we should wish to be the instruments in bringing the greatest of our earthly blessings to others, looking always to the Giver of all good for the means.

The Chairman's speech was based upon the divine command to Moses in the erection of the Tabernacle and the Temple, and the offerings made by the people towards the completion. The women bringing bracelets, ear-rings, etc., and the men, gold. And wished his hearers to mark that it did not stop there; for the disposition to give to the Lord grew upon them to such an extent that Moses was obliged to command them to stay their hands, etc. Such a thing had never occurred in his (the Chairman's) long experience, and he would not ask them to restrain their hands this evening, but do all they could with willing hearts and minds towards the service of God.

Mr. Meeres spoke eloquently of the "greater Temple, the Lord Jesus Christ," and said, that turn which way we may, we find that anything will be received by the majority, but the pure unadulterated "Gospel of Salvation by grace," and knowing this, it was the urgent duty of all true followers of our blessed Lord and Saviour to uphold the hands of those who were erecting a house to His glory.

Mr. Dearsly was much pleased with the construction of the chapel, and was glad that more care was taken in these days to make the House of God more comfortable and sightly, and he trusted that nothing might be

said or done in this chapel but what would be approved by the Lord God Jehovah.

Mr. Fothergill remarked that certainly his friend and brother, the Chairman, had given the key note to all the speakers, and he (Mr. F.) trusted that this building that had been erected, after much faith and prayer to the Lord, might indeed be His Tabernacle, where He, the Lord, would abide, and that His name might be magnified from week to week and from year to year. He believed this day was one of the happiest in the life of all who were God's people now before him, and that they felt a great pleasure in doing all they could to assist in raising the building dedicated by prayer to God.

Mr. Lawrence gave a lucid and rapid description of the building of the Tabernacle and the Temple, dwelling principally upon the "one bar" that ran through the structure; viz., the "love of Christ;" and saying that he would earnestly pray that that might be our one great bar, the love of Christ constraining us. He spoke of the Lord as "Jehovah Jireh," as evident in the building he was then speaking in, and fervently hoped that the great stones and the little stones, &c., might all be built up with the grand and great Corner Stone: and that as every stone was brought to build the Temple, so must every stone, "however insignificant," be brought by the power of the Spirit of the living God to make up His Church.

Mr. Peloe, of Sidcup, although called upon at the last moment, expressed his great pleasure in being amongst a gathering of the Lord's people, and said that although this extremely nice chapel cannot in any way be compared to the glorious building of the Tabernacle or the Temple; still, he agreed that it was well to have a comfortable house for the worship of the Lord to be held in, and he would say, may the Lord God lift up His banner to this people, and cause the wave of the banner to be His dying love to their souls, ever looking to the name of "Christ" upon that banner.

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound" having been sung, the Chairman announced the amount collected.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed by Mr. Northover, and seconded by Mr. H. W. Hall, who said that it was needless for him to say how gratified and thankful he, and his brother deacon, Mr. Northover, felt at the warm sympathy expressed by so large an attendance at the opening services, and also at the liberal collection. He gladly seconded the resolution, and would include in it thanks to their ministerial brethren who were present.

Mr. Northover stated that brethren Alderson, Briscoe, and Anderson would have been present but were engaged previous to our invitation.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name" was sung, and prayer offered by Mr. Mote: thus bringing to a close one of the best days for the cause of the Lord. H. W. HALL; G. A. NORTHOVER, Deacons.

BRISTOL.—Providence Room, 76, Old Market Street. Second Anniversary of Sunday School was held March 15, 1874, in Unity Street Mission Hall (kindly lent). Sermons were preached by our good brother G. Stevens, of Bradford-on-Avon, who we have known for many years, and who has cast in his lot with us. Brother Harris addressed the children. Brother Pickford, the Superintendent, distributed prizes. All the meetings were well attended. Monday, March 16, about 120 sat down to a bountiful tea. At public meeting Mr. Samuel A. Walker, M.A., Rector of Mary-le-port, presided. He spoke of the blessed unadulterated truths which were taught in our school, but fearfully ignored in the present day. The pieces recited by senior scholars gave great satisfaction. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Stevens, Harris, Pickford, Fisher, and Parker. The wonderful success attending the labours of teachers in our school was happily referred to. Brother L. Doel, senior deacon, addressed the meeting in a kind spirit, noticing that nothing had been said about the ardent duties of the superintendent and leading teachers in the school; he had the pleasure of presenting to brother Pickford, superintendent, a most handsome edition of Gadsby's Selection of Hymns; he also presented to Miss Mann a similar Hymn Book, and a handsomely-bound Bible, as a mark of respect for their labours of love amongst the children, under whose care they had been trained; he felt much for the dear children that they should come Sabbath after Sabbath and be taught those blessed truths in the letter that was advanced from the pulpit by good and gracious men of God, and then, all the week, go to such schools where Arminianism was taught; but the Lord was doing great things for them, in disposing friends to give towards the new chapel; they hoped the day was not far distant when they should have a house in which to worship God, and a nice school in part of same building. Mr. Pickford thanked Mr. Doel for his kind and elegant presents to himself and Miss Mann. A vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. S. A. Walker, who had so ably conducted the meeting, and the kindly spirit shown by him towards us. Mr. Walker then closed the meeting with prayer; all appeared thoroughly pleased. Mr. Doel addressed a few words to the Church and congregation, and the children, and then presented Mr. Parker, secretary of the school, with a handsome edition of Gadsby's Hymns, who thanked Mr. Doel for his great kindness, and, with the superintendent, thanked the friends for their help and support at all the meetings.

DORSET SQUARE.—It is expected by some in Mount Zion, Hill street, that the late Mr. Foreman's pulpit will be occupied by Mr. Kern for three months. There has been a desire for Mr. Shepherd on the part of some, but the largest number have voted for Mr. Kern. We heartily wish the Church had been all of one mind. Three months' probation may effect an equanimity so desirable.

A NOTE FROM MR. W. SIMPSON,
Baptist Minister, Lincoln.

[The city of Lincoln was at one time a large and flourishing place, it is now a pleasant and extensive district, and, recently, the Baptists have been rising a little. We hope the following is only the commencement of a few chapters which we may give of the progress of Christ's Gospel in this very ecclesiastical Midland city.—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—I feel of all the most unworthy sinner ever to have been cut down (Matthew iii. 10), then raised up, and permitted to address you. It is all of God; as my afflicted brother in an ever precious, precious Christ (Mr. B. Hickson) has said I should write you, God willing; I will, as the Lord may enable me. Never was I worthy to be called "Hephzi-bah," but Christ is worthy. O, how marvellous does the God of Israel move with His poor reeds, whom He is not ashamed in to hold—even in His right hand.

In the providence of God I was alone betwixt our towns, on a very dark night, when a voice seemed to speak within me, saying, "You'll be afflicted." I had not been to a church or chapel for a length of time; I dared not. In answer, though it was densely dark, dark without, and darker within, yet, a prayer seemed to arise from my soul, saying, "Permit me to be in my own town, at my own home." In the ordering of all things, God ordered that to be so. I returned home fourteen days after, on the 15th October, 1864. God cut me down in an accident. I was carried upon the backs of four men, on a litter. Ever shall I remember the cries for mercy put into my poor soul whilst falling to the earth. I was ten months in this affliction, in my bed about six months, there I read the New Testament quite through, yet no light.

Men, and one minister, came to see me. I got worse. It was said they had better not come. I felt I must read and attempt to pray. I got worse and worse; doctors and physicians gave me up. Grave clothes were ready; I was crying night and day; O how Satan harassed me; eventually my mind reeled. Doctors said, "Take him to an asylum;" my poor wife said "No, she could not let me; they would kill me." How merciful is our God; how mindful over His own foolish instruments, even to put it into the hearts of others that know Him not, to be mindful of His children. Thanks be unto our God, He never breaks the bruised reed. I was led amongst the Independents; the Lord appeared for me. I was also elected as a deacon there, June 13, 1866. While with them, I diligently studied the Word of God. Baptism was so laid upon my heart, there was no peace for my conscience until I was immersed at Collingham, Notts, October 7, 1868; truly it was "the answer of a good conscience." I knew not what all this was intended for, nor to what it would lead. Speak or teach, I must. Some young men were sick, I visited them, they died; some of our members were sick, I visited them, they died; one deacon left the church: only I and another

remained. The other deacon could go where I could not. The Church was falling off. Complaints were laid before me by the few left, concerning the minister. I stood before him, like Nathan before David. Ever after his countenance was unto me as Laban's was to Jacob.

I was led to earnest prayer: yea, Daniel-like, three times a-day—morning, noon, and night. April 24, 1871, at early morning, about third watch of the night, I was, as Paul says, taken out of myself before two bright angels of the covenant, surrounded with clouds; with pens in their hands, about to sign something against me; I, being a lone one before them, cried in the bitterness of my soul, and their answer was, "You should have done it." I awoke. O, the feeling I never can forget. I painfully know that some ridicule these things, even those who profess to believe the scriptures. I point such to Acts ii. 17, 18; also to Joel ii. 28, 29; also to Job xxxiii. 14, 15.

Well, from April until November I scarcely could walk about, through the wasting of my bodily strength. Mourning daily, when a voice came over my shoulder, O such an heavenly message, saying, "In all Thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path." Then being instructed, I sought to have two more deacons elected, and others as a committee; in all this the Lord was ordering His own will. Some of the members were about to leave: I called Church meetings; told the minister it was him that cast out the true seed of Israel, but the people would go on with the error, and vote against me, upon whom they had leaned for support; "the fear of man bringeth a snare;" so these dead deacons locked me out; and they went on with the error. "Vengeance is Mine saith the Lord, I will repay."

The Lord sent me unto mine own people, opening a door, saying, "I have set before thee an open door;" also, "feed the flock of slaughter;" also, "build ye the walls of Jerusalem;" also, "Thy godness extendeth not unto me, but unto the saints, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight." Many other Scriptures He poured into my soul concerning the ministry.

My ministry is of God. He brought me out of the Independents, being hated of them, for Christ's sake, and cast out, like the poor blind man in the Gospel; but a divine message did guide me, saying, "Go in peace: before the Lord is your way wherein ye go" (Judges xviii. 6.) I felt to decline, when the 25th v. of the same chapter came with power, I was compelled to go, for who was I that I could resist the power of God? I did not know the people had been crying unto the Lord for Him to send one amongst them, but as they wanted their own will, they rejected me; they left and obtained a small room; they are a mixed multitude of Baptists, Huntingtonians, and others. The Lord made me a Baptist in a marvellous way, and said, by the Holy Ghost, "Levi hath no part nor inheritance with his brethren: the Lord is his inheritance."

"Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but things revealed belong unto us and our children."

May the Lord crown you with every blessing, so prays
W. SIMPSON.

8, Butchery Street, Lincoln.

[From letters received, we believe our brother, Mr. Simpson, of Lincoln, is a God-sent messenger of mercy, to minister to the scattered sheep of His flock. As we expect, on June 24 and 25, to be in Lincoln, we hope to confirm and continue this narrative of Grace and Truth.—Ed.]

SOLEMN ASSEMBLIES IN SURREY.

Ripley—Our annual spring meeting was holden May 13, 1874. Our pastor, C. Z. Turner, on that day reached his fifty-fifth year. For many years has he cheerfully preached the Gospel, frequently under discouraging circumstances; for we are compelled to continue in apostolic order, our chapel being "a large upper room," reached by a steep flight of stairs, which, in these days, is not considered modern enough for the rising generation; and the dear old friends who worshipped with us in our younger days, are nearly all gone home. Only father Green, and a few steadfast brethren and sisters remain; even Mr. Robert Daws—who we thought, at one time, intended to build us a house to worship in—has long been called away; and old Master Henry Allnutt, our original pastor, is become so infirm, we can never expect to see or hear him in Ripley again. Pastor C. Z. Turner continues freely and faithfully to preach unto us the Gospel of the new covenant; and we rejoice to learn, wherever he is called, the Lord renders his ministry acceptable to the saints. We were grieved to find this year the Church could not present Mr. Turner with a grateful testimonial; he labours hard; his family afflictions are severe. Our long-known brother, C. W. Banks, appeared this year exceedingly solemn and happy in preaching to us—especially in the evening—which was a favoured time with us in Ripley meeting. I have lately been looking around upon our little Surrey Churches. There is nothing indicating much powerful working. Brockham Green Church is seventy years old; it writes down twenty-five members. Henry Allnutt has been there fifteen years, but the cause has not much grown. Pastor Woods, at Claygate, works on with a membership of fifteen. At Horsell, brother Joy's Church, which has been planted near sixty years, numbers twenty members (can this be correct?) The two Churches in Guildford, under pastors Slim and Kern, number one hundred and twenty, and they have no General or Open Communion Baptists to weaken them. If our Surrey pastors and Churches—under heaven's sacred blessing—could hold special assemblies for united, wrestling prayer, and for preaching out the fulness and entirety of the gospel, I do believe the showers of refreshing would descend. Let all of them meet one Sunday on Ripley Common; another Sunday in

Guildford Hall; another Sunday in Horsell, and so on, brethren. Think on this loving and Scriptural suggestion. An old minister tells me we are almost answering to the prophecy by Joel. God raised up this prophet and gave him a name, meaning—

"THE LORD IS GOD!"

Oh, for another Joel! The Lord by him told them how the destructive army had come into the land, and commanded them to "call a solemn assembly; to gather the elders, and all the inhabitants of the land, into the house of the Lord their God; and there and then to say, "O Lord, to Thee will we cry." Then let the trumpet be blown in Zion; let the alarm be sounded, for a day of clouds and of gloominess is come! I write you in faith, and with strong desires, mingled with sighs. Surrey brethren! Look at the state of your Church, and ask our Lord to gird you with strength. I told C. W. Banks we wanted to raise a little testimonial for our loved brother, C. Z. Turner. He said he would receive, acknowledge, and hand over to father Green all sent to him. Let us do it.

A FRIEND & NEIGHBOUR TO SURREY.

PLYMOUTH—Your meetings at Speldhurst Road Chapel did not answer my expectations: perhaps no man ever did more to encourage and hold up the hands of young men than the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*; and all who are acquainted with your industry, fervour, and perseverance to do good, would have expected such a manifestation of gratitude, and such a glow of liberality, under the presidency of the generous James Mote, Esq., as there and then to have cleared off the debt of the beautiful chapel, and a handsome margin been handed over to the safe-keeping of the now well-worn and venerable Strict Baptist Minister, C. W. Banks. The other evening there was a tea and public meeting in St. George's Hall, Stonehouse; when a good number of persons assembled to observe what was called the first anniversary of the Corpus Christi minister, Mr. F. Collins, who is now where formerly Mr. Godding ministered; he was succeeded by Mr. Isabell, who again was followed by Mr. Hemington. On the platform were a number of ministers, about equal to the whole number of those who in the three towns adhere to and preach the doctrine of free and sovereign grace. It was very cheering to observe the apparent unity and affection which prevailed among both ministers and people; and, as far as we could judge, the cause at Corpus Christi is in health; harmony prevails in their midst. The first year of the Corpus Christi minister has been attended with the blessing of the Lord to the satisfaction of all who are interested therein. We want a revival of Scriptural truth in these towns. We pray for the wondrous harvest it is designed to produce.

"Yes, here are souls who love the light;
Who cleave to Jesus as their might;
Although their number may be few,
They love, they prize the heavenly dew."

AMICUS.

"LEAVES OF LIFE IN
LANCASHIRE."

THE LATE MR. W. GADSBY'S CHAPEL.

MR. EDITOR,—After having been some few years in London, I am, by providential circumstances, compelled to return to Manchester. "Our God is in the heavens; He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased." On Lord's-day, May 3, 1874, I went again to Rochdale Road Chapel, in this city. Mr. A. B. Taylor, our honoured and beloved minister, read to us all about Philip and the Eunuch. He preached from Laban's words—will you tell us, Mr. Editor, what was Laban's real character?—where, to Abraham's old servant, he said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" If I understood Mr. Taylor correctly, he said Abraham's servant believed that the coming union between Isaac and Rebekah was predestinated, or appointed, "as all marriages are." Is this fact clearly established in God's Holy Word? Mr. Taylor was grave, good, and sound, in shewing the character as demonstrated by the words "blessed of the Lord." The standing without, waiting for a Divine manifestation, and the assuring pledge of love Divine was, with savour and power, delineated. Yes, sir, A. B. Taylor is, as thousands know, a truthful and an experimental man of God. Still, I was more happy in London than I am here. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Taylor baptized his own daughter and her husband. Very solemn and interesting event. We are now renovating good old Mr. Gadsby's chapel, and our collection for it on May 3 was £120, if the elders informed me correctly. One thing, Mr. Editor, I have choice, rich, experimental leaves out of William Gadsby's Christian and ministerial life. I am afraid the present and future generations will soon cease to hear and know anything of a living, a conflicting, but soul-uplifting faith. If I send you some "Leaves of Life in Lancashire," will you insert them?

ONE WHO LOVES TO FEEL THE GOSPEL.
[We shall be glad to see them first.—Ed.]

BARNSELY, MASBOROUGH, AND SHEFFIELD.—One of our Eastern settlers has been into the North. Brethren Joseph Taylor and Elam are instrumentally keeping the Gospel moving with some success. We were sorry to hear the New Baptist Chapel at Masborough had not received any help from our southern sister Churches. They must have the matter laid before them again. We are full of chapel debts this way. Every man has his own burden; but if a thorough systematic organisation could be adopted, they might all be paid off easily.

GLEMSFORD—Anniversary of Old Baptist Chapel Sunday School was held on Sunday and Monday, April 19 and 20. Sermons were preached by Mr. Bowtel, and W. Beach, Esq. On Monday, a tea and public meeting was held. Pastor Margerum in the chair. Encouraging speeches were delivered by Messrs. Parry, Slater, Page, Lock, and Beach.

JIREH CHAPEL, EAST ROAD, CITY ROAD.—Anniversary services were held on Sunday, March 26. Mr. S. Green preached in the morning, Mr. Lodge the afternoon, and Mr. Davies in the evening. The attendance was good, and the Lord's presence and blessing experienced in our midst. On Tuesday, 28th, our much-esteemed brother, Mr. Hazelton, delivered a discourse in the afternoon from Psalm lxxvii. 6, "And God, even our own God, shall bless us." Many can say the Lord was present to bless. Over 100 partook of tea. Our kind friend, Mr. C. Wilson, presided at the evening meeting, which was opened by prayer from Mr. Beddow. Interesting addresses were given by brethren Anderson, Hazelton, Webb, Griffith, Lodge, and Styles. We now take this opportunity of thanking these ministerial friends and others who so kindly helped us on these occasions. Lord's-day morning, May 3rd, we had a good sermon from Mr. Lodge, late of Cumberland street. In the evening the service was most impressive. After a faithful discourse by brother Lodge from the words, "I will see you again," our senior deacon stated the Lord's dealings with us. Mr. Lodge gave excellent advice, and then united the two churches (Providence and Jireh), by joining the hands of his late deacons and our own. We earnestly pray the union may prove prosperous and happy. This day was one of the most comfortable ever spent at Jireh. W. H.

WALTHAMSTOW.—Public Hall, Oxford road. The first public tea meeting of this little cause (now three months old) was held on Tuesday, 7th inst. The Lord blest us with a fine day; we had very cheering and encouraging services. Mr. N. Burgess, of Walthamstow, preached in the afternoon, after which 120 sat down to tea. Mr. R. Bowles, of Hertford, preached in the evening. At the close we had a good collection, and we felt that we could, indeed, thank God and take courage. E. S.

CANTERBURY, KENT, as a cathedral and municipal city, is one of the neatest, most select, and quiet in the kingdom. The services in the cathedral are numerous, skilful, and attracting. The dean, canons, prebends, clergy, and clerks are enough in number to convert the whole city. How much of that work they do I have no statistics; but if they do not gather in the people more than the Noncons, do, the city cannot be in a very healthy state. Mr. Cresswell wishes to build a new Congregational Church. Dear man! I hope he will succeed; but O, sirs, the Guildhall congregations are not flourishing now. It is thought a new cage may catch more birds. The Countess's new chapel has no pastor: no great work is done there. St. George's Baptist Chapel has a sickly pastor, and not a very united fraternal family. Poor Zoar is no larger than it was many years ago, and its minister cannot be considered successful. We are surveying Kent by degrees. The results of our reviews will come soon. Alas! things do look dark.

ST. IVE'S, HUNTS.—The anniversary of the Strict Baptist Church, under the pastorate of Mr. Haynes, in this town, was held on Tuesday, May 5, when three sermons were preached by two noble champions of truth. Those in the morning and afternoon by Mr. Grey Hazelrigg, of Leicester, and that in the evening by Mr. Tryon, of Market Deeping, Lincolnshire. In the morning, the preacher, after giving a beautiful exposition of Psalm xxiii., took for his text Deut. viii. 3, dwelling particularly on the latter clause, "Man shall not live by bread only," &c. In the afternoon he took as a text, Phil. iii. 10, "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection." Oh, the knowledge of Christ, whom to know is life eternal! and that

"We may know Him still 'twill be,
When lost in love's unfathom'd sea."

Then while here to feel His resurrection-power within, raising us up from the many deaths we feel within to newness of life in Him. In illustrating the deaths felt within, he painted a lucid description of a minister's Sunday: he remarked, "Some people have an idea that ministers of the Gospel are such angelic beings that they can preach, pray, feel liberty, &c., whenever they like; but how much is it the reverse. Sunday morning, wake up, everything seems to have death upon it; read the Word, no life, no power, no dew; however shall I preach? no text; whatever shall I be able to say to the people? So I remain till time to go to chapel; try to pray, but no reply; go into the pulpit, all seems death; open the Word to read, and a portion seems fastened upon the mind, and sweet freedom is experienced in preaching to the people; but as soon as the service is over, all seems death again; and so at every service, and when the Sabbath closes have to lie down with the reflection, unprofitable servant after all. One of these deaths seemed to have taken hold of the preacher, whilst proceeding to St. Ives's, but whilst in the train, these words were applied with resurrection power,

'Truly that poor soul is just
Who, by faith, in Christ can trust.'

Mr. Tryon's text in the evening was Psalm cxvi. 6, 7. Poor soul, hast thou ever proved what rest is? Then return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. Time at the present forbids, or I could enlarge. **DUMAH.**
Cambridge.

NOTTING HILL GATE, SILVER STREET CHAPEL.—Our anniversary was a happy season; brother Morling spoke well on the Lord's-day afternoon, so did our good brother Banks. The Lord was with us; we were also much cheered by the delightful singing of the Surrey Tabernacle Temperance Choir, who so kindly favoured us with a visit on that occasion; the Lord bless and prosper them. A correspondent says: "Some excellent Christians are increasing this Church's strength in every way. Brother R. G. Edwards is much honoured and successful in his ministry."

PAINFUL CALAMITY AT BURNHAM, ESSEX.—We have buried the widow of our late friend and minister, Wm. Newman. Since her widowhood she has scarcely been able to hold up her head. Through mercy, friends have supplied her needs. Until the last she spoke with confidence of her safety. A very painful dispensation has attended this death. A young afflicted mother became a widow, having five small children. A very promising young man, aged 37, living in London, a member of Mr. Thomas Stringer's, the son of W. Newman, was summoned in haste to the bed of his dying mother, on the eve of April 25; she died on 26th. He returned to London, but came down again to attend the funeral, Sunday, May 3. When the corpse left the house he was found unable to proceed; and in two days he was silent in death. But we have the unspeakable mercy of a good hope in the resurrection by Jesus Christ. He was buried, May 10, in the same ground with his father and mother. It has thrown a gloom over Burnham. **J. TAYLOR.**

IRTHLINGBOROUGH.—We rejoice to find brother John Inward is recovering from serious illness. He says:—"The Lord has been with me, and sanctified my affliction unto me. I am better now than I have been for a long time, thank the Lord. I preached three times last Sunday. When I first entered the furnace, like the three Hebrews in Daniel, I fell down, bound, in the midst of the fire: but it was not long before One like unto the Son of God appeared there with me, broke my bonds, liberated my spirit; bid my fears begone, and calmed my perturbed soul. O, dear brother, what a religion is the religion of Jesus! there is, indeed, a reality and vitality in it, consoling and supporting under every trial in this life, and preparing the soul for the life that is to come:

"Bless Him, my soul, from day to day,
Bless Him who helps thee on thy way;
Give Him Thy poor, weak, sinful heart,
With Him O never, never part."

The best of blessings rest upon you. So prays,
Yours as ever, in Gospel bonds,
F. INWARD.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

Rev. xxii. 2.

I am, saith Christ, the Tree of Life,
On either side the stream,
And bearing fruit for every month,
My leaves are ever green.

Those stripes my precious Christ did bare,
To set His people free:
The Jew, the Greek, and Gentile there,
These healing leaves we see.

Yes, by Thy stripes, my precious Lord,
The nations are all healed;
Yes, here the stripes my Bride set free,
Thy blood did her redeem.

This precious fruit for every month,
This Tree of Life doth bear;
Election, choice, and precious blood,
And soul-experience there.

April 18, 1874.

T. W.

VICTORIOUS INTERCESSION.

A fragment from John xvii.
 With God, whose purity exceeds
 The utmost stretch of human thought;
 Hark! how the dear Redeemer pleads
 For all by His own ransom bought.
 Polluted and debased they are,
 By nature sinful, vile, unclean;
 Yet lov'd with an affection, far
 Beyond a creature's love e'er seen.
 For them My life I freely give,
 As such, O Father, 'tis My will
 That they in My perfection live,
 And thus Thy high behests fulfil.
 Thy Word is truth, and therein lies
 A medium which Thou canst approve;
 Spotless in Thy all-searching eyes—
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.
 Their perfect sanctity I claim:
 Thy Spirit will the grace send down:
 Their union with the Great I Am
 Shall be My mediatorial crown.

J. LINGLEY.

17, Wood street, Lambeth, S.E.
 April 6, 1874.

Notes of the Month.

NOTE.—“A Traveller,” on surveying the tabernacles erected near Newington and Walworth; the “City Temple,” near the Holborn Viaduct; Newman Hall’s “Christ Church” in the Westminster road, and the new churches and chapels springing up in every direction, asks us, “Do not you believe the kingdom of Christ is growing richly in grace, abundantly in charity, and rapidly in numbers?” “Presses! Pulpits! Platforms! all sounding out the Saviour’s name. Are not the times wonderful?” [Wonderful for holding back the ancient faith; wonderful, too, for holding up the teaching of the new school of advanced theology. We know the kingdom of Jesus stands for ever.]

“ONE OF THE LATE MR. JAS. WELLS’ FRIENDS” should read Jer. li. If a Babylonian state has fallen upon us we are not to sit down either in presumption or in despair. The Lord says, “Set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon;” if the Gospel of Christ is cast out of the generality of pulpits, then let us form “An Home Mission for Telling Men the Truth;” let us go into the halls, schoolrooms, streets, lanes, fields, villages, cities, hamlets, yea, everywhere, and, “speaking the truth in love,” we shall prove faithful unto death, and shall be honoured of God. The contemptible, cowardly spirit of some of our popes, who grumble about errors abounding when in their pulpits, but never stir a step outside to resist the enemy, is, to us, wicked, and proves them shallow and deficient of any Christian zeal.

STAR IN THE WEST.—“A Mount Zionite” views the state of the Church correctly. “From the time our venerable Foreman put off his harness we have been supplied with excellent Gospel ministers.

Some thought Mr. Styles would settle with us; others looked at Charles Hill; then came Messrs. Bax, Seers, and Shepherd; last of all Mr. Kern stands before us. For one, I would ask that special days of prayer and supplication be appointed, and solemnly devoted to ask counsel of God, for 1 Sam. xvi. is much on the mind of

A MOUNT ZIONITE.”

THE CITY TEMPLE.—In a polite, discursive, and eloquent letter, the Dean of Westminster was indirectly invited to open the temple of “the wisdom of this world,” in the centre of which letter a stone is hurled at those Cons. and Noncons. who hold fast the ancient and unalterable principles of that covenant which was and is “ordered in all things and sure.” As we review in silence the use which is made of the name of Jesus, while insult and contempt are thrown upon the divine sovereignty of His Father’s throne, as well as upon the revelations the Holy Christ of God, made of “the will of Him that sent Him,” we (with feelings of fear more deep than words can tell) ask, “What does all this mean?” Is this the flowing in of the millennium? or, is it “the deceivableness of unrighteousness?” Is this that climax of evil called “spiritual wickedness in high places?” What is it? Mark you! from the most popular minister in this world, down to poor Fiddler Joss, the Arminian heresy is overflowing all the professing churches. Talent, money, education, and every power in existence comes in to swell the winds and waves of error. Is our Lord Jesus Christ pleased and honoured with all this? If so—and this is a dreadful conclusion;—but if the Covenant Head of the Church is really glorified, honoured, and pleased with this, then, in His ministry, He surely cannot be “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” In His divine and complex Person, in His work, in His promises, we know He is the same; but when the sovereignty of the Father, and the sovereignty of the Spirit are almost ignored, we stand in awe and tremble.

HACKNEY.—“A Pastor,” finding Grove street pulpit vacant, wishes to know to “which section it belongs?” We know not. The pulpit is supplied, but with what we cannot tell.

Deaths.

Brother William Phillips, for many years deacon at Gower street Baptist chapel. He was a man who delighted to meet with the friends when the doors of the house of God were open for worship. He entered into his rest on the 12th inst. He said he was on the Rock which was as firm as ever. Mr. Turner, of Netherton, delivered the address at the grave to a goodly number of friends, in the cemetery at Willenhall, on Thursday, the 16th inst.

The long-afflicted widow, Mrs. Sarah Hunt, departed this life in April, 1874. Her remains were removed from Dennett’s road to Brockley Cemetery and laid in the family grave with her late husband, on April 23, when the Word of God was read, and prayer offered by C. W. Banks.

“The Ninth Hour!”

THE hardest thing in the true minister's life is to keep to the work God has given him, which is to preach “Christ and Him crucified.” Many times a poor minister may think in himself, “How little I really know of Jesus, after all! How little I study Him! Yea; consequently, how little do I preach Him! Well, I will try,” saith this repenting preacher, “and know more, study more, and preach more of the Lord Jesus;” but immediately some other theme, some lesser subject enters and captivates his mind, and the Saviour is, as it were, asleep in the hinder part of the vessel, while the storm threatens to drive the ship and all her crew down to the darkest deeps. My soul is frequently crying out, “Cling to the cross! Nearer to Calvary! Get THERE, keep there, sit down and watch Him there!” but, almost imperceptibly, the mind is led off to some side-line, and the fulness of Jesus is buried in the confusion.

The old Syriac rendering of Isaiah xii. 3 was very precious to me: it reads thus:—“Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of THE FOUNTAINS OF THE SAVIOUR.” How many fountains did I see flowing out of Him! But when I came ministerially to open them, I was next to lost and appeared to say nothing; even so with that sentence which fell into my heart on the Sunday night—“THE NINTH HOUR!” How full of meaning; and yet to dive into it seems quite impossible! Henry Fowler, in the depths of his sorrows on this account, found a solace by faith in the fact that,

“Jesu's blood was shed for him;”

therefore, with no little of spiritual contrition, he says,

“Poor, worthless worm am I,
My heart is full of ill,
Which makes me daily groan and sigh,
Think or do what I will.
But Christ, the sinner's friend,
Looks on the sinner vile;
And says, ‘I'll love thee to the end,’—
Then gives a blessed smile!”

Yes, brethren, if our hearts and souls are earnestly and lovingly set on Him—although we fall short of giving Him that absolute prominence which we desire, yet He knoweth the desire, He understands the warfare and conflicts of our minds, He blesses the motive, and pardons the feebleness of the manner.

There are three grand powers which we should labour hard to remember, as stimulants to lead us on to our one great mission. I mean

THE WILL OF GOD OUR HEAVENLY FATHER,
THE WORTHINESS OF GOD THE SON, and
THE WORK OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

The Father's will is that Christ shall be exalted far above all
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heavens; the worthiness of the Son demands our most profound devotion and adoration; while the promised work of the Holy Spirit is that He shall take of the things of Jesus and show them unto us. If these mighty principles habitually influenced our minds, would not the life of Jesus be more powerfully manifested in us than it appears to be? Assuredly it would!

"THE NINTH HOUR" was singularly prefigured in Exodus xii. 6: "The whole assembly of the congregation shall kill the lamb in the evening;" or, "between the two evenings;" that is what we call three o'clock; which, in the winter time of the Saviour's sufferings, was just when the afternoon was past and the dark night was approaching. Of our Redeemer's Incarnation-Day, it may be declared, he was up early in the morning: "From the womb of the morning He had the dew of His youth;" He was "as a Bridegroom coming out of His chamber;" the council chamber of the eternal covenant, and He "rejoiced as a strong Man to run His race;" by the noon-time, His righteous fulfilment of the law, and His ministerial introduction of the Gospel kingdom was finished: then came "the hour," of which He spoke with so much emphasis, with so much conflict of soul, with so much prayer, with so much resignation, with so much certainty. When that hour of darkness had reached its climax, all was over; then He bowed His head and said (with more meaning than finite minds have ever yet comprehended),

"IT IS FINISHED."

The second evening was the night in which He lay in the grave—then, all this, being quickly succeeded by a lovely resurrection morning; when, "the purchase" being complete, "the price" being paid, neither law nor death, neither justice nor the jail of the grave could hold Him any longer. As faith leads the quickened soul away from the cross she enables that soul to sing,

"I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me! for all! Oh, grace divine!
Who look by faith on Thee!"

We shall yet linger on the summit of Calvary, if our Almighty God will permit the least of all His servants,
C. W. B.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

AWAKE, my soul, and sing the praise
Of our incarnate God,
Who left His throne, came here to dwell,
Our flesh made His abode.
Thou loving God, we bless Thy name,
The gift of Thy dear Son,
Who chose our souls in Christ our Head,
And with Him made us one.
O Thou holy loving Lamb,
Thou true and very Man,

Thou Son of David, David's Lord,
The infinite I AM.
O Holy Ghost, we bless Thy name,
Sweet testifier of Him,
Do draw our souls, apply His blood,
Speak pardoning love with Him.
Then shall our souls awake and sing,
With heavenly love aspire,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will be our heart's desire.

June 8th, 1874.

T. W.

PRACTICAL ADVICE ON THE STUDY OF GREEK.

No. I.

IT is not our intention to produce a complete treatise on the Grammar of the Greek Testament. Considering the limited space which the arrangements of our Editor permit him to allot to us this would be very unadvisable, especially as the zeal of our students would enable them to proceed much more rapidly than we could supply matter. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to pointing out those things that are absolutely necessary in the book which we have recommended, in order to enable you to commence to read the Greek Testament as early as possible, leaving the other more critical parts until you are somewhat more advanced in the language, and in a position better to understand and appreciate them.

We hope that you will strictly adhere to the course we have marked out, for having gone over the ground ourselves we are sure your confidence will not be misplaced. It is after mature consideration that we have directed you to go straight through the Grammar before attempting to read Greek, this method may not be altogether so pleasant to you at first, but we are convinced that by carefully following it, and faithfully carrying out all our injunctions, you will sooner be in a position to read the Greek Testament than you would be by occupying time in translating the elementary Greek sentences found in ordinary Lesson Books.

It will not be necessary for you to procure the Greek Delectus and Lexicon, mentioned in the Preface to Weale's Grammar, as they relate principally to classical Greek. In case any one should not have read our first article in the April EARTHEN VESSEL, we would mention that the three books there recommended are all that are needful for you at present.

When we have completed our articles on the Grammar we shall proceed to give full critical notes on portions of the Gospel of John, derived from the best theological and grammatical writers, both English and Foreign. We have chosen John because its *grammatical* construction is simpler than that of any other portion of the New Testament.

On the first page of Weale's Grammar you will find the ALPHABET (the forms of the letters given here are used for *writing* as well as for printing). This must be thoroughly mastered before proceeding further, and to this end we advise you to adopt the following course: (1) Copy out the whole page exactly as it stands, until you are tolerably familiar with it. (2) Write out the first two columns containing the Greek Letters, and having closed the Grammar, endeavour to supply from memory the "Names," and the English letters showing the "Pronunciation;" this you will continue until you can do it with ease. (3) Copy from the Grammar the English equivalents in the column headed "Pronunciation," then, closing the book as before, supply the Greek forms and the "Names;" then continue this also until you have attained some proficiency. (4) You should now, as a test of your progress, try to write out from memory the whole page precisely as it stands. The double forms of some of the small Greek Letters are each in use, and must, therefore, be both committed to memory. Of

course, after each of these exercises you will carefully compare your work with the Grammar, to correct your errors. If you find the beginning difficult, do not be discouraged, for every succeeding exercise will become easier.

The first and third paragraphs on page 2 are important, the second is not, and here we would add that the letter χ , *ch* is not pronounced like *ch* in *church*, but as *ch* in *character*.

The Rules upon the "VOWELS AND DIPHTHONGS," in large type, must be committed to memory, but the next paragraph, in small type, need only be read over.

The following table will show the pronunciation of the diphthongs: α like *eye*; $\alpha\upsilon$ like *au* in *autumn*; ϵi like *i* in *kite*; $\epsilon\upsilon$ and $\eta\upsilon$ like *eu* in *Europe*; $\omicron i$ like *oi* in *oil*; $\omicron\upsilon$ like *ou* in *house*; υi like *ui* in *quite*.

The paragraphs upon the "CONSONANTS," commencing at the bottom of page 2, are very important; and it will be of great service hereafter to be thoroughly acquainted with the divisions of the letters there given. We may remark that "Labial" (from the Latin "labium," *a lip*) means a letter sounded by the lips; "Guttural" (from the Latin "guttur," *the throat*) signifies a letter sounded in the throat; and "Lingual" (from the Latin "lingua," *the tongue*) signifies a letter which is produced by the action of the tip of the tongue against the teeth. You will find the letters here named "linguals," sometimes called "dentals" (from the Latin "dens," *a tooth*). In reference to the last paragraph on the "Consonants," the reason of the letter ν being added to the dative plural, and to the third person of verbs ending in ϵ or ι is to prevent the awkward sound of two vowels coming together; as in English we use *an* instead of *a* before a word commencing with a vowel.

The remainder of page 3 upon the "BREATHINGS," &c., should be attentively studied.

From your study of English Grammar you will already be acquainted with the meanings of the "PARTS OF SPEECH—GENDERS, NUMBERS, CASES," &c., but you may, if required, advantageously refer to Allen and Cornwell.

Page 4, paragraph 3, the "DUAL" number is only used in classical Greek; and, though common in Hebrew, is neither to be found in the Septuagint, the New Testament, nor modern Greek; you can, therefore, leave it out wherever it occurs in the Grammar.

Paragraph 4, it is of the utmost consequence that the "CASES" should be thoroughly understood, as they occupy a very important part in Greek, much more so than in English. We generally want to speak of objects in connection with other objects; this connection may be expressed by prepositions, and is so for the most part in English; but in Greek the circumstances in which an object is placed—whether spoken of by itself, or in connection with other objects—are further shown by a change in the form of its termination. When the noun forms the subject of a sentence, it is in the Nominative Case (from the Latin "nominatus," *named*), because it is named as the subject of our discourse. If the noun is spoken of as possessing something, or as being the generator or producer of something, the possessor or producer is in the Genitive Case (from the Latin "genitus," *begotten*). If a noun is spoken of as receiving something given by another, the receiver is in the Dative Case (from the Latin "datus," *given*). If a noun is

spoken of as affected directly by an active verb, it is in the Accusative (in English, Objective) Case (from the Latin "accusatus," *accused*). The person or thing, called or spoken to, is put in the Vocative Case (from the Latin "vocatus," *called*). The Genitive, Dative, and Accusative Cases have many other shades of meaning, according to the prepositions used with them; but these we must leave until our pupil is further advanced.

The "Root" is the original form of the word before any change has taken place in it for the purpose of declension, or conjugation. The "STEM" is that part of a word which remains after the removal in the noun of the case-endings, and in the verb of the augment, reduplication, and person-endings. It might appear, at first sight, that the Root and the Stem were the same thing, but this is not exactly so; for though the Stem of the noun is very often the same as the Root, you will find when you come to the verbs, that the Root undergoes various changes, in order to form the Stems of the different moods and tenses, before the person-endings are added (p. 71). You may not now perhaps quite understand the bearing of these remarks upon the verb, but it will be well for you to refer to these observations when you reach that part of the Grammar, as the changes of the verb-stems are of great importance.

The "DECLENSION OF THE ARTICLE" (page 4), the "FIRST DECLENSION" of nouns (p. 5), the "SECOND" (p. 8), the "THIRD" (p. 10), must all be completely and carefully committed to memory, in the same way as we have recommended in our article on English, that is, by writing them out. You will observe that the forms of the cases in the plural of the First and Second Declensions are precisely the same as those of the plural of the Article.

The "WORDS OF THE FIRST DECLENSION FOR EXERCISE" (p. 7) are to be all written out in full, and afterwards compared with the examples. Thus, the words in the first paragraph, when declined through all their cases, should be compared with the example $\pi\acute{\omicron}\lambda\eta$, those in the second with $\tau\acute{\iota}\mu\acute{\eta}$, and so on. The same remarks apply to the Exercises on the "SECOND DECLENSION" (p. 10) and to the "THIRD" (p. 22 and 23).

The table from pages 11 to 15 need not be committed to memory, it is for reference, and will be of great service to you in enabling you to trace the Genitives of the Third Declension; but it is only by long practice in reading that you can become acquainted with the Genitive of every word.

The remarks on the "ACCUSATIVE," "VOCATIVE," and "DATIVE PLURAL," on pages 15 and 16, are important, and should not be passed over.

You can read through the "ANOMALOUS, &c., NOUNS" (p. 23 to 26), but need not commit them to memory. We shall refer to them as occasion offers.

J. L. & J. E. B.

(To be continued.)

P.S.—We shall be happy to correct exercises, either English or Greek. To enable us to advise our correspondents, it is essential that they should inform us the exact extent of their knowledge of English Grammar. Address J. L., 3, Avenue Road, Clapham, S.W., enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE FURNACE.

A LETTER FROM SAMUEL FOSTER TO C. W. BANKS.

[The following note from the chamber of twenty-four years' affliction came so preciously to us, we thought others would profit by it.—Ed.]

MY DEAR BROTHER in the Lord, companion in tribulation, and fellow-heir of the grace of light,—I am with you in spirit, and from the chamber of affliction I once more greet you, and in the name of our dear and precious Immanuel, God with us, and Christ in us the hope of glory, who is God over all and blessed for evermore. It is now some time since I wrote to you or heard from you, but you are not forgotten by me; I often remember you before the Lord and ask Him to bless you, to teach, and lead, and keep you, and be very gracious unto you, and make you a blessing to His poor, needy, tried, afflicted children.

The love of Christ constrains me to write to you this morning. When I awoke I felt very low and dark; but these words came flowing into my mind, and they were the very breathing of my heart to the Lord, I pleaded them before the Lord: "O Lord, be gracious unto us, we have waited for Thee; be Thou our arm every morning, our salvation in the time of trouble." And the Lord has been to us a very present help in trouble. He hath delivered, He doth deliver, and in whom we trust He will yet deliver us from all pain, trial, and sorrow, and preserve us to His everlasting kingdom. This morning I have sweetly realised the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." And I have been much blessed in waiting upon the Lord in prayer; the power and spirit of Christ did sweetly rest upon me, and, like dear old Jacob, I wrestled and pleaded with the Lord, and would not let Him go without a blessing, and He blessed me there. How sweet the moments, rich in blessing, when thus favoured to wait upon the Lord; He pours in, and we pour out, and we commune with Him as friend with friend, heart with heart, and spirit with spirit. And after such a sweet season I felt I must write to you, dear brother, and mention the lovingkindness of the Lord to your poor afflicted friend in the furnace. I have been suffering much of late, have felt worse, and been in more pain; I am in much pain now. O how weary is this poor body!

My dear brother, the twenty-ninth of last month was my anniversary; twenty-four years in the furnace, and not consumed; and still the poor bush is burning; I am a wonder unto many; a miracle of grace I stand, a monument of mercy, spared to tell the wonders of His love and faithfulness. Since my Father put me in the furnace, Oh, how many have been my changes! how great my affliction! many my trials, dark and trying has been my path, but hitherto the Lord has helped me. O how light are my afflictions when compared with that eternal weight of glory! Only a moment,

"When troubles like a gloomy cloud
Have gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, O how good!"

I bless the Lord for putting me in the furnace, for His own glory and my good, and I hope for the good of other poor souls. I often long to be useful and to speak a word of comfort to the tried and afflicted of God's people; for the Lord hath done great things for me whereof I am glad. Not one thing would I have altered, dear brother, not one bitter would I have left out of the cup.

"I know in all that has befallen
My Jesus hath done all things well."

I often wonder what the Lord keeps me here for, but He performeth all things for me. My times are in His hand, and when I reflect His image He will take me home to glory, for ever to be with Jesus, and like Him, for there I long to be.

The 29th and 30th of last month were solemn but sweet days to me. Musing on all my Father's love, how sweet it is! The following portions were very precious, Deut. viii. 2, 3; 1 Sam. vii. 12; also the 107th Psalm was very sweet, O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together;

"Let not the wonders He has wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot."

Pray for me. Please accept my warmest love, in which my dear wife and family unite. And may the God of love and peace be with you. Amen.

Sturry, near Canterbury.

SAMUEL FOSTER.

May 8th, 1874.

ANOTHER TIMOTHY.

MR. THOMAS OSGATHORP, of Cheshunt, Herts, a most amiable Christian brother and faithful soldier of Christ, has just passed from the battle of life to a life of peace and bliss ineffable!

Such a man can be ill spared by the Church at Enfield, of which he was for a long time a very useful member. But though he is gone to be with Him he loved so well, yet his memory we cherish for the benefit we have received in times past from his godly conversation and mature judgment in matters concerning Church government. His name undoubtedly is ranked with the Israel of God who "shall be in everlasting remembrance." For many years Mr. Osgathorp took an active part in carrying on the cause of God at College road, Cheshunt, till the doors were closed some ten years since. He was always at his post, when health permitted, and ever willing to render any service in the house of God, from the opening of pews to the preaching of sermons. His outer and inner life was a standing witness to the shame of those professed Christians who will not even extend a finger toward bearing the burden of the cause of Christ; but who hear, and see, and grumble if everything is not just as they would have it.

Our dear deceased brother knew the Lord, like Timothy, from a child, as he told the writer, a few weeks ago, while he was fast sinking in death. His immortal spirit tenanted a spare and weakly frame which, for many years, was never long free from pain; still, in the midst of the

most acute bodily affliction he was often heard to groan, but never to murmur. He was conscious, even to the last, of the great change which he was to undergo; but the Lord Jesus proved dear and faithful to him. As he closed his eyes he found the dissolution of body and soul to be—

. "A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life."

His last words, which were uttered in a clear, but faint tone, were, "Father wants me: He says, Come, come, come!" How sweet and applicable are the words of the Psalmist, "For so He giveth His beloved sleep." This is the only solace of the friends in Christ who are left to mourn his departure; but they mourn not as those without hope.

W. WINTERS.

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY W. F. EDGERTON,

Pastor of Providence Baptist Church, Reading.

"For they have heard that Thou, Lord, art among this people."—Numbers xiv. 14.

THE subject of the former part of this chapter is the murmurings of the children of Israel upon the evil report of the spies, and of the Lord's threatening to destroy the people with the pestilence. Moses, by his urgent entreaties, averts the threatened punishment. From his earnest petition we take the telling argument used by the man of God: For they (*i.e.*, the Egyptians) have heard that "Thou, Lord, art among this people," and consider them as a fit argument for every pastor, deacon, and member at the present solemn time, surrounded as we are by dangers, and assailed by errors of every possible form.

First, this people. Ancient Israel was a type of the Church of God, save in one particular; many who left the land of Egypt never entered Canaan, as seen in this fourteenth chapter of Numbers; but all the elect of God shall be brought safe to the promised land; for, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end (John xiii. 1). Still, in their journeyings, trials, deliverances, and manifold weaknesses, they afford an exact picture of the vast army of spiritual Israelites which have passed before and now are on the march. This people. We take our stand denominationally; far be it from us to deny that God has His own in other sections of the militant Church, but as a people we believe, first, that we hold the truth in its entirety; second, that our Churches are formed after the pure apostolic model; thirdly, that we are the most remote from the great Antichrist than any other sect, because we renounce human authority and priestly-invented rites; fourthly, that our ministers are men after the mode and manner described (Amos vii. 14, 15), though doubtless many have run without being sent of God and have failed, but I speak of the prevailing feature; fifthly, we have a charge committed to us, to keep the ordinances as they were delivered, and we sustain a position occupied by none else.

Thus, then, as Israel's position was peculiarly an isolated one, and fraught with the greatest responsibility,—so is ours.

But as God's ancient people were imperfect, and numerous failings showed their proneness to turn aside, so we have much to humble us; personally, we all are conscious of our own failings; but, as a body, we may not be so sensible of them as is requisite ere we can hope for amendment. If God were to deal with us after our sins, our divisions would bring down His displeasure. How sad for men of God and lovers of the truth to stand aloof from one another because of party distinctions, kept alive by certain journalistic names; and, more than this, to denounce as "letter men" those whom God is manifestly blessing and confirming in their work! Moreover, we cannot, without regret, think of the supineness of many—no energy; a good creed, but none of the warmth which that creed produces when it is rightly understood and received. There are many such, and how necessary the rousing cry, "I would that thou wert hot or cold, so then because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth" (Rev. iii. 16).

We fear that as yet we have not seen the need of true missionary service for God; we have our Strict Baptist Mission, and much larger might its operations be, if only a trifle was contributed annually by every Church of our own order in the land. Have we as a denomination sought fully to obey the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Romish and Ritualistic propagandists compass sea and land; we believe that Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God. But have we sought to be the means to this end?

In labours more abundant at home we might have been; we cannot pass down any of our more public thoroughfares on a Sabbath-day without having courteously handed to us a tract,—sometimes full of Gospel, but too often teeming with duty-faith and free-will error; we are perhaps content only to pity the person thus scattering bad seed, without ourselves heeding the Word, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand" (Ecclesiastes xi. 6).

Again, while revivalists and others gather the crowds to their prayer-meetings, many among us excuse themselves thus, "It is only a prayer-meeting," forgetting the Master's example, who withdrew to a mountain to pray: verily, while our Gospel is pure and our privileges numerous, our faults are many.

God threatened Israel for their inconsistency; and what does He say to us? "Repent, and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place." We had a glorious advent; our Gospel, by the Spirit's power, converted three thousand on the day of Pentecost; the baptized Apostles were true missionaries; they went everywhere preaching the Word; the Church did not slight prayer, but "continued in the Apostles' doctrine, in breaking of bread, and in prayers." There was oneness in doctrine, zeal for God and truth, fervent love to souls, the Holy Ghost was in the Word, and Christ's kingdom grew. We must come back to this. The cursed Babylonish garment of carnality and worldliness must be got rid of, or we shall be severely chastened. O! by the wondrous love of our glorious Lord and Saviour, by the sacred memory of the early triumphs of His truth, by the struggles and sorrows of our persecuted

forefathers—massacred in cold blood rather than give up the truth—let us seek to band together, and, like a mighty phalanx, go forth to fight for God, and rest assured we shall conquer!

We are convinced that the eyes of all are upon us. Proud Pharisees say we are dying out; others wish to absorb us; the Mother of Harlots and her Ritualistic children hate us more than any other section of Nonconformity; no epithet is too strong in certain quarters to denounce us. Well, let it be so. We can say, our foes have heard that the Lord is among us; though they may deny His power, and we can demonstrate the fact, we are not left without the three witnesses, “the Spirit, the water, and the blood;” and there are still hundreds of faithful stewards determined to “know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.” We are aware of our failings, but the “Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;” and, weak as we are, we must prevail, for He is on our side, and the battle is the Lord’s.

Brethren, is the Lord among us? Have we the sensible enjoyment of His presence? Are we anxious to know the blessing ours, viz., that of being set up for the furtherance of the Gospel? If so, in our respective spheres of labour, let us “pray without ceasing,” and seek to abound in every good word and work. Let us go to the throne of grace with this plea, “Lord, they have known that Thou art among us; they have seen Thy servants raised up, Thy Churches preserved, Thy laws obeyed, Thy truth contended for; they have seen that Thy presence is among us: again make bare Thy arm, and do wondrously.”

In conclusion, let us confess to all our failings, seek for grace to increase in faith, abounding in love; and let our argument be the same as David’s, “Thou hast been my help, our help, the help of all Thy people; leave us not, neither forsake us, O God of our salvation.” Then, in answer to prayer, greater union will prevail, peace shall abide in our midst, sinners shall be converted, our foes be checked, and our Lord glorified.

May the day be not far distant when converts shall fly as doves to their windows, and the Spirit of God rouse our denomination from its centre to its circumference, so that there shall be no spot unblest, no hill of Zion but what shall realize the promise, “There shall be showers of blessing” (Ezekiel xxxiv. 26).

YOU HATH HE QUICKENED.

“YOU hath He quickened.” Well, my soul, if He has done no more, He hath done a great, grand, and glorious work. If He hath quickened you, then He has given you life for evermore; which is only waiting for the dissolution of thy old Adam nature, to bloom and send forth its fragrance in a nobler soil. If He hath quickened you, then He has given proof positive that He intends to bring out that life which He has implanted into the full paradise of God. If He hath quickened you, then it is an evidence that He hath already seen the blood of the sacrifice sprinkled upon the door-posts of your heart. Oh, my soul, fear not because of the hardness of the way, for this is another proof that there is life within, or, in other words, glory in the land;

wait until the gloomy night of nature, and the barrier of the tomb, are past, then shall the splendour of the heavenly morning embrace that life at present hid with Christ in God, as part of the promised seed of the household of faith.

“You hath He quickened.” Take courage, then, in the blessed assurance that the quickening process hath already taken place, hence the tumult and warfare betwixt thee and the old man of sin, hence the fear that overtakes thee, the roughness of the path on which thou art travelling, the clogs around thy feet, the thousand darts of the arch enemy of thy peace, the bitterness of the cup thou art drinking, the blackness of the clouds hanging o’er thee,—all which go to prove the quickening power of the Holy Spirit; but presently the gates of death will open and close, and then kingly powers will rend the vaulted skies with loud hosannas to the great, grand, and glorious name of Father, Son, and Spirit.

Forest Gate, Essex, April, 1874.

A POOR WORM.

“NOW YOU HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF BEING SAVED.”

A NOTE TO DR. J. STOUGHTON.

(Continued from page 133.)

ACCORDING to my expressed desire, honourable sir, I call on you for one moment, and again press the question, Did you, in your soul, believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was then passing by in some special manner? That He was indeed standing and looking each one in the face; and that, whether they were saved by Him or not, entirely depended upon their *letting HIM* lay His hand upon them?

In the semi-sensational religious volumes of the day, I am not surprised to find expressions of this kind. You have, no doubt, read a Jewish tale, called “The Power of Truth:” you have there seen and listened to Miss Helen, when in the condemned cell, leaning over and talking to young Forrester, the murderer; she saith to him, “Mercy is offered till the very moment of the soul’s flight to its last tribune.” Yea,” exclaims Miss Helen to the despairing one, “He now waits over you with glad tidings of salvation; and IF YOU WILL ONLY LOOK UP WITH LOVE, and plead His blood, fear will flee away from before you; and all you need for your soul’s salvation will be given.” How far you can justify Miss Helen in thus addressing a man under the sentence of death, I know not; but you, Dr. Stoughton, that morning, addressed yourself to those characters whom you term “very careless people;” not only careless, but people “*living in sin*;” and to these careless ones you venture to say, “It is for you to come and lay hold of JESUS. He is most assuredly passing by, and is ready to heal you!” Yea, so confidently do you express yourself that you advance still further, saying, “Now you have AN OPPORTUNITY of being saved. Most assuredly you have: there is no doubt of that!”

Dr. Stoughton, was this declaration, so positively affirmed by you, founded in truth? Still you repeated it:—

“ You have it to-day ; you have it this morning : you may not have it next week, or to-morrow.”

Dr. John Stoughton, such unscriptural, such unauthorised, such open, such unequalled, such public declarations, make my very soul to tremble in me ; and, as I am not only called to preach “ THE FAITH,” but also to “ CONTEND EARNESTLY for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints,” I dare not sit down indifferently and carelessly. Your sermon is published to all the world. It is sent to me. I feel bound to appeal to your conscience, and publicly ask you, In the sight of a heart-searching God, Are such declarations true or false ? Are they not in direct opposition to the revealed counsel of God ? opposed to all the teachings of the true prophets ; to the Saviour’s ministry ; to the writings of the Apostles, and to the testimonies bequeathed unto us by all the most godly Puritans of every succeeding age ? Yea, sir, one of your noblest and most gifted Scotch authors of the present day, publishes this great sentence : “ The doctrine of universal atonement is a soul-destroying doctrine ;” and, further, addeth this valiant scribe, “ We most heartily agree with Mr. Spurgeon that the most ominous sign of the present age is, WANT OF DECISION FOR THE TRUTH !”

Bear with me, Dr. Stoughton. Like yourself, I have been many years in the ministry of the Gospel ; unlike yourself, I was neither trained nor qualified for the ministry in any college or school in this world. When in the deepest sorrow ; when in all but the darkest despair, this sentence came speaking in my soul day after day, “ The Lord sent a word into Jacob, and it hath lighted upon Israel :” and, from that day until now, in all parts of this kingdom, by my pen and with my tongue, with all my heart, soul, and strength, I have published THAT GOSPEL which I neither received of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ ; and, without doubt, I declare unto you that I cannot possibly persuade myself but that such assertions as you made, and to which I have dared to call your attention, are seriously dangerous to the souls of your hearers, and to all who read your published discourses.

Dr. John Stoughton ! for the honour and glory of our God and Saviour, let me ask you before I leave you this time (and I have only just begun to open my commission to you), allow me, with the kindest of all feelings, with the purest of all motives, with the most intense desire for the advancement of God’s holy truth, let me ask you, Are not the three most awful realities in this world, the most abused, ignored, misrepresented, and actually made light off ?

This is serious ground for me to take ; but you and I are getting old men now. We shall, both of us, ere very long, hear the summons, “ Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward ;” therefore, let us be honest one to another, to our consciences, and to that God whom we profess to serve.

Now, sir, the three most solemn things in this world are, first, the Fall of the whole family of man in the first Adam ; the second is the salvation of the Church, the salvation of every truly regenerated and sincere believer in the eternal Christ of God ; and the third is, the heaven-ordained and Spirit-anointed ministry of the Gospel of the grace of God.

When any minister can presume to tell a mixed multitude of people

that Jesus Christ is come down to save them—stands waiting to save them; that it only remains for them to “LET HIM,” such minister ignores the sovereignty of God, the efficiency and completeness of the atonement, throws into the shade the holy, just, and righteous law of God; the work, the absolutely essential work of the Holy Spirit, and lifts fallen man up into the position of one who puts the finishing stroke to his own salvation. Hence, in such case, the electing love of God, the finished work of the Redeemer; the grace of the eternal Comforter, or Internal Advocate; all these foundation principles, all these omnipotent and almighty powers go for nothing, if the sinner will not let the Saviour heal him.

I perceive you are tired of me. I must leave you this morning. Against the time I come again, as preliminary to a righteous adjustment of the great question, let me beseech you to read Genesis xvi. 7—13; Ezekiel xxviii. 1—26; for these Scriptures lead into the hidden mysteries of secret places: the knowledge of them would help to keep men from transgressing the bounds of revelation, even although they PREACH the Gospel of salvation by a Triune Jehovah to every creature, which in no one case is found to suspend any man's healing upon the putting forth of his own power.

Adieu for the present.

THE ENQUIRY.

“Why have I found grace in thine eyes?”—RUTH II. 10.

O why, Gracious Father, am I made a son,
And blessed in Jesus, my Lord;
Enroll'd in Thy covenant ere time had begun,
And now brought to hope in Thy Word?

O why, Blessed Saviour, was I made to hear
Thy voice, which speaks peace to my heart;
And wherefore didst Thou in such mercy appear,
Thy soul-cheering love to impart?

O why, Gracious Spirit, was life given to me,
When thousands around me are dead;
And, wherefore, was grace so amazingly free,
Extended through Jesus—my Head?

No merit or righteousness ere could be found
In so vile a transgressor as I;
And yet in rich mercy His grace did abound,
That in sin I might not live and die.

How careless and thoughtless the state I was in,
When my heart by the Gospel was broke;
And that dear Lamb of God, who once died for my sin,
Sweet words of forgiveness then spoke.

His love was most sweet, and the sound of His name
Was as ointment poured forth in my soul:
Exceedingly precious the same doth remain,
And 'tis He alone can make whole.

BRADLEY.

GOD'S VOICE IN MAN'S SOUL.

BY MR. WM. CROWTHER,

(Concluded from page 165.)

WELL, the result of what Jeremiah saw of God's holiness, sovereignty, and system of salvation was, that he said, "I am a child." And when he said this he meant it, and his feeling was in accordance with the words. Many think themselves wise, and good, and strong, and vigorous, and ready to run a race and walk a journey; who, when God appears, find this vigour and strength vanish away, and all they can say is, "I am a child." And blessed is that soul that is brought to say, "I am a child;" for when the Lord Jesus would teach His disciples a lesson, He called a little child and put him in the midst of them, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as this little child, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Now, that was an illustration precisely confirmatory of the feeling and position in which Jeremiah found himself at this time. He was a child. He saw he was a child, a little child; and his humility was no mock humility, no ostentatious humility, no humility proclaimed by his own mouth in the hearing of man! There are persons that are very humble according to their own talk, that are very proud in their hearts. There are many men ready to say a great many things about themselves which they would not like anybody to say about them. Now he that says about himself what he is not willing that another should say about him, is, to some extent, a hypocrite. He may be a Christian, but he is, as I say, *to some extent*, a hypocrite. I have heard people often talk about themselves, and say things of themselves which I have very much doubted if they would desire anybody to believe about them. But I am of opinion myself that it is wrong to say anything of myself, but what I would be willing for another to say of me. There are many who try to make an impression upon others by what they say of themselves in this way: but if they say what they do say in true sincerity of heart, they would be willing to acknowledge the truth of it when said to or of them by another. Now Jeremiah's humility was no mock humility. It was not to men he said, "I am a child." I am not so sure that Jeremiah would have been right to say to men, in the ordinary sense of the term, "I am a child;" because when we speak of spiritual things, we need to be aware to whom we speak. The world would make a wrong use of what we say: it would put a wrong and a false construction upon it. We need, therefore, to take heed to whom we speak. Jeremiah's confession was to God. Amongst men he occupied such a position, that he stood, in the ordinary discharge of the duties of life, on an equality with men in general; but when he spake to God, when he spake to the people of God, he stood in a different position. He spoke of his spiritual self, and of what he had come to know spiritually and before God. He acknowledged and confessed himself a child; and he meant by that, that as a child he needed protection, he needed care, he needed guidance, he needed food, he needed the tender sympathy and watchful kindness of a Father. And God's people may well acknowledge this before one another, and may well be content when others speak of it also. But when they use comparisons and expressions, in regard to themselves, that are intended merely for the purpose of

indirectly exalting themselves, they put themselves in a position which is, to a *certain extent*, as I said, false and hypocritical. It is a happy thing to be a child, and there are four things which, I take it, Jeremiah meant when he said, "I am a child." He said, "I cannot speak." Well, that is indeed a feeble position to be in, not to be able to speak. If a child cannot speak, much less can it do anything else of greater importance. I do not think Jeremiah meant, "I cannot go and proclaim Thy Word, and preach Thy Word." He did not mean that. That was too much for him to contemplate, for he said, "I cannot speak;" "I am not fit to open my mouth," and, therefore, we may say that he meant the four things to which I will try for a moment to refer.

He meant first, "I do not know what I ought to do." If he could not speak, you know: he would not know what he had to do. You remember when Jesus met Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, Saul said, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" Which meant, not that he was ready to do anything that he was told to do; but which meant, "I do not know anything what I ought to do, and it is Thou, Lord, who alone canst show me what to do, and how to do it." And when Jeremiah said, "I am a child," he felt that his doings were nothing worth; that anything that he could accomplish was but the work of a mere infant of days, of a mere helpless child; and, therefore, he appeals to the Lord and says, "I am a child." "If I do anything it is Thou that must do it. If there is anything accomplished in any way it is Thou that must accomplish it. I am incompetent for anything." It is a blessed thing when you and I are made to cease from our own works; to know that we can do nothing; to know that we do not know how to do anything, and to know that whatever we do in and of ourselves is, in its best state, but folly and vanity mixed with sin.

And when Jeremiah said, "I am a child," he meant he did not know which way to go, nor where he was to go. Were you ever lost? It is a most perplexing thing to be lost. I was once, and I think I never shall forget it. I was in a large field on a thick misty night. I tried to find my way across the field, and I went on, and thought I went straightforward; but the fact is I got into such a position that I did not know which way I was going. I could not see my way and felt perfectly sure there was nobody near to direct me. It is a distressing thing to feel lost, not to know which way to go, and not to dare to go any way for fear of falling into some hole or down some precipice. It is such that I know no other position like it; except the position of a man that feels he is a child in a spiritual sense. He has to stand still till God shows him the way. He cannot be up and doing; he does not know what to do, and if he did he could not do it; and, therefore, there is no zeal in him, except the zeal and the burning anxiety to know which way to go. It is a mercy to be kept in this position. God has said, "I will lead the blind in a way that they know not." You and I are kept right in our spiritual experience as we are kept every day in that state that we want God to lead us in the way that we do not know. We do not know what is to be to-day, or what is to be to-morrow. Some people form plans for a long time beforehand, without saying, "If the Lord will." God's people have to feel, "If the Lord show me the way I shall be able to go in it. I might devise my own way, but God only can direct my steps." When we are kept in this feeling, "My soul, wait thou only

upon God, for my expectation is from Him," then, though blind we walk aright, though feeble we stand firm, though surrounded by enemies we go safely, and though beset on every hand by snares and traps we escape them all.

Jeremiah's feeling was further, "I am a child; I cannot work; I cannot do any labour; I can only wait till I am fetched; I can only go when I am led; I can only stand when I am held up; I can only do anything when it is done for me; and I can only be in any place when I am guided there." This was a feeling of helplessness, but it was a safe feeling, and if you and I ever feel any other feeling it is an unsafe feeling. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." And so Jeremiah felt he was a child, and that his works must be wrought for him, and wrought in him, and wrought through him, for there was no power in him to do anything God-ward. In this present time there is a great deal said about salvation, and about energy, and activity, of one kind and another, but he spiritually does most who does least; he is the most powerful who is the most helpless. There are few people who have learned that paradox that the Apostle propounded: "When I am weak, then am I strong." Well, what relation to his weakness did his strength bear? Why this—the greater his weakness was in *himself*, and in his own *estimation*, the greater *his strength* was in *Christ Jesus*. For he that is weak and helpless in himself seeks a refuge; seeks a place of safety where he may be taken care of. And you and I are always strongest as, from a sense of weakness, we flee to Christ and say, "Take hold of my hand; give me Thy care; let me come under Thy shelter; Thou hast bled for me; let Thy shield defend me; I am a child."

Lastly, when Jeremiah said "I am a child," he meant, "I cannot provide for my own living, or feed myself, or do for myself that which shall furnish me protection and a home." Now, God's people do not find their own food any more than Israel did in the wilderness. Manna from heaven they had to look for every morning; so have we. If we provide our own food I can tell you what it will be: there will be death in the pot as sure as can be. But if Jesus provides our food, then our language is, "Lord, I am a child. Feed me with food convenient for me." Then, though we cannot take our pot and go and seek our own food; though we cannot help ourselves, by means of all the agencies that are in the world, and feel ourselves unable to grapple with our needs; yet the faint shall renew his strength, the helpless shall prevail. Do you notice Jacob was never so strong as when he halted on the thigh; for then in despair and in helplessness, with the strength of necessity, he hung about the angel's neck, and cried out, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." There is no strength, like the strength of weakness, towards God. And so, when Jeremiah said, "I am a child," he meant he was dependent in everything and for everything; and if anything was to be possessed, God must be the giver of it; and if anything was to be known, God must be the teacher of it; and if anything was to be done, God must be the doer and the worker. And then what is the result? Although Jeremiah was a child, the result was with him as it was with Paul—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." The strength of Christ in us out of weakness brings forth strength! God keep you and me *children*, that our life, and victory, and power, and help, may be in Him. Amen.

DEATH OF MR. ZECHARIAH TURNER.

DEAR BROTHER,—You are aware that to very many in Devonshire the late Mr. Zechariah Turner was well known. When God revealed His Son in him, he conferred not with flesh and blood, but immediately preached Christ crucified; and, for many years, his preaching was with power; signs and wonders followed, and many sinners were brought to God.

Now it does appear to me that the bare announcement in the *Vessel* that he is dead will not suffice, for those who loved him in the Lord will want to know how he died; for if the end is well, then all is well. If a reason is needed I think the foregoing is sufficient to warrant my asking for a little space in your July number.

Mr. Turner's death took us all by surprise: he had been unwell for some time, but not to such a degree as to cause any apprehension of a speedy dissolution. He returned from Weybridge, Thursday, June 4, whither he had been on a visit to his nephew; he complained of being unwell, but his indisposition did not prevent him getting up on Saturday morning. He could not remain up, but was necessitated to return to bed; from which time he rapidly grew worse. He became aware that his end was near; for to Mrs. Turner he repeatedly and positively said, "I shall go home to-morrow" (Sunday). To the question whether he would not like to return to his ministerial work (for he was engaged to preach at Rehoboth, Pimlico, on the Sunday), he replied, "No, I believe my work is done; I shall soon be in rest—glorious rest." To his son, he said, "A crown of righteousness—of righteousness;" and intimated that the words should be read from 2 Timothy iv. His wife repeated the 19th hymn in Denham's Selection; the reading of the last verse produced an ecstasy:—

"Come, O my Spirit, higher still,
Swell the celestial lays;
Higher than all the heights of heaven
Sound Jesu's endless praise."

With great composure he set his house in order, and when asked if he had any request to make, he said none beyond this:—"I desire to be buried in Abney Park Cemetery, and if a hymn is sung over my grave, let the hymn be the 1023rd in Denham's Selection."

"Anon the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And hallelujah cry."

At six o'clock on Sunday evening, June 7, he fell asleep in Jesus; his last words were, "Higher, higher, higher."

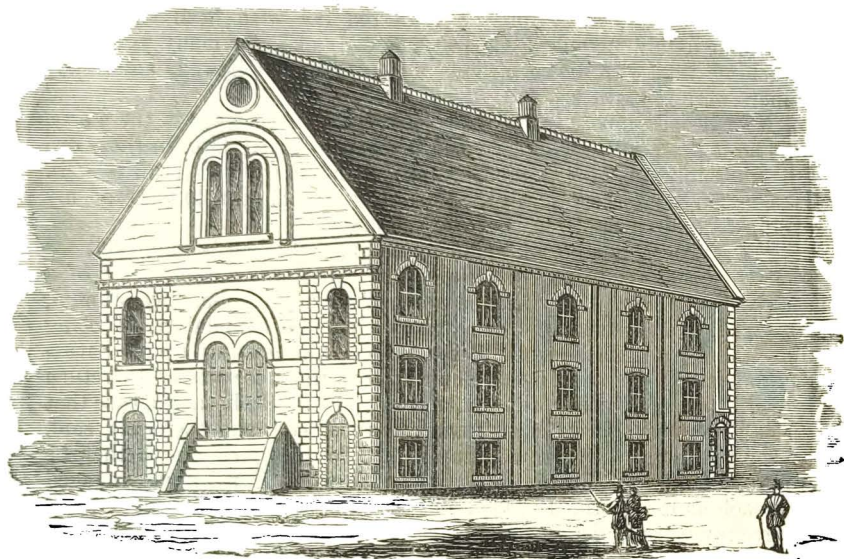
By request I officiated at the grave, Thursday, June 11, and on the following Sunday evening preached a discourse from Philip. i. 23:—"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."

Yours in Jesus,

24, Trelawny Road, Hackney,
June 16, 1874.

E. LANGFORD.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.



NEW EDEN CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

" Jesus ! o'er the billows steer me,
 Be my pilot in each storm ;
 Hold me fast and keep me near Thee,
 For Thou know'st I'm but a worm :
 What concerns me,
 By Thy pow'r do Thou perform."

THE historian tells us that in the "Troublous Period"—1567 to 1688—while the Baptists were fast increasing, one continued scene of disturbance and suffering followed them, not from the Papists merely, but from all their Protestant brethren ; and from all we can witness, hear, and read, the same determined prejudice against those "True Baptists," who faithfully maintain the teaching and commands of our ever-blessed Lord and Saviour, is still working, veiled as it often is under the soft and feigned guise of apparent friendship.

The settlement of Mr. John Bunyan McCure in the fine old university town of Cambridge, and the efforts now put forth in the erection of a new Strict Baptist Chapel in that town, have given a new impetus to feelings and actions Antichristian and unworthy the peaceful age in which it is our favoured lot to live, by those who are prejudiced without a cause, so far as Mr. McCure is concerned.

We considered Mr. John Bunyan McCure would have escaped anything like hostility from those who may in some things differ from him. For over thirty years he has been

one of the most devoted missionary labourers and useful ministers which we have been honoured to enrol among the members of our denomination. He has travelled and preached the Gospel in nearly all parts of this his native land. Several times has he crossed the dangerous deeps, and in Geelong, in Sydney, in the different colonies of Australasia, he has been the Lord's servant in building chapels, planting churches, and publishing the good old Gospel news to hundreds of thousands : how many souls God has given him for his hire will never be known until the day shall declare it ; but even now we know that everywhere believers meet him with the pure and grateful testimony that, through the Lord's blessing his testimony to their souls, they had been led to Jesus ; in Him they obtained forgiveness and peace. Even in the university city of Cambridge, Mr. McCure is by all classes highly esteemed, although envy, jealousy, and an unholy prejudice endeavour—behind the scenes—to hinder the great work to which the Lord has constrained him most undauntingly to put his hand, and which, we believe, will be crowned with a permanent and prosperous issue before the year of our Lord 'Seventy-four reaches its end, when, we trust, the Church in her new Eden will celebrate her

"JUBILEE,"

and commence a new era, going forth in the name and strength of the Lord, lengthening

her cords and strengthening her stakes, witnessing the truth of that grand old prophecy, "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel; He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

The Eden Church in Cambridge have now, in the person of their present pastor, a man of long, tried, and varied experience; and if all the real Baptists were to rally around him, he would have a Church and congregation second to few, if any, in that part of the kingdom. All he will require will be the constant unction and power of the Holy Ghost, keeping him, as Mr. Crowther observed, watchfully and incessantly waiting upon the Lord, and those who are with him, to strengthen his hands, and encourage him in his work by prayer and love.

Wednesday, June 10, 1874, was a most auspicious day for the Eden Chapel friends in Cambridge. We reached the ground on which John Foreman's old Eden did stand and on which John Bunyan McCure's new Eden will soon be raised, about three o'clock. The concourse of persons assembled both inside and outside the grounds was beyond our calculation. The crowds spread far and near. The windows of the surrounding houses were filled; and many from London and all parts of the country were to be seen, anxious to behold and to listen.

We silently thanked God that such valuable men as William Crowther, Esq., the patriarchal Thomas Jones, the beloved and honoured Edwan Forman, and many other of the valiant men of Israel had come forward there that day to cheer the heart and strengthen the hands of His servant, Mr. McCure, and the friends in connection with him in Cambridge, who are banded together to build up a commodious house for the worship and honour of the glorious Trinity of Persons in the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The Cambridge Express, of June 13, gave a fair and interesting epitome of the day's proceedings. It says:—

"The old chapel, known as Eden, built some fifty years ago, has done its work, and with an increasing population, and an increasing congregation, there came the necessity for a new structure, and with that indefatigable perseverance which marks the character of Mr. John Bunyan McCure, aided by a committee equally energetic, the project, so far as preliminaries are concerned, has been brought to a successful issue. Last Wednesday witnessed the laying of the memorial stone of the new edifice, and the proceedings were of that interesting character as to make them worthy of prominence. The old building had fallen into decay, it was deficient in accommodation and unsafe to assemble in, and therefore the erection of a new and more suitable place came as a necessity."

Mr. Francis Thoday, the contractor, is a gentleman of high character; his abilities, powers, and experience ensure a first-class building.

The new Eden will be a neat brick structure,

with stone dressings, and of a style characteristic of the denomination itself. The whole length will be about 65 feet, and the width nearly 42 feet, and will, when finished, accommodate nearly 700 persons. A school-room will be built underneath the chapel, about 38 feet by 40; as also kitchen, vestries, and heating chamber. On the ground floor, besides the chapel proper, will be a minister's vestry and public vestry. The contract is £1,500.

Mr. McCure gave out the first hymn, which having been sung,

Mr. Thomas Jones offered prayer. It was astonishing how explicit, clear, and earnest he was in his supplication. He prayed that the object which had called them together might be attended with success. That ground, he said, upon which they had met had long ago been consecrated to the advancement of God's kingdom. Upon that very spot God had often met His people; there His saints had been comforted and sinners converted, and many had, in that place, found their way to glory. He prayed that those who would again worship there might never trust in themselves, but in the sufficiency of Jesus Christ, and that His name and His cause might be exalted. He prayed, also, that in the new, as well as in the old building, the people assembling there might find Jesus very precious to them. He asked God, in conclusion, that those engaged in the erection of the building might be preserved from accident, and that every blessing might follow the work that day began.

A well-delivered address by Mr. John Bunyan McCure was then given, illustrative of the foundation and progress of the cause of the Strict Baptists in Cambridge. He said that on January 16, 1820, Mr. John Foreman, who had been labouring in Laxfield, preached for the first time in Cambridge. A Church was formed in Green Street Chapel, and his labours being owned and blessed of God, the piece of land upon which the old chapel stood, and the present one was to be erected, was purchased. The Church consisted of only six persons; they felt called upon in the providence of God to extend their borders by seeking another place. The trustees bought the piece of land of Mr. Burrell for £72, and in due time erected a chapel upon the present site. The contract for the chapel with Mr. Barber was signed March 24, 1825. Mr. Foreman laid the first brick in the foundations of Eden Chapel about the 30th of March, in that year. On the 19th of October the chapel was opened, when three sermons were preached. The cost of the chapel was £800, and there was collected before it was opened £408, so that there was required about £400 to free the place from debt. Mr. Foreman continued to labour until 1827, having then been here for the period of seven years, but he was called to a Church in London, which post he left Cambridge to fulfil. Mr. Foreman was succeeded by Mr. Allen, who continued to discharge the duties of his pastorate until 1832, when he resigned in favour of Mr. Poock, who was in the ministry

for ten years. Mr. Thomas Field succeeded, and he, by Mr. Marks, who was pastor of the Church for eighteen years. After his resignation and decease, a meeting in January, 1871, was held, at which it was determined to build a new chapel. A Building Committee was formed, and between £60 and £70 raised, but, owing to a divided element, the matter dropped for a time. In October, 1872, Mr. McCure received the call to the pastorate; he demurred, not liking again to be involved in bricks and mortar. He, however, saw the necessity, the absolute necessity, for the building of a new chapel, for which funds had been begun in 1871. In November of last year they formed a Committee, and resolved upon building; they placed the matter not only before the Church, whose support they had, but also before the congregation, who likewise, with others, promised to aid the undertaking. They advertised for plans, when that of Mr. Herbert Thoday was deemed the most suitable; they also advertised for tenders, and that of Mr. Francis Thoday was accepted: he undertaking to build the chapel for £1,500, including the old material, and the glass given from Leicester, by Messrs. Norman and Underwood. They had set apart that day for laying the memorial stone, which was a very important and solemn occasion. In the name of the Committee he had to present Mr. Crowther with a mallet and silver trowel, hoping he would be pleased to accept the same as a memento of his laying the memorial stone of our new chapel this day. Mr. McCure then said:—

“ We will not wish thee grandeur,
We will not wish thee wealth;
Only a contented mind,
Peace, competence, and health.
True friends to rally round thee,
And honest ones to chide,
And faithful ones to cling to thee,
Whatever may betide!”

The silver trowel was beautifully and chastely ornamented, and was supplied by Mr. Muncey, of Cambridge, and bore the following inscription: “ Presented by the Building Committee to William Crowther, Esq., on the occasion of laying the memorial stone of Eden Chapel, Cambridge, June 10, 1874.”

The whole of the company were evidently interested to the highest degree at the presentation of the splendid silver trowel and mallet; also at the quiet, business-like manner in which Mr. Crowther proceeded to the adjustment of the memorial stone, on which the following lines appear:—

EDEN CHAPEL.

THIS STONE WAS LAID BY
W. CROWTHER, ESQ.,
June 10, 1874.

JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE, MINISTER.

Previous to the performance of the practical settlement of the stone, Mr. Crowther delivered an address, which was listened to with deserved attention.

Mr. Crowther said they had met together that day to lay what was called a memorial

stone, and perhaps he ought at the outset to make an apology for having to depart from the old-fashioned plan of laying what used to be known as the foundation or first stone of a building. Modern innovations had crept in; he knew not whether they were detrimental or otherwise; he would not say whether it was right or wrong, nor would he for one moment underrate the mode adopted by the present generation. He believed it to be a matter of conscience rather than of significance. He could not forget that he was in one of the seats of learning, and he could not help making some allusion to that circumstance. It was not that they professed to carry coals to Newcastle, or learning to Cambridge, in the enlargement and rebuilding of this place of worship. They were not disposed to undervalue learning, literature, or knowledge, as beneficial to mankind. They were valuable for the purposes of science, philosophy, geology, the administration of law, and such other pursuits, but he and his friends denied that they were essential to a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherever they found knowledge existing, in however small a degree, they did not depreciate, but welcomed it as a useful handmaid to religion. They discarded, however, altogether the idea that for the preaching of the Gospel human learning was indispensably necessary. While they held a high esteem for knowledge, they believed that before their knowledge could be useful in the cause of religion, it must be brought into subjection and under the influence of the Holy Spirit. They were Dissenters; they dissented, first, from the Church of Rome, and from all her assemblies for the union and combination of ecclesiastical and secular authority. They dissented from the Church of England—from her rubric, from her forms, from her observances, from her buildings, from her habiliments, from her system, and from her ecclesiastical millinery that existed in her present practices. They were Dissenters from a conviction that they were following the example of our Lord Jesus Christ; they desired to do so; they recognised no King but Him; no Head but Him; no High Priest but Him; no superior authority but His; they recognised Him as being sufficient when upon earth for all matters pertaining to the sinner's salvation, and more than sufficient now that He has ascended to heaven. They recognised Christ as the Head over all things, and held the right of liberty of conscience; they denied the right of one Church to be exclusively so, and said that those who belonged to her would, if they were not angels, hand over her emoluments to their own advantage and favour. They denied the right of any one to say that they, as Dissenters, ought not to be tolerated. They, who said so, had as much right to tolerate them as they had others. Without freedom of conscience they felt religion to be a hardship and an injustice. They were a denomination of Strict Baptists, believing in baptism by immersion. They held firmly the glorious doctrines of the Trinity—three Persons in the One Eternal undivided Godhead

—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that salvation resulted from sovereign choice of the Father, the suretyship of the Son, and the regenerating grace of the Holy Ghost; and, as Strict Baptists, they believed that no believer could consistently come to the Table of the Lord, until he or she has, on a confession of faith, been baptized by immersion; and they fully believed that all the chosen, redeemed, and regenerated children of God were preserved in Christ unto eternal glory.

Mr. Thoday, builder, then, with assistance, raised the stone, and in the cavity for the purpose Mr. Crowther placed a bottle containing documents relative to the Church at Eden. The mortar having been put between the stone and brick-work, Mr. Crowther declared it duly laid. In suitable language he besought God's blessing upon the proceedings of the day, and prayed that the workmen might be protected from accident.

Afterwards the following interesting operation of bricklaying took place:—Guinea Mortar—£1 ls., Mr. Kempton. Guinea Bricks—Sunday School, Mr. Rutterford, Master Leader, Mrs. Bray, Mr. Beall, Mr. Bullen, Mrs. Bessley, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. H. Chapman, Mrs. Dudgeon, Mrs. French, Mrs. McCure, Miss Miller, Mrs. Pearman, Mrs. Sabberton, Mrs. Thoday, Mr. Thoday, Mr. H. Thoday, Miss Thoday, Miss M. Thoday, Mr. Frohock, Mrs. E. Wells. The ceremony concluded with singing and the benediction.

At the tea and public meetings, the Reform Club Rooms were literally thronged. The ladies (with whom we noticed Mrs. Ebenezer Carr, of the Surrey Tabernacle, some ladies from Willingham, Miss Davies from March, and others) liberally supplied the trays, and served up the refreshments in true Cambridge style. The proceeds for the tea alone realised over £15; Mr. Crowther laid £10 on the stone for himself, and another £10 for a friend, S. Harris, Esq. Then Mr. McCure placed on the stone a number of cheques and P.O.O. received by him, in the name of those kind friends, from London and different parts of the country, who were not able to be present.

Mr. J. B. McCure presided over the public meeting, and, in a fervent appeal to the throne of grace, sought the blessing of heaven, with grateful acknowledgments for the abundant mercies bestowed upon them. After prayer, Mr. McCure said he was thankful to God for the favours conferred upon them in connection with that day. There were reminiscences connected with the business of that day which some of them, as part of a Church, remembered with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow. The late John Foreman commenced his Church with only six persons, but since that time the Lord had greatly prospered them. Divisions had occurred, some had gone elsewhere, but still there was much cause for thankfulness for that which was springing out of Eden. Some of their friends had died and been gathered to their fathers, and their children had taken their place. He was here reminded that in

the old place there had been a great want of accommodation for the young, who would now be provided with a proper school. It was a singular coincidence that John Foreman gave him his charge, since which time he had been twice round the world; and was it not a mysterious thing that he should come to Cambridge to minister to the Church here? John Foreman laid the first brick of the old chapel, and he (Mr. McCure) had laid the first brick in the foundation of the new chapel on May 14th. Their work was now before them. His reasons for taking up the work of the building of a new chapel, were, in the first instance, the want of accommodation, and though he felt some diffidence about it and demurred at first, he proceeded, with a conviction that it was right for him to do so. When the work of pulling down the old chapel commenced he trembled. He had had something to do with buildings in his life, but he never knew a place so unsafe as the old chapel of Eden was. He produced a sample of the wood-work, which was so rotten that it crumbled to dust in his hand, besides finding that one pillar rested upon a single brick. It was a mercy that some were not killed. He had no idea of the unsafe condition of the old building until they commenced taking it down. He thanked God that they had escaped a fearful catastrophe. He would not detain them longer than by expressing his conviction that God would prosper them in their work. He called upon his friend and brother, Mr. Jones.

Mr. Thomas Jones then delivered a warm, honest, and brotherly address. He said he had known Mr. McCure for many years, in fact from his starting in the ministry, and had always found him consistent, and not vacillating. He came down to the recognition services of Mr. McCure, and formed then an opinion of him which had not been forfeited. He was glad the people at Eden were attached to Mr. McCure. He hoped God would preserve them from divisions; and expressed a hope that unity and good Christian feeling and fellowship would continue to exist between pastor and people. All human buildings must decay, but that which pertained to immortality would never crumble. Living souls would not decay, they would live for ever, and the building which they were now engaged in was for the purpose of preaching salvation to man. He briefly reviewed the Gospel ministry, earnestly desiring God's blessing might rest upon them.

Mr. Forman, of March, in a cheerful speech, said he was not surprised to hear that some people were not satisfied. That was a general complaint; but opposition often worked well. When he went to March, twenty-six years ago, there was every kind of opposition and persecution; but after the tide of opposition had subsided, prosperity followed; the old chapel in which he preached had been enlarged twice, and now they had built a new one. He hoped his Cambridge friends would take courage; there might be divisions; some might leave and go elsewhere, yet he was sure, in the end, all would work together for good. He had known Mr.

McCure some time, and had found him as genial, open-hearted a man as ever lived.

C. W. Banks said he was there to acknowledge he was wrong in his opposition to Mr. McCure leaving Pimlico. Everything he had seen and heard that day indicated the guidance of God in taking Mr. McCure to Cambridge. Those lines were sweetly true:

"Each opening leaf,
And every stroke,
Fulfill some deep design."

Until the providence of God opened the leaf, and made the stroke, His designs were unknown to us. He was there to fulfil in some humble measure that delightful prophecy in the 102nd Psalm, "This shall be written for the generation to come; and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord." He could, through the medium of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, tell many thousands of friends—not in England only, but in all the Colonies, and in the United States, the good work now begun in Cambridge, under Mr. McCure's ministry. He most intensely desired that sinners might be savingly led to Jesus; and the Church, and its officers, and pastor long dwell together in the faith, fellowship, and fruitfulness of the Gospel of the grace of God.

Mr. Holland, of Willingham, delivered an experimental address on the different foundations laid by the Eternal Spirit in the souls of the redeemed, and expressed strong sympathy with the cause at Eden.

Mr. James Clark, of Chatteris, Mr. Warren, of Cottenham, and other ministers were present, but could not stay long enough publicly to speak to the people; but to the pastor and the dear Eden family they expressed themselves deeply interested.

Mr. McCure here read the financial statement, showing that the sum of £131 12s. 9d. was collected that day, making a total of £2960 4s. 6½d.

Mr. Crowther then congratulated them upon the pleasant position they occupied. The spirit that had been shown throughout the whole proceedings was one that everybody ought to be satisfied with. The progress made showed that they were justified in the steps they had taken. He hoped that their success would not make them presumptuous or vain, but be the means of producing caution, making them humble and consistent in all they did. He had a word of advice to their minister, and a word of counsel to themselves. He would have Mr. McCure seek to serve his Master, and not the favour of men or people; to seek the friendship of his hearers through their consciences and if he lost a friend he would never lose the respect of any man whose respect was worth having. As a servant of the Lord he would not always be able to command success, but he must commit his ways to Him and keep his eyes fixed on his Saviour. To the Church of Eden he desired to say something because of their abnormal condition; at present they were altogether in a transition state, but still there was cause for gladness. They must remember that the doctrines and the truth which they had embraced were never to be

sold, bartered, or altered; yet, while the truth of God could not be bought or sold, they must remember that they were to live in peace one with another and with all men, which was but the proper spirit of normal Christians. He would have them seek and desire that state which the Apostles enjoyed. There were many ministers of Christ who were very harsh preachers; and there were many disciples of Christ not to be excused for the inconsiderate manner in which they spoke towards others. There was nothing in the Gospel that tended to lead them in that direction, but, on the contrary, they were to love one another with a pure heart, to seek the well-being of all men purely in accordance with all the doctrines of truth. They were not to love merely as "equals with equals," not to love for the work done, not to love as neighbours or as social beings, but to love each other for Christ's sake. Upon that principle only could true Christian love exist. They were to love God's people—not because of what they were socially, but because they were the property of Jesus Christ. He asked the young to overlook irregularities, and the congregation generally to show a kind feeling towards all—especially to the strangers worshipping with them. In conclusion, his fervent hope was that prayer, peace, quietness, truth, and love might be the watchwords and practice of their lives.

Mr. Deeks (a well-known and highly-esteemed minister of Christ's Gospel in all the Churches around Cambridge) then, in a pleasing address, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Crowther for his able and truly Christian kindness in serving and helping them as he had done that day; also to the ladies—who had so handsomely supplied the trays and all the bountiful refreshments with which the company had been indulged. Mr. Pearman seconded this, and it was confirmed unanimously and with much zeal.

Brother Thomas Jones concluded in prayer this peaceful, pleasant, and, in every sense, profitable gathering together. Long may the new Eden, under Mr. McCure's ministry, be as the garden of the Lord, wherein an increasing number of the plants of the Lord's right hand planting may grow in grace, in Evangelical usefulness, and in a happy ripeness for glory; so prays

THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

P.S.—Mr. McCure is most anxious to open the chapel free of debt, which we are sure he will be able to do if those friends throughout the country will forward their subscriptions, who have not done so.

GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

DEAR SIR,—The Church here have given Mr. Thomas Bradbury an unanimous invitation to the pastorate. The invitation has been accepted by Mr. Bradbury, who will enter upon his stated labours the first Lord's day in September. This is sufficient proof, I hope, that the paragraph in your April number was true in spirit, if it was a little too soon to be a fact. You appeared by that paragraph to have only anticipated what the Church now has unanimously confirmed. I

trust that this choice may prove to be one of the Lord's own appointing. An old member of the Grove in a note says: "In answer to the united prayers of the Church at the Grove, both at the prayer meetings and in private, that the Lord would in His own time send them a faithful man of God for a pastor, one that would go in and out before them and be made a blessing to them,—we believe that the Lord has directed our minds to Mr. Bradbury. This is a great encouragement to the many Churches who are destitute of pastors to continue in earnest and united in prayer."

It is certainly a source of gratification that this Church has found a pastor, and will not have much longer to "live on supplies," as we heard it so graphically put from the desk at the Grove.

I understand that the Church at the Grove, have fully provided for Mr. Jay, who will resign the parsonate on the appointment of his successor.

It is to be desired that any unhappy divisions that may have existed, may now be as a thing of the past. We urge the Church to much prayer for unity and peace amongst themselves; for much power, life, and liberty for the newly-chosen pastor—so that with the Lord's blessing, there may be a great reviving of the work in their midst. May the office bearers be endued with sound judgment, a loving spirit, a forgiving mind, and withall a prayerful desire to serve the Lord and His cause with full purpose of heart, so shall they eventually reap the fruit of their labours. R.

ISLE OF ELY.

WE understand that Mr. Joseph Wilkins, late of Soho, is invited by the Sutton Church. "He ought never to have left Ipswich," says a "Cambridge Student." We have not read "THE BOOK" of which the poet has dared to write in strong terms like this:—

"Chained to His throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen."

Not having read this ponderous volume of a Divine and Universal Predestination, we must neither consent to, nor contradict, the Cambridge Student's assertion, that "Joseph Wilkins ought never to have left Ipswich," that "Wyard ought not to have left Soho," that "Anderson should not have gone to Bradford," that "James Wells did wrong in building the new Surrey Tabernacle;" and "you know, C. W. B.," says our wonderful wise-acre from Cambs, "you know, and everybody is quite sure that you did wrong in leaving that blessed place, where heaven's smile was realised, called 'Crosby Row.'" We bow in silence; and on returning to the heap of received notes, find one from our ancient correspondent, "The Silent Voice of a Visitor." We select a few lines on

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY
AT MARCH, IN ELY.

"Silent Voice" wishes us to speak com-

fortably unto Jerusalem, seeing that our Churches are not all lost, our ministers are not all dead, our people are not all asleep.

EDWAN FORMAN

has been more than twenty-five years preaching the Gospel in March, Cambs. From the first day he began in that little town till now, his work has prospered; three times he enlarged his chapel; last year he pulled it down and built a new one; it is one of the most healthy, commodious, and pleasant chapels belonging to the Strict Baptists in this part of the country; and a friend said, "We are as a Church dwelling in peace; we know and love our pastor; he is a godly minister; a spruiging well is in his soul; we never tire of hearing him; we know he is not a college-trained man; he is an original, an eloquent, and powerful expounder of the Word of God. Not only by his own Church and townsmen is he respected and beloved, but by our Churches in London, and in all the adjoining counties he is gladly welcomed."

"Silent Voice" says:—

"I stepped into Providence Chapel, March, on the morning of June 9, 1874; all was clean, new, airy, commodious and pleasing. My soul said to herself, as we nestled in a corner,—

"How heavenly is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His grace abroad."

James Clark, of Chatteris, broke the silence by reading a very precious hymn; a door opened, and out came William Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, who gave us a discourse both edifying and wise in counsel. A very excellent and attentive company received it gratefully.

Mr. Cattell, of Ramsey, presided over the afternoon meeting.

James Clark led us to the throne.

C. W. Banks spoke on "Sin."

Mr. Crowther dilated on "Righteousness."

Mr. Shaw spoke on "Judgment."

Whether the people were satisfied with the three sermons in the afternoon, cannot say.

A noble army took tea.

Some one said near 600 people listened to C. W. Banks in the evening, when he spoke for one hour from the prophet Hosea. It was stated by a friend that this June 9 was one of the best anniversaries they had ever known.

"Silent Voice" says:—

"March must be populated with a very religious and loyal people. They have Independent, Methodist, General and Particular Baptist Chapels, the Church, and a new School Board establishment, which has cost them £8,000; and they all appear happy."

DRY DRAYTON—Wednesday, May 13, was the anniversary of our Strict Baptist Church. Mr. Forman and Mr. J. B. McCure were to preach; in consequence of the illness of his wife, Mr. Forman was prevented from fulfilling his engagement, and Mr. McCure preached both times; the Lord

gave him great liberty; he preached two most blessed sermons which were blest to the souls of many. Mr. McCure is a faithful preacher of the Gospel; he honours his Master and the Master honours him. A number of friends from Cambridge and other places spent a happy day at Dry Drayton. **ONE WHO WAS THERE.**

SURREY TABERNACLE.

The first Wednesday evening in the month, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered by Mr. Hetherington. Seven candidates attended the same, among them being some young believers, children of members of the Church, who had witnessed a good confession of repentance and faith.

The first Sunday in June, John Huntley, of Bath, occupied the pulpit. He had been in that pulpit one Sabbath before—that was the day on which Mr. Wells died; on that Lord's-day evening, Mr. Butt simply told Mr. Huntley not to mention "the afflicted pastor in prayer." But the preacher could discern, by the agitation amongst the people, that some matter of importance was uppermost in their minds: and, after the sermon, the people were informed of Mr. Wells' death, which had then just taken place. What preacher could be expected to be "heard well" under such circumstances? There was, I think, an impression that Mr. Huntley was not a firm man of truth. If it was so, this visit must surely have removed such erroneous notion; we had a full Gospel delivered with a loving spirit; and many appeared very much to have enjoyed the Word, as delivered by the Bath pastor. He is a very earnest and devoted servant of the Lord. It was somewhat singular: the same day Mr. Huntley was at the Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. Baxter was preaching at the Grove. In the morning sermon at the Tabernacle, Mr. Huntley was speaking of some of the days of rejoicing of the Christian, amongst them he mentioned the day of baptism as one often to be remembered by, and looked back upon, with feelings of holy pleasure and gratitude by many believers. The preacher said, "I like to ask some of our late dear brother Irons's friends if they remember these holy baptizing seasons?" I could well understand Mr. Huntley's joy on these occasions, for I think he has sometimes had as many as seven or eight thousand people on the brink of the Avon to tell of a Saviour's love, years back, when administering this ordinance of the Lord's command. John Huntley is an earnest, faithful, zealous, simple, but most devoted servant of the Lord.

The second Sunday we had Mr. Griffiths, of Chatteris. He is rather a singular, quaint, almost eccentric kind of preacher; but he says some choice things in his own peculiar style. I should suppose Mr. Griffiths to be a Welshman; evidently a man who has been in many parts of the world, for he talked about the poles, of having been shipwrecked, of having ascended lofty mountains, where he has seen the rainbow under his feet; and being in parts of the land where you could

well understand his text, "the rain is over and gone," and other statements, which were somewhat out of the common run of observations, and made use of to illustrate his subject. If you could persuade Mr. Griffiths to give you some sketches of his travels in the wilderness for the pages of the *VESSEL*, I am sure it would be both interesting, instructive, and illustrative of many Scriptural texts. He is a bold man of truth, an intelligent speaker, and a man well versed in Scripture.

After the sermons on the 14th, collections were made on behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund. Your readers will be pleased to hear that the deacons thought this a desirable object to support, and I trust their example will be followed by every Church of our section. Recently there has been collections for the Aged Pilgrims; in May there was a collection for the Protestant Blind Society of £45; and doubtless the one for the Hospitals was very good.

We have Mr. Bradbury coming for the last Sunday in June. You are aware he has accepted the invitation of the Church at the Grove; so that, if we (as a Church) have been unable to find a pastor for ourselves, we have been the means of finding one for the Church at the Grove; we hope they will not want us to find them a congregation as well.

Death has been busy in our midst: on the 15th, Mrs. Edwards, the relict of the late deacon, Evan Edwards, was taken home: her hope was firm and unshaken; her confidence calm; her desire to depart most decided: the day previous to her release, to a friend who visited her, and who observed the full assurance she appeared to have of a happy entrance into her Saviour's presence, the dying saint observed: "The truths I have for so many years professed are my comfort and confidence in a dying hour." At her own request, Mr. Mead spoke over her remains, which were placed in Brompton Cemetery, beside her late beloved partner. R.

CROYDON.—Last month we published a sermon by our brother Thurston, the pastor of the Baptist Church in the Tamworth rd, and it is grateful to learn that the cause there is growing in usefulness and peace. The Sunday School anniversary was holden June 28. We hope to give some account of these services as the programme indicates much that is interesting. We heartily rejoice in the fact that the Tamworth road Baptist chapel Sunday Schools are greatly increasing; and, under the devoted and able direction of Mr. Moffatt, the newly-elected Superintendent, assisted by Mr. Read, jun., the Secretary, and a staff of earnest co-workers, this branch of the cause must be a blessing, under God, both to the Church and the neighbourhood. The anniversary of the Church was holden on Whit-Tuesday, when discourses were delivered by Messrs. Hazelton, Anderson, and Styles. We had Christ's Gospel all the day.

A DISSENTER AMONG THE DOCTORS.

[ROUGH NOTES ON THE LINES.]

THE Conference at Leicester was a season of comfort, of holy communion, and of edification to many. The following railway pencillings are only introductory.

"THE LIFE OF JESUS IN US."

St. Pancras, April 16, 1874.

In an empty car, at early dawn,
For Leicester book'd, o'er house and lawn,
To Conference I go.

If spared to meet the brethren dear,
May I the God of grace revere,
And His salvation know.

The tossings of my mind about this journey have been many; but the portion of Holy Scripture chosen for this day's meditation at the Leicester Conference opened up a little in my soul last night; hence, conscience said Set off.

The text for the Conference this day is 2 Cor. iv. 11, "For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

The chapter is more especially a minister's chapter: it shows us four things principally.

1. What it is we have received — "the ministry," that is, the ministry of the Spirit. It is a treasure, it is a ministry of reconciliation, it is a transforming ministry: God commanded the light to shine; we are changed into the image or likeness of our Lord. It is not a universal ministry as regards its success; the god of this world blinds the eyes of many; they neither see nor believe the new and living way to glory.

2. This chapter shews us the real effect of receiving this ministry,—we have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, every doctrine, every principle, every kind of preaching, which sets up anything for obtaining salvation but the eternal Triune Jehovah, is dishonest; that false teacher, Jesus says, is a thief and robber.

3. There is much suffering connected with the ministry; but, as in Gideon's case, the more the pitchers are broken, the brighter the Light of Truth will shine. Hence,

4. The ministry is for the manifestation of the life of Jesus in us and by us.

This text also contains three strong testing evidences of relationship to Jesus, and of our salvation by Him. Look at these three.

1. "We which live." All do not live. But we live; we have a spiritual and eternal life in Jesus, the eternal Son of the Father in truth and love. This word life means freedom, fellowship, and felicity, with new covenant mercies. It is freedom from the horrible pit, from the awful curse, from wilful hypocrisy, from fatal errors, from the second death; it is fellowship with the Three glorious Persons in the Trinity; with all revealed truths; and with all the manifested people of God, so far as we know them. This life in my soul came from the Lord calling me Himself in 1828, since which happy period I have always loved Him in my new-born

soul; have sought to know, to realize, and to make known the truth of His Gospel.

Second testing evidence is, "always delivered unto death," cut off, and separated from the delusions of men, and the devices of Satan. Cut off from every dependence upon, and delight in, any creature: a daily dying to the whole range of mere natural and professional creatureship.

Last, and most weighty evidence, is the end of all, "that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh;" that is, by the life of faith which we live upon Him here, and the ultimate resurrection we shall have through and with Him at the grand resurrection of the just, when the dead in Christ shall rise first. In the light of this text I can read the whole of my life for full fifty years. It is, at least, half-a-century since I first began to endeavour to disseminate truth; during the whole of that time I say, "always delivered unto death." Near forty years since I was employed by a learned doctor and a great literary writer to issue the first Church of England penny weekly serial ever seen in this country, called "The Penny Sunday Reader." Hundreds of thousands of it were circulated; many friends, but I was delivered unto death; still in Him I live.

How is the life of Jesus manifested in our flesh? How was it manifested in the life of Joseph? By the resistance of temptation; by the endurance of suffering; by a full deliverance; by the exercise of a spirit of benevolence.

Leicester, Friday, April 17, 1874.

Nestled down again in a Midland for London, being bound, if our Father permit, to attend our brother Stringer's meeting in the Trinity house, in the Borough. Two or three of the clergymen who have been at the Conference are in the same train, so I hope we shall be preserved safely to our homes. Here is one clergyman who has not been.

"Are you C. W. Banks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been to the Leicester Conference?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you think of it?"

Thoughts are many, sometimes deep:
O'er my thoughts I fain could weep:
But I thank the Lord I've been,
Many blessed men I've seen:
Heard them tell some tales of grace.
In my heart they found a place.

"Who was there?"

"I cannot tell. I spoke with Drs. Hewlett and Doudney, the brethren Rolleston, G. W. Straton, Thomas Bradbury; some others. On each occasion Mr. Straton opened the meeting (after singing and prayer), with excellent expositions of the subjects. I heard Mr. Walker, a cheerful and clever gentleman. Dr. Hewlett made a noble speech; but Mr. Battersby, of Sheffield, shone like a star, and delivered such an address on life, death, and the Church's three-fold perfection in Christ, as completely put him right into my heart: I could highly esteem them all; for they

sang, prayed, and spoke like men who knew and loved the Saviour, and who could and would defend the glorious Gospel of His grace; while Mr. Battersby I warmly loved with feelings most sincere." All about Aylestone church, and my walk therefrom; the widow of the late much-lamented William Garrard, and the Conference services you shall read another time.

MR. R. C. BARDENS' SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

ONE of the sweetest days on earth to some of the Lord's people was Wednesday, June 3, 1874, being the second anniversary of Mr. R. C. Bardens, as pastor of the Church meeting in that pretty and comfortable house of God, called Hayes Tabernacle, near Uxbridge, in Middlesex.

The services of the day commenced with an early morning prayer meeting, when several brethren offered prayer; and some said it was to their souls a most precious season: yea, when all the worship of the day had closed you might have heard some hearts whispering, "To me the early morning prayer meeting has been the holiest and happiest part of the day."

Long before the more public services commenced, friends from London were gathering around the Tabernacle and in the pastor's dwelling: wagonettes were running to every train from London, bringing parties who had come from Silver street Chapel, Notting Hill (the minister, R. G. Edwards, and others, being prevented from coming by the sudden death of brother John Fells' daughter, which is a heavy stroke to the family and cause); from the late Mr. John Foreman's Chapel; from Speldhurst road Chapel, South Hackney; from Jireh; from Mr. Hazelton's; from Mr. Ponsford's; from Reading, Colnbrook, Aston Turville, and from many other parts and places. Large congregations during the day were gathered.

The morning preacher was Mr. William Kern, of Guildford, whose text was in Isaiah xxxi., "So shall the Lord of hosts come down to fight for Mount Zion, and for the hill thereof. As birds flying, so will the Lord defend Jerusalem; defending also He will deliver it; and passing over He will preserve it." Without wandering, free from all undue excitement; in a quiet, easy, grave manner, Mr. Kern expounded this part of Holy Writ. Physically considered, Mr. Kern must be one of the largest ministers we have in our connection; his mental order is of old George Swinnoek's type, sacredly solemn, careful, correct, and easy of apprehension. The morning hymns were read by our kind Christian brother, Mr. Richard Minton.

A substantial dinner was provided in the handsome school-rooms, which, being crowded with a respectable company of nearly 200 friends, and well furnished with all that the outer man could require, splendidly illustrated with bouquets of every size and shade, and all supplied by cheerful hearts and willing hands, brought out in a full swell those grateful lines,

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But most of all for Jesus' blood."

Such a multitude of happy faces cannot be always seen in this lowland of mingled joy and grief.

Mr. Edwan Forman, of March, in Ely, delivered an animating discourse in the afternoon, from "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost." Mr. Edwan Forman has been the successful pastor of the Particular Baptist Church at March, Cambs, over twenty-five years, and still he appears hale, healthy, vigorous, and happy in his work. He was well received and heard with joy.

After tea had been supplied to a multitude, Mr. C. Wilson commenced the public meeting, having kindly consented that evening to preside. We hope his thoroughly practical suggestions as regards the honour the Lord confers upon those who are liberal to the Church of God, according to their incomes, will not be forgotten. In a lively and kindly spirit, Mr. Wilson introduced the different speakers, Messrs. Edgerton, Ponsford, Kern, Forman, and Bardens. Such services and discourses told us all plainly that the witnesses for Christ's own new covenant Gospel are not lacking, either in the number of them, or the able manner whereby they commend the truth of God to the consciences of their fellow-men. Our brother R. C. Bardens, on brethren dwelling together in unity, was more eloquent, more peculiarly enlarged with a pure, loving, and enlightened spirit than ever we heard him. He is growing in the useful fruits of a gracious ministry.

C. W. Banks said the friends had heard so much he would not occupy their time: "Abounding therein with thankfulness" (Colos. ii. 7); or the true Christian—one who has received Christ; his course, "Walking in Christ!" and his character, "Established in the faith, and abounding therein with thankfulness," were the meditations of his heart. Thankfulness, he thought, did well become the friends at Hayes Tabernacle—their pastor, and all who that day had been favoured to listen to such godly and gifted men.

Mr. Samuel Ponsford, who is between 70 and 80 years of age, delivered a warm and heavenly address on the substitution of Jesus Christ, and the perfection of salvation thereby.

"All hail, the power of Jesus' name" was sung by the full company, with heartiness, harmony, and heavenly sound.

The meeting then closed.

CLARE, SUFFOLK—Lord's-day, April 19. Sermons were preached by W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, to good congregations.

KEDDINGTON—Mr. Margerum preached two sermons, Sunday, April 19. Many say they will not soon forget the practical lessons drawn from Ephraim's life; the congregations were very large. Dear Ked-dington has, for twenty-five years, been a sacred spot for truth and grace.

KNOWL HILL.

A few weeks ago the widow of the late James Webb, of Knowl Hill, passed away into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Knowing the deep interest you take in the welfare of Zion, I send you a few particulars of her last days in this vale of tears.

For two or three years past our departed sister had been the subject of much weakness of body, and although able frequently to attend the house of God, did not for any length of time enjoy good health. She was the subject of many fears and sharp exercises of faith, but she was truly one of those whom God's Word declares to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom; for her faith, although weak, was, notwithstanding, the faith of God's elect. She was favoured in God's infinite love and grace to be brought early in life to know the Saviour, and publicly profess His name by allegiance to His commands. During the many years of her husband's life, she displayed the greatest concern for the good of Zion, and was ever ready to assist in promoting its peace and prosperity.

The same meek and quiet spirit marked her declining days. She would often, when seated in her quiet cottage, refer to those happy days and seasons when, with her dear husband, she had walked to the house of God, and taken sweet counsel together. And, joined to this, she, too, would express her fears and hopes respecting her own safety in eternal things. She was graciously preserved from false presumption, and blessed with that godly fear which is the fruit of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

Perhaps I cannot do better than append a few notes sent by our brother Varney, of Reading, and also my dear father.

Brother Varney writes:—

Our dear sister's last time of meeting with the Lord's people at His house was the first Sunday in February. Walking up the hill, panting for breath, leaning upon the arm of a brother, she said, "My time is short; and what, if after all, I should be deceived and lost?" He said, "Are you leaning upon Jesus?"

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

She said, "Yes!" and then went into poor little Zion for the last time to celebrate the dying love and all-atoning blood of her precious Redeemer. After the solemn ordinance she retired to chapel house, and again attended the evening service. Our dear sister, as she was wont, was very thoughtful and attentive. The text was 1 Cor. xv. 25: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," and when our brother was speaking upon the reigning power of Christ and the various enemies, Satan, sin, the world, and the flesh, our sister was taken with paralysis and carried home, where she had every attention requisite. The Lord dealt very tenderly with his dear child. She did not know the friends who visited her, but when asked if

she knew Jesus, she said, "Yes! and precious."

To this cheering testimony my father adds:—

I was at Knowl Hill the second Sabbath before her death. She knew me; I read and prayed with her, and also sang the hymn,—

"Father, what'er of earthly bliss," &c.,

which had been very precious to her, and which she often tried to sing. After reading and prayer I asked her if there was anything I could get for her, and she said no; but I said there is one thing that you want—Jesus, and almost before I had finished, she said, "Oh! yes." I asked her was there anything I could tell the friends at Reading, who so often enquired after her. She said, "I am going on all right." I said, "Then you feel you are on your way to heaven." She replied, Oh! yes; oh! yes.

The next time of my being at Knowl Hill was the occasion of her funeral. The place was full of hearers, and I made a few remarks at the grave, and again referred to her death in the evening. Our subject was 2 Tim. iv. 8. It was a very solemn time, and we felt that God was present with us.

Our departed sister is now with her glorious Lord. I pray, dear brother, that we may, by God's grace, still persevere in His ways, still abide by His truth, and when called upon to leave this mortal state, rise to everlasting life, and so be for ever with the Lord.

May 7, 1874.

E. P. BROWN.

THE TRUE GOSPEL AIM.—A minister says,—“Have visited Sutton. My province is to preach Christ, the written Word, revealed Word, precious Word; yea, Him “all in all,” by precious faith to a poor, sin-sick soul. My aim is to advance, prayerfully and scripturally, the Church of Christ to a high state of spirituality, to establish the believer in the truth; to point out clearly the promises and invitations of the Bible to character; and thus working (instrumentally) I leave all to the Holy Spirit, to apply, convince, and instruct as He thinks well. You must be a tough bit of goods, or you would never stand it so well,—preaching, lecturing, praying, studying, writing, proof reading, and a host of other duties—quite onerous. Bless God for the strength He gives you. My hearty prayer is, Long live brother, father Banks, for the good of the cause of God and truth.” [The men of Judah found, when they sought for it, fat pasture and wide land, a quiet and peaceable inheritance. Low doctrine, or dwelling on the dark and dismal works of the old Adam, is not healthful for the churches. High up by faith, holy by blood, happy by the fellowship of Jesus, are the richest mercies here.]

BEDFORD—Are the Protestants here gone to sleep? Dr. Manning says: “Father Warmoll” is doing a great work in Bedford; building, converting, confessing, &c. Bunyanites of Bedford, Awake! the enemy is on your ramparts. Look out for your children!

WHIT-SUNDAY AND MONDAY IN IVINGHOE.

ON Saturday, May 23, 1874, the long trains flew up and down the L. & N. W. lines in a perfect fury and with rapid succession; thousands were pouring out, and perhaps as many were running into London. I took an insurance ticket. The use of right means is no distrust of Providence. At Cheddington my train stopped, and out I jumped. The valuable pastor's wife, with little granddaughter, pony and gig, were all in waiting. Carefully her ladyship drove me to the parsonage. In the study I was all the evening by myself, until deacon Warren came to give me directions for the services of the Sabbath. William Collyer has been pastor here over fifty years. He succeeded the ancient and holy George Clarke, who was the grandfather, or the great grandfather of the present celebrated James Clarke, now pastor of Chatteris, at whose ordination on the Common, near Tring, both John Bloomfield and myself took part.

Saturday night was a bad one with me. I felt unwell; but Sunday morning came; I was helped to arise, and the good old Word was true, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Ivinghoe Baptist Chapel is a well-known Gospel house, where, for a century or more, Christ has been preached, sinners have found Jesus, and multitudes from hence have gone home to glory. In that pulpit William Collyer has delivered some thousands of sermons; he has been the Lord's mouth to many. Out of his Church others have sprung up, and in the Great Day his children will not be few. John Stevens, John Foreman, J. A. Jones, George Coombe, George Wyard, Samuel Milner, James Wells, and a host of the Lord's servants have there told the glorious story of the cross. Now and then during the last twenty-five years, the friends there have invited me to preach to them, and I have considered that no small honour; and I hope it has been for their good.

Seldom do I behold such crowds. The people filled every nook and corner; aisles, galleries, vestries, and out in the graveyard as well, there were people. The choir sang so exquisitely that my passions were excited for holy psalmody. I was so delighted that I felt almost out of myself; but the Lord in mercy gave me three messages to deliver, and He helped me to deliver them.

On Whit-Monday the school children had their treat. We were to meet at one o'clock, and I was to deliver a lecture in the evening. The morning was fine, but by noon rain, thunder, and lightning were so powerful, we had all scared. Our free and fruitful brother Henry Wise, of Watford, came to help us. The children had their tea; some ministers and friends took tea also. Brother Wise gave a neat and suitable address, elucidatory of old associations, contemplation and congratulation, which pleased and edified us all. My candles were nearly all put out by the rain; so I said a few words and flew home to London.

The following note came to me the next

morning, and with it I close this first chapter on Ivinghoe:—

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Your kind note came to hand. I thought of seeing you at Ivinghoe; in fact I was on my way, but had to turn back, because our heavenly Father commanded the storm to obey Him. We had a good meeting on the 12th of May. Brother Bardens is a good and faithful man of God. My people enjoyed his ministry. Mrs. Baker and myself never enjoyed a brother minister's company more than we did his.

"ARTHUR BAKER.
"Park street, Tring, Herts.

"May 25, 1874."

OXFORD—"Plain Preaching." The great want of the day is a plain, out-spoken ministry. In the majority of our places of worship one might sit for twelve months and not know what preacher or people believed. Can we then wonder that so few are aroused? Where, however, plain, certain doctrine is set forth and the inward operation of the Spirit's personal work upon the heart is insisted upon, a casual hearer not having been used to such, is arrested, and either enmity or approval must be the result. Such, however, has been my experience. Some years ago, I was a regular attendant at church, and loved what is called Ritualism. At the same time, I frequently attended some of the chapels in this city, and was about as much interested in their sermons as at church, seeing little difference; and could I have had the Ritual of the Church combined with the sermon, should have had no choice; not all the sermons amongst dissenters ever led me to see the folly and sin of Ritualism. On Sunday, however, as the Lord would have it, I and a friend went, through curiosity, to Mr. Scott's Mission Room. What was the result? Why, that I had never heard such strange teaching before. My animosity was excited, and I plainly said, "If that is true which you have spoken to-night, I have been educated in error all my life." Not for a moment thinking that it was true, but that the preacher was in error. I went again, and very soon I found the truth disturbed me; I was unhappy; could get no rest; and tried all I could to fortify myself against such doctrine. However, God was a match for me, and I was obliged to yield, and in time was baptized, and became a member of Mr. Scott's Church, loving and experiencing the power of the doctrine of grace. As a consequence, my new views brought opposition, and I then saw why Mr. Scott had been so evil spoken of and his truth condemned by professing Christians. This I am more and more convinced of, that while a man speaks out plainly and boldly the whole truth, he will have plenty of enemies and that Church will be unpopular. At a future day I may give the conversation which took place between me and my clergyman, if these lines are worthy a place in your truthful "VESSEL."

CARRIE.

P.S.—The sermon that I first heard, which aroused me, was "The Great Salvation," since published at 1d. each.

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. POPE, OF MEOPHAM.

Mrs. Jane Pope, aged 73, died at Swindon, Wilts, April 16, 1874, after a few days' illness. She was the widow of that honoured, laborious, and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. W. Pope, whom the Lord called by grace in early life, and soon after to the work of the ministry. William Pope, and the now deceased widow, were both natives of Wiltshire; the former was born at Bishopstoke, and the latter at Devizes, and it was in that county, and in Berkshire that the Lord, in the early part of his ministry, made His Word, through his instrumentality, a blessing to many.

In 1827 Mr. Pope, and the now deceased widow, were married, and for six years afterwards continued in those parts; he still proclaiming the Gospel of free and sovereign grace.

In 1833 Mr. P. received a call from the Baptist Church, Meopham, Kent, and with his family, removed there in the month of March, where, for eighteen years, he was the devoted pastor of that Church, and preaching the Gospel in the surrounding villages, not being deterred by hail, rain, or any other outward inconvenience. Many seals were added to his labours; among the number was the unworthy writer.

In the month of March, 1851, and the very day of the month that, eighteen years before, Mr. P. and family arrived at Meopham, he was removed from the scene of his labours to join the Church triumphant above, leaving a sorrowing Church behind in the wilderness below, and a bereaved widow and eight fatherless children to mourn his loss.

It was during these years that the deceased was personally known to me, and those seasons cannot be forgotten, when we "spake often one to another" of what the Lord had done for our never-dying souls.

Mrs. P. was well-taught in the school of Christ; she knew the plague of her own heart; had a deep sense of her own unworthiness; a firm believer in the doctrines of sovereign and distinguishing grace; a zealous advocate for the ordinances of God's house, and for the precepts of the Gospel; a person well established in the truth as it is in Jesus; her judgment being of no ordinary kind, she was quick to distinguish between truth and error. But having her sojourn in Kent, she, with her devoted husband, had no small amount of trial, having a large and increasing family, their minds were often sorely exercised with external difficulties, but they proved that the God of their salvation was "Jehovah-Jireh" in every time of need.

Previous to the death of her husband Mrs. Pope had been called to part with two of her dear daughters, one very young, the other at the age of nineteen; the latter not many months before the father; but this last stroke was sweetened with a firm persuasion that the Lord had wrought a work of grace in her soul, and that she was gone to be for ever with the Lord.

Since the death of my first pastor, and my spiritual father, and the return of the widow and family to Devizes, I have many times met and had correspondence with the widow and family, ever finding her the same in principle, not moved away from the hope of the Gospel. A sinner saved by grace, her constant theme, I can safely condense her experience in the lines of the poet,—

"A gully, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

The former part of her widowhood she resided in her native town, but the last few years of her life she has been with one or the other of her family, who all survive her, and most of them comfortably situated in life. "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation."

On the 3rd of April, "Good Friday," Mrs. P., with her daughter, who is a member with the Church at Meopham, went to the anniversary at Old Swindon, and remained as usual for some days, when a change took place, and in the short space of five days her tabernacle was taken down, and her ransomed soul took its flight to realms of endless day.

P.S.—Her temporal needs have been partly supplied through the Kent Union, during her long widowhood, who, to their honour, have shown her great respect.

T. GILBERT.

LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.—The annual Church tea meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, on Thursday, March 26th, to commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of the ministry of Mr. R. E. Sears in this place. A happy evening was spent. Mr. Sears stated that, although they had not had many additions to the Church the last year or two, yet he had heard of many who had been blessed under his labours in other places. This had been a great encouragement to him; but he sometimes asked, Why is the blessing withheld from Laxfield? At the previous Monday evening prayer meeting, Mr. Seaman, one of the deacons, gave a very warm-hearted address, and said a great many kind things about and to the pastor; and at the conclusion, presented him and his beloved wife, on the behalf of the Church and congregation, with a purse containing £18, which was increased a few days afterwards to £20 10s. Mr. Sears, in accepting it, said he received it as a token of their continued love, and that although he had been with them fifteen years, he had not outlived their respect and affection. He also said it afresh confirmed his faith in the Saviour's words, which had been the motto of his life, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." In conclusion, he exhorted the friends to pray for the revival of God's work in their midst, as nothing short of that could satisfy the earnest longing of his mind. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

MR. HAND'S SERMON.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I was, indeed, surprised in reading Mr. Hand's Sermon in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, to find the following unscriptural statement respecting the law of works, he says:—"It seizes hold of the dead conscience, quickens it, shows the soul its degraded state, its lost condition; it exhibits the righteousness of God to its view," &c. Now the Apostle Paul, speaking of the very same law, says: "The commandment which was ordained unto life I found to be unto death, because the law worketh wrath; now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped and all the world become guilty before God, for the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life." According to Paul's testimony, then, it is the ministration of death, and we have still higher authority for insisting that nothing short of the Almighty Spirit of God can convince man of his utter depravity; the law may lie at the door but it has no power to unlock or enter, for Christ Himself said, "No man can come unto Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him. It is the Spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life. Ye must be born again." It is, indeed, delightful to realise the glorious position of a soul quickened by the ever-blessed Spirit of the Most High, for it is now made free from the law of sin and death, and is under a new law, the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, "For what the law (of works) could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." The new and better covenant, the covenant of grace, called the ministration of life, having the law of faith for its ministry. Before faith came it was kept under the law (of works) shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed, wherefore the law was its schoolmaster unto Christ, that it might be justified by faith, but after that faith is come it is no longer under a schoolmaster, but is a child of God by faith in Christ. So, then, it is no longer a child of the bondwoman but of the free.

"Is then the law of God untrue,
Which He by Moses gave?
No, but to take it in this view,
That it has power to save.
The law was never meant to give
New strength to man's lost race;
We cannot act before we live:
And life proceeds from grace.
By Christ we enter into rest,
And triumph o'er the fall;
Whoe'er would be completely blest,
Must trust to Christ for all."

Trusting that your endeavours to promote God's glory and the good of never-dying souls may be blessed with success, and that you may have an entrance into the kingdom of God's Son, believe me, Sir, yours in a Triune Jehovah,
ELIZABETH.

"LEAVES OF LIFE IN
LANCASHIRE."

Boaz propounded the principle of "Raising up the name of the dead upon his inheritance." We are urged to this effort as regards the late Mr. James Wells. At the Hayes anniversary on June 3, 1874, Mr. E. Forman, of March, said publicly, through the opposition of one minister (now, he hoped, in heaven) and his colleague, he had been shut out of at least sixteen pulpits, where he had formerly preached, simply because it was supposed he did not subscribe to the doctrine of the eternal generation. This spirit of exclusion is still waging war in our Churches; the instruments employed are misguided, and really do not know the origin, the first spring of all that enmity, jealousy, and secret slow murder of character, which travels through the United Kingdom, and into all parts of the United States, the Colonies, and the Indies; whereby we are assailed as being in league with the late Mr. James Wells in his supposed opposition to certain ministers of Christ in the North, and in the views he held respecting some essential doctrines of the Gospel. We have Mr. Wells's speeches in Manchester respecting Mr. William Gadsby; some of his sermons there in MSS. books committed to our care. The late Mr. Butt wished us not to publish them nor notice them. But, we ask, is it dealing faithfully to let the rising generation grow up, poisoned against the memory of that exceedingly useful man of God? Is it just to ourselves to know that persecutions, most unjust and destructive to the peace of our Churches, are still marching on, while Providence has placed in our hands the witnesses, the words, and the works, which prove the persecution referred to be productive of indescribable mischief? "Our Leaves of Life in Lancashire and in London," we believe, will do good.

CANTERBURY.—I wish you had been more explicit about Zoar chapel in Burgate lane. People come to Canterbury sometimes, and do not know there is a cause of truth there. They love the truth as it is in Jesus, and contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. Brother Rowden is a godly man, sent to preach the truth. The Lord has made him a blessing to souls; they are not many, but they are in peace. Mr. Rowden baptized the other week. It is the only place in the old Popish city where the truth is faithfully preached and the ordinances maintained according to the Word of God. They lately held their anniversary; the Lord was with them. Mr. Hull preached morning and evening; Mr. A. B. Taylor in the afternoon. He preached a sweet Gospel sermon.

SAMUEL FOSTER.

LEICESTER.—We have had brother John Hudson from Manchester in the late Mr. Garrard's pulpit in May. He gave us the Gospel out of Romans viii. Death has been making homes sorrowful again in Leicester. Oh, for grace to live in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. S. O.

ROCHDALE—Baptist Sunday School, Public Hall. The scholars, teachers, and friends of this school (the late Mr. Kershaw's Hope Chapel) have been highly favoured by our much-esteemed friend, Mr. Alderman John Tatham, this last eighteen years, being invited to his residence on Whit Fridays. The scholars leave the Hall, and go in procession to Mr. Tatham's gardens, where they are regaled with buns, milk, and ginger beer; select hymns are sung, and addresses given by the teachers and friends. Five years since, our late beloved pastor, John Kershaw, was with us for the last time. He having returned from his London visit sick, he was not able to walk and head the procession as on former years, but would have a conveyance, and the late Mr. William Jackson, deacon, to go with Him. He walked round the garden to see all his young friends, but could take no part; we had our fears it would be the last visit. He was a great friend to Sunday Schools, and loved to see the prosperity of them. Mr. Tatham was highly esteemed by him, and, when a boy, was a scholar with him at Hope school. The Word of God informs us we are to render honour to whom honour is due: the Lord has blessed our friend, Mr. Tatham, in providence, and given him a heart to do good, and to encourage the young in attending Sabbath Schools, which we have often heard from him when addressing the school. Our late pastor had much of the spirit of his Master for kindness, which gained him much respect. I do not remember any words ever coming from his mouth in a way to wound and grieve his friends. There were some, in the days when our Lord and Saviour sojourned on earth, that found fault with the dear woman that came to Christ with an alabaster box of ointment, and poured it upon His head; the reply from the Searcher of hearts was, "Let her alone, she hath wrought a good work." The Lord grant that we, as a people, may have much of the mind and spirit of those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises; seeking the peace and prosperity of Zion; praying that the Lord will bless the preaching of His Gospel to many precious souls. Our pastor, Mr. James Hand, having taken charge of the church, this is the fourth year that he has been with us on Whit Friday at our annual gatherings. E. B.

May 29, 1874.

[If other Christian gentlemen would go forth and do likewise, it might much advance the progress of our schools.—ED.]

TUNBRIDGE WELLS—Rehoboth, after many changes, is now hopeful; at length, we have an experimental ministry in the pulpit originally occupied by Mr. Thomas Edwards, and we trust a permanent and prosperous cause will be established. B. E. B.

[Does this mean there has been no experimental ministry in the Wells before? Of course we do not know, as we never hear the men who preach.—ED.]

OXFORD—Tuesday afternoon, April 14, the Church and congregation meeting in the Temperance Hall, Penson's Gardens, under the pastoral care of Mr. B. V. Scott, held their annual tea meeting. About 80 took tea; public meeting commenced with singing and prayer; when the deacon, on behalf of the Church and congregation, presented Mr. Scott with Dr. Gill's Commentary, in 6 vols., as a token of their love to him for his unwearied and gratuitous efforts for their spiritual welfare. Mr. Scott heartily thanked them for their valuable present, which came so entirely unexpected, and was a treasure which he had long wished to possess. He thanked them for the kindly feelings expressed, and said, if they had received any benefit from his ministry, "to God alone be the praise." He trusted that his own desire had been the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the eternal welfare of souls; and if God gave unto him health and strength, he would willingly spend and be spent in His service. After which we had two other soul-stirring addresses from members of the congregation. The meeting closed shortly after nine o'clock, all expressing themselves highly pleased and blessed.

A FRIEND AND BROTHER.

STEPNEY.—Special meetings were held in Mr. Thomas Stringer's Bethel, May 31 and June 2. Sermons were preached by T. Stringer and George Webb; the after-tea addresses were by brothers Stringer, Thomas Jones, R. A. Lawrence, C. W. Banks, Geo. Webb, G. Baldwin. G. Reynolds, on Christ as a Burden-bearer, was encouraging to all who groan under burdens heavy to be borne, especially chapel-debts, which are oppressive to pastors, deacons, and all to whom the cause is dear. Mr. Reynolds offered some philanthropic and practical suggestions, which were well received. Mr. Webb contended warmly for unity upon the ground of New Testament principles and Christ-ordained ordinances and discipline. Mr. D. Gander, of Camden Town, and C. Spencer, Esq., gave closing addresses. We hope our brother Thomas Stringer will, for many years, be found in his Bethel at Stepney with crowds of souls happy in Jesu's grace.

WILLINGHAM, CAMBS.—"What can justify the erection of another Baptist Chapel in this village, Mr. Editor? We have had 'young John Stevens,' as they named him; in his day the Baptists flourished. We had Mr. Alderson. Many other ministers followed. Now we have two bands—one under Mr. Holland, the second under Mr. Jackson. Has the Lord Himself commanded and empowered any man to erect another Baptist Church here? Tell us, sir, what does this rivalry mean?"—JOHN GLAEN. [We will not answer yet.—ED.]

TRING—Our West-end anniversary was May 12. Brother R. C. Bardens gave us two discourses with pleasant freedom. We never saw this young Devonshire before. We shall welcome him again.

LITTLE STONEHAM, SUFFOLK.—On Wednesday, May 27th, was held the anniversary of the Particular Baptist Chapel. Mr. Brand, of Bungay, preached in the afternoon, to a full and attentive congregation, from Hebrews xiii. 12. A public tea was provided, of which a large number partook. The meeting in the evening was presided over by Mr. J. Andrews, jun., the new minister, who, after singing, engaged in prayer, and made a few opening remarks evidently appreciated by the audience, but would not have been altogether palatable to some of the clergy in the neighbourhood, who manifest their hatred to those who preach in accordance with the 17th article of the Established Church, and contend for believers' baptism as a divinely-instituted ordinance. The brethren Grimwood, of Charsfield, Morling of Ipswich, and Brand of Bungay, also addressed the meeting. The chapel has lately undergone some alterations and improvement. The pews have been robbed a little of their antique appearance by taking some few inches off the top. Other parts, where necessary, have been fresh painted; and one kind gentleman has gratuitously put up a neat new pair of gates and posts, which much improves the entrance to the chapel. Not only were the congregations good, the collections also exceeded those of any former occasion for a long time back. The services were enjoyed, and we hope some lasting good will be the result. There truly appears to be a little reviving here. Before their late minister, Mr. Shepherd, died, the present minister supplied several times. Afterwards he received, and accepted, a six months' call, with a view to the pastorate, which he has also now accepted according to the unanimous wish of the Church. There is a fine field for labour here, and we very heartily wish him God-speed and sincerely do we wish the Church may answer to the description in the Canticles, viz, "A company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot," and that they may be indeed in one mind praying with and for their minister, then they need not fear all the artillery of hell, or of the united forces of all the Antichristian powers of earth. Let the minister and people regard the Word, and imitate the Master. So shall their peace be like a river, and their glory like a flowing stream.

PIMLICO—You will be pleased to know that the cause at Rehoboth, Pimlico, is going on well, the congregations are good, the funds well sustained, and peace in our midst. The Word, as delivered by the various ministers, is heard with profit. Mr. J. Hand preached for us two Sundays in May, to a full chapel; they were good seasons to many. On Whit-Monday Mr. H. preached again, afternoon and evening. In the evening a collection was made in aid of the "Sick and Poor" Fund, when the friends gave good proof of their care for them. He is a faithful and able minister above many, and was quite "at home" with the people, and the people with him. **ONE OF THEM.**

SURREY TABERNACLE.—We thank C. R. S. We all must be glad to find the pulpit still supplied by such really excellent men as C. R. S. describes. "Mr. Hetherington is useful to some; but more appreciate Mr. Varder." It is not the most easy thing to get any man to be accepted by all. The anxiety of the deacons must be immense; but they enjoy the confidence of the Church. The late Mr. Tiptaft's Church frequently invite Mr. Varder; but that he is likely to leave Yeovil we cannot think. He has devoted himself very earnestly to raise up Church and school there, and is much beloved.

GLEMSFORD—Pastor S. Kemp, of Hunt's Hill Church, is very dangerously ill. He has, for years, been sadly tried; but for a season his ministry has been good in some. You know Jonathan Mose began this cause. Was its commencement in godly fear and in holy faith? We will answer "A very Old Glemsfordite," when we have been down to know the truth of all things.

DRY DRAYTON, CAMBS.—Lord's-day, May 10, I preached in the open air to several hundreds of people in a meadow, kindly lent by Mr. R. Parsons: then I baptized two persons, a young man and a young woman, in a pond in the middle of the meadow. Hundreds were standing round to witness these dear friends following the Lord in His blessed command of believers' baptism; there was great attention paid; it was a solemn meeting. I preached again in the afternoon and evening. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. On the Wednesday following was their anniversary, and two sermons were preached by Mr. McCure. A goodly number took tea. Friends were blest; collections amounted to more than £11—the best collection they have had for some years. We thank God and take courage. Lately the congregation has increased. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon His little hill is the prayer of your friend and brother in the Lord,

P. HARRIS.

WILLENHALL, LITTLE LONDON—On Lord's-day, March 29, seven were baptized by the Pastor, W. Gill; five being teachers from Sabbath School.

Marrriages.

On March 27th, at Melbourne, Victoria, by Rev. S. C. Kent, James McConnell, Esq., of Admore, Vuna Point, Tavunla, Fiji, to Jenima, widow of the late Mr. J. S. Kingsford, of Brisbane, and fourth daughter of Mr. John Bunyan McCure, of Cambridge.

On June 1st, 1874, at Tabernacle, Hayes, by Mr. R. C. Bardens, the Pastor, Mr. Samuel S. Walker, of London, to Jane Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. John Passingham, of Longford, Middlesex. A beautiful Bible was presented to them on the occasion, they being the first couple married in the Tabernacle.

The Greatest Crisis

THAT EVER THE HEAVENS OR THE EARTH BEHELD.

[“THE PURCHASE AND THE PRICE” CONTINUED.]

“The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him.”—
MATT. xxvii. 49.

MINISTERS choose large texts: some that may be termed little ones are full of meaning. The Scripture above quoted is seldom noticed: but it throws a light upon even the state of things in this so-called enlightened age.

Here is a crisis! Jesus is in the ninth hour of His dying agonies! He is, as far as sense and appearance goes, quite alone. Loneliness, when we feel God has forsaken us, is a fearful state.

Look at Him! listen to Him! “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” The margin has a singular rendering, “My God, my God, to what hast Thou left me?” or, “To what sort of persons hast Thou left me?” He is amazingly surprised! Forsaken of all that could comfort Him. See the difference between His former and His present condition. How many beautiful words had He spoken of His Father! “My Father loveth Me.” When He was in Gethsemane’s bloody sweat, an angel strengthened or raised Him up. When He was coming out of the garden, and the great multitude came to take Him, with Judas at their head, did He not exclaim, “Thinkest Thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?”

Yes, as the Son of God, He could thus have prayed, and been delivered; but, remembering His covenant engagements, realising a sense of the honour due unto His Father, the satisfaction due to Divine Justice, and the undying love He bore in His heart toward His Church; remembering all this, He immediately answered Himself, as it were, “But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?” “Then all the disciples forsook Him, and fled.” Now, His hour of sorrow cometh: and He was left alone. At least, of all who could give one drop of comfort to Him. Fiends and foes were with Him. Who beside? His Father? No! The angels? No! His disciples? No!

Mystery of mysteries! What can it mean? All the powers of darkness against Him: all pronounce Him innocent: yet how cruelly, falsely, and barbarously do they use Him.

Some men are so blind, hardened, and deceived, that they tell us there is no devil, there is no hell. Why, here is a hell the Saviour is now led into, and left in! Now is being fulfilled the predictions of that “Book of His heart when he hung on the tree” (the twenty-second Psalm). Believer! read there the difference between the sufferings of the Church and the substitutionary sufferings of the Saviour for the

Church. Mark, how, in that twenty-second Psalm, the Christ of God did speak in prophecy of them.

First. Of the Church's sufferings He speaketh: "Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them. They cried unto Thee, and were delivered; they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded." Then,

Secondly. He turns to His own condition: "But I am a worm and no man; a reproach of men and despised of the people. Be not far from me, for trouble is near, and there is none to help me." Then of this tormenting condition, of this infernal state, we all must have sunk into, had not the Lamb of God our sins and sorrows took: of this lost condition saith He, "Many bulls have compassed me; strong bulls of Bashan have beset Me round; they gaped upon Me with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion."

Put that twenty-second Psalm by the side of the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of Matthew; there see how exactly the positive agonies of the Son of God fulfil the ancient prediction! These chapters are full of character and of strange conduct. Judas had betrayed Him, Peter denies Him, Pilate's wife is dreadfully troubled in her dreams about Him, Pilate washes his hands, saying before the whole multitude, "I am innocent of the blood of this Just Person; see ye to it." Barabbas is released; Jesus is falsely accused, scourged, dragged to Calvary, nailed to the tree, the penitent thief had cried, Jesus had answered him. Now the darkness set in. The darkness of the material heavens, the darkness of the evangelical heavens, the darkness of the holy heavens, the darkness of the Church's sins, darkness for three long hours: in "the ninth hour" Jesus cried, "My Strong One, My Elois, why hast Thou left Me so?"

The Romans, misunderstanding the Saviour's words, not knowing the Hebrew tongue, they said, "This Man calleth for Elias. The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him."

He was calling upon His God in this most momentous crisis; they thought He was calling for man to come and save Him. Oh, dire delusion! Here is a little key which unlocks the mystery of the blindness of hosts of men—they know not the Christ of God, they are in the darkness still; they are neither dead with Jesus, nor risen with Him. Hence, they put man in the place of God, and so cometh all the confusion of the tongues as at this day. Almost universally is this the case now; they understood not what He said, neither know they what Christ's own ministers are now saying. The distinction is divinely drawn by John; the beloved disciple (1 John iv. 5) says, "They are of the world; therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them. We are of God; he that knoweth God, heareth us; he that is not of God, heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error."

Seldom has the contrast been drawn more clearly between a worldly ministry and a God-taught ministry, than has been done by Theodore Cuyler's great question:—

"WHAT REMAINS OF THEODORE PARKER?" This Theodore Parker, as Cuyler proves, was one of the most gifted men who ever stood before an American audience. He was the master of a dozen languages, and devoured books as the hungry ox eats fodder. His discourses were

the most brilliant productions ; he could fasten and fascinate the ears and the hearts of many thousands. Yet, asketh Cuyler, "After reading the story of his amazingly busy and brilliant life, what remains of Theodore Parker?"

"A pile of eloquent discourses remains. Noble service in arousing the American nation to the crime and peril of chattel-slavery remains ; and for this let his name have due honour. The narrative of a pure, industrious, honest, generous life remains ; it reads most remarkably like the biographies of Franklin and Horace Greeley. But Parker aimed at something more than this. He aimed at being a great religious teacher, the iconoclast of old systems of faith, and the founder of a new spiritual dynasty. What remains as the result ? Alexander Campbell left behind him the large denomination that bears his name. Hosea Ballou left Universalism. Elias Hicks left a large wing of Quakerism as the representative of his erroneous creed ; even the vulgar charlatan Joe Smith left Mormonism with its colossal Tabernacle and its polygamous sty. Theodore Parker was the equal in brains and culture of all these men combined, and a score more like unto them. Yet *Parkerism* is extinct. It cannot point to a single 'meeting-house,' or display the name of a solitary disciple. That immense congregation that used to gather before Parker's pulpit in Boston Music Hall, to listen to his exquisitely poetic prayers, and to the splendid discourses—sometimes preached from the Bible, and sometimes from Shakespeare—has all vanished like a bank of snow under an April sun. Parker's 'church' is as dead as the Southern rebellion.

"If any one wishes to know the secret of this collapse, let him read Mr. Frothingham's biography. He will find that while Theodore Parker was sound as a patriot, and earnest as a student of science, and brave as a philanthropist, he was utterly *hollow* as a *teacher of Christianity*. And the simple reason was that HE HAD NO CHRIST TO PREACH. He stoutly claimed to be a Christian, and yet it leaks out through all his writings that he finally regarded the Lord Jesus as a very fallible man, and the doctrine of the Atonement as a monstrous delusion. He considered the miracles to be myths, and the Ascension on the Mount as an 'old wife's fable.' For Paul he had a high veneration, and an equally high one for Martin Luther ; but the glorious doctrine of salvation by the Cross, which was the joy and crown of these mighty men, Parker trampled under foot. HE PREACHED A CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT A CHRIST ! Nay, worse : he took his texts out of the Bible, which he almost knew by heart, and all the time he regarded the Word of God as fraudulent in its claims as a veracious book of divine inspiration !

"If he had set out to be a teacher of Theism, he might have made some converts from Atheism ; for Parker held devoutly to the being of one sovereign and loving God. If he had set out to be a lecturer on moral reforms, he would have won many hearts : for he preached justice to the wronged and pity for the suffering. But when he passed out of the things of time into the things of eternity, when he came into the mighty domain of revealed theologic truth as it is linked with Jesus and the Cross, his eloquent preaching was a stupendous sham. HE KNEW NO SAVIOUR. He ignored, or else derided, the pillar-truths of redemption. He could not make other people believe what he did not really believe himself. How could he convert his auditors to what his own soul had never been converted ? How could he build up a church, while all his giant strength was expended in sweeping away 'the only foundation' ? Negations make no converts, and Parker dealt in negations. His 'Christianity' consisted in denying the Son of God !

"His biography is one of the saddest books written in these modern days. Of all the splendid failures yet made in any American pulpit, Theodore Parker's was at once the most splendid and the most sorrowful."

Ministers ! Have you God's own Christ for your Saviour ? Do you KNOW HIM ? Do you truly love, live, and preach Him ? If not, all your

other attainments will be lost in the article of death; and your own soul lost for ever. Nothing short of "CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY," can make true ministers, or save our souls, so says, most solemnly and vehemently,

CHAS. WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's Road, Notting Hill, London, W.
June 20th, 1874.

ANOTHER AGED MINISTER GONE.

"And when the last rough storm shall blow,
When heart and flesh shall fail;
When death's cold waters o'er us flow,
Our bark shall calmly sail.
Till anchored in that land of rest,
Triumphant o'er our foes;
Safe on our loving Saviour's breast,
We smile at earth-born woes."

"WE cannot say we are sorry the Lord has taken him home," we said, when conversing with three relatives of the late venerated and venerable JOHN CLARK.

"No!" answered one. "Any who saw his sufferings during the last four months could not wish to see those pains and such anguish continued." Some disease fell in one of his legs, it turned at last to mortification; and on Thursday, July 2, 1874, he passed quietly away, at the advanced age of 84. His remains were laid in a grave at Norwood Cemetery on Tuesday, July 7; Mr. Lincoln, or some of his brethren offered prayer, and spoke words of peace at the funeral.

We shall shortly issue a little tract, "The Under-Butler and his Fellow-Servants: a True and Solemn Tale of the Early Times of the late John Clark." That will show how deeply his soul suffered under the terrors of the law, and how clearly he was delivered. For nearly half-a-century, we suppose, our deceased brother ministered in the Gospel in Cornwall, in Hull, in Downham Market, in Ely; and in nearly all parts of this kingdom the late Mr. John Clark was a faithful witness for Christ. Many thousands have heard his voice in the Gospel, but now

"His lisping, useful tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

Thither we are hastening. May our Great High Priest reveal Himself in our poor sorrowing hearts, and bring us safely into the desired haven, most intensely prayeth,

C. W. B.

FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN CLARK.

[RAILWAY NOTES.]

Kensington Junction, July 7, 1874.

To find out *where* the place is, and *how* to get at it, is no small difficulty sometimes in this endless city of peoples, places, and everything something.

"Can you tell me my nearest route to Norwood Cemetery?"

"Go to Lower Norwood."

Train just gone! Very pleasant! Wait here a long time. Well, let us think a little. Going to good John Clark's funeral.

Over his grave, without the shadow of a doubt, I may emphatically exclaim, "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there."

Born! WHERE? "And of Zion it shall be said this and that man was born in her." That John Clark was born and brought up in Zion, no man will dispute who knew him; but, comparatively speaking, only a few did know him. I preached for him at Hull, Downham Market, and other places; and frequently has he made himself at home in my house, and opened his heart again and again without the least reserve.

His heavy cross in early life
Deprived him of a happy wife,
And sour'd him all his days;
But now no more do they complain,
Their bodies in the dust we've lain;
They'll shine with heavenly rays.

As one of Jacob's ransomed family the Lord will count John Clark for one, "when He writeth up the people."

As a Christian man, I never knew one more grave, consistent, and careful. But, although he was a Strict Baptist all his ministerial life, when he could preach no longer, he *seemed* rather to turn from us. On retiring, he sat down first under James Wells; then, quietly, he went to C. H. Spurgeon; finally he settled under W. Lincoln. One of his friends says "he had changed his views." Views are transitory. What views he threw away, or what new ones he embraced, I know not. John Stevens was John Clark's favourite teacher; perhaps the only one he truly loved. They are gone now.

Here is Norwood Cemetery. The approach is superior to any I know.

Flowers in abundance! evergreens rare!
Tombs thickly standing, watch'd o'er with care.

Edward Hall's wife says on her tomb:—

"Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home;
Fills my soul with holy longing:
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee."

A massive polished granite tells where Alfred Crowquill, the author and artist is laid. His real name was Alfred Henry Forrester.

Here is something, if true:—

"The amiable and erudite Thomas Willett, A.M., who never made an enemy and never lost a friend. Aged 73."

Of the next good one it is said:—

"William Crawford. His virtues were many, his failings were few."

Norwood Cemetery contains the remains of some who made their mark, and their services are recorded by grateful survivors.

After long waiting, the hearse and mourning coach drew up; an

attendant came and said the undertaker wished me to conduct the service. I said:

“Has not Mr. Lincoln come?”

“No, sir.”

However, two gentlemen came, and, with some reading, prayer, and singing, all that was mortal of John Clark was laid in a quiet grave.

Thus ends another minister's career on earth.

No widow mourns her loss,
No children feel death's dart;
To brother John our Jesus said,
“My son, give me thy heart.”

C. W. B.

Balham, July 7, 1874.

As one who had known John Clark so many, many years, I thought I might say: “He has come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. His gentle and godly life had a peaceful end. Old age stole upon him with its enfeebling, but without any of its blighting influences. Death came to him not as the king of terrors, but as a messenger from the Master, for whose approach he had long before been made ready. He said, ‘I am not afraid to die; I have had such experience of the love of God that I cannot doubt that, unworthy as I am, I shall be accepted by Him through the merits of the Redeemer, in whom alone I trust.’”

Old William Allingham's immense tomb, and many other singular characters I saw and noted: but in my scrap-book as yet they remain.

REVIVALS—ARE THEY NECESSARY?

BEING THE OUTLINE OF AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NOTTS, DERBY, AND LINCOLN ASSOCIATION
OF BAPTIST CHURCHES,

HELD IN THE CITY OF LINCOLN ON MAY 26TH (WHIT-TUESDAY), 1874.

BY WILLIAM STOKES,

Newark (late of Manchester).

I WAS asked a few days ago what I thought of the revival in the North, when I said in reply that I would prefer to wait twelve months before answering that question, having been convinced, from years of observation, that with these revival movements “it is not all gold that glitters.” I am more strongly than ever of that opinion from having read with much care the report of an able discussion on the subject that took place at one of the recent meetings of the Congregational Union, and was given in the columns of the next number of the *Christian World* at considerable length. My previous convictions were that revivals, as carried on of late years, are open to very serious objections on several accounts: such as, that they impair the solid solemn character of true religion, by removing it from the sphere of serious conviction to that of the merely sensational, or the emotional,

which must always be superficial, and, consequently, never safe; that, for the most part, they are carried on at untimely hours, alike hazardous to the young, and interfering with the order of Christian families in a very serious degree; that they hurry thoughtless youth into the Churches, without affording any proper opportunity for testing their Christian character and the soundness of their conversion to God; that too frequently they occasion invidious distinctions in the Churches by dividing them into two parties, thus creating a gulf between the "new members" and the "old," who, as a rule, are despised or regarded as stumbling-blocks in the way of the more bustling advocates of the "new movement;" and, what is equally to be deplored, they create dissatisfaction with a solid, Christian ministry, and drive from his post many a faithful pastor who cannot consent to a system of impulses, that seeks to govern "the Church of the living God" by mere "fits and starts."

In reading the report I have mentioned, my convictions have been confirmed and deepened. One of the speakers said, "We have seen Evangelists who, in the course of a few years, have run the round of nearly all the heresies that are known in Church history, and who have been welcomed to pulpits, allowed to disturb the peace of enquiring minds, and to trouble many consciences," chiefly because they were revival converts. Another eminent minister, speaking from an experience of sixteen years over three Churches, declared that "he knew a town in which the bitterest and most malignant infidels are men who, at one time, were conspicuous in revivals. The revivals have been responsible for their infidelity; their infidelity has the revivalist stamp upon it." And a third Independent minister spoke in the following terms, which should be read by all the Baptist Churches in the kingdom:—"Twenty years ago, in the country, I remember a great revival of religion, when 200 people were, in the course of a few weeks, added to the Baptist Church, and, at the end of two years, there were not two persons remaining in connection with that Church. The cause of that revival had been an overwhelming terror; it had not been a proclamation of glad tidings, an appeal to reason and conscience, but the people had been just frightened for a little while out of their drunkenness and other wicked ways, and, after a time, they went back to their old courses."

To these testimonies a large number of others could easily be added; but I would only remark that I know several Churches that have never ceased to regret that they ever had a revival. One of the oldest Churches of this Association has recorded that one of the most painful incidents in its history was that of having to exclude from its communion certain persons who came in among them as fruits of a revival; and another Church as good as admits that the revival proved a death-blow to their prosperity.

In the presence of these facts and sorrowful admissions, what do I advise but that, as pastors, deacons, and Church members, we cultivate a piety that, by every-day devotion and earnest perseverance in the service of our God, shall render a "revival" wholly unnecessary. Far better have a solid, every-day religion, than a revival; for the one will live always, but the other is "here to-day and gone to-morrow;" the one may be compared to a perennial stream that never fails, but the

other is a mere bubble on the surface that glistens for a moment, then bursts, and is seen no more.

I would respectfully counsel, therefore, that the Churches should study to render a revival unnecessary, by a deeper and more fervent piety in our pulpits; by a more earnest devotion among our Church officers; and especially by the cultivation of a higher religion at our family firesides. If we, the pastors, are more fervent; if our Church officers become more devoted in the proper work of the Church; and if our members are careful to maintain true godliness at their family home, the Baptist Churches of Great Britain WILL NEVER NEED A REVIVAL.

MR. JAMES HAND ON THE LAW.

MR. EDITOR,—I perceive in July *Vessel* you have been favoured with an admirable critique upon a portion of my sermon which appeared last April. The sentences your very judicious and learned correspondent has selected are upon page 98.

When an individual attempts to criticise the speech of a public speaker, or the sermon of any minister, they should act honestly with the utterances of that speaker or preacher, and not cut detached sentences from a paragraph to destroy its sense and distort its meaning; take the whole paragraph, and its meaning to an enlightened understanding is clear and Scriptural.

The learned Bengelius views the law in its meaning and intention as the preacher of that sermon, where he says, “Christ is the end of the law. How? By bringing in that righteousness and giving that life which the law shews, and shews the want of; which neither itself gives nor can it enable us to acquire.”

The learned Augustine takes the same view. He says (speaking of Christ), “The ceremonial law He has slain and taken out of the way; the moral law He has fulfilled for us, and we in Him; inasmuch, as through faith in His name, His obedience becometh ours.” Any impartial Christian reader will perceive this to be the drift of the preacher.

I shall not attempt to wade through, or animadvert upon, the whole of your correspondent’s letter, for there is such a development of mental calibre, such a vast expansion of intellect, such nervous reasoning, and such correct logical conclusions, that I fear my little boat would get turned keel uppermost.

As your *Vessel*, Mr. Editor, sails over such a vast expanse of waters, I would advise that kind-hearted soul, Elizabeth (as she is one who seeks to promote God’s glory and the good of never-dying souls), before performing another voyage in your *Vessel*, to purchase a patent safety lamp which, probably, may prevent the winds of truth blowing out her light.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES HAND.

Rochdale, July, 1874.

[We add nothing at present.—ED.]

ST. JOHN—"THE SON OF THUNDER."

"Bound upon the accursed tree,
Weak and bleeding, Who is He?"

YOU have pictured to yourself "the loving disciple;" he had suffered; he is enrolled among the martyr throng. Although permitted to die a natural death, he had his share of suffering. Tradition informs us that, by wicked hands, John was put into a cauldron of burning oil. This fearful, burning liquid was to do him no harm, for he had to be banished to that wild desert, called Patmos, to finish the canon of Scripture in that sublime book—that master-piece of eloquence, the Revelation.

This faithful disciple, this blessed John the Divine, is always associated with the gentle, the lovely, the quiet, and the holy. All true, yet these are but phases in his character. Every man has many sides to his character: so had John.

Sirs, all philosophy, all poetry, all music, all painting, and all literature must be brought to Christ. Milton would scarcely have been known were it not for his "Paradise Lost;" Handel's best production—yes, and the finest piece of music that mortal ever heard—is the Oratorio of the Messiah. No country in the world has brought forth such books as our own dear native isle! Why? Let thousands upon thousands who have access to the throne of God, answer! Why? Let our thinking men, in the quiet and calm of their leisure, answer! Why? Because the very influence of the Atonement of Christ—even in outer circles—softens men, though, perchance, they themselves are ignorant of the mighty influence. O! mournful, lovely Calvary, what lustre hast thou thrown over the whole world! Verily, the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. Yes, and however gloomsome thy way, if thou belondest to Christ, all shall be well. Get thee to the throne of grace, for

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

Will you look at another phase in the character of St. John the Divine?

Rubens was a grand painter! But all his pictures are mere daubs when put by the side of his "Descent from the Cross." No man can look at that painting without an involuntary sigh! There is life and truth in it. You can see Mary, the mother of our Lord, but the most prominent feature among the group is John, the "beloved" disciple.

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

Blind unbelief is sure to err!
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

When? asks some one on whose frame the pitiless storm has beaten. In God's good and gracious time. Come and look at poor John, in darkness most terrible. May God bless the meditation to thee for Christ's sake.

Christ is being taken from the cross. John has been an eye witness of the throbings and shakings of the earth. He had seen the veil of the Temple rent in twain; he had been commanded to take care of her whom "all nations shall call blessed." But now, ah, now! Indignation and despair gleam from those eyes. "What, has it come to this? Is the kingdom come to an end? Oh! had I the power I would blot from existence those who transacted this deed. Oh, where is my Lord—my Master?"

"All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your Surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His?"

Yes, Rubens put John on the canvas, shewing how fearful was his state of mind. All seemed to him lost! He was unstrung. Darkness was permitted to take hold upon him. No wonder. Our blessed Lord Himself wept over the grave of Lazarus. Is it strange that a servant should faint under these circumstances? The Master gone! What a fearful blank!

St. John felt ready to do battle against those who had enacted this wicked transaction. John was not only the gentle, loving disciple; he was also a son of thunder.

And this character will be sustained by every follower of Christ. You shall see a man as quiet and gentle as the ripple of a meandering river on a bright summer's day; but if he sees disloyalty to Christ and His sovereign will, that quiet, gentle Christian draws his sword from the scabbard and is ready for the battle. Paul even withstood Peter to the face, "because he was to be blamed." Loyalty to Christ is our glorious duty and privilege.

Whenever the Master hides His countenance, darkness follows. The Christian religion has no resemblance to any other. Mahomet could talk of a place of splendour. The Buddhist has an idea very similar. All false religions, indeed, paint a glorious "place" hereafter. The Christian may do this, but his great theme is a Person. Wherever Christ is, there heaven is. So, while travelling homeward and heavenward Christ must be seen, or darkness, gloom, and apparent death will be the result.

John wondered where this darkness would end. All previous trials were as nothing compared to this. Paul, the master of logic and philosophy, said that if the doctrine of the resurrection were untrue, then of all men "we are most miserable." That is, if the Christian faith is false, then we are deluded indeed. But the great Apostle soon adds up the great sum: "I am confident of this one thing, that He who hath begun the good work will perfect it, even unto the day of Jesus Christ."

There are times when a Christian is bewildered. Everything goes the wrong way. He can't understand it. Why should he? Asaph made

the same complaint. Can mortal man understand the ways of God? Verily not. Did the Israelites understand what the manna was? They did not. The very meaning of manna is remarkable, "What is it?" yet

"Wonderful, O man, to tell,
Every day the manna fell."

This ought to have been enough. Blessed provision it was; and yet Satan and unbelief worked in their midst.

This be our consolation. Asaph's God is ours; John's God is ours; and seeing that our salvation is one of grace, let our loyalty to Christ be the more earnest and sincere. There is work for us all to do. We can't command the blessing, but, passing through the valley of Baca, we may dig the wells, and leave God to fill them. We are weak, yet He has mercifully chosen to use us in His service. May we be found faithful to Him who has done such great things for us. And to Him shall be the glory. Amen.

C. B. BANKS.

THE CONFLICT OF NATURE AND FAITH OVER A LOST DEAR ONE.

WE wept, 'twas Nature wept, but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death;
And in yon world, so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, but Faith would rather
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

Nature sees the body dead,
Faith beholds the spirit fled.

Nature stops at Jordan's tide;
Faith beholds the other side;
That, but hears farewells and sighs;
This, thy welcome to the skies.
Nature mourns a cruel blow;
Faith assures it is not so.
Nature never sees thee more;
Faith but sees thee gone before.
Nature tells a dismal story;
Faith has visions full of glory.
Nature views the change with sadness;
Faith contemplates it with gladness.
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness:
"Strength is perfected in weakness."
Nature writhes and hates the rod;
Faith looks up and blesses God.
Sense looks downwards,—Faith above:
That sees harshness,—This sees love.
Oh! let Faith victorious be,
Let it reign triumphantly.
But thou art gone! not lost, but flown;
Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back, and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back, and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back, and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back, from founts to which He leads thee?
Back, and leave thy Heavenly Father?
Back, to earth and sin? Nay rather,
Would I live in solitude:
I would not ask thee, if I could;
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to thee.

March 26th, 1874.

Copied by E. M. Box.

SOME CRITICAL POINTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

BY ISAAC F. BALLARD.

MY DEAR MR. BANKS,—After a period of long silence, I again take up my pen to address you on the state and condition of the Church and the world. During the twelvemonth ending December, 1873. I did not see the "EARTHEN VESSEL," but the thought came into my mind to obtain the numbers for the current year. I did so: and I perceive that you are writing as vigorously and as clearly as ever. Your opening article, referring to the inner circle of religious life, meets the circumstance of the flourishing state of Profession Town at the present time, and you intimate that, after many fruitless attempts to reach the outer circles, you now feel yourself constrained to address yourself more particularly to the inner circle, and to delineate the inwrought experience in the heart of God's elect.

Unquestionably it is a duty incumbent upon all who have received the truth to state and defend it, and to seek to make it occupy the sphere of government, so that the rays of its lustrous glory may radiate and beam upon multitudes upon multitudes. It was the desire of David to build a house to the Lord, and the thought in his heart was said to be good. Nevertheless, he was a man of war all his life, and, therefore, though he was permitted in some way to prepare for the work, Solomon, his son, was to carry into execution the intention. We have all been labouring to build the house of the Lord in this our day, and our labours have been far from unsuccessful. There is, however, much fighting to be done yet; and I am happy to observe, that Jehovah-Jesus is equipping and sending into the ministry a succession of really good Gospel men, who do not think it unnecessary to enter upon a course of self-culture in the sciences, and thus to become qualified to contend against the intellectual preachers of erroneous doctrine, whose empire over the minds of the people is beginning to be considerably shaken. All, however, are not called to preach, but some are called to write. "What thou seest write in a book, and send it unto the seven Churches." "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter" (Rev. i. 11, 19). Here we perceive that the prophetic office is filled, rather through the instrumentality of writing than that of preaching; for when Jehovah gives the word, great is the company of the preachers (Ps. lxxviii. 11). Moreover we continually read the phrase, "It is written in the Prophets" (Mark i. 2). And in the synagogue there was a reading of the law and the prophets in public worship (Acts xiii. 15). Wherefore the call to write is in some instances not less clear, forcible, and distinct, than is in others the call to preach.

I refer here to the call to preach in the evangelical order of the Gospel Churches, as distinguished from that external call which, followed by ordination, qualifies for preaching in the Church established according to law, and, therefore, the Church of the law. Now, when in the Church of England the Bishops in their several dioceses, in their charges to their suffragan clergy, shall teach them Calvinistic instead of Arminian theology, we may anticipate a great revival in our

midst, and demand for Calvinistic literature, which can be produced only by God-taught and God-inspired men. In the interim, the Gospel Churches in the land may hasten the advent of this period by encouraging the formation and growth of a true Calvinistic literature, which shall distinguish itself by the purity of its diction, the vigour of its style, and the splendour of its ideas, from that spurious and effeminate religious literature, which the professed Gospel Churches now entertain and read.

Here I would remark that the Particular Baptist Churches exhibit a reprehensible supineness with reference to such pure Gospel literature, and do not encourage by their support any author who labours to unlock and expound to them the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. It is, therefore, no wonder that there is a dearth of such literature, and that in this respect the ways of Zion do mourn (Sam. i. 4). Nevertheless, those who are called to labour in doctrine must do so, while others labour in word (1 Tim. v. 17). The distinction is this: He who labours in doctrine must necessarily invade the sphere of argument, and bring a trained, disciplined, and cultured understanding to his work; and, therefore, the study and the pen best suit him. He who labours in word is to preach the Word (2 Tim. iv. 1.), to which, as I have said, all who labour in doctrine are not called.

We have many preachers of the Word in this our day, for there is hardly any preacher of any denomination who does not preach with an open Bible before him, and through the power of the letter of the Word succeeds in keeping his congregation together. But, coincident with this, for the want of those who labour in doctrine, the truth necessary to be believed to salvation is not taught or affirmed. Men think it generally a very easy thing to get to heaven, and are quite sure they need no instruction in that matter. But there are degrees in glory, and there are those who shall be more immediately in the presence of God and the Lamb than others; and such will be those who, through faith, and patience, and labour, and doctrine, shall have been qualified to hold converse as counsellors in eternity of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Just as in our own monarchy, those stand nearest the sovereign who, through their own perseverance, care, industry, and studious diligence in the laws of their country, attain to a ripe understanding therein, and thus become capable of advising, and worthily representing the Sovereign in affairs of State; so those who in this life have been most successful and diligent in stating and defending the doctrine of the King of kings, by which His kingdom is advanced and maintained upon earth, agreeably as He Himself prayed—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;"—will have qualified themselves more immediately to stand in His presence, and to be further employed in His service. For as Christ hath ascended into heaven, and taken again there His body with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, so in the kingdom will His regenerate brethren accordingly stand next to Him in the degree in which the perfection of their understanding stands, as it has been exercised in His service, in this their time of probation and trial on earth.

The closer we walk with Christ on earth, the nearer we shall be to Him in heaven. The more abundant our labours are for Him here,

the more honourable our recognition there. It was the conviction of this truth that inspired and emerved the Apostles and the early Church to labour in Christ's service, even unto martyrdom, and it was its perception which sustained the martyrs and the reformers of the Church in times of Gospel darkness and persecution. How, through the prevalence of false doctrine, have not the Churches slumbered in this matter! Well may it be said that while the Bridegroom tarried the virgins slumbered and slept. But I think, for the present, I must bring my observations to a close. I notice that my late friend, Mr. William Garrard, has entered into his rest, that is, rest from the burden of the flesh, not from labour, for Christ saith, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work" (John v. 17); intimating, plainly enough, that heaven is not a place of inaction but of constant employment. We must, therefore, give Jehovah hearty thanks that it hath pleased Him to deliver our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching Him that it may please Him shortly to accomplish the number of His elect, to hasten His kingdom, and to give us grace so to follow the good example of those His servants, who have departed this life in His faith and fear, that we with them may be partakers of His heavenly kingdom. And to which, in His own time, may the Eternal of Hosts be pleased to grant us an abundant entrance. So, Christian comrade, salutes thee, Elijah the Prophet.

Chelmsford, April 1, 1874.

WHAT MONEY WILL AND WILL NOT DO.

BRIGHT gold will buy us food and clothes,
 A bed on which to seek repose,
 A house to shelter, fuel to warm,
 And something every sense to charm.
 Obedient servants to attend,
 And many a one we call a friend;
 But money will not purchase sleep,
 An appetite, or from us keep
 The sufferings dire that sickness brings,
 Or quench the dart that conscience stings.
 It will not buy the faithful friend,
 Whose friendship knows no selfish end;
 It will not buy a grateful heart;
 It will not love to God impart;
 It will not lengthen life's short road:
 It will not make our peace with God.
 Material things are bought and sold;
 But these have not a price in gold.
 If men were wise, they would not try
 These priceless gifts with gold to buy;
 Nor barter them for all the gold
 That England owns a thousand-fold.

March 12th, 1874.

ROBERT DUNCAR.

How remarkable it is that the work of regeneration by the Holy Ghost is so suited to our condition: it is that mighty unseen power which toucheth the unseen part of man. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof," but its coming and going you know not.

THE ROOTS OF THE FREE-WILL HERESY.

(Continued from page 115).

WE here quote still further Mr. Daniel Allen's earnest Protest against the Denial of Man's Total Depravity in the Fall. Mr. Allen, the Pastor of Castlereigh street Baptist Church in Sydney, has dug down nearly to the root of this source of all fatal errors. Let us carefully read another short chapter from Mr. Allen's lecture. He says:—

“The next awful place in which we find this denial of man's total depravity is the Church of Rome—from her first apostacy to the present day. At the Council of Trent they cursed the Reformers with ‘candle, book, and bell,’ for believing in the total depravity of man, saying, ‘If any one shall affirm that, since the fall of Adam, man's free-will is lost and extinguished;’ ‘That all works done before justification, in what way soever they are done, are properly sin, or deserve the displeasure of God, &c.—Let such an one be accursed.’—*Toplady*, p. 70. No sane, honest mind can look into the region of the deniers of this doctrine, and not see abundant evidence of its truth.

“The next place in which we find these deniers of total depravity is in Holland, in the followers of Arminius, at the Synod of Dort, 1618, whose third point was: ‘That mankind was not totally depraved, and that depravity does not come to them by virtue of Adam's being their public head.’—*Even's Sketches*, p. 146.

“The Reformers and King James's Bishops opposed this third point of the Arminians, by their third point, thus stated, ‘That mankind are totally depraved in consequence of the fall; and by virtue of Adam being their public head.’—*Even's Sketches*, p. 138.

“All the writings of Augustine, Alypius, Ambrose, Jerome, and the orthodox Bishops in Rome, Africa, and Asia, with the decisions of the Councils against Pelagius and Celestius, his companion, may be summed up in the following:—

“The letter of the African Council in which Aurelius, of Carthage, presided, and which was addressed to Innocent, of Rome, contains the following sentiments: ‘They, the Pelagians, attempt by their praises of free-will, to leave no room for the grace of God, by which we are Christians, the Lord saying, ‘If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.’ They assert that the grace of God consists in this, that He hath so created the nature of man, that by his own will he can fulfil the law of God. The law itself, too, they reckon to belong to grace, because God hath given it for a help to men. But the real grace of God, by which a man is caused to delight in the law after the inner man, they will not acknowledge, though they dare not openly oppose it. Yet, what else do they in effect, while they teach that human nature is alone sufficient to enable men to obey the law? Not attending to the Scripture, ‘It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy;’ and, ‘We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves.’ We beseech you to observe the necessary consequence [of such opinions, namely, that we have no

occasion, on their plan, to pray, that we enter not into temptation : nor had our Lord occasion to say to Peter, 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' He might have contented Himself with exhorting or commanding him to keep his faith. And, instead of saying to His disciples, 'Watch and pray,' it would have sufficed to say, 'Watch.' When St. Paul prays that the Ephesians might be strengthened with might in the inner man by His Spirit, they, in consistency with their plan, might have said, they might be strengthened with might, by the ability of nature received in our creation. It follows, too, that infants need not to be baptized at all, as being perfectly innocent, and needing no redemption."—*Milner's Hist.*, Vol. II., pp. 201-2.

(To be continued.)

WHITHER IS ENGLAND DRIFTING?

BOGATZKY wrote, in his time, "Let us take heed to our own spirits, and keep close to the written Word, for as the latter times draw nearer, the more plausible will errors and seducements appear, both on your right hand and on your left. Beware of being drawn off from the truth, either by the worldly prudence of half-hearted professors, or by pretences to merit in the self-righteous Pharisee."

The sneer of the old man, who is at ease in Zion, will, perhaps, again be cast upon us, but we shall not be arrested by any kind of contempt : the Word of the Lord is not fully and faithfully expounded to the people : popularized sentences are extracted, and they are made the watchwords of thousands, who, we fear, are not realizing the Saviour's promise. "When He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth." The papers said, when Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was in the Market hall, at Accrington, July 8, of this year, he preached twice to immense congregations, nearly 5000 persons being present at each service, and hundreds being unable to gain admission. Mr. Spurgeon spoke strongly against Ritualism, and expressed a conviction that this country is going over to the worst form of heathenism.

Ah! the country has been led on gradually toward this, and we have long trembled for the consequences arising from the amazing success attending the efforts of all the open-communion, free-will, duty-faith, and annihilation teachers, who now fill every city, town, village, and hamlet, wherein they can get a footing. God knoweth we cannot rejoice in any man's aggressive movements, who will throw away, or maketh light of, any New Testament doctrine, ordinance, or experience. We know we stand alone, and cannot sell the least morsel of truth.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

COME unto Me and be ye saved,
Poor burdened sinner, come;
For I am God, and besides Me,
Of all to save there's none.

I loved you long ere time began,
Or ruined in the fall;

June 8th, 1874.

Then to your rescue I would come,
Ah, notwithstanding all.

Come now, poor sinner, look to Me,
I've washed your guilt away;
My own heart's blood I've shed for thee:
There's nothing more to pay.

T. W.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

Water Baptism an Institution of Christ? By W. Blackley, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. The author of this learned and respectable volume was the Vicar of Stanton, Salop. The subject of baptism having much exercised his mind, and, arriving at length to the conviction that the Lord Jesus never instituted any such rite as water baptism, Mr. Blackley "resigned the preferment which he held, in order to be at liberty to publish his views on the subject." What a singular source of controversy, of strife, debate, and division has the Church of England been to us poor, despised, misjudged Baptists! Messrs. Philpot, Tipstaff, Tryon, and others, left the Church of England, came over to the Strict Baptists, and stood for many years as earnest contenders for the validity of the ordinance of baptism by immersion; but, by their extreme teachings and high spirits, produced such divisions in our Churches as never in this age can be healed, unless it pleased the Lord to raise up some mighty man of valour, to marshal the scattered armies of Israel, and to gather them under that one only banner, "Determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Now we have a gentleman who leaves the Church of England, coming forth with the declaration that, for 1800 years and more, all who have observed the ordinance of baptism, either by sprinkling or immersion, have been nothing more nor less than blind leaders of the blind; for neither the Lord nor His Apostles ever instituted or commanded any such rite to be observed. If Mr. Blackley is a true witness, we feel wicked enough to wish he had lived, and had made this discovery many centuries ago. If Mr. Blackley has been led into the real mind of God in this matter, he has had an honour conferred upon him which has been withholden from thousands of God's most holy servants in all the ages of the New Testament dispensation; but we must examine for ourselves; we must plead with the Lord for His illuminating and confirming testimony; and this we will give our readers as early as possible. It is perfectly astonishing how busy men are now in writing and publishing their convictions, that all our fathers in the faith were blind, and all the branches of their faith were delusions. Let us hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

Romanizing Germs: are there any in the Prayer Book? Prayer Book Revision Society, 17, Buckingham street, Strand. This sixpenny pamphlet shows clearly that the source and strength of Dr. Pusey's school is the Prayer Book: it "contains germs of destructive doctrines;" hence, "Romanism, like a subtle poison, is coursing through our body ecclesiastic." Many of "the clergy are struggling under stress of conscience, tortured with doubts as to their duty." Poor fellows! No doubt some are, but the time is come when the clergy must either give up home, living, and all earthly prospects, or bow down to the beautiful gods of Vanity Fair. "Romanising Germs" is more honest than the Hackney Turn-over, who considers the processions and musical entertainments may be very devotional. Jesus said twice to Peter, "Follow Me." In spirit, in doctrine, in worship, in ordinances, let us follow the Master, and not those who, instead of plainly and powerfully preaching "Christ and Him crucified," are carrying their people over to idolatry. We say it is high time to awake out of sleep.

"The Archbishop a Papist after all!" James Colwell was a university man, a thorough, stern, and learned Protestant in Oxford, at the time poor old Archbishop Cranmer was frightened into a temporary recantation of Protestantism. Over 300 years ago, James Colwell, speaking of the Church of England, said, "Popery and mass are in again: woe be to the land. On one side there is weakness, on the other side treachery. Men are changing their religions as if they were their coats. All the Popish abominations are set up again: mass, purgatory, painted saints, and mockery." This, as the *Day of Days* for June shows, was the state of things 300 years ago; and the same reaction is again coming into England. Only wait until dear Victoria is some years more advanced in life, or until the throne is occupied by those more congenial to the Romanizers; and then to what severe tests our children may be put, and how far they will prove faithful, Heaven alone can declare. Let us leave them all the warnings and words of holy wisdom we possibly can.

Mr. W. J. Orsman's *Golden Lane Mission*. London: Passmore and Alabaster. This is a "Brief Statement of the Twelve Years' Voluntary Evangelistic work carried on after office hours among the costermongers, &c., in the neighbourhood of Old

Street and Golden Lane." The noble Earl of Shaftesbury is president of this enterprise; and we heartily recommend all benevolent and well-disposed friends to humanity to read this report, and by all means in their power to go and assist in this laudable, charitable, and essential work. Like the Apostle Paul, Mr. Orsman confers not with flesh and blood; he has gone, and is still going, into the dens of the most degraded of the heathen, and by every kind of instrumentality, labours incessantly, under God's blessing, to lift the poor out of the dust, and to take the beggar off from the dunghill; and by the mercy of the Holy One of Israel, to stop them in their dreadful career of ignorance, iniquity, and ruin. We thank the Lord for raising up such excellent pioneers as Mr. Orsman and his co-workers.

"The Ragged Church and Chapel Union." We have received a proof of the *Twenty-first Annual Report of the Ragged Church and Chapel Union*, which, in a general point of view, is an interesting document; but when we enter into the thrilling details of its self-denying efforts and results, we are too much amazed to be able adequately to describe its valuable services. Most sincerely do we believe that thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of pounds are thrown away in the erection of gorgeous tabernacles, which are seldom, if ever, filled; while, for the support of a society like this, it is often difficult to obtain the necessary funds. In this—the largest city in the world—there are hundreds of thousands of intelligent beings who are sunk down into the lowest conditions of misery and poverty. We ask our friends to obtain this "Report," to read its many pages through carefully, and if the grace and kind providence of God has held them up in circumstances of comparative comfort, and with a good hope of a happy home in the glory-world, then we beseech of them to remember, to pray for, and to put forth a hand to help the thousands of their fellow-men who are all but "buried in sorrows and in sins," yea, "at hell's dark door they lay;" but the Ragged Church and Chapel Union is most industriously working to enable many of these poor wretches to sing:

"Now we arise by grace Divine,
To see a happier day."

No Christian man or woman in this world should withhold their mite from this truly "Good Samaritan" band of workers in London's awful city.

A startling pamphlet has come to us from Liverpool, bearing the following title, *Some Thoughts on the Present Aspect of the Crusade against the State Regulation of*

Vice. Copies of this pamphlet may be had from W. Llewelyn, Esq., 280, South Hill Park road, Liverpool. The revivals in Scotland are fairly reviewed, the dignity and the duty of true Christian women, with facts illustrative of their valour, and their victory over vice, are themes of great interest in this book. From every quarter tidings reach us of the working out of some scheme to drive the devil and all his agents from the face of the earth. But when the State grants a licence for the continuance of a death-snare in our cities, it is imperative upon all moral philosophers, be they men or women, to unite together to resist such a patented perversion of power. Josephine E. Butler has, in this pamphlet, sent forth some burning thoughts, which we trust will set on fire thousands of cold and lukewarm hearts.

The Lodge Supplants the Church. So Henry Varley tells us they say in America. And this, we have seen, will be the case, in measure, if Good Templars succeed. But Henry Varley has left the Order, and in his tract he tells us "Why." Mr. Varley's penny pamphlet should be read carefully by all who know the value of heaven-revealed truth. The visible Church has, for years, been going over toward the world in her amusing meetings, ceremonies, and advancement of thought. Templarism looks like the world coming over on to a broad platform of semi-religious worship. "Upon such a foundation," says Mr. Varley, "you can only build a superstructure of confusion." In the professing Church there is confusion enough already; yea, it is nearly all confusion. Let us watch and be sober in every sense.

CAMBS.—A Memoir has been written of a minister who "never rested." It is sent out as a wonder. Our pastor works hard all the six days. On Sundays he preaches in our large chapel three times. He attends to funerals between the services; and either church-meetings or Lord's-Supper besides. We call him our labouring ox, for he doth well tread out the corn.

On the Table Waiting. "Exit-Pulpit: Examination of our Pastor touching his Retirement." In some cases, the officers referred to are—(least said, soonest mended). The Retirement, in chapters. Mr. Stovel's Opening Address has some strong points; the veteran Baptist President is still potent in intellect, vivid in imagination, and looks and speaks as though he had yet much to do. Yates and Alexander have published this inaugural address.—*Coming to Jesus*. A sermon, by Arthur Wilcockson (published by R. Banks). Our brother W. (if this sermon is a fair sample) must be on the

precious of the heavenly world. It sparkles with gems of glory, and is full of the fire of Jesus' love.—*Arminianism Exposed*: Mr. Brindley's Pamphlet. Retitled by a Preacher of the Truth, &c. (to be had of R. Banks for one penny). Some clergyman in Oxford has been nagging at election. Young Samson has slain him with the jawbone of an ass; but error of every size and shade is phoenix-like just now. *Save the Children*: a Sermon, by Charles Garrett (published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick lane). Indeed, it is time to cry out, "Save the Children!" We would that Charles Garrett, or some more mighty fellows could sound this like thunder into millions of homes where even English, Scotch, and Irish children are suffering slow murder by wholesale. Before any other enterprize, let us all, to a man, not only shout unto, but unite by means holy, hearty, and heaven-like, to "Save the Children!"—Justice Lush on Bible Translation Society we will print if possible.—*The Rock, The Baptist, and The Nonconformist* all furnish reports of the so-called May-meetings. We have reviewed them; they all speak of plenty of people, plenty of faith, and lots of money. Religion has been marching about London during the last few weeks in demonstrations of zeal and activity beyond anything ever beheld before. Charity hopeth they mean all they say, and a good deal more. We are persuaded the day is come when one united Christian army should go forth in the strength of their faith in Jesus, preaching His Gospel everywhere.

A Story of Five Years, by Dr. Talmage, outlines all the demonstrations of popularity and of prosperity we ever read before. *The Christian Age*, in its weekly and monthly issues, gives the English people cheap and varied budgets of American Divinity, wherein we see that Henry Ward Beecher and Thomas De Witt Talmage are the two pulpit giants of the United States; and Messrs. Dickinson and Higham are enabling them to walk through the cities, towns, and villages of Great Britain, by means of this penny weekly paper, *The Christian Age*. Oratorical talent was never so plentiful as it is in these days; it never fetched a higher price than it does now. How far the kingdom of Christ is advanced and established by it; how far the spiritual part of the Church of God is fed by it, we cannot form any judgment. There are many mighty armies, with bodies of great mental and ministerial power and ability, going forth against the powers of darkness; but they are almost as much opposed to the bulwarks of our faith. John Bunyan said there was a class of men for every age; some were founda-

tion men; then came altar men; after them would come gathering and building men. So far as these workers in our times are winning and bringing souls really and truly unto Christ, even so far are they instrumentally fulfilling the ancient prediction, "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." Into the depths of that gathering and vital uniting we cannot look. Between the Evangelists and the Romanists there is so much work and noise, we are almost frightened with fear for the issues. We only are confident that the Lord reigneth, and that with the righteous it must be well.

The Rock, and its weekly supplements, have furnished excellent reports of the annual meetings; but its chief excellence is found in its powerful leaders, throwing open the abuses in the Anglican, as well as in the Papal hierarchy.

New Issues.—Robert Banks, Racquet court, Fleet street, is now publishing a shilling edition of Joseph Hart's hymns, printed in clear type, on durable paper, bound strongly, with Hart's experience, memoir, supplement, &c. We quite admire, and can highly recommend this shilling edition, to be had only of R. Banks; of whom also may be had *Zion's Witness* for June, with a sermon by Arthur Triggs, which made us think we could hear the once noble Devonshire divine, so natural did this printed discourse of his come to our heart. Over thirty-two years ago we heard him in Waterloo road, when it was said, Triggs would shake James Wells's congregation; the same as is now said, Thomas Bradbury will thin the Surrey Tabernacle. Arthur Triggs went to Gower street, and then home to Plymouth, finally to our old pulpit in Crosby row; James Wells went on with lots of people: neither Arthur Triggs, C. H. Spurgeon, nor any one else hurt him, until poor Rahab was made a bone of contention. *Zion's Witness* for June contains the best discourse of Thomas Bradbury's we have yet seen.—No. 6 of William Flack's *Christian Pathway* is as simple as a child, and as sweet as new milk.—*The Sword and Trowel* for June says the Strict Baptists in America are shaking their fists at C. H. Spurgeon; but he has no mind to fight yet. Some clever and useful papers, with common-sense notes, fill the pages of this excellent monthly; perhaps the most pointed of all is "Fragments of Popery among Nonconformists."—"Look at the Angel and leave off Thrashing the Ass," in *Cheering Words* for June, expresses our feelings exactly; this little monthly carries forth some nice tiny bits. We like *Cheering Words*, because it is neither conceited nor sulky, nor does it attempt anything like

mock modesty. But we wish our readers to judge of its merits for themselves.—“Grandmother Reading her Bible” is seen in a large picture in *Old Jonathan* for June, with letters of home truth and heart-feeling for the aged and the young.—Old George Glenn was one of our writers in our Kentish weeklies: a fine man in his day; but the *Gardener's Magazine* for June gives a true memoir of him, he having gone to his grave in May, having lived more than eighty years in this world. *Gardener's Magazine* is growing very rich.

“The Bishops and the Clergy.” Dr. Spencer, the Vicar of St. Matthew's, Marylebone, has received letters from the Bishop of London, reproving him for speaking in Gordon Forlong's church; but Dr. Spencer, being a faithful and earnest preacher of the Gospel, replied to the Bishop of London with great firmness, feeling assured he was on the right side in endeavouring to stem the advances of the erroneous floods now overspreading our land. The correspondence between the Bishop of London, Dr. Spencer, and others, has been published by the *Protestant Evangelical Mission*, and for one penny can be had from their offices, 5, Racquet court, Fleet street. The question is now raised, “Can a minister of the Church of England preach the Gospel beyond the limits of his own parish?” Seeing there are now so few who either know the Gospel, or have any commission from on high, and qualification for preaching Christ's Gospel, we ask, what archbishop, bishop, or dean shall dare to shut a living minister up within the limits of a little parish? If the bishops have any power to hinder their clergy from going forth everywhere preaching the glorious Gospel, the sooner their lordships are compelled to learn that that power cannot be exercised in these times, the better. All Englishmen who prize their liberties must stand by Dr. Spencer, for the battle is begun.

Pleasing, instructing, and superior in execution is the *Pictorial World*. Besides the current weekly illustrations, the third part contains a large engraving on plate paper of our admirable Queen Victoria, fit for framing. *Pictorial World* publishing office, 63, Fleet street.

The Interpreter, Part XVII., by C. H. Spurgeon, is spangled over with bright little notes, as true as the Word itself. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

William, Emperor of Germany, must be, if we may judge of his portrait in the *Pictorial World*, one of the grandest specimens of manhood to be found in any part of the civilized world. His forehead

is a beautifully-framed mountain of marble, with streams of intellectual power and gravity flowing through the eyes, and all parts of the lower frontispiece. This great, and we hope, soon old German King, is going on for 78, having steadily progressed from a soldier's life to the monarchy of Germany. The shilling part of the *Pictorial World* is perfectly handsome and excellent in every branch. It is published at 63, Fleet street.

“Charity to Priests is like Charity to Tigers and Rattlesnakes.” So saith the Editor of the *Sword and Trowel*, in July issue. “Priests,” continues the writer, “have their civil rights; no one wishes to deprive them of these: but as to being at all velvety in our speech concerning them, we are not to the manner born, and shall never learn it.” In the same number, the Editor gives the Congregationalists some plain words. He says they “are straying from the old orthodoxies. One of them informs us that the wicked will be annihilated, and another that they will be ultimately restored. Which are we to believe? Our own intention is to labour with all our might to save men from everlasting punishment.” We fear that many of the Baptists are as far gone as the Congregationalists.

“The Lord Save us from all Bitterness and Bigotry of Spirit!” This Christ-like prayer is from the pen and heart of C. H. Spurgeon, in the nineteenth part of the *Interpreter* (published by Passmore and Alabaster). In Cambridge, the other day, an elderly divine abused us, because we recommended all we find good in Mr. Spurgeon's writings. We go not out of our way to do this. Books, magazines, pamphlets, &c., come to us in the ordinary way for notice. We spend much time in carefully examining them; and, without the least shadow of self-interest or party-feeling, we gladly express our pleasure at finding so much of holy and godly truth and decision, as any intelligent and impartial mind may discover in this valuable quarto for family worship.

The Despair of Sorrow, and the Sorrow of Despair.—A Sermon by the Rev. John Richardson, M.A. of Camden Church, Camberwell. London: William Hunt and Co. The title of this discourse is enough to draw all hearts toward it, who have sorrowed almost, if not quite, to despair; while light and careless souls would turn from it with indifference. The difficult case of Hagar and her poor boy, when sent from Abraham's house, is wisely turned to advantage: and some domestic, spiritual, and practical lessons are drawn out in a sweet and holy manner.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SYMPATHY WITH OUR SISTER CHURCHES IN AUSTRALIA.

WHOEVER may carefully study the map of New South Wales, or the Australian Colonies, cannot fail to be amazed at the immense amount of country yet to be explored, possessed, inhabited, cultivated, and planted with Gospel Churches, and evangelized by heaven-instructed ministers and helpers in the faith. We have only as yet set our foot on the borders of this gigantic part of the earth; but its cities, ports, towns, and villages are numerous, and its population, perhaps, over two millions. Its Churches and pastors, who truly represent "the truth" revealed in the Word of God, and as realized by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the people of God are, comparatively, very few; their struggles are heavy, their discouragements many; they require our warmest sympathies; they sincerely ask for our united prayers; and again we express our hope that one or more large meetings of True Baptist ministers, members, and friends might be convened in London, and in other parts of this favoured Goshen, from whence congratulatory epistles might be sent to our devoted and beloved brethren, who are working together in love, faith, and hope, for the advancement of that knowledge which is essential to the salvation of our fellow-men.

We have thrown out this hint before; we have waited to see who would step forward and lead on the movement. No response has been made. We ask three simple questions:—

1. Will our readers carefully read the following notes?

2. Shall we be silent unto our sister Churches in Australia? or,

3. Will any godly men come forward and help us to convene a public assembly in London on the last Monday in the month of September, 1874? We shall be glad to hear from any who may believe it to be the privilege of true Christians to express their fellowship with, and friendship toward, their brethren who are of the same faith in the distant parts of the earth.

GREAT MEETINGS AT BRAIDWOOD: MR. DANIEL ALLEN'S WORK THERE.

Our excellent correspondent and Christian brother, Mr. Seth Cottam, says:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I am sure the friends of truth in England take a deep interest in the progress of truth in these parts.

I see by the January number of the *Vessel* you express a hope that a public meeting of the Particular Baptists in London will be held early in the year, for the purpose of recognizing and congratulating their brethren in this colony on forming themselves into an association for the purpose of asserting

and maintaining their just rights and privileges as a denomination, and to express their sympathy for us in our struggle. I can assure you such a recognition and sympathetic feeling, on the part of our brethren at home, would be very refreshing and encouraging to us in our efforts for the spread of the truth.

I wish the six letters of correspondence betwixt Jas. Greenwood and Daniel Allen (published in *Sydney Morning Herald*) could have been re-published in the *Earthen Vessel*. Our brethren at home would then have had some idea of the nature of the struggle betwixt us and the Yea and Nay Baptists. However, we have abundant cause for thankfulness to the God of all mercy for His lovingkindness in enabling us to triumph over all our opposers, though they have striven hard, and left no stone unturned, in order to defeat our purpose; but "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain."

We held our first annual meetings on Wednesday and Thursday, March 25 and 26. Brother Allen will forward you a copy of the report and address delivered by him on the occasion. Our prospects are very encouraging. The *Earthen Vessel* is spreading and conveying the seeds of truth far into the interior of this colony; who can tell the amount of good it may be the means (accompanied by the convicting and converting power of God the Holy Ghost) of accomplishing?

At the end of February, brother Allen made a tour to Braidwood, for the purpose of organizing the Particular Baptist Church there, preaching the recognition services, and lecturing. He had been frequently invited to visit them for that purpose by our dear aged brother Sutherland, who has been officiating as their minister ever since he built the church, some five years ago; but they had never been formed into a Church, simply meeting for worship, breaking of bread, and baptizing. I have enclosed copies of two letters from our aged brother. With reference to the service and lectures conducted by brother Allen, at Braidwood, he informed us, after his return, that, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the tea meeting (which was held on the evening of the following day after his arrival) was quite crowded; one half the company having to wait until the other half had finished, and that there was no less than 150 saddle-horses tethered outside, belonging to friends that had come to the meeting from a distance of ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty miles, a large number of them being ladies, booted and spurred, and some of them with children

at the breast. Such was their eagerness and determination to hear the man they had heard so much about, that large numbers of them took lodgings in the town and remained the whole of the time that brother Allen was there: he says he never saw such a sight in his life, and that he will never be able to forget it as long as he lives.

I would here state that Braidwood, with its surrounding district, was, some nine or ten years ago, during what we call the bush-ranging era, the great centre and hot-bed of bushrangers—the plague-spot of the colony; robbery and murder being almost a daily occurrence, and so effectually were the criminals sheltered from the avenging arm of the law, that the whole district was considered tainted, so that our Legislature passed an Act, whereby all persons convicted of harbouring or in any way assisting a bush-ranger, were to be sentenced to two years' hard labour and all their property confiscated. This law had the desired effect, for it very speedily and very effectually put down that species of crime. But what a different state of things exist there now; we may, with wonder, exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Instead of their being the aiders and abettors of criminals, they appear to be hungering after the Word of life. The field seems ripe for the harvest of the Gospel. Oh! that we had but some faithful, earnest labourers that we could send into their midst; but our hope is in the "Lord of the harvest," who can and will, in His own good time, provide labourers for the work, when we feel assured that an abundant ingathering to His garner will be the result. Hasten the time, O Lord, for Thy great mercy's sake, and Thou shalt have all the praise and glory. Yours truly, in the bonds of Christian love,

SETH COTTAM.

Camperdown, Sydney,

April 16, 1874.

[Have we no young men valiant enough and sufficiently endowed with grace and spiritual gifts to go forth into this wide-spreading harvest?]

Surely our English Churches will read with holy pleasure the following notes from the venerable pastor of Braidwood Baptist Church in Australia; and therein, certainly, they will find blessed evidences of the great fact, "Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound."

To the Deacons and Members of the Baptist Church, Castlereagh street, Sydney.

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD JESUS, —Grace, mercy, peace, and love rest upon you collectively and individually from the Lord. It is with unfeigned thanks that I have to acknowledge the kind condescension and Christian love you have so clearly displayed, by permitting and encouraging our dear brother D. Allen to visit us poor, despised, and outlandish ones, to set before us many glorious truths which we formerly only saw through a glass darkly; but now, for our stability and growth in all the graces necessary for our salvation, he has clearly explained and, in love, enforced, that, by the

grace of God, the Holy Ghost resting upon him so abundantly, and, we trust, from him to us, they will be engraven on our souls as with a steel pen, never to be erased. Yes, my dear friends, through his instrumentality the true light of the glory of God has been and will be shed abroad upon the dark, heathen places of this idolatrous land. I am truly sorry, and so are we all, that his duties in your midst necessitates so short a stay with us; but I hope and trust that this is only the beginning of many such visits. If he is spared and conducted back to you by the good hand of our God, it will greatly rejoice your hearts to hear from him of the very kind reception he met with, and the great value put upon his address, and his sermons of yesterday, to a full Church, and at the tea meeting we were filled to overflowing. Glory be to the great Fountain-Head from whence all our blessings flow; and I feel happy in the thought that he will return to you in a measure of health and strength much improved and invigorated. Believe me, ever to remain, your sincere brother in the Lord Jesus,

WM. SUTHERLAND.

Braidwood, March 2, 1874.

To Mr. Daniel Allen.

MY EVER AND VERY DEAR BROTHER ALLEN,—Grace, mercy, love, and peace in abundance I pray you and all dear to you may possess. I herewith send you the papers you desired me to prepare; but I fear, from my entire ignorance of the duties, I have performed my task very unsatisfactorily; however, necessity has no law in the case. I have no references or instructor, therefore I hope you will have patience granted to struggle through them, if found worth the trouble, and that my dear brethren, to whom I send my sincere, heartfelt, Christian love, with earnest prayers and best wishes, that the gracious Lord, whom we serve, may display His power and love in their midst, by the Holy Spirit instructing them how to work together in love, being of one mind in Christ Jesus; that their proceedings, deliberations, and resolves may be so acceptable in His sight, as to be engraven and enrolled in the archives of heaven, never to be cancelled or erased.

I hope to hear from you on your return, giving me all the good news. I am happy to inform you that your visit here has given general satisfaction. Oh! that you may, by the lovingkindness of our God, be soon led to visit us again, for the field seems quite lost for want of good and faithful reapers. "How long! O Lord! how long!" Oh! my age and growing infirmities! But I do, and, I trust, ever will, earnestly, faithfully, and perseveringly pray for you to be strengthened in body and mind to perform the onerous duties laid upon you. His promise is sure and sweet: "According to your day of trial shall there be wisdom and strength given." I desire your prayers for spiritual health.

My dear friend, I believe I shall have to bless the Lord through the endless ages of

eternity that I ever was led to make your acquaintance. I was blind before, but now, on many necessary truths, I am convinced I see. I must, for the present, bid adieu. I trust the sparkling eyes of true affection, with the smooth and enticing tongue of love, will act as cords to bind you all in one mind and spirit in all things. To render unto God all the glory is, and ever will be, the prayer of your affectionate brother in Jesus,

WM. SUTHERLAND.

Braidwood, March 18, 1874.

NEW SOUTH WALES PARTICULAR BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

"The Second Report" of the above assembly has come to hand. It is a thick shilling pamphlet, of between forty and fifty octavo pages, and as full of interest, of information, and of useful matter as it can hold.

Mr. Daniel Allen is chairman of the association; in fact, he is the recognised bishop of all the Particular Baptist Churches in that part of Australia, and his publications from the press give us the strongest possible evidence of superior endowments, fitting him for a work of great magnitude and of incalculable value. His mind is richly stored, his memory is elastic and of great vigour, his heart is full of holy love to, and zeal for, his work; his physical and spiritual powers are well balanced, and it becometh us to praise the Lord for giving the Australian Churches a man—a Christian man, a Spirit-taught man, a brother in the Lord—whose every action and expression declares that he means work, and is well qualified to carry his work out to a successful issue.

We would hurl to the winds, with the utmost contempt, the insinuation that we are puffing off the man, or unduly exalting him. Perish for ever such a thought! But we are so surfeited with poor little nothings; we have been so many years persecuted by, and afflicted with, numbers of almost brainless and assuming things, that when we can find a brother whose whole head, heart, soul, and mind are filled with the love and knowledge of God's Christ, of Christ's Gospel, of the Holy Ghost's anointings, and with an industrious determination to go forth to his very utmost exalting the Saviour, expounding the covenant, exhibiting the Gospel, and exercising himself, in every possible manner, to benefit his fellow-men; when we can firmly grasp the hand of such a noble fellow in the Lord, we know no bounds to our joy; we wish to tell the whole world that we have found a man who is after God's own heart; one who has been to Bethlehem, has drank in the angelic glory, and is now giving himself up entirely to the service of the Lord, shouting most intelligently and earnestly, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people;" and as a multitude of the heavenly host came immediately with their chorus, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men;" even so shall a multitude of saved sinners bless God, as our ancient brother Sutherland does, for the

blessed ministry of the energetic Daniel Allen.

Letters from different parts of Australia justify our zeal. But the letters and report must come in our next review. Meantime, let us, if spared, speedily prepare for a noble demonstration of our sympathy with the Australian Churches.

Letters respecting brother Thos. Stringer, we fear, are too late. Thomas is not willing to go so far, or he would be a mighty missionary in the colonies. If the Surrey Tabernacle friends would send brother Thos. to Australia for one year, he would be a bright star in the colonies.

A WALK IN THE LINCOLN CEMETERY.

THE LAST OF JOHN BUNYAN'S LINEAL DESCENDANTS.

A Note to Mr. Robert Banks, Pastor of Egerton Fostal Baptized Church, in the Eastern Division of the County of Kent.

VENERABLE AND KIND BROTHER ROBERT,—When I was shut in a corner of a G. N. R. car at Lincoln this Saturday morning, June 27, 1874, I felt my mind running at once from this N.W. part of England down to your opposite S.E. corner of our beautiful native island; and, in your Havelock study, I thought I saw you silently seeking the Lord; and preparing for your ministerial labours to-morrow, in your now well-known pulpit at Egerton Fostal, while I am steaming through Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, Hunts, and Herts, to London; and from thence to Aylesbury, Bucks, where, if the Lord's pleasure permit, I am expected to-morrow to preach the Sunday school anniversary sermons, for which, as on Pastor Simpson's bed last night I lay, I tried to think a little, although our services last evening, in the Newland West meeting, lasted from between seven and eight until after ten. Of these Lincoln services I shall give you some few items, in order that you may know there are some believers in our Lord, and some who walk in the "ways and means" of His house, even in these Northern parts of our once Protestant England.

At the present moment my mind diveth a little into that Scripture which called upon me in the night watches, wherein the certainty of the words of truth are manifest; for, in that sublimely celestial and most lovely forty-fifth Psalm, the Lord unto His Church doth speak of

The perpetuity of the kingdom of Christ, "Instead of Thy fathers shall be thy children."

With your careful mind, dear Robert, the study of the fathers would be a large theme for your many quiet hours; while I am swiftly hurling from coast to country, from one city to another, you and your darling rib—like another Abraham and Sarah—are, in the even tenor of your way, calmly watching the rapid flow of time which fulfils every day, somewhere or other, that terrible of all

texts, "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death."

"Thy fathers!" Think of the Patriarchs—the Judges—the Kings of Israel—the Prophets—the Apostles—and the multitude of great, gracious, and godly men (and as I now tarry at Peterborough, I think of some I have known here,

But, from earth's service they have fled,

They're reckon'd now among the dead,

Altho' they live on high.)

How endless their variety! how blest their labours! how lamented is their end!

Another line of thought in my text is, the instrumental part which the Church has to take in the perpetuity of the Saviour's kingdom on the earth:—"Which thou mayest, make princes in all the earth!"

How can the Church of Christ make princes of these her children? Ah! that is a practical theme for your digestion and development, my kind and faithful brother.

"Practical theme" says the old Hunting-tonian at Lincoln, "Why you are nothing but practical; there is no spiritual power in you!"

"That lack of spiritual power, sir, I almost daily mourn over. Can you tell me, sir, where, in Lincoln, you find this blessed, vital, soul- uplifting power?"

"No! Mr. Earthen Vessel, I cannot tell you. I never, now, go to hear anywhere, unless Thorpe Smith comes to Lincoln. He is the only man I can hear at all, so I stay at home."

"Suppose you think that when father William Huntington was called away, that then the Gospel ministry died out?"

"No, Mr. C. W. Banks, I do not say that exactly. I say, I can't hear your wordy, windy, letter-men; so I stay at home."

"Pardon me, sir, I remember Paul says—'Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is;' that sentence, 'as the manner of some is,' just fits you; but I fail to see anything in it for you but reproach implied."

"How can I assemble with such a motley group as gather together here in our old city?"

"Do you really feel justified in turning your back upon such men as Barrenger, Wm. Wilson, of Billingboro', Tryon, his brother-in-law, and a host beside?"

"I decline to hear them. Let that suffice."

"Have you heard my beloved friend and brother, William Simpson, who preaches in the West Newland meeting?"

"Let me ask you, Mr. Editor, what brought you to Lincoln at this time?"

"How far up the line are you going?"

"I get out at Grantham. Huntington did preach there in his day, and even now;—but I must leave you, Good morning."

"Good-bye," thinks I, if there were no more transparent Christians than you, the children would never be raised up to princes.

But as I was on my journey, last Wednesday, from London to Lincoln, Paul's word was gently emphasized to me, "Even so, at this present time also, there is a remnant

according to the election of grace;" and the Spirit softly assured my soul that in Lincoln there is a remnant, and it is "according to the election of grace." Truly, so I found it. But few people care for a remnant; and the grand old Cathedral, "big Tom," High bridge, city of Lincoln, told me in unmistakable terms, that the people would have little to do either with the remnant or with me; hence, my visit to Lincoln was not accompanied with any such demonstrations of the people's favour, as would induce a desire in me to visit that busy, agricultural, ecclesiastical, and most wonderful seat and source of quacks and curative powers of almost every kind; but the Strict and New Testament Baptists appear to be few; while, however, all parties united to render our services a failure, I do, in my soul, most devoutly thank the Lord, that I found heaven's remnant a deeply pious, praying, and truly God-taught people. At the formation of the Church, and recognition of the Pastor, each one could and did tell how, where, and when the Lord Himself began and carried on His work in their souls; and a more united, blessed people shall not easily be found. But of those special services I desire to give full note presently.

"I have learned," in a small measure, "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Therefore, when I found that the two gentlemen who had promised to preside at our meeting had failed to do so, I felt quite content, because I never expect to find faithfulness to man, where faithfulness to God and Gospel is not found. So, again, when we found that the bills posted about Lincoln, announcing our services, had, as far as we could see, all been torn down, I felt quite content. There is a remnant, said I; with them, through grace, I'll be content. When I found a black man had been engaged to preach in a large Gospel tent the same evening as I was to preach, and that the Huntingtonians and their co-workers had also brought down one of their strictest of the Scribes, so that the holy Jews should have no community with the poor Samaritans, I was quite content. Yea, as I now approach London; and trust to-morrow to have one smile from the Lord to cheer me in my otherwise heavy work, I am more than ever the contented

C. W. BANKS.

Our services at Lincoln, and a true account of the last lineal descendant of John Bunyan, in next chapter.

WOOBURN GREEN.—Our anniversary was Monday, June 15. E. Langford delivered two God-glorifying discourses, causing many hearts to sing for joy. What a mercy to know that, while the Lord is taking down one watchman after another from the walls, He is graciously raising up others to blow the trumpet. Friends from Reading and Wycombe came to bid us God speed. Those useful brethren, Martin, Vinge, Varney, Brown, and others, were there. It was the best anniversary we have had for years. Brother R. Howard still stands by us.

F. G. B.

"A LITTLE REVIVING IN OUR BONDAGE."

DEAR BROTHER STONE,—I thank you for kind sympathy while I was toiling all night at poor Johnson street, as you think. If those men of God and their families referred to had come into the Church there would have been a good growing cause. You ask, Was the way clear to go in? Answers some day, if ever the whole case come into daylight. In the meantime, let me give you one of many letters to shew that although I felt I was either in Egypt or Babylon, I knew not which; the testimonies of others will shew "the Word of God was not bound."

Here is a line or two out of one letter:—

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—If I did not believe that what I pen would be like bread cast upon the waters, I would not write at all. . . . We must cast our net at His bidding; in the Lord's own time we shall reap, if we faint not, I state nothing but the simple truth; your preaching has been such to me as to make me acknowledge that there is no such thing with your God and my God as chance. For this last fortnight or more I have lost sight of that intense love to God that I have had aforetime, and have asked the Lord to reveal Himself, and make me know and understand more of His loving-kindness. Doth not God answer the prayer of the poor and needy? He does. I thought when you took your text you had lighted upon the very thing I did so much need. I will not flatter you; at the same time I do think it but right to let you know that when you told us what your subject would be, it was to me as Mary to Elizabeth, the babe leaped in my womb; I can find no other similitude fit to compare it with. I was filled to overflowing. I wanted some place where I could vent my feelings, where none would think me a hypocrite; where I could praise His Holy Name without restraint. However, I got more composed as the sermon was entered into, and found what it is to inherit substance; and so it was to the end of the service. May the Lord remember you.
(More coming.)

AYLESBURY.—Walton street Baptist chapel Sunday school anniversary was holden June 28. Our boys and girls sung their hymns well. Friends came from different parts; our congregations were cheering, and collections encouraging. C. W. Banks preached morning and evening, and gave some solemn words to the school in the afternoon. Our ancient dean, Mr. Marshall, has been near death for some time. We hope, some day, to erect a new chapel, if the Lord would send us a real pastor, gather in more people, and give us the authority and power. Walton street chapel has had many of the excellent of the earth in it, and some still remain. A few remember the time when John Stevens, Messrs. Shirley, Foreman, Wells, and others, made the walls ring again. O Lord, revive us.

THE GOSPEL ON THE SURREY SIDE.

"We preached unto you the Gospel of God."

There is, says a writer, more Gospel preached on the Surrey side of London than in any other city or borough in this kingdom; and, on a Sunday evening, there are more gathered together to hear it than in any other district. But now we are tossed upon the waves of anxiety and anticipation on this extensive side of our vast Metropolis: surely the Surrey side of London is mercifully favoured with the Gospel! Mysterious circumstances have brought brother Thomas Stringer right into the great centre of Newington. We shall be filled with praises to God if the place is filled with people, and the hearts of the people filled with the power of God unto their eternal salvation. Yes, we do pray in our souls that hundreds may heartily sing:—

"We know in all that hath befel,
Our Jesus has done all things well."

Grove chapel, too, is likely to be crowded to the ceiling, when that other Thomas settles down in Mr. Irons's pulpit, where Mr. Bradbury's stated ministry is to be found after August. In New Surrey Tabernacle we shall have the best preachers to be found in England. We have letters, expressing some hope that Daniel Allen, of Sydney, New South Wales, will be in London before very many months have rolled away. It is not the hasty thought of the moment, it is the matured expectation that, in due time, the finger of God will point to Daniel Allen, as an ordained successor of one or the other of our deceased leaders. "But," asketh "a fearful one," "what will Australia do without him?" The same Almighty arm which raised up Daniel Allen to succeed John Bunyan McCure, in Sydney, can as easily raise up a dozen more to carry on the glorious work which Daniel has inaugurated with so much permanent success. There was more meaning than we have fathomed yet, in that strong declaration of Jesus, "Upon this Rock will I build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Every professing Church, not built upon the "Rock," must, in time, be overthrown! All the enlightened saints in Christendom, are watching now to see the Lord's work, and His work is sometimes to pull down. "See," saith the Lord, "I have this day set thee over the nations, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy and to throw down, to build and to plant" (Jer. i. 10). It is a dark feature in our time that many Churches of our faith and order are falling down, and, if our most Mighty Prince Immanuel is not pleased to raise up and to send forth honest and earnest labourers into His vineyard, this "dark feature" will increase. Division, deception, and deep distress is to be found in the midst of many of our Churches. Nevertheless, England has, in this day, a large army of truthful men; although the essential power appears lacking. Stirring times are coming. If God will, we shall watch and give the time as near as possible.

THOUGHTS AT "EARTHEN VESSEL"
MEETING.

THE honourable and excellent testimony of the chairman, Mr. R. Minton, respecting his knowledge of, and esteem for, the Editor, was decided and full of Christian sympathy. We were all pleased to see Mr. Minton in that position.

The paper read by Mr. S. Banks was considered excellent, and was full of information.

Mr. George Pung's address on the sufferings and valour of the persecuted saints in ancient times displayed a strong mind, a superior kind of logic and of language which helped to lift us up.

Messrs. Hand and Rowe were in the same line of historical reminiscence, so useful to multitudes who are not largely read in the history either of the nation, the Church, or the progress of the Bible.

Mr. R. G. Edwards, on the origin and growth of the *Earthen Vessel*, of the extensive and useful labours of its Editor, was pleasantly exciting. Mr. Edwards' soul was fired with animation and patriotic feeling, excelling all we ever heard from him.

Mr. Thomas Stringer's address on the works of the Lord, and his lion-like exhibition of truth, filled our souls with the warmest love for such a faithful witness; and we all earnestly prayed he might for years yet to come be preserved in our midst.

The tone of the meeting altogether proved that we have yet a body of ministers as highly gifted, and as truly devoted to the Gospel of the grace of God as the Strict Baptist Churches ever had, with very few exceptions.

A MAY MORNING'S REFLECTION.

Wednesday, May 27, 1874. — Yesterday, the thirtieth anniversary of the origin of *The Earthen Vessel* and *Christian Record* was commemorated in Speldhurst road chapel, South Hackney. Mr. James Hand preached in the afternoon. Kind friend Lintorth read the hymns. I sat in solemn silence. After a large company had taken tea, I prevailed upon my long-known Christian brother, Mr. Richard Minton, the beloved and devoted precentor and deacon of Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell street, Clerkenwell, to preside over the meeting, which office he filled with so much of real prudence, benevolence, and sympathetic kindness, that I could not help shedding tears of heart-felt gratitude to our God for such a highly-esteemed friend. In his opening address he spoke of myself and of *The Earthen Vessel* in the most impartial and decided manner. Brother Minton has known me for many years, therefore his public testimony on my behalf came with a weight and gravity which cannot be too highly appreciated by myself or my friends.

Brother Wortley was excellent in prayer. The following summary is all I must note here:—

On the history of the Bible, my son Samuel gave a clear and consecutive paper. Brother George Pung nobly proclaimed his knowledge of, and his attachment to, the blessed Book, exhibiting in a manly and intelligent spirit the character and conduct of those ancients

who had suffered even unto the utmost the agonies of blood-shed, burning, and death, in their defence of and determined adherence unto the heavenly records of God's grace and mercy as revealed in the Word of God. Our neighbours and brethren, R. G. Edwards and Thomas Stringer, were more truly eloquent in their reviews of Biblical and experimental essentialities than ever I heard them before. They filled the hearts of the people with much sacred pleasure while they opened up the treasures of providence and grace. Friends James Hand, W. K. Rowe, H. Myerson, and the chairman all beautifully assisted to bring this thirtieth anniversary meeting to a consistent and comfortable conclusion. It is impossible to write out those thirty years of my life and labours during the time I have conducted *The Earthen Vessel*. But a glance over those thirty years may yet be written by "Old Ninety-Two" himself.

PLANTING A TRUE BAPTIST
CHURCH IN LINCOLN.

On Friday evening, June 26, 1874, a Church of Baptized Believers was formed in Newland street, meeting in Lincoln, and Mr. W. Simpson was called to and publicly recognized as the pastor. The order of service is here given, it may be useful to others: W. Simpson read and they sung a hymn. C. W. Banks read the Word, pleaded for the Lord's blessing, and gave short addresses on Paul's words, "God is not the Author of confusion but of peace, as in all the Churches of the saints." Two brethren then gave lengthened accounts of their experience, faith, and of God's dealings with them, in bringing them into the fellowship of the Gospel. All the friends who desired to be united together expressed their desire by uplifting their hands. Another hymn was sung, and the Church was declared to be formed and united together, according to New Testament order, pattern, principle, and hope. A more primitive service we never witnessed. The Church unanimously called brother William Simpson to the office of presiding minister and pastor, who gave a brief but expressive testimony of the Lord's mercy to him in his conversion, His faith, and of the constraining power of the Spirit in compelling him to tell publicly, in his own city, what the Lord had done for him in saving his soul; also, of his ministry to those who heard him, as the Lord's messenger, to their spiritual edification. C. W. Banks gave him, and all the members, the right-hand of fellowship. W. Simpson then presided at the Lord's Supper in a serious and scriptural manner. We received brother William Simpson as a faithful servant of Christ, one who walketh in the fear of the Lord. We earnestly pray his usefulness may increase and continue.

THAME, OXON.—Our pastor, J. Clarke, is a worker in the vineyards of nature, of truth, and of Christian experience. We desire to publish the fact that, in Thame Baptist chapel, we have the revealed will of a Triune-God honestly expounded.

FOUR WINDOWS OPENED.

ONE AT A TIME.

UXBRIDGE ROAD.—Monday morning. Three weeks travelling and preaching in Essex, Somerset, Devon, and Oxon, closed up last Saturday night. I cannot recollect one thing occurring in all the eight hundred miles' travelling and preaching to pain me. The weather was bad, but in my way I thought, prayed, preached, and hoped on, anxious to feel a thankful heart to the Lord our God for all the mercies given.

Yesterday preached twice in Ironson street chapel. Was pleasantly free in the morning. Text all day was Eph. v. 2, "And walk in love," &c. I said the text opens four windows.

1. One looks into the covenant of grace, where Christ offered Himself, and where He was ordained High Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedeck. My soul was wonderfully blest in viewing the voluntary and vicarious surrender of Christ as the Substitute of His people's deserved death and hell. Oh, the wisdom, love, mercy, and power of a Triune Jehovah, revealed in the covenant of grace toward the revolting and ruined tribes of Israel. Precious thoughts of Him I had.

BATH.—After a long life, chiefly devoted to the defence of Gospel truth, Hobart Seymour died June 18, 1874, in this city, having passed his 70th year. "Faithful unto death," may be written on his memorial. He wished to have read to him, "Just as I am," and "Rock of Ages." When the reader had finished, he said, "That is all my theology." These were nearly his last words. Our friends who may be tarrying in Bath for a season will find brother John Huntley's "Ebenezer" in Widcombe, close to the ancient city. One of the most successful truth-defenders in Somersetshire is Mr. John Huntley. His venerable father, who is more than fourscore, still proclaims Christ's own Gospel in his beautiful village, near Bath. In this city of hot-springs, so majestically planted on the Avon, there dwelleth an ancient bread-maker, whose severity in defending the faith is almost unequalled, except by those extreme experimentalists, who always appear to be unmindful of the Master's negative in Matt. iii. 39. They think they can clearly see the tares now springing up with the wheat, and without waiting upon the Lord and asking, "Wilt Thou then that we go and gather them up?" they go on, year after year (in the dark), slaughtering these tares; but, as yet, they have not destroyed them all. We can tell these men, with the slaughter-weapon in their hands, who declare that we deny the eternity of the Messiah's Sonship, they ought to read Job xiii. 4, 5.

CAMBERWELL.—The anniversary of the Camberwell Aged Pilgrims' Asylum was held on Thursday, 25th June, as usual. A spacious marquee was placed on the grounds, but the weather was unfavourable to such a temporary shelter, and the little chapel had

to do duty on the occasion. In the afternoon Mr. Anderson preached; tea was provided, and in the evening a public meeting was held; Mr. Gadsby presided, and testified to the great interest he took in the institution, and also mentioned the great things he had done for it. The "cloth" was scarce on the platform, there being only Mr. Tiddy and Mr. Brittain present; but their shortcomings were made up by the presence of some of our prominent laymen, such as Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Creasey, Mr. Moor (deacon of Gower street), Mr. Murphy, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Curtis, and others. The proceeds were to go to the Benevolent Fund, which fund is raised to assist the Pilgrims in sickness, to help them to some of the many extra necessities which all know are so much needed at such times. We trust the result was such as to satisfy the worthy sec., Mr. Jackson, and all the friends. It is an object well worthy of the universal support of all Christians.

STONEHOUSE, DEVON.—A deeply-impressive service was held in Ebenezer chapel, Stonehouse, on Wednesday evening, July 1. Seven persons were baptized by Mr. F. Collins, minister of Corpus Christi chapel. The sermon was from Luke xv. 26, "He called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant?" The preacher set forth the meaning of the ordinance of believers' baptism. He presumed questions often arose in the minds of some as to what this immersion in water could mean. Baptism was an emblem of the sufferings, death, burial, and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ; that the person baptized did thereby make an open profession of faith in Christ and of love to the Saviour. By baptism the believer confesses he is a sinner and deserves eternal death; that Jesus Christ died for him, that the Lord laid upon Christ his iniquities, and that by death Christ made an end of sin. The service, under the blessing of God, will shew its fruits to God's praise in the bringing of others to consider the solemn appeals made. The attention was good. Nothing occurred to mar the beauty of the grand emblem. JOHN.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S BARREN SPOTS.—Hampshire is not full of the Gospel. One good friend says:—"I live nine miles from —; would go every Sunday if there was any preaching to feed and edify our souls; but as there is not, we stay at home, and read, and sigh, and groan. It is eighteen years since we left London; we now look back upon the time when we attended the Surrey Tabernacle, to hear the late Mr. Wells, who baptized us; we heard to the comfort and building up of our souls in the faith, and of a precious Lord Jesus Christ. I have no desire to depart from those blessed truths which I have heard from good men of God. Though now in a barren land, we can understand what we have often heard, viz., No one knows the value of a profitable ministry but those who have been taken away from it."

BOTTISHAM LODGE, JUNE 17, 1874.

The blighting cold east winds
Have made some hearts to ache,
But, still, we hope and trust,
God will provision make.

"High-degrees" are so modest, they would not write one line of their work in the vineyard upon any consideration. As we are at Lord's Bridge, in Cambs, a thought comes, the Acts of the Apostles is the newspaper of the New Testament Churches: a current record of the growth of Zion has been, by different means, continued from that day until now; and if a super-excellent Christian says he desires to know nothing at all of the Lord's work in the Churches, we would not attempt to disturb his isolated quietude. Experience tells us (as we ponder over the Old North road station) that there are many sympathising souls who love to walk about Zion, and to mark well her bulwarks; that unto the generations following we may tell how—

Thro' this highly favoured land
Some temples to His praise do stand,
And in them many souls are found,
Who know and love the joyful sound.

For a few days longer some of the holy tribes wish us to give notes of the present condition and prospects of our Churches.

Monday, June 16, 1874.—We fled to Cambridge,

(Altho' we're now in Potten,
Where father Tite once lived.)

onward to Lode, where, yesterday, the anniversary of Baptist chapel was holden. The pastor, Henry Woodrow, delivered the morning discourse from "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." The minister of Wood-Ditton church, brother Briggs, gave the hymns and read the Word, and prayed for us in the afternoon; the Cambridge curate, P. Harris, read that rich piece, the seventy-seventh Psalm, and offered prayer in the morning. Mr. Simpkins, of Stapleford (not of Blunham, Beds, where now we tarry), was once the useful minister of Wilbraham; some pleasant days in Stapleford has he enjoyed, there he found a home; he read and presented prayers in the evening; the two last sermons were preached by C. W. Banks. All day the congregations varied from 300 to near 400. Large assemblies were well supplied with dinner and tea. To see Bottisham Lode chapel crowded full of anxious hearers is a soul-stirring scene. Our friend, Henry Woodrow, stands usefully among a numerous people who esteem him highly for his work's sake. He preached the anniversary sermons at Wood-Ditton, and assisted at Stapleford, when Thomas Stringer, in a large barn, sounded out the heavenly theme of "God's Royal Gospel Plan." Bedford and Bletchley are ripe in history, but they will wait.

Melbourne anniversary, near Cambridge, had anniversary sermon, June 16th, by J. B. McCure, who also preached the annual discourse at Langley, where C. Witts is now settled.

PERSEVERANCE AND PROSPERITY
AT MASBOROUGH.

MR. EDITOR,—After twelve years tumbling about, we have held our Sunday school anniversary services in our own chapel. We do rejoice, and prove the work is of the Lord. We have had discouragements; but, on the other hand, we have had many marks of the interposition of a faithful covenant-keeping God. I will give one instance as a sample.

When we sent an appeal to your valuable magazine, I wrote to our venerable friend, Mr. Thomas Jones, asking him to recommend our case. His reply was:

"Your case is not a happy one; but, as time is important, put me down for five pounds."

Some time after our contractor pressed for £100 on account. We strained every nerve, but could only get £85. Just then I received a note from Mr. Jones, informing me he should send a cheque not for £5, but for £15, exactly making up the £100 required. Our friends pressed me to acknowledge this; so Mr. Jones, I trust, will pardon the liberty.

With the exception of a few friends at Lockwood, we had not a response to our appeal from any of the Particular Baptist Churches. Seeing our own friends would not help us, like the Apostle Paul, we said, "So we turn to the Gentiles." We saw one or two gentlemen, whom we had reason to think had little sympathy with our views, but who, after hearing the manner in which we had been turned out of our former place, and knowing the miserable state of the barn we met in, out of sympathy to the children, our excellent mayor said if we few, poor working men had pluck to begin, he felt inclined to give us five pounds: he did so. By that means we got one or two other gentlemen to do the same. Thus by perseverance we have raised £141 17s. 2d. towards £368 9s. 8d.; the balance, £224, we have had to borrow from a building society. We have paid all our bills. Our payments to the building society will amount to 7s. per week, ground rent £2 2s. per year. Our object is, as speedily as possible, to raise about £64, to pay off four-fifths of a share, then our rent will only be 5s. per week. If any reader of your excellent monthly is willing to imitate brother Elam in honouring their jubilee, or any other birthday, we shall not have the least objection.

QUEENSTOWN, PORT ADELAIDE,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—No doubt you will be pleased to find there are a few of the despised ones who love the truth, "as it is in Jesus," banded together in this distant part of the globe; at present we meet in Odd-fellows hall. It is with us the day of small things, but we believe we have the approving smile of our covenant God, and, perhaps, if you would kindly notice our existence in your EARTHEN VESSEL, we should have the prayers of its readers. Yours in Christ Jesus, THOS. WIGMORE.

LEAVES OF LIFE IN LANCASHIRE.

"Crookedness," either in the pastor, or in the understanding of some for whom he was appointed executor, guardian, trustee, or something of that sort, did occur. Yes, it was a saying of William Gadsby's, "Sin makes a man crooked, put him wherever you may." But the scene is not now in Manchester. It is in a neighbouring town, where, for many, many years, there was a strong defender of the faith and a fruitful tree of knowledge in a garden the Lord had planted; and in those quieter, stay-at-home days, which old England enjoyed when I was a baby, the good parsons and their people were more like a settled family than they are now. Now the express trains fling people here and there in no time; everybody now is going everywhere, and stay-at-home parsons and home-satisfied people are very few. In those days the parsons, the preachers, the lecturers, the itinerants, the teachers, the schools, the chapels, the halls, the churches, and the Plymouth meeting-rooms, were not so thickly strewed everywhere as now. What with trains, and trams, and telegraph wires, there is little peace for us in England in these days. But, in the town I refer to, in the chapel, in the pastor's home and heart, there was a kind of paradise for numbers of years.

At length a crack in the wall, a hissing from the serpent, whispering in the galleries; something was supposed to be wrong; some left; another place was erected; a day for opening was fixed; a long-way-off preacher came to the dedication. The night before the first "leaf" was found. The writing on it we will decipher if we can.

IRELAND.—Dr. Doudney, in the "Gospel Magazine" for July, gives us a sorry description of the state of Protestantism in Tramore, Bonmahon, Waterford, &c., arising out of "the disestablishment of the Irish Church." "Three Roman Catholics where there were none; useful buildings once, now in ruins." "The whole aspect is that of desolation." We were fiercely gibbeted for daring to speak a word in favour of the Protestant Church. We were written down as hireling, heretic, hypocrite, and outcast; and the editors and preachers in certain connections have pursued us secretly with unfounded falsehoods and malice most inveterate. We have not been moved. No worse Popery can be found in this world than that which now rageth under cover amongst nearly all classes of Dissenting parsons and Ritualistic priests. We pity them. We hope to be spared to give our last review of the gradual rolling in of the flood, and then, through mercy, to pass home in peace.

"THE ONLY THING." — DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. The brethren and sisters, at our Bethesda, feel grateful to the Lord and to you for the gracious words, under the enabling power of the Holy Ghost, you spake, to the building up and establish-

ing of our souls in the ancient love of Jehovah our Father, in bringing us to obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. I can assure you you did no harm when you told us of a love that is immutable and free. Instead of harming helpless sinners like us, we feel and are sure it is the only thing that can bring relief to us in our sin-smitten condition; it is the only theme that those who assemble with us to worship can find real liberty in by the Holy Ghost bringing the sweet words of promise, and the servants of the Lord Jesus proclaiming constantly the immutability and eternity of this love which was your theme, my dear brother Banks, when you were with us at Royton, Lancashire, and which, so far as our God has given ability, has been mine for the last six years, telling of that rich love which took our sins and sorrows away by the all-prevailing sacrifice of our glorious Christ. Praying you may be long spared to preach and write these precious things to the ingathering of His chosen and the confirming of His tried ones. Yours in Him,

THOMAS BUTTERWORTH.

Small Bridge, Rochdale.

MINISTERS! READ THIS!

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—We hope to have a good day, a day wherein we can rejoice together in what the Lord has done for our souls, by the shedding of His precious blood. O, the riches of His grace and mercy to such sinners as we feel ourselves to be. We can say, as dear James Wells used to say so very often, when speaking of the mercy of our God, "Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth. What for? To think that He should ever have thoughts of love and mercy towards us!" O, my dear brother, never cease to tell of the grace and mercy of our God; the wonders of His love! How some men can stand up and speak of our blessed Jesus, as though he were nothing but a piece of wax-work, I cannot tell. Do they preach Him as their all in all? Do they tell what He has done for their souls? I cannot understand it. Is it because there is no light in them? If so, awful is their state! When the Lord spake to my poor soul there came life, and joy, and gladness; and when He comes and speaks by the blessed Spirit now, He speaks with power, and my soul rejoices in Him. Do, then, still speak well of His name, my dear brother. I can say Mr. Clark, of Notting hill, did speak well of our Christ last Sunday. We thank you for sending him. Tell Mr. Lodge to come on the Saturday night. Yours in Christ,

Aldershot.

G. WELLS.

FOWNHOPE, NEAR HEREFORD.—"Old Way Chapel" (most appropriate title for all who turn not out of the way) held its anniversary the other day. The venerable pastor, Mr. Mudge, has been a great blessing here for many years; and a handsome testimonial was presented during the evening. We fear changes will come, but our faithful Advocate, God in Christ, will not forsake His people.

HORNSEY-RISE ASYLUM.

The third anniversary of the opening of this asylum for eighty pensioners on the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society was celebrated on Friday, July 3rd, in the beautiful grounds surrounding this peaceful home. The day was fine—bringing together a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen.

The engagements commenced at three o'clock, when Mr. E. Vinnal, of City road, preached the annual sermon on behalf of the "Sustentation Fund," when the asylum chapel was entirely filled. Tea was provided at five o'clock under a spacious marquee, when over 400 sat down.

An attractive addition was made this year to the anniversary by the erection of a second marquee, under which was displayed a collection of useful and ornamental work, sent by various friends for sale, on behalf of the Benevolent Sick Fund of the asylum, which brought many purchasers during the day—the ladies' committee superintending the tables.

At half-past six the public meeting commenced, under the presidency of Henry Wright, Esq., J.P., who in a few kindly and well-chosen sentences introduced the proceedings.

The secretary, Mr. W. Jackson, read the annual statement. The liabilities of the past year had been met, and the balance-sheet was cheering.

Although the building has both comfort and convenience for its inhabitants, the committee feel the need of a large room, suitable for public meetings, social gatherings, &c., for which the chapel is not so well adapted; they have kind promises of help for this very necessary addition, and trust it may be erected for use during the coming winter. The building itself is free from debt, but the maintenance thereof, in the form of rates, gas, water, wages, &c., has to be provided for, at the rate of £350 per annum, by the Sustentation Fund, which is not yet fully adequate.

Since last July four inmates have died, and one left to reside with friends; the vacancies have been filled up.

The Benevolent Fund in aid of the sick and infirm is found to be a valuable auxiliary. There is no denominational favouritism, the inmates comprising members of the Church of England, and Wesleyan, Independent and Baptist denominations. The treasurer, A. Marshall, Esq., presented cash account; balance in hand about £150.

Addresses were delivered by J. Ormiston, J. Viney, Wm. Frith, and Wm. Heathfield, Esq., solicitor to the charity, who announced that A. A. Croll, Esq., had presented a generous gift to the society of a freehold house at Worthing to be used as a sanatorium or asylum.

During the evening a company of the little orphans, from "over the way," came upon the lawn with their kind friend, Mr. Soul, and sung some favourite pieces.

COLCHESTER.—In Colchester, the other day, a Christian friend to me did say, true

Christians in this place do know, that tribulations ever flow. In "Bible-room" for years we found, John Hanger gave a certain sound; poor dear! afflictions make him sad: so William Sack we've lately had. He gives us Gospel bold and hot, but we have Crook's in our hard lot; to make them straight we've ploughed and cried. Our Friend from us His face doth hide. We wonder how 'twill end! The chapel on St. John's Green has been greatly revived during the last few months. Our ministering brother, John Berry, has been the Lord's messenger to many precious souls. The following note from dear brother Berry will open a little of the changes and hopes of the good people at St. John's Green, in Colchester. Of that place, the minister, John Berry, says:—"God has done great things for us; He has caused our hearts to sing for joy. It is nearly six years since, in the order of God's providence, I came to Colchester, to preach at a small chapel a few miles from the town. Mr. Dyer was then the pastor, he soon left; the people were scattered; the chapel was let to the Primitives; they could not get a congregation; chapel was closed again; it was going to ruins. Friends wished me to try and raise the cause again. It was laid upon my mind to do so. We obtained help, and put the place in repair. Brother Cock, of Mersea, opened it. Church was reformed with about fifteen members; since that time twenty-three have been baptized. For three years I have preached in it the grand old truths that you are spared to advocate in the *Vessel*, and my prayer is, you may be still spared to the Churches as a pillar of truth amid the errors around us. God has graciously blessed His own Word to the comfort of believers and to the salvation of sinners. We have Sunday schools. I have not been well since I have been here."

[We should hope change of air, some rest, and help, might restore our dear brother Berry. It would be a sad blow to the cause at John's Green if their pastor be removed.]

ALL? NONE? OR, HALF-AND-HALF?
WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?

The laws of Christ, as laid down by Himself, are now of no moment with many.

If you are about to "put on Christ" by a profession of the Gospel, the questions arise—"How?" and "Where will you do it?"

Will you enter a Church, where, by profession and by practice, "All" are baptized believers? such as Gill, Booth, Gadsby, and hosts we might name.

Or, will you enter a Church where some are baptized and some are not? The majority of our so-called baptist Churches are now so mixed, a kind of half-and-half discipleship.

Or, will you worship with a people who ignore the ordinance of baptism altogether, as the late George Abrahams did, as many now are doing, following, as they think, in the steps of the late William Huntington, and receiving as truth the sentiments of Mr. Blackley?

We will ask our young friends, who are

springing up in the suburbs of our Churches, to take these questions into serious consideration. We desire to show plainly the Word of the Lord, and to weigh the evasions now used. Who will help us?

STEPNEY AND THE BOROUGH.

"For here have we no continuing city."

Through the mercy of God I have continued at Bethel chapel, Wellesley street, Stepney, and in God's eternal truth these ten years within a few days. But by the will of God and the landlord's determination to sell the chapel, I continue there no longer. We were all driven out on Midsummer day, after offering £850 for the chapel, and now the dear people are scattered as a flock without a shepherd. Bless God, we were not turned out for not punctually paying the rent, nor for any misconduct or immorality either in pastor or people. Hallelujah.

The sailor says—any port in a storm—so a kind friend hired a little port for me to shelter in till the storm abates. That little port is "The Literary Institute," opposite Dunn's Tailors' Labour Agency, Newington causeway; and there, by divine help, I shall preach the Gospel of Christ on Friday evenings, at seven o'clock, and on Lord's-days, morning at eleven, and evenings at half-past six, for a time.

Mr. Page's chapel, in Earl street, London road, being obtainable (as he intended to leave), the same kind friend has taken it on lease for me.

It will be thoroughly repaired and renovated. The opening is expected about the end of September or beginning of October, of which due notice will be given. May it be for the good of souls and the glory of God.

The cloud has been dark, indeed. The people to be deprived of their spiritual provision. The pastor and his family deprived of their natural sustenance is no trifling matter. The bud has had a bitter taste, we hope that sweet will be the flower.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

May He perform wonders there and He shall have all the glory. T. STRINGER.

ASKETT, BUCKS. — We hear with pleasure of the Lord's blessing now realized in Askett Baptist Church, under the ministry of our highly-esteemed brother, William Buchannan. He says: "Though with trembling I have preached the Gospel of the grace of God, yet God has been pleased to bless His Word. At our anniversary, May 27, Mr. Crampin preached faithful and savoury discourses. The following Lord's-day I had the privilege of baptizing five believers in the name of a Triune-God. This was a very solemn and happy occasion. We expect to add more shortly. We dwell together in peace and love. Congregations have improved. We have good schools, earnest teachers, and, on the Church book, 77 members. Our weekly prayer meeting is very encouraging to my soul."

THE WHITESTONE TABERNACLE AND ITS AFFLICTED MINISTER.

[Sunday, July 12, 1874, I preached for my deeply afflicted, ministerial brother, Miles Plaice, at Whitestone, Hereford. He appears fast sinking under the agonizing tortures of several cancers. In the midst of real Gospel usefulness he is laid down: has not been able to preach for several months. The Church, family, and neighbourhood, are laden with grief. We must all help them. Pardon the following rustic railway twaddle from C. W. B.]

Stoke Edith, July 16, 1874. I have now left Whitestone once more. There in the chapel-house I saw, perhaps for the last time, our dear brother Plaice, propped up in his bed, almost a skeleton. I read to him a letter Mr. W. H. Godwin and myself prepared, as an appeal for help in this day of his sore trial. May the blessing of God rest upon this feeble effort. Amen.

Six days have I been from home; and now—

Under the Malvern hills we fly,
Those mountains fain would reach the sky,
Much higher yet my Saviour lives,
And life eternal still He gives.

Last Saturday evening our train ran quietly into Withington station at 8.15. My sincere Christian friend, W. H. Godwin, was waiting to receive me, and led me on to the New Fern Cottage, which, indeed, is now a model mansion, surrounded with flowers, fruits, and useful things. That sterling and excellent daughter of the Ven. Richard Tyler (they called her "Lizzie" in her early days), now the true and loving wife and mother, in Fern Cottage, met me with "Cheering words," and a hearty welcome there I found.

Misses Emmie and Nelly are rising in life; Master Willie and Hubert are free from all strife; As the fathers are waning, these little blades spring,
And with their sweet voices the mansion doth ring.

Sunday morning came, July 12: sun very high; earth very dry; off to the chapel, with prayer, went I. Never, surely, shall I forget the sight of dear Plaice, in his sick and silent chamber at the back of Whitestone Tabernacle. A solemn scene! What can we say? I was dumb; and until I could fall upon my knees, and call upon God, I could say nothing. Then some heart-moving and soul-pleading I inly did feel.

James Lewis commenced the service by reading out—

"O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave."

Alice and the harmonium led on the full choir. Two services. Mr. Edward Tyler drove me to Fownhope, the Old Way chapel; there we had a third service. There, once more, I shook hands with farmer Tyler and his wife, and we walked together down the declivities of Herefordshire, under the banks of "the Camp," from whence you get large and lofty views of Welsh mountains, the Sugar Loaf at Abergavenny, and flocks and fields in rich array. All nature looked so blythe and gay, one felt as tho' we there

could stay, and sigh our sorrows all away :
but onward we must move.

Farmer Tyler's Agricultural hall stands on the Old Roman road, leading from Hereford to Ross ; there I abode three nights and two days, then moved on to the city of Hereford, where—

Poor Baptist Pastor lost his mind.
Indeed, true Baptists you can't find.

In this Mid-Western city—
Churches and chapels stand around,
But not one inch of welcome ground
For us!—O, what a pity!

Walter Oliver, Esq., a literary gentleman, in Hereford city (and his lady) gave me a hearty greeting ; and after a little wholesome converse with them, I fled in the steam-tug to Withington once more, glad enough to rest awhile in the little mansion of the Ferns.

For, when friendship is pure,
The child of free-grace ;
'Tis sweet to look into
A kind brother's face.
There—see in his eyes
His heart all aglow,
While he grasps your hand firmly,
With—" How do ye doo."

Mr. Godwin and myself went last evening and saw dear Plaiice almost lifted out of his couch into his easy chair. I proposed an appeal be drawn up to obtain some help. This has been done, and this morning I left them all, and for about six hours steaming through sunshine, dust, and heat, onward to London, if a gracious God will hold and help me.

Co-workers, to get the appeal into such hands as can help brother Plaiice and his family, may write or send to W. H. Godwin, Withington, near Hereford ; or to

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

56, Queen's road, Notting hill, W.

OUR BRETHREN IN THE PROVINCES.

[We find sweet nuts in some of our letters. We wish to give our friends a few at times].

I am a reed very much bruised with the hammer of God's law, Hezekiah-like, when Sennacherib came up with 185,000 to destroy Jerusalem ; then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote the camp of this proud host of Assyrians. It appears I must call upon God continually, seeing the opposing element. The true Israel must be hated : it is Israel passing through the fire. My heart did leap for joy when you was in my tent ; we were all sorry when you had to go. May the God of Israel yet use you in this way.

This all-powerful text was with me on Monday last : " Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree ; and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree ; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, which shall not be cut off." O, the sweetness ! How good is our God for His protection over you, giving you travelling mercies, and such sweet subjects to open up before His flock. When He gives the message, how delicious its contents, especially when properly masticated in medi-

tion ; ground up and made into meal, placed in a dough-trough, and a little of the widow's oil therewith. There is no waste of these things, our Jesus gives and never withholds no real good from upright souls. Anxiously waiting for next month's VESSEL. My prayer is often to hear from you in His dear name. Amen. W. SIMPSON.

8, Butchery street, Lincoln.

THE AYLESBURY BAPTIST PATRIARCH.

Our esteemed brother Marshall has passed away and gone to his rest ; his funeral took place on Tuesday, July 7, in the presence of a large number of his friends and brethren and sisters in Christ. Many more would have followed his remains to the tomb, but it was understood to be his wish to have the funeral as private as possible.

His career has been a most worthy and honourable one ; and it may be truly said of him, as of every true servant of God, by the grace of God he was what he was.

In early life he was connected with the Church of England, and when he became concerned about his soul and determined to join the much despised Baptists, it was not without opposition from his relations.

He was born at Amersham, in the year 1788 ; apprenticed at Buckingham, to Messrs. Seely and Sons, in the year 1802, and commenced business as a bookseller and printer, in Aylesbury, 1810, which he carried on for the long period of 45 years.

He was chiefly instrumental in erecting the Baptist chapel in Walton street, in 1828, the principal part of the necessary funds having been advanced from his private purse, and it is but just, and redounds to the credit of the Church and congregation worshipping there, that they repaid him again the whole amount.

For sixty years he was actively engaged in the work of both the Church and the Sabbath school.

He was for many years a total abstainer, and no person who knew him could say he was wanting in energy or strength, in consequence.

He attended public worship on Sunday, June 21, for the last time, that day being the 64th anniversary of his coming to the town.

Mr. Marshall was for many years a manager of the Savings bank, a member of the Burial board, and secretary to the Aylesbury Sick Visiting society, and his ready sympathy with every good work will cause his memory to be cherished with affection and respect by all classes of the community.

J. TURNER.

ORPINGTON.—Our anniversary sermons were given this year, June 30, by J. S. Anderson. We still are held together in the ancient faith. Brother Chipchase preaches to us as often as the Lord permits. Our elder brother Sales continues in poor health. We do beseech of the Lord to spare him. We have lost our fathers, and the sons are not numerous.

Children of God Crying Out of the Depths.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

Minister of Baptist Chapel, Fulham St. Mary.

“Let Israel hope in the Lord.”—Ps. cxxx. 7.

BY Israel, God’s people are meant, and none but these have any experience of what is meant in the first verse of this Psalm : “ Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.” There is much preaching, and perhaps much praying in our day, but not out of the depths here spoken of. Probably you may have had a severe trial concerning your religion, your sonship, a real work of grace in your heart. Says the accuser of the brethren, If you were a real child of God, you would have a better understanding about your state before God, and would understand the Holy Scriptures better than you do. If you were a child of God, you would have better experience of God’s law; and you would know something more of the Gospel than what you now know. If you were a child of God, you would pray better than what you do, with more feeling, affection, and liberty, and your thoughts would not slip out of that exercise, and fix on earthly objects. If you were a child of God you would have a better memory concerning the holy things of God, and you could meditate upon them to profit. Out of this depth of *ifs* and *buts* you have cried unto the Lord again and again, which would never have been the case had you not been in the covenant.

I may mention a horrible depth out of which I once cried unto the Lord, which lasted nearly a whole day. I was sorely tempted to believe I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, for which there is no forgiveness; neither in this world, nor in that which is to come. I bless God I have never been in this depth since, nor do I believe I ever shall. There is another depth I ought not to pass over. Some of the family of God are tempted, under certain circumstances, to commit suicide. Once in a great horror of mind, believing I should never be forgiven, I was tempted to jump into a pit, when it occurred to my mind that Satan was at my very heels, and that if I did this, I should jump into hell at once. Out of this depth I cried unto the Lord, and He delivered me. Our Lord Jesus Christ was tempted to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the Temple, but overcame the tempter, not only in His own person, but in the persons of all the mystical members of His body, who may be in similar circumstances. Out of every depth the saints cry unto the Lord, and they are delivered. There is another depth. Sometimes you are tempted to believe there is no God, that religion is nothing, that the Bible is not true, and that all the future is involved in nothing but uncertainty and mystery. Sometimes you are tempted even to blaspheme the name of the holy God, and have such evil thoughts, that you are made to shudder on account of it. I have been thus tempted at

different times, which has made me cry out of this depth unto the Lord. Satan, I believe, is an old hand at this ; and when he does not go about this kind of work himself, he employs others to do it for him ; for he once put it into the heart of Job's wife to say to her husband, "Curse God and die." I may mention one depth more. Some of you have been tempted to idolatry and covetousness. Satan has tempted you to set your hearts upon earthly objects ; he has tried hard to get you to give up your religion, to withdraw from the Church, abandon your friends, seek higher objects, and please the flesh and the world ; and O what strugglings you have had ; what a warfare within ; how each assailant has contended for the mastery ; and out of this dismal depth you have cried unto the Lord, and He has delivered you. You could never get out of these depths yourself, and, therefore, "Let Israel hope in the Lord."

1. *We will say a word about Israel. 2ndly, Israel's hope.*

1. A word about Israel. If you are Israelites, indeed, you have a true sense of sin, and this will bring you down very low, even low enough to make you think you shall never be saved. You will be low enough to see yourself utterly unworthy of God's favour. Paul was in the depth of sensible depravity when he called himself the chief of sinners. Agur was in this depth, when he cried out, "Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man." Asaph was in this depth when he said, "So foolish was I, and ignorant ; I was as a beast before Thee." If you are in the depths of conviction for sin, what a mercy if you are not in the depths of despair. Says David, "Deep calleth unto deep," yes, one trouble brings another, one cross brings another, one disappointment brings another ; and in this way all true Israelites are exercised, to make them cry unto the Lord. David says, "I sink in deep mire ; I am come into deep waters ; Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps." But do not forget the promise : "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Israel here means the people of God, and these, we are told, are a chosen people. "The Lord hath chosen Israel for His peculiar treasure." He who was called Israel, was also Jacob, and Jacob was a praying man ; so are all true Israelites. All true Israelites are upright and sincere. "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Again it says, "Truly God is good to Israel, even such as are of a clean heart." All those who are the subjects of this do continue to complain of a bad heart : for, however comely they may be in Christ, they are black enough in themselves. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew within me a right spirit." The very same person also says, "My heart is inditing a good matter."

2ndly. Now a little concerning Israel's hope. It is a waiting and looking for the much-needed relief. If you are in darkness, you are waiting for light ; if in bondage, you are waiting for liberty ; if you are in a state of barrenness, you are looking and longing for a state of fruitfulness ; if you have hardness of heart, you are earnestly looking and longing for a melting-down time ; if you are condemned in yourself, you are looking for mercy ; if you are condemned in your prayers, in reading, singing, talking, and in everything else, you beg for mercy, and look for it with intense anxiety. You feel that nothing of your own will do, and that if you were a Pharisee up to the highest pitch, you

could never have the least claim upon God for so much as one new covenant blessing. Micah, in speaking of a tip-top Pharisee, represents him with his thousand rams, but of no use; with his ten thousand rivers of oil, but of no use; with his first-born to be sacrificed for the sin of his soul, but of no use. All spiritual and moral duties are to be observed and performed; but none of these are Israel's "hope in the Lord." "Let Israel hope in the Lord." What, as a God of justice? No, but as a God of mercy. Now there can be no mercy out of Christ; and therefore let Israel hope in God's Christ, and he shall never be disappointed. Every Israelite has to pass through the wilderness, through a land of drought, of deserts and pits, and of the shadow of death; he has to walk in "a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it;" and because of this, it is said for Israel's encouragement, "Let Israel hope in the Lord." Sometimes, like the children of Israel, you get entangled in the wilderness, the briars and thorns get hold of you, and you think you shall never get to Canaan; but still onward you go as well as you can, hoping in the Lord alone. Sometimes your souls are much discouraged, because of the way, and you murmur and complain, and speak against God, and against His servants, and against religion, and get into a rebellious state, and all this when you are not in the spirit of the text, "Let Israel hope in the Lord." When you can find no comfort in anything, and are ready to look upon your past experience as a delusion, how much you need an encouraging word, "Let Israel hope in the Lord."

THE FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

BY FRANCIS COLLINS.

DEAR BANKS,—You were good enough to insert in the February number of the *Earthen Vessel* a letter written by me, which, when I wrote it, was not intended for being published; but having been informed that the reading thereof, by certain readers of your valuable and widely-circulated monthly, has been the means of giving them special encouragement to their faith, hope, and zeal in and for the Lord Jesus and His Gospel, the good tidings of which has reached their hearts; I venture, with great diffidence, to utter another word touching the everlasting goodness and mercy of our Lord Jesus to His poor and needy family.

However comfortable the task would be to state still further the abundant goodness, sympathy, and mercy, which the Lord has shewn toward me, the least of all His children, a poor, feeble, helpless, unworthy worm, I do not, at this time, purpose to say much, but rather, in deep humbleness of soul, speak to the poor and afflicted in Zion a word concerning the eternal Logos, "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The gracious and merciful elder Brother who is born for adversity, who, to His servant John, describes Himself thus:

“I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.” There cannot be a sight concernable to man that can be compared for blessedness to the sight of Jesus by His little ones: those who desire His coming and love His appearing. It is this sight that kills corruption, slays iniquity, strengthens faith, confirms hope, comforts the spiritual mind, and calls into sweet exercise the affections of the soul in and upon Christ: it is Jesus, “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” What love, what grace, and what wisdom shines forth in Emmanuel’s goings forth from of old to the understanding and affections of the quickened soul, when beheld in the glass of the Gospel, when seen as He which was, and He states in the spirit of revelation in Proverbs viii., where He says, “I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was,” &c. Is it not glad tidings, a charming sound to the ear of little-faith, the panting souls of the poor and helpless, to hear that his Lord, the Elshadai, his Almighty Saviour, went forth in the settlements of everlasting for his salvation.

He who “is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him.” Pause here, my soul, gaze, wonder, and adore; thou art poor, desolate, forsaken, helpless, vile, and despised; but thou hast an almighty Friend, therefore, trust in Him, who was, and who now is, the same. He is now changing, overturning, and removing the things that are shaken, which cannot remain, that those blessed things, eternal realities, which cannot be shaken, may remain: rich men are sent away in their emptiness, mighty men are hurled from their exalted position, while the poor, and those of low degree, are being exalted. Our King Jesus must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet. Secular states are in deep commotion, ecclesiastical systems are in a most feverish condition; the Lord of Hosts, even our God, which was and now is, is going forth fulfilling His Word. He, who delivered Israel from Egypt with a high hand and an outstretched arm, will now deliver His oppressed poor who cry unto Him. He, who changed the filthy garments for Joshua, when he stood before the angel of the Lord, and clothed him with holy apparel, and set a fair mitre upon his head, will give to all the friends and followers of Joshua a glorious change from the filthy garments of sin, poverty, and misery, to the wearing of the immortal robe of Christ’s righteousness, the incorruptible, fine linen of the saints, when fully raised from the dust and from the dung-hill.

“Oh! what a mighty change
 Shall Jesu’s sufferers know,
 When ranging o’er the heavenly plains,
 Incapable of woe.”

Enjoying eternal beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Be of good cheer, poor believer, the days of sorrow, of temptation, and of tribulation are numbered; they can only last the ten appointed days. Be careful for nothing, but in everything “by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.” If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the Spirit of grace and of God resteth upon you; on their part (the part of the adversary),

He is evil spoken of, but on your part, He is glorified. This honour hath all His saints, "And they shall be made joyful in the Lord, they shall shout for joy, for all things work together for good to them that love God." All things in the history of time, all things in the political world, all things in the professing Church, all things in the camp of the enemy, all things in the inward and downward experiences of the saints, all things in the vicissitudes of providence, and the purposes of God. The Lord, which is, is preparing the bed of tribulation and sorrow, into which He will throw all the Babylonians, with their mother Jezebel, the mother of harlots; but all who are the redeemed of Christ shall pass safely through tribulation into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus.

How blessed are those who have passed into the kingdom. "We know," says John, "we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren." Do I truly and sincerely love God's dear children? Have I passed from death unto life? Am I created anew in Christ Jesus? Do I belong to Christ? and am I a member of His called ones and faithful?

I am a professor of religion. I pass many men as Christians. I perform the religious duties of prayer and of doing good; and am much esteemed by the heads of my synagogue. I believe in one God, and three persons in the one Deity. But is my faith from heaven? Has it a heavenly birth? Do I belong to the seed of the woman, or to Jezebel the prophetess, and those who follow the treachery of Baalam, who say they are apostles and Jews, but are not? Solemn questions! for He which is, and which was, and which is to come, will soon come to judge the people in righteousness, and the world with equity: the tempest and the calmed, the hopes and the fears, the wailings and the songs, the upheavings from below, and the mysterious revolutions upon high, all portend His coming. They are the sounding of His footsteps, the rumbling of the wheels of His chariot, who comes to overturn, and overturn until He shall come whose right it is. How essential to have the loins girt with truth, to have oil in our vessels, and to be prepared to go in with the Bridegroom when He shall come to call.

In these days of a brilliant but unreal profession, of multitudinous sprinklings, and gorgeous temples, how necessary to examine ourselves whether we be in the faith; to stand still, and in the evil day to abide by Christ, poverty, and tribulation; faithful:—to be

"Careless myself, a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem;
Content, O Lord, if Thou approve,
Though all beside condemn."

Blessed truly will be His appearing to them who love Him, and who look for Him. To see God my Father in the dear person of my adorable Saviour. To see Him whose feet and hands were nailed by my sins, and realize that His blood cleanseth me from all sin. To see the fulness of the Godhead in the very nature I am made: bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. O, for patience and grace, enabling me to suffer for a short time, in order to complete the afflictions of the Anointed Head in this my body, for His body's sake: being assured that while the afflictions of the precious Christ of God abound in us, so also our conso-

lation aboundeth through our precious anointed Lord Jesus. Behold, says He, "I create new heavens and a new earth; for behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." The good tidings of the Gospel reveal the safety of all the poor and afflicted, the tempted and persecuted, the helpless and the desolate, who in the midst of these tears and sorrows go forth serving the Lord with loving hearts. They are safe in the Rock of Ages, the Son of God, and the seed of the woman. The eternal Logos and David's Son who has condemned and destroyed their sin in the same flesh that sinned, when in His own precious body He bore their sins upon the tree. They now being dead to sin that they may live a life of righteousness by faith in our Lord Jesus, who died for their sins, and rose again for their justification.

These glad tidings cheered the hearts of our fathers the patriarchs, prophets and apostles, and the same precious news now comforts the poor, the lame, the blind, the halt; the people who, knowing their complete ruin in the first Adam, have a little knowledge and a little faith, and a little love to the Second Adam, which is the Lord from Heaven, for His sake the true ecclesia, the called of Christ and of God, can well afford for a little time to be despised, to have their names cast out, to be looked coldly upon, and even to suffer, if called, persecution for Jesus' sake. To be counted the filth and offscouring of all things, seeing we are delivered from the curse of the law, the condemnation of the world, the wrath of God, and all the judgments and ways that must come upon the ungodly; for if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. May our loins be girt about, and our lights burning, and be like unto men waiting for their Lord; and rejoice in hope of His kingdom and glory, for which He hath accounted us worthy to suffer tribulation, even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

BY G. BURRELL, OF WATFORD.

"Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite; As it were the company of two armies."—Sol. Song vi. 13.

THERE are deep, hidden, and wonderful mysteries in the Word of our God, which the light of eternity alone can disclose, and to unfold and reveal these sweet and mighty mysteries, a vast eternity will be required and employed, and this must necessarily be so, because it is not the word of man, but the Word of God, *that God*, whose understanding is infinite, and whose thoughts are unspeakably deep.

Things, however, of eternal moment and vast importance are very simply, fully, and clearly revealed, things which concern our state and condition as fallen and ruined sinners, the character and perfections of God and His claims, and the great plan of salvation, with the only way of escape from deserved and merited wrath. Great and glorious as salvation is, blessed be God, it is exceedingly simple, and all devolved on One Mighty Being. 'Tis all in Jesus; there is salvation in none other. The whole of God is in it, and is realized to precious faith by a look. "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God,

and there is none else ; beside me there is no Saviour." But the mighty mysteries wrapped up in our wondrous Saviour, and His great salvation, are set forth in His Word, under almost an endless variety of figures and types, which are beyond the finite mind's comprehension.

God's works and ways are unsearchable : how much more is His sacred Word a mighty deep, where all our thoughts are, and must be drowned ! Let us bless the Lord for plain things, for so much that is clear, and especially for those things which have been made plain and certain to us by the power and demonstration of the Spirit of God. In approaching this deeply mystical and spiritual part of Divine inspiration, I am sure it becomes us to take the shoes off our feet, for the ground is holy ; the more spiritual the mind is, the better is it qualified to enter into the sweet and deep mystery of this song of songs. " The natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them ;" and if this assertion is true of the ordinary, or more plain things of the Spirit, how much more is it so of the more deeply and sublime parts of the Bible.

Those highly favoured saints of God, who have been favoured to walk closest with Him in holy communion and fellowship, have seen most beauty, and realized most fully the sweetness of this sacred part of the field of Divine truth. Here we have the great, and glorious, and Heavenly Bridegroom of the Church exhibited in all His attractive charms, beauties, and excellencies, the immensity, intensity, and unchanging nature of His love, with the expressions and manifestations thereof to His bride. Here also we have a description of the experience of the heaven-born, heaven-bound bride of the Lamb, of the nature of that communion she has with her Heavenly Lover, her condition in herself, and her completeness in Him ; her risings and sinkings, her wanderings and returns, her ardent desires and her anxious fears, they are all portrayed and set forth here. And then, beside the Heavenly Bridegroom and bride, we have connected with this love song another class of persons, called the daughters of Jerusalem ; and the language of our text is theirs, at least the first part of the verse. These daughters of Jerusalem represent young believers, seeking souls, and enquirers after truth, a number of whom have always attended and followed with the Church of God. They are daughters related to the Church, but have not as yet been brought to realize their marriage union to the Heavenly Bridegroom. They are the Virgins, the Church's companions, that follow her, spoken of in the 45th Psalm. And they shall be brought unto the King, with gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought ; they shall enter into the King's palace, and eventually realise their full participation in the love of the Bridegroom as the bride. We see their character portrayed here ; they are learners, enquirers, and admirers ; they listen and look, and wonder, while the Church dilates upon the worth, excellencies, and glory of her Beloved. They behold how intimate she seems with Him, how close she is favoured to walk with Him, and, consequently, look on with wonder and enquire, " Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant ?" They admire her devotions, and are attracted by the fervour and fragrance of her graces, as faith, hope and love are mingled with her spiritual sacrifices ; and from the glowing and wonderful de-

scription she gives of her Beloved, of His beauties and charms, and that from His head to His feet, and of the confidence she expresses of her interest in all that He has, and is, they enquire, as in the first verse of this chapter, "Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women, whither is thy Beloved turned aside, that we may seek Him with thee?" As much as if they had said, we not only admire your graces and envy you your position, but our desires are greatly quickened and inflamed, that we may seek Him also. This was Paul's aim in his day to win souls to Christ, to espouse them as a chaste virgin to Christ, and the way he adopted was, to lift up and exalt his great Master:—Christ and Him crucified was his constant theme, and so we read the apostles had wherever they went some that consorted with them, and followed, and clave unto them. So it was here, so it always has been, and so it will be to the end of time. There will always be followers after righteousness, and seekers of the Lord, and to such the Church replies, "My Beloved is gone down into His garden." She directed these daughters to the place where she herself had been directed, and found Him, namely, to the footsteps of the flock; where the sheep are, there the Shepherd is; where the garden is, and the plants are, there is the Proprietor. And again, these young ones, these daughters of Jerusalem, these seekers in Zion, admiringly exclaim, "Who is this that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners, her light seems so clear, her glory so great, and her form so majestic, who and what is she, and where did all her glories and excellencies come from?" How great the contrast between her and us, she can say without a doubt, "I am my Beloved's, and He is mine," she mounts up as on the wings of an eagle in pleasurable and ecstatic joys in communion, and leaves us far, far behind. Where is the secret? We cannot mount up with you, therefore Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon Thee; and the Shulamite, or Salemite, or Jerusalemite, the true Church of God replies to their entreaty and desire to look upon and examine into the secret of all her blessedness and glory, "What will ye see in the Shulamite but as it were the company of two armies." Young disciples of Christ are of course, to a great extent, at first strangers to the inward conflict, and at first they are very apt not only to admire and envy the Christian of riper and deeper experience, but to look almost for perfection in his walk and conduct; but in this they are of course disappointed, for they soon learn by experience in themselves, as well as from their observation of others, that there is in themselves and in every Christian, as it were, the company of two armies.

(To be continued.)

MR. CRUMPTON'S DEATH.

SOME years since Mr. Crumpton left his Church in Yorkshire and came to Soho: from thence to Silver-street, Kensington. Much illness compelled him to resign his pastorate there. Since then he has preached in different places. A few months back he lost his wife by death; then his son. On Monday, August 17, 1874, he entered into rest himself. His path, for a long time, has been one of personal and of domestic affliction. Of his life and ministry we may give a fuller note next issue.

SEVEN OF OUR MINISTERS TAKEN HOME IN ONE MONTH.

How rapid is the flight
Of godly pastors now!
Our Churches weep in sorrow:
To God's command we bow.

Tried men were they,
Yet highly blest.
Bless God! they've entered
Into rest.

THE month of July, 1874, will be remembered by many as the period when their pastors were taken from them by death. In that one month were seven of our most devoted and godly ministers called home to the Father's house on high.

MR. THOMAS LAMB,

OF CRUDWELL, IN WILTS,

Fell asleep on the 6th of July, 1874, aged 73.

We may call him the successor of the late John Wigmore, of Crudwell, as pastor of the Baptist Church in that Wiltshire village. Nearly thirty years since we had special request to preach for the late Mr. Beard, at Hankerton. The late John Wigmore came to hear, made himself known, asked us to preach in his chapel. We did so. He then expressed his desire to come to London. We opened our pulpit to him. Some of the Eden street people heard him; they pressed him to preach for them. They built "Rehoboth," Riding house lane: there John Wigmore ministered until his death. When he left Crudwell, his brother, Thomas Wigmore, Thomas Taylor, and Thomas Lamb (with some others) occupied the Crudwell pulpit. Thomas Lamb was, however, the more regular minister. To many he was the esteemed, the beloved, and the useful pastor: not in Crudwell only, but in different parts of Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and in other parts, Thos. Lamb was, for very many years, a laborious and well-received servant of Jesus Christ. He was of a meek spirit, with an intelligent and independent mind. He could not bow down to any supposed dignitary; hence he was not chronicled amongst those who have a certain sectional patent for preaching. But Thomas Lamb was a faithful lover and useful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; and when his memoir is written—and we hope some day to see it—it will furnish the leading features of a man who could read, preach from, and expound, without presumption, the testimony of the ancient Church, when she exclaimed, "Thou, O God, hast proved us; Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidest affliction upon our loins; Thou hast caused men to ride over our head. We went through fire and through water, but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."

With Thomas Lamb we have enjoyed true Christian fellowship, but he has left us behind.

MR. S. KEMP,

ONCE THE FAVOURED MINISTER OF BROCKLEY GREEN

(Where first we knew and preached for him); for the last eleven years pastor of
Hunt's Hill, Glemsford,*Sunk into the shades of death, July 23, 1874,*

After years of trial, sorrow, and physical wasting.

For some years S. Kemp was extensively received as a faithful minister of the Gospel; but his path was by no means smooth at all times. He carried a delicate constitution: hard work, heavy outward cares, many inward sorrows gradually untied the slender strings which held body and soul together; consequently, at a rather early age, he passed away. Our good brother, Mr. Page, the minister of Cavendish Chapel, kindly supplies the following brief notice:—

THE LATE GLEMSFORD PASTOR.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

"Good John Kent, in one of his Gospel hymns, says,

"The times and means are known to Thee
When Thou shalt take Thy children home;
Their days are fix'd in Thy decree,
And what shall bring them to the tomb."

"The truth of this felt in the soul will quell the murmurings which (through infirmity) God's children frequently feel. The dispensations of heaven are oftentimes painful to flesh, yet it is our mercy, there is not one superfluous pang. The lip of truth hath said, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation;' but the blessedness is, 'I have overcome the world.' Transpire what may, it is all under divine control. Our glorious Lord is at the helm, working all things after the counsel of His own will. In accordance with His decreed purpose, He has been pleased to take from our ministerial ranks our brother beloved, Mr. S. Kemp, Baptist minister of Providence Chapel, Glemsford, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His illness, although not so protracted as some, was, nevertheless, a painful one. After taking to his bed, he laid there only about five weeks. His memory will be held dear in the circle in which he moved: not simply as one who had a heart to pray for and sympathise with the afflicted in Zion, but for those great truths of the great salvation, through grace, he was enabled to proclaim.

"I first became acquainted with him about ten years ago; that acquaintance ripened into friendship and fellowship which nothing has broken but the iron hand of death. I pass by all to within some six months ago when, from conversation I used to have with him, something seemed to say to me his end was approaching. He continued with difficulty to preach as long as he possibly could; at last his physical strength gave way and forced him to succumb. I found, by inquiry of his medical attendant, that he was suffering from congestion of the lungs; and, from time to time of my visiting him, I could trace evident symptoms of decay. One Sabbath-day, about two months before his death (I was supplying for him), at the interval of worship I saw him. He seemed then to entertain some hope of recovery. My stay with him was necessarily short, in consequence of his great weakness; yet, before I left him, with a smiling countenance he rose above all things pertaining to time, and broke forth in the following strains:—

"'Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
While, through Thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.'

"The love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ was the foundation upon which, by precious faith, he was resting. Subsequently the enemy was permitted at times to worry him; yet how blessedly fulfilled was that declaration of divine truth, 'Grace shall reign.' On another occasion, when I visited him, I said, 'You have been enabled to preach the doctrines of free and sovereign grace; can you now rest upon those truths you have proclaimed?'

"Quickly he replied, 'I have nothing else; I want nothing else to rest on; and if I had strength how I would preach Jesus wholly as the Saviour of His people.'

"Day by day he grew weaker, till Thursday night, July 23, our covenant God took his ransomed spirit in glorious triumph to be for ever with his Lord.

"Brother Kemp has left a sorrowing widow, one of the Lord's anointed, and four orphans, two of them entirely dependent upon her for support. Her position, circumstantially, is a painful one, being left quite destitute. If this should meet the eye and heart of some of the Lord's people that have the means to assist, even in a small measure, it would be an act of pure charity, and would be very gratefully received by the writer on behalf of the widow.

"On Tuesday, July 28, our deceased brother was interred in his own chapel-yard. There was a large gathering of friends to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they loved. The corpse was borne to the chapel by four members of his Church, chosen by himself. Mr. Beach, of Chelmsford, by the deceased's particular wish, conducted the solemn service. Several brethren in the ministry were present who took part in the service. On the coffin being placed in the table-pew, Mr. Willings, of Halstead, gave out the hymn,

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

"Mr. Willson, of Clare, read God's Word and offered prayer. Mr. Smith, of Halstead, gave a solemn and feeling address. Mr. Debnam, of Bradfield, closed this part of the service by prayer.

"The coffin was then removed to the grave and lowered therein. Mr. Beach then proceeded to address the mourners and spectators. He spoke affectionately and impressively of the many ways the neighbourhood, the village, the congregation, the Church, the orphan children, and the sorrowing widow had sustained a great loss. When he (the speaker) came to the last point of his address, his kind and sympathetic feelings gave way, which caused many to drop the silent tear around the tomb of one much loved. I thought when taking the last look into that grave, where rests all that is mortal of our brother, how suitable the words I have somewhere read, and with what feeling and confidence I could repeat them:—

" 'Repose here, precious clay,
Thou art in safe custody. Omnipotence
Is the invisible Guardian of thy tomb.
Jesus, the mighty Conqueror of death,
Hath said, "Fear not, for I am He that liveth
And was dead. Behold, I am alive for evermore."'

" ROBERT PAGE.

" Cavendish, Suffolk, Aug. 3, 1874."

[The widow and fatherless children of one who was worn out in the service of the Gospel must not be forgotten. Oh! brethren, practice James i. 27.]

MR. JOHN CLARK'S decease and funeral we recorded last month. We here quote the lines on his memorial card:—

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF

JOHN CLARK,

Who Died July 2nd, 1874. Aged 84 years.

INTERRED AT NORWOOD CEMETERY.

“Absent from the body, present with the Lord.” No. of grave, 963.

Could we transfer to these pages his *Carte*, we should furnish the image of a man who “Looked like what he was,—A heaven-made witness for Christ.” We cannot do that this month; but his “*Ruined Castle*” we hope to reproduce some day. It opens up “*The Straight Gate*,” with its surroundings, in a peculiar and powerful way.

“THE TRAVELLING DEVONSHIRE MISSIONARY,” Mr. Zechariah Turner (whose decease was also recorded last month), went through a varied path of an unusual character. We may copy some leaves from his life yet: but many of his expressed experiences never can be clearly defined. We are inclined to believe that the more gloomy passages in a minister’s life should be recorded for the benefit of those who come after him. There are many in London, in Devon, and in other parts of the kingdom, who enjoyed his ministry above any they ever heard. There are others who stumbled fearfully over some things: but, with many public men, of large experiences, we suppose this always will be the case.

“GREAT SUFFERINGS! GREAT PEACE!”

Black-bordered envelopes nearly every day come to tell us another friend has left us in this valley of Bacca. It is painful to witness how fast the Lord doth call the workmen home! Of the death of Mr. JOHN BRETT, we have the following note:—

“West End Road, Harlington, Middlesex.

“To C. W. BANKS,—Mr. John Brett, of Hatton, is gone home. He died Tuesday, August 4th, 1874, after a few days’ illness. I was with him all night. Poor man! his sufferings were great: but his end was peace. The first day or two of his illness he was in a very dark state of mind; but the latter part, and especially the last night I was up with him, he was without doubt or fear happy in the Lord. Frequently he has been preaching at Hungary Hill. He will be buried in Bedfont Church-yard, about a mile from Hatton, on Sunday afternoon, August 9th. I know not how we shall go on at Hatton now our minister is gone. F. LEAKE.”

“BROKEN PILLARS.”

“If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched; and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.”—Matt. xxiv. 43.

As we sat weeping over a lump of letters, almost every one of which told us of the death of some dear departed brother minister, a scene we have never quite forgotten came forth before our inner mind. It was around the open grave of the late Josiah Denham, when, as soon as the coffin was laid down in the earth, the then rather youthful Mr. C. H. Spurgeon stepped on to the edge of the grave, and looking in, he said, “Dear Brother,—As Jeremiah lamented for good Josiah of old, so would we lament over thee,” etc. And, since that day, over many graves have we felt the silent tear of sorrow, which from the heart did flow!

The stern realities of death are strongly referred to in the scripture at the head of this note; and the condition of the soul most desirable for every believer, is defined. The frail tenement to which the inner man, the good man, doth dwell, Jesus calls His house. Disease, death, the coming of the Lord, He compares unto a thief: because, when we looked not for them they came, and the "house was broken up." To those who are yet in their temporary lodging, our blessed Lord saith, "Be ye also ready:" look out for Him: be on your watch: "for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Tidings have just reached us from TUNIS, a State in Northern Africa, of the death of

MR. WILLIAM FENNER;

of whom his beloved sister, in a note to us, says:

"London, W.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You will, I know, be sorry, for the Saviour's sake, to learn of the death of my dear brother William. He departed in the faith and hope of the Gospel, much beloved by all who knew him, leaving a widow, one son, and two daughters, to lament their loss. You knew him when a child, and have always taken great interest in his work; and for yourself, I know, his esteem was very great.—Sincerely,
J. CLAYTON."
"August 8th, 1874."

The mourning card enclosed reads as follows:

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF

THE REV. WILLIAM FENNER,

AGED 43 YEARS,

Who fell asleep in Jesus, July 22nd, 1874,

After seventeen years of devoted service to his Lord and Master.

INTERRED AT THE BAB-CARTHAGENA, TUNIS.

This beloved child of God, from his earliest years, realised a most intense desire to be useful for Christ as a Missionary to the Jews. And in this desire of his heart he laboured with an intelligent and pure zeal, until he fell, as we believe, a martyr to the climate and to the laborious work he was called to engage in.

Of his origin, ancestry, experience, and work, we shall endeavour to give some notes; for, from our heart we loved him, because we saw in him the Spirit of the Son of God in a most holy and heavenly manner. Alas! he has fallen in his prime.

A LONG, DARK VALLEY.

Our late brother, James Wells, was not the only one of God's servants whose sufferings in the outer man were exceedingly painful and protracted.

Our ministerial brother, Mr. MURRELLS PLAICE, was, we think, more than eighteen months gradually and increasingly suffering from bodily afflictions most extremely severe. His devoted and faithful wife, his tender-hearted and affectionate daughters, his sympathising and sorrowful Church and people, watched over him by night and by day, painfully witnessing his agonies, but unable to relieve him. He was born June 9th, 1817. He died July 27th, 1874: just over 57 years of

age. Some few years ago we found him in Sudbury, Suffolk, anxious to remove. We had faith to believe he would be useful at Whitestone; thither he removed. During his five years work there, the chapel has been renovated, the burial ground enlarged, the Church and congregation increased, and the school abundantly improved. Indeed, Mr. Murrells Place and his excellent family have been a blessing to Whitestone Cause. In the midst of his prosperity, he is most mysteriously taken away from his widow and daughters. Some aid must be rendered. Our Churches must not leave the widow and fatherless children to suffer.

Mr. Thomas Mudge, Pastor of Fown hope, assisted at the funeral, and preached the funeral sermon. We hope he will furnish further particulars.

THE WEARY PILGRIM'S REQUEST.

LET me go home! for this world is so dreary;
 Let me go home! for my spirit is weary;
 Weary of conflict, and weary of sorrow,
 And weary of toiling so much for the morrow.

Let me go home! where all is abiding;
 Let me go home! in my Jesus confiding;
 There nothing uncertain shall harass or vex me,
 Nor sin nor temptation no more shall perplex me.

Let me go home! for my spirit awaketh;
 Let me go home! for the morning now breaketh;
 The darkness is passing, the prospect is cheering,
 And heaven's eternal realities nearing.

FAITH'S REPLY.

OH! why so desponding, and why art thou weary?
 These trials of earth are thy Father's decree;
 The aspect of all things around may be dreary,
 But heaven and glory are waiting for thee.

Yes, thou shalt go home to the ransomed in glory,
 But tarry thy Father's good pleasure awhile:
 He'll never forsake thee, but still go before thee,
 And light up the wilderness gloom with a smile.

Yes, thou shalt go home, poor tempest-tost spirit,
 Released from corruption, from sorrow set free;
 A home in eternity thou shalt inherit,
 And life everlasting thy portion shall be.

Yes, thou shalt go home to Jesus thy Saviour,
 And home to the spirits made perfect above;
 Go home to the rest that remaineth for ever,
 Through sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love!

A PRECIOUS NOTE FROM DANIEL ALLEN.

MUCH BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS,—
 CHARLES WATERS BANKS,—Love, mercy, and peace ever be
 unto you, and to all my dear kindred in Christ with you, in the dear
 old land of my birth, from our own blessed covenant-keeping God,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Oh, my brother, how much I feel overcome with a sweet sense of
 the Lord's goodness, manifested in your loving communications to me,
 publicly and privately, and others, also, of like kind. Blessed be the
 Lord, our loving God, brotherly love is not yet extinguished. It lives
 in the saints, and I trust the time is near when heaven's breath will
 kindle it in the saints to an immortal flame.

We all feel grateful for the constant interest you take in us, whom
 God has (in His inscrutable sovereignty) stationed at these ends of the
 earth, where we "Remembered the Lord afar off, and let Jerusalem
 come into our minds." Yes, my brother, in our ascent to the throne
 of the Great King Immortal, we remember Zion in Britain's time-
 honoured isle, and ever feel—

"There our best friends, our kindred dwell;
 There God our Saviour reigns."

Ah, our aspirations, too, like incense rise—

"Our souls shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains."

We thank you, and praise the Lord for your intentions, relative to
 sending us tracts, &c. Some good has been done, and much will be
 done, by the spreading of the truth of God among the sons of men
 in these dark parts of the earth.

During the last fourteen months we have paid over £75 for publish-
 ing, &c., and contributed over £125 to the aged, sick, and bereaved.
 Praise the Lord that He should thus enable and dispose the dear saints
 one towards another.

We shall very anxiously look for the parcel of **VESSELS** and **CHEER-
 ING WORDS**.

We have longed to hear of your meeting of sympathy with us, by
 the assembling of our brethren in London, to pray for us, that the Lord
 may bless and prosper our poor feeble efforts to uplift—

"The stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all."

We long for the good and kind words of holy encouragement,
 emanating from brotherly and sisterly hearts, coming to us from such
 a meeting over the tops of the foaming waves of many a raging sea.
 Sweet are the accents breathed from brotherly and sisterly hearts,
 where many waters cannot quench the love divine.

"No scanty soil this love must find,
 Its vigour to control;
 It takes its root upon the mind,
 And strikes into the soul."

Relative to the question of coming to England for a month or two. Why, surely, I should die with bliss on the spot, and never get back to New South Wales again! What! would you have me tell out the flowing love, the heart-cleansing blood, the amazing mercy, and the boundless grace of our dear Lord Jesus Christ, in London, where my foot never yet trod?

“ Would you have me then tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found?”

No; I am not worthy to come to you. This is too great a favour for such a mere thing, a worm, a particle of dust as I am. The Lord won't do such a thing as this. My love to my people would not let me part for nine months; and if they love me as I hope they do, they would not let me. The Lord's service will not let me. The want of means will not let me. My dear ones will not let me. The want of an efficient substitute will not let me. If the Lord will make His people able and willing in England and here. If He would send you, or some one like you, here in my absence. If He would enable our love to stretch sixteen thousand miles, and hold fast by inseparable strength all the time, then it would be delightful to see the saints and servants of the Most High God in London, and faint away in the blessedness of the Son of God in us, kindled to a sacred flame.

“ This is all I can do, this is all I can say—
All the rest must be included in—
' Lord! let us pray.' ”

I can say the spirit of your advice to me, relative to nearness to the Lord in prayer, has been my rule of life for many years, in which I have found much heavenly blessedness of mind, and efficient preparedness for the service of the Lord. Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell, can pull the poor thing down that holds hard and long at the footstool of the Lord Jesus. The morning dew which, on Zion's hill, lays the dust of human infirmity all the day in the fierce sun of temptation, and gives vigour to mown grass, broken reeds, and drooping flowers.

“ I know His courts I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.”

Oh, the boundlessness, the unspeakableness of the mercy of access to Jesus in all the wants, woes, sorrows, griefs, cares, burdens, sins, and fierce assaults of hell, in this wilderness below. To tell Him all! all the bad deplore; and entreat farther supplies of pardoning and forgiving love and sustaining grace. Our Lord has truly been loving, pitiful, and kind to weak and worthless worms. I must give a good report of Him, and—

“ Tell what His arm has done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His dear name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.”

With a brother's love to you in Him, and also to all His seed in my nation, to whom you send greeting in faith and love, believe me to ever remain, your much obliged, grateful, and loving friend and brother in Christ,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, May 29th, 1874.

"THE FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS."

A SONG "FOR THE SONS OF MISERABLE MAN."

PAUL included the above sentence in his wonderful desires concerning his Holy Lord. When writing to the Philippians, he declares he had suffered the loss of all things; and he did count them all as dung. What for? How singularly expressive and definite his answers. He says:—

"That I may win Christ ;"

"That I may be found in Him ;"

"That I may know Him."

"And the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death."

One sentence only can I fasten upon at this time, that is "The fellowship of His sufferings;" by which Paul means, as I believe, Let me experimentally die as perfectly unto sin, and rise as perfectly above and away from all the consequences of sin, as did my Lord Jesus, when, on the cross, He exclaimed, "It is finished." And when on the borders of the grave, out of which He had risen, He said, "I ascend unto My Father, and to your Father, and to My God, and to your God." These two much-meaning expressions of our lovely Immanuel comprehend the full scope of Paul's desire, "The fellowship of His sufferings." If, by any means, saith he, "I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."

It has come into my heart, while in silent meditations before the Lord, that both these parts of fellowship with Christ's sufferings were referred to, in the spirit of prophecy, in the eighty-seventh Psalm.

Most good people know that the late William Romaine studied that eighty-seventh Psalm very closely, and he says its title should read, "For the sons of miserable man this Psalm is to be sung."

Now, Who is this Miserable Man ?

1. It is our Lord Jesus in His low estate. Who could be more miserable than Jesus was when they mocked Him, smote Him, dragged Him to the ground, nailed Him to the tree; when, all in darkness and forsaken,—

He bled and cried,
He prayed and died ;
When, once for all,
In pain and thrall,
He did His life lay down ?

As the Son of Man, and as the atoning God-Man, He was miserable indeed ! All true believers are the sons of this Miserable Man, and they are oftentimes in much misery, too; for Satan hateth them; the world hateth them, and they frequently feel a hatred to themselves, therefore for the sons of miserable man, this Psalm is to be sung.

The first Adam, when he fell, was miserable enough, and we are all the sons of this poor father, miserable Adam ; but, for these poor sons of miserable man, this Psalm is to be sung. This Gospel Psalm is to be "sung!" not doled out with awful death-like denunciations ; not groaned out as though we feared one more might be saved than God

intended; but, out of a living soul, out of a loving heart, out of a spirit set free by faith in the blessed Redeemer, we are to sing the Psalm with the one sacred desire of thereby gathering in as many of the sons of miserable man, as the Lord our God, by the ministry of the Gospel, shall be pleased to call.

What are we to sing? The Psalm is full of commendations of the Saviour's Mediatorial Kingdom; which commendations are all calculated to meet the sons of man in their different kinds of misery.

Some are full of fears respecting the stability of His kingdom. There is so much said of, and done by, the enemies of Christ's kingdom, that some believers fear it must fall, or they fear that they shall fall and never reach the glorious home of God at last. But in this Psalm it is declared that His foundation is in the holy mountains. High up in the attributes, in the counsels, covenants, purposes and promises of the eternal God, is the foundation of the Saviour's kingdom laid.

In London they have just erected a church over the arches of an underground railway, which, some day, may fall in; but Moses said, "Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock; His work is perfect."

No failure shall this kingdom know,
'Tis built in God secure!

Oh! poor miserable man, let us sing this Psalm unto you. "God is our Refuge (in Christ) and our Strength (in and by the Holy Ghost); a very present Help in trouble."

"Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Religion," say some, "is a most miserable matter; it drives people to melancholy and gloom, to sorrow and sadness of heart."

Nay. We are to sing, "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Poor Jacob's dwelling-places are miserable here, it may be: the cares and snares, the afflictions and crosses of this lower life are very many, and melancholy, too; but let a man come inside the gates of Zion; let saving grace bring him fully into the blessedness and liberty of the Gospel; let him be lifted out of the horrible pit, and up from all the miry clay; let the Lord set his feet upon the Rock, and establish his goings: then shall a new song be found in his mouth, "even praise unto our God."

The Lord delighteth in His people, He taketh pleasure in His saints, and if you do not realise something of the lovingkindness of the Lord in the gates of Zion, it is because Satan is in the pulpit, or the golden wedge is in the pew. Some idolatry or heresy is crept in, and the Lord has, for a small moment, hidden His face. All the gates of Zion are dear unto Him. Electing love! Covenant union! Redeeming mercy! The new creation in the soul! The new heart! The door of faith! All these precious gates of Zion are beloved of the Lord, and in them His people shall enjoy the rivers of love and mercy, making their hearts many times to sing for joy.

My correspondents will not be pleased if I go singing any further into this Psalm now. But of the fruits of "The Purchase and the Price" large clusters, I hope, have yet to be gathered by the hands of faith and humbly presented by

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

WHO CAN THE SAVIOUR'S SORROWS TELL?

The late William Palmer, of Homerton Row, wrote or delivered the following remarkable comment on Isaiah liii. 6, which is published by J. Haines, in *Green Leaves*, No. 3. We give it entire, as follows:—

“The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all.”

Or as the Hebrew “made the iniquities of us to meet on Him.” All the sins of God’s people in every age of the world, which they ever did or ever will commit, came from all quarters of the globe and met on Him, or in Him, *i.e.*, in His soul. The word also signifies to rush, fall upon, and may denote the sins of all His people falling and rushing upon Him like an infuriated army. Now, the punishment due to sin is undoubtedly intended, and represents the most awful sufferings by the most striking and terrible images. Thus all the sins of His people meeting on Him, or in Him, denotes all the punishment due to those sins; and the allusion very probably is to the rays of the sun collected by a burning lens, meeting in one focus, and directing their multiplied and united energies to one spot. Thus Justice was the lens that collected all the dreadful wrath of that God who is a consuming fire. Could all the rays which the sun ever emitted, be collected, what a tremendous action would it produce! But O! what unimaginable anguish must be excited, when all the flames of hell concentrated their intense agency for ages and ages, and poured with torturing fury their immense and dreadful contents upon the Lamb ordained to expiate my guilt! Well might He “be sore amazed—in agony—sweat blood—cry upon the cross, ‘Why hast Thou forsaken Me?’ My heart is melted like wax—how long shall Thy wrath burn like fire?” Well might the sun refuse to shine—the rocks be rent—the graves opened—the dead disturbed—and nature reel, and yawn, and gasp in horrible convulsions! It might have—but stop, “It is finished,” His cries and tears are now all o’er—the dreadful work is done—the thunders are hushed—the lightnings are quenched—the clouds are discharged—the sun throws off his funeral pall, nature regains her tranquillity, and every odorous zephyr breathes the astonished news from heaven, “Fury is not in Me!”

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,” may ransomed sinners say, “To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.” May I live to call Him blessed, to throw myself upon the sparkling pavement of His feet, and rise to crown Him Lord of all. May I live to cast my little mite into His boundless treasury of praise, and mingle with eternal strains.

[William Palmer never had any faith in us: he smote us hard at times. In our inmost soul, under the smittings of men, we have many times said, “Let him alone: let him curse (it may be); the Lord hath bidden him.” Few know what deep-hidden sorrows these smittings bring. When we read William Palmer on our Saviour’s sorrows, as given above, we realized such a oneness of soul with him as we had never done before.—Ed.]

A PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

BY MR. GEORGE WEBB,

Pastor of the Church Meeting at Camden Lecture Hall.

"Wilt Thou not revive us again; that Thy people may rejoice in Thee? Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation."—Psalm lxxxv. 6, 7.

PRAYER is the means ordained by God by which blessings are communicated to His people. It is both a duty and a privilege: a duty—for it is surely incumbent on them to employ the means which He has deigned to prescribe; and a privilege to have access to Him in all their sorrows, encouraged by the sweet promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; and I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify Me."

There are three things in the text. First, *The Conditions Implied*; second, *A Consciousness felt OF A LOW STATE*; and third, *The Prayer put up*.

I. **THE CONDITION IMPLIED.** God's ancient people were in a sad and low state, because His presence and blessing were withheld from them; and they were like a withered plant without the genial rays of the sun and the refreshing drops of dew. And is this not a true picture of the general condition of our Churches at the present time, and I might also add of the condition of the people of God generally? There are many saying:—

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?"

There seems to be a great lack of spiritual-mindedness and vital godliness among the people of God. We cannot blind our eyes to the fact that there is much conformity to this world, and a neglect of the use of the means of grace which will tend to bring us into a low spiritual condition.

It is my firm belief that the Holy Ghost has been grieved and ignored, and has, to a great extent, withdrawn His divine influence from us, and we feel painfully powerless in our prayers, services, and conversation. What worldly-mindedness and excitement are sought after, such as concerts and entertainments, which are only calculated to please the flesh and to starve the soul. How dishonouring is all this to God. "Fools because of their iniquities are afflicted," saith the Word of God, and to be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.

II. **A CONSCIOUSNESS FELT OF OUR LOW CONDITION,** and need of a revival, and a desire for a better state of things. We have reason to hope that there are many of the servants of God, and of His people also in our churches, who deplore the sad condition we are in, and say, "O that it was with me as in months past." There seems, to some extent, to be a growing anxiety for a better state of things, and a consciousness of our departure from the Lord, and forsaking the precepts of His Word. Many are solemnly pondering over the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," and are deeply persuaded that the Lord alone can bring about a revival.

“All our help must come from Thee.”

III. THE PRAYER PUT UP. A feeling want of a revival will lead to a seeking after it, by prayer and supplication to God, and faith in His ability to bring it to pass. “Wilt Thou not revive us again that Thy people may rejoice in Thee.” What great encouragement we have in His Word to ask for these blessings. “Ask and ye shall receive,” Seek and ye shall find.”

Some would tell us that if we are earnest, and if we are sincere, the Lord will not fail to grant our request. This appears to us a most unscriptural method of stating the matter. The question rather is, What God hath said on these weighty and momentous things. “For these things I will be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.” When we are made to feel our want of the blessing, we shall be earnest in our prayers at His throne, like Jabez, who said, “Oh that Thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me.” Or, like the Psalmist David, who said, “Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me by Thy free spirit.” (1). The prayer was for a rejoicing in the Lord. When the Lord puts forth His power with the Word preached, and pours out His Divine influence upon the people, and fulfils His promise in their experience, that “The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.” Then is it a revival indeed, and a time of heart rejoicing.

How important the prayer, “Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us.” May the Lord help His servants to preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Then there will be a revival in our Churches. The Lord grant a spirit of prayer upon His people, that they may feel alive to their obligations to Him. It was a saying of dear Mr. Foreman’s, that the way to rejoice in the promise is to practice the precept. So we believe “Ye have not, because ye ask not; ye receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts.” There must be a return to the practice of the precept, so at least the writer believes, before the blessing of a revival will be enjoyed.

(2). The Psalmist’s prayer was for mercy and salvation: “Show us Thy mercy.” Mercy is a precious blessing. How it revives the drooping spirits. “It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed,” said one, when the Lord revived his heart. Show us Thy pardoning mercy; thy restoring mercy; and Thy comforting mercy. The Apostle said; “Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace; that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”

“God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause Thy face to shine upon us, and we shall be saved.” May the Lord show us mercy in our Churches, and in our hearts, by reviving His work, and pouring down His blessing upon us, reviving us in our gifts and graces, and with a spirit of devotedness to His service, that we may feel more than ever that “we are not our own, but that we are bought with a price, and therefore should seek to glorify God in our bodies and our spirits which are His.” May the Lord grant His blessing, for Christ’s sake. Amen.

THE GLORY YET TO BE REVEALED.

"Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Cant ii. 13.

CHILD of God, fear not the piercing summons (the blessed invitation), when'er thy God shall be pleased to bid thy vital spark to quit this cumbersome clay. Fear not the dread alarm that scatters thy bewildering thoughts both far and wide. The monster death is but an agent employed to disunite thy blood-washed soul from thy sin-worn tabernacle. "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away" from thy poverty, from this land of sorrow, desolation and woe, and inhabit thy Redeemer's kingdom, "my love, my undefiled." Thy pilgrimage on this scene of strife is finished, thy tempestuous voyage is ended, the final waves are passing o'er thee, no more to rise upon the shores of time.

Tried believer, what can it be to be free from burdens and cares? Will the hurricane, indeed, cease? Does the languishing frame draw near the close of its suffering? Can it be possible those huge billows of heart-aching grief and sorrow will roll no more, and the last struggle come and begone for ever? O poor soul, it is and shall verily be so; the untold glory of thy spirit's freedom is yet in store for thee.

Poor distressed pilgrim, take courage, for there shall be no pinching frost up yonder, no racking pain in that glory world where Jesus is. Thy cupboard may be at present bare, but, oh, what a Canaan will that be, flowing continually with milk and honey. The winds now mock thy tattered garments, and the chilling blasts pierce thy clay-built habitation, but there thou shalt be clothed in purple and fine linen (which is the righteousness of the saints). Here, poor Zionite, thou dost suffer hunger, but such a thing is not experienced there. Thou art here despised by the passing Levite, but there shalt thou be in the company of the Good Samaritan. Here a frowning world kicks at thee, and the grace that bedecks thy soul, but there thou shalt be looked upon as the Lamb's fair bride. Here thou art in bondage, there in glorious liberty; here thou art penniless, there thy barns shall be for ever full; here thou dost tread upon the thorns of the desert, there, the flowers of Eden bloom; here thou dost encounter reptiles, serpents, asps, and the cockatrice's den, but there thou shalt enjoy the smile of thy redeeming Lord; here thou art hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, but oh, there the pursuing tyrant can never reign; he succumbs finally at this startling summons, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Poor prisoner of hope, thy wasted body cannot hold thy spirit long, when thy King cometh it will wither at His sight, and when he commands, nature will let its royal prisoner loose, and then the triumphant shout, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

The Lord Jehovah grant that when we hear our Father's welcome voice, and our Redeemer's gentle whisper, combined with the Holy Spirit's power, saying, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away," we may not fear death's approach, for it will only serve to carry our longing soul from this conflicting scene of warfare to breathe in heavenly bowers with our altogether lovely Lord, to behold the grandeur of the second advent, to gaze upon the "brightness of the Father's glory," to take part in the general assembly at the resurrection morn, enveloped in clouds of majestic glory, and to for ever reign and dwell where the King Immortal shall sway His universal sceptre o'er unknown worlds.

Forest Gate, Essex, July, 1874.

A POOR WORM.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"OLD ARTHLINGBORO' STEEPLE."

July 28, 1874.

Four times during the last twenty-four years have we pleaded for Irthlingborough Sunday-school. Last Saturday evening found a quiet, comfortable lodging in Mrs. Rookesby's cottage. Four services before me; no special message. Before rest the morning text was found. Went through the three services on Sunday with a degree of liberty; but, to me, the evening was the happiest time. The school-children and choir filled the galleries; friends from surrounding Churches came and filled the chapel. The singing was very delightful; of the preaching nothing here can be said. The Churches in this part of Northamptonshire are quiet. Mr. Bull, at Wellingborough Tabernacle, holds fast the old-fashioned Gospel; but some of the pillars are bending under the weight of years.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

Wellingborough has been famous for its noble and generous supporters of the Gospel; the large and useful family of the Dullys and others have, for the last fifty years, instrumentally helped on the Gospel kingdom, and the Saviour's promise secures to all who love and honour Him a full reward. The late Charles Drawbridge's Church in Rushden is without a pastor; the brethren Bennett, Joseph Warren, and others have well supplied them. Raunds Church has Mr. Pearce for its pastor, with faith, hope, and charity. Woodford has had its changes, but it lives and sings of sovereign grace. Northampton has its witnesses for God's new covenant salvation, and the candlestick has still a light which sheds rays of light upon the highway, and "a way" wherein only the ransomed can happily walk.

Irthlingborough Baptist meeting-house is of such ancient date, that even our friend, Mr. George Arnsby, cannot trace its origin, and he has been a subscriber to that cause nearly fifty years. For very many years his house has been the resting-place of nearly all the known Strict Baptist ministers who have preached the Gospel in England during the last half-century. "We" have all, in our turn, found warm hearts, smiling faces, and domestic comforts in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arnsby, of Irthlingborough. She went home, some few years since, at the ripe age of seventy-four. Her bereaved husband waits with tears in his eyes till his last summons come. We desire to be thankful to the great Captain of our salvation who always raiseth up some Joseph of Arimathea, some Lydia, or a good-hearted Crispus or Gaius to take care of His poor servants when on some excursion of mercy He is pleased to send them. There was the owner of the mill, the Bealls of blessed memory

(whose daughter still "favours the righteous cause"); there was pastor Trimming and his wife, whose dust in the chapel-cemetery doth quietly sleep; there was John Corbitt, who was just about to step into the parsonage and pastorate too at this Irthlingborough, when the angel so suddenly beckoned him away:

And close beside the outer wall
A stone doth tell the tale,
That here he dropt his harness,
And bid his friends farewell.

Well, what and who remains in Irthlingborough now? The serious and sacred-looking meeting-house is still the same.

On Blisworth Junction long I wait;
Much time seems wasted here;
But travellers must endure their fate,
And trust—but never fear.

The school-house and rooms, in connection with Irthlingborough meeting-house, must be rebuilt. The present pastor, his excellent deacons, the superintendent, and the members will see that this is speedily done; but they will require help from all who love to encourage faithful Sunday-school teaching. That help, I hope, they soon will receive. A Restoring Fund has been commenced, and it was a little augmented by a collection after my lecture on the Monday evening.

Once more to dear old Irthlingborough I have bid adieu. With the bereaved George Arnsby and a few more we had some good talk about the journey homeward. May the old church be repaired, and our chapel rebuilt. So prays
C. W. B.

WHAT IS DEATH? WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Mid-West, July 30, 1874.

CHALKSHIRE ANNIVERSARY.

A hot summer's sun;
The harvest's begun.
Oh! harvest of all,
When home God will call
The redeem'd from the fall,
To find Him their All:—
Shall I then be there?

Talking the other day to Mrs. Rookesby, it came so strong to my mind and I said, "When the soul leaveth the body it goeth up to indescribable bliss, or downward to dark dismay. If, now, our souls ascend by faith, and prayer, and feeble or fervent desires Godward; if, now, we approve things that are excellent, surely the grace which now lifteth our spirits almost out of our bodies at times, will then ripen into an endless state of glory."

Oh! may we then
Our Saviour see
In all His grand perfection!

How the unfoldings of all His Majesty will affect us is plainly revealed in the Revelation of St. John the Divine. Still we often sigh out,

"But what must it be to be there?"

Through cornfields we are running; all nature witnesseth,

Our God He is faithful;
His Word is quite true;
He saith to His people,
"I'll not forsake you."

In a dream (and our fathers had dreams), this verse of Paul's came distinctly into my mind, "Not of works, lest any man should boast."

The whole glory of the Church's salvation is to be given unto a Triune Jehovah; not one particle of it hangs abstractedly dependent upon the will or work of the creature. It was begun, it is continued, and will be consummated by the Lord God of Israel. The sentence fell in my soul like a steam-driven hammer, crushing free-will and duty-faith principles to atoms; and that was the aim of Paul in the context and the text as well.

"Not of works."

If salvation depends for its finishing stroke upon the sinner putting forth a mental power, embracing and accepting this salvation, then there is one of man's works added unto God's works, which I dare not receive into my mind.

How comprehensive are Paul's sentences!

"By grace ye are saved,
Through faith;
And that not of yourselves,
It is the gift of God;
Not of works,
Lest any man should boast."

Nearing my terminus for this day, I must leave these railway scribbings for the present. May our Great High Priest a blessing give this day. Amen.

"*Wooburn Green.*"

The Baptist chapel stands, I see, in quiet posture still. Once in this valley Cornelius Slim did preach; then William Wilson came. Abraham Howard should have been its stated pastor, as we often think, but he has retired. His father and his mother still hold on in faith sincere, in fellowship devout. If there's a heaven for faithful souls, those Howards must be there.

The Lord Himself
To them revealed,
And in their hearts
His promise sealed.

"Hold on!" Here is Little Kimble. There is Farmer Towerton mercifully waiting for me. Now for a long walk in the sun. Along these country roads, quite alone, I love to walk and there converse with my God, my Saviour, and my soul.

"WHERE IS CHALKSHIRE?"

Do you wish to see it? Yes. Take ticket at Paddington for Little Kimble on the G. W. branch to Princes Risborough,

then change for Little Kimble. A sweet run through Berkshire into Buckinghamshire. When you pass through Little Kimble station turn to the right; presently you come to Church Junction; there you will see a poor little old church. She looks as though disestablishment was not very far off. If Little Kimble parson and people have any regard for their church, it is high time they awake to the effort of restoring that house wherein their fathers professed to worship their Creator and Redeemer, and where still some offer praise to the Most High.

Leaving this desolate-looking church and turning a little to the left, you come to the "Velvet Lawn." A splendid piece of scenery there. Between the Lawn and the Coombe-Peak mountains is Chalkshire; there stands our chapel, with its cemetery and cottage surroundings. "Yes, and there," said a friend to me, "I wish you could get into a corner some Sunday morning and hear our brother George Lane, for, many times, he is very precious."

Both at Coombe farm and at Coombe laundry we have found kind friends, and in either Mr. and Mrs. Towernton's farm, or in Mr. and Mrs. Birch's shrubby and laundry, health-seekers will find domestic comforts, while a ramble over the mountains at early dawn will, with God's blessing, brace up weak nerves, and help "out of weakness to make you strong."

To be bundled into a car of riflemen, all smoking and profane, is not pleasant, but it is soon over, and the scenery on the slopes of these hills is delightful to gaze upon. How full of wonders is this world, although by sinful man 'tis sadly marred.

We held our anniversary at Chalkshire chapel, yesterday, July 30, 1874. The harvesting season had set in; all the people were busy picking up the bread-corn which a faithful and merciful God had ripened ready to their hand. We could not expect anybody at chapel such busy times. Besides, the Tuesday before, Wendover Baptist people had been giving their new minister a wonderful welcome; and, at Tring, Mr. Samuel Collins and Mr. Alderson had been preaching the Akeman street anniversary sermons. Nevertheless, at the appointed times we met. Brother George Lane poured forth the introductory prayer; C. W. Banks gave us two sermons; our kind friend Buchanan, the Askett pastor, read and pleaded, and we all sung

"Crown Him Lord of all."

PLYMOUTH.—"We found a happy and united little flock in How street, under the ministry of Mr. Burbridge;" so says "A Friend." We decline to enter on a sea-voyage of controversy between the "Intellectual and the Spiritual" at the present. Of course, we know, a ministry without intellect, without a moral stamina, and without some literary accomplishments, is a ministry which cannot find acceptance anywhere. But we ask the Lord's tried family, the discerning saints, is not the personality of the Holy Spirit, His work in the souls of the redeemed,

and their divine experience in fellowship with the glorious Trinity, are not these vital branches of a living ministry, almost everywhere, lacking in these "enlightened ages?" The living ministry is a living breast. "New-born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby." Do they now realise their desire? We dare not, we cannot cense from contending for the whole of those two verses (Gal. iii. 13, 14). There is the power of the Law, the power of Christ, the power of the Gospel, the power of a living Faith. To realise this four-fold power is the result of the indwelling of the Spirit of Christ in the soul. We deeply, dreadfully fear this in-dwelling and in-working of grace is, in measure, withdrawn; hence, those precious souls who can only live a life of faith on, and fellowship with, the Christ of God, are now in the experience of Sol. Song iii. 1, 2, 3.

PLYMOUTH.—MR. EDITOR,—I forward you a letter from George Cudlipp, of Cardiff. He is a most worthy man of God; entire and sound in doctrine, precept, experience, and practice. He has no one to keep but himself: he is a wise Church-order man. I feel certain that many Churches in England (where the plain experimental truth of the Gospel is wanted) would find all they require in G. Cudlipp. He is a kind-hearted Christian man. If you know of any Churches in that locality, please let him know. Address, Mr. George Cudlipp, Baptist Minister, 9, Bedford street, Cardiff.

R. BURBRIDGE.

READING.—Providence chapel, Oxford street. Fifteenth anniversary of the cause and public recognition of Mr. Edgerton took place July 21. Prayer meeting at 7.30, which was marked by a felt sense of the Lord's presence. Mr. Griffiths delivered a discourse in the morning. Mr. Briscoe preached in the afternoon on the Outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Public meeting in the evening; Mr. Thomas Jones presided. Mr. Griffiths spoke of his knowledge of Mr. Edgerton. Mr. Briscoe on the words "Encourage him." Mr. Bardens urged the necessity of cleaving to the truth in all its fulness. Mr. Martin stated the leadings of providence in Mr. Edgerton being invited to the pastorate. Mr. Edgerton on his acceptance of the call. Mr. Langford upon peace dwelling in our midst. The venerable Chairman gave words of weight and power. The Lord was with us; we thanked God and took courage.

Another correspondent writes:—After many years of change and tribulations have swept over this part of Christ's visible Church, we are favoured to look forward to the sabbaths as they roll round with pleasure. We can sit down and listen to the glorious Gospel as preached by our pastor, W. F. Edgerton, with clearness and decision. He is able to take forth the precious from the vile, preaching Christ as, first to last, the sum and substance of the poor sinner's salvation. Many hearts are made glad: some good prayer meetings are held, and we are looking to

the Lord, the right and only Source, for His blessing to attend His word, confirming the same with signs following. We expect to baptize the 30th of August. Trusting brighter and more cheering days await us, yours in truth,
A. MARTIN.

CAMBRIDGE NEW EDEN CHAPEL.

To my many friends throughout England, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and other parts of the world, to whom the Holy Ghost has blessed the Gospel of our precious Christ.

Thousands of sermons the Lord has enabled me to preach, and to all sorts and conditions of men. Very many precious soul have been blessed and born again. Some have passed away to their eternal home, others remain to fill up the number of their days, and to work for Christ and His kingdom while it is called to-day.

Then the joyful news will come, Child, your father calleth, come home. Before that you do go home, I want you to help me. I want you to have a brick in the new chapel that we are building in Cambridge, and let that brick be a memento of God having blessed you by the Gospel, through my instrumentality, and also an act and deed of yours to encourage me in my Gospel work, with the hope that others may be blessed through the preaching of the Gospel, as you have been.

And those to whom my ministry has not been blessed, will you also have a brick in the new chapel for Christ and the Gospel sake, as an expression of your thankfulness to God that souls have been blessed and called out of darkness and death into the kingdom of God's dear Son, according to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which He has committed to my trust, and bid us God speed. The chapel and school will cost, including the materials of the old chapel, £1500, we now require £600. I am most anxious to obtain that amount, then we shall be able to open both chapel and school free of debt, and to present it a free offering unto the Lord, paid for through the loving sympathy of those whom the Lord has blessed with grace in their souls, and with love in their hearts to Him who gave Himself for us. Oh, what a gift.

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

Any amount that you can forward to me, from one penny, will be thankfully received and acknowledged by your faithful friend and willing servant in the Gospel, for Christ's sake.

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

Clarendon road, Brooklands avenue,
Cambridge.

MARGATE—The Mart, 97, High street.—MR. EDITOR,—The friends are glad that such good congregations have assembled. The Word has been blessed. The Lord's servants happy in their work. The old farmers have found out the truth and appears to enjoy the same.

ONE OF THEM.

HEYWOOD — JIREH CHAPEL. — According to the announcement in the August *Earthen Vessel*, our honoured friend, William Crowther, Esq., arriving in the midst of pouring rain, appeared among the small company that had, in the apparently unfavourable circumstances of weather and time, gathered together in the school to take tea; and when that indispensable preliminary was well over, the intended meeting was held, our brother John Ashworth presiding. After the 816th Hymn in Gadsby's Selection had been sung, and Mr. Powell had offered prayer, the chairman briefly explained the origin of this assembly, and, mentioning certain incidents connected with the migration of the Church from Woodgate (where it was formed some eleven years ago by Mr. Thomas Jones) to Heywood, said that it came from the former place, like the patriarch Abraham, "not knowing whither" it went; and that, at the latter thriving town, which at the outset was pronounced by some who knew it, in a spiritual sense to be "a barren place," there had been, as some present could attest, tokens of the sanction and favour of God; and also such a measure of success in temporals that there is a fair prospect that ere another decade of years is over, the income will equal all expenses of maintaining both the place and the ministry of the Word in it. After this a hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," minus its universalist refrain, was sung, and Mr. James Hand (of Rochdale) followed with a good address, containing excellent advice to the Church and people, and which might also be advantageously regarded by ministers. The singers now sang an anthem, "Beyond the glittering starry sky." After which Mr. Crowther gave us an admirable and weighty address, principally illustrative of a motto which he would, if he might be permitted, give for our guidance in Heywood—"Love the truth and peace," the words being in Zech. viii. 19. He who has Christ, the "Word of God," has the truth, however deficient in theological skill, or however unorthodox a creed he may profess. Not that it is unimportant what denomination such a person belongs to; but while saying "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," Mr. Crowther was himself a Baptist from conviction. With regard to peace, his remarks showed that whilst insisting upon the necessity and wisdom of not avenging ourselves when attacked, nor eagerly undertaking our own vindication when misrepresented or slandered, he was far from counselling peace at the sacrifice of truth. The first place belongs to truth, and the second to peace. The Hymn, "Beautiful Zion," having been sung, our esteemed pastor, Mr. R. Powell, addressed the meeting, expressing his pleasure and thankfulness at seeing his ministerial brethren present, and that he now had (what for the greater part of his pastorate in Heywood, now extending over nearly ten years, he had not enjoyed) a neighbouring brother to take him by the hand. He adverted briefly to his feelings when journey-

ing from Coggeshall to take the charge of this Church, and mentioned, as he has often done, how his mind was tranquillised by a powerful application of the words, "Jesus only." He proceeded to remark how conformable to these guiding words had been his ministry here. Here followed the anthem, "Jerusalem my Glorious Home," after which our brother William Turpin spoke, complaining that the chairman had dealt hardly with him in calling him to speak after the great men who preceded him. However, in his characteristic style, he added some very pertinent and solemn observations, indicating the tenor of his testimony wherever he was invited to supply. He had a poor opinion of that religion which the devil let alone. The last anthem being now sung, our brethren William Howarth and Thomas Starkie successively spoke a few words to a resolution expressing our thanks to Messrs. Crowther and Hand secondarily, and to the Lord primarily, for their attendance and services. Mr. John Mitchell moved and Mr. James Taylor seconded a resolution of thanks to our female friends who prepared and served tea. The chairman, dispensing with thanks to himself, moved a vote of thanks to the young persons and the singers whose services had agreeably varied the proceedings, and Mr. William Turpin seconded this; and Mr. Crowther concluded the meeting with an appropriate prayer; the general feeling evidently being that all had passed off satisfactorily and beneficially. On the following day, the 16th August, Mr. Crowther preached afternoon and evening, his texts being Acts x. 15, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common;" and 2 Cor. iv. 4, "The light of the glorious Gospel of Christ." Two sermons containing much precious Gospel wheat, "clean provender winnowed with the shovel and the fan." Owing to local circumstances, which could not have been foreseen in fixing the day, and perhaps also to insufficient publication of the services, the collections towards the debt remaining on the chapel fell short of the anticipated amount, realizing only £14 16s. 6d., since raised to £15 6s. 6d., to which must be added the profits of the tea on the Saturday,—a few shillings.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH. — The fifty-eighth annual services of our Sunday schools were July 26 and 27, 1874. Our school put in a good appearance: three large galleries were filled. The choir and the children rendered the hymns in sweet and correct strains. We much enjoyed them, and so did our friends who came from all the Churches round, filling our chapel in every corner. C. W. Banks distributed the prizes, preached three sermons, and delivered a lecture on the Monday. Our pastor, John Inward, presided. Our chapel is ancient. Our school-rooms must be re-built and enlarged. For more than a century the Gospel of Jesus has been preached here. Who will help us to arise and build?

A NEIGHBOUR.

NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE

Stands in Russell street, not far from the main Brixton road. Our third anniversary was held on July 26 and August 3. On the latter day friends gathered to hear Henry Myerson deliver a discourse. Then to take a friendly cup of tea and listen to some words of truth and kindness from Messrs. Meeres, Warren, Lawrence, C. W. Banks, and others. Mr. Clark, of Livingstone road chapel, presided over the evening meeting, and very well did he fulfil his duties.

In the afternoon we took our seat in front of the platform, with a desire of hearing the Gospel preached into our souls by the instrumentality of brother Henry Myerson. Before sermon the good clerk gave us—

“Jesus, I love Thy charming name.”

The congregation caught the spirit of that hymn, and sung with their souls in their voice; but when they came to the last verse—

“I'll speak the honours of Thy Name
With my last labouring breath;
And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The Antidote of death,”

it mellowed our hearts into solemn feelings of love and secret joy, silently praying that, with all of us, it might, indeed, be so.

“Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins,” was the text. When Dr. Johnson wrote of some sharp controversialists, he said, “They did everything to unsettle, and nothing to settle, men's opinions.” That cannot be said of Henry Myerson. He is a sharp controversialist, but his ministry is sure enough to settle men's opinions upon scriptural grounds, unless they are dead and hardened beyond all moving. For instance, he brings the Arminian upon the platform, and, in a way of personification, lets the poor thing tell his own tale: then takes the hammer of the Word, and fells him to the dust. Same with the Unitarian. In fact, with a patient softness he exposes error; and with a fiery, fluent, and eloquent outburst of Scripture-truth, he exalts the Saviour with vehement decision. In manner, in language, in his quotations, and in his intense earnestness, Mr. Myerson, of Shalom chapel, in the Hackney Oval, is most excellent. It is a treat to hear him.

Our brother, Mr. Elijah Acworth, says, At our anniversary tea upwards of one hundred and thirty friends sat down.

The collections amounted to £9 16s. 7d. The tea being given by the ladies, it realized £6 8s. 9d., making a total of £16 5s. 4d.

[This was a noble expression of the good feeling of the people in the North Brixton Tabernacle, who, with their pastor, Mr. C. Cornwell, have resolved to carry their New Tabernacle up higher; put in galleries, and erect new school-rooms. This looks well. We trust the funds will be duly supplied, that Mr. Cornwell's health and strength will be long continued, and his ministry increasingly successful in gathering in a large number of precious souls to Christ and His Gospel.—Ed.]

THE LATE MR. MURRELLS PLAICE.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—I have written a very short account of the last two or three days of my dear father, with two or three things he said. But the last few weeks of his life his pain was so great that it was with extreme difficulty he could speak at all, to be understood. My dear father was very ill for seven months, and suffered constant and severe pain, his disease being internal cancers; yet, through the whole of his long and most painful affliction, he never once heard him utter a murmuring or complaining word; on the contrary, he was always very thankful, and praising the Lord for His mercies. The Saturday night before his death he woke up in a most rapturous frame of mind. “Oh!” he said, “I have seen the King in His beauty. Praise the Lord, help me to praise Him, hallelujah!” He then expressed a wish that his funeral sermon should be preached from Isaiah xxxiii. 17: “Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty,” &c. He also chose the hymns to be sung on that occasion. He frequently would say, “Oh, when I am gone, do praise the Lord; do not dishonour Him by grieving.” During the Sunday and Monday preceding his death, he took very little notice, though he often said, “Praise the Lord,” &c. A few minutes before he died, he said, “I pray that we may all be one in Christ.” These were his last intelligible words; and at seven o'clock, Monday evening, July 27, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or a struggle. He was buried in the chapel burying-ground the following Saturday; Mr. Mudge, of Fownhope, officiating. We, as a family, feel his loss very much; for a kinder and more affectionate husband and father could not exist. Indeed, every one who knew him seemed to like and respect him. But we know that our loss is his eternal gain, and desire to say in a true spirit of resignation, “Thy will be done.” I am, dear Mr. Banks, yours very sincerely,
M. J. PLAICE.

Whitstone, Withington,

Near Hereford.

[We, as connected with the Strict Baptist Churches, are bound to use means to assist the dear widow and family. It is desirable to establish her in a school. Mr. W. H. Godwin, The Ferns, Withington, near Hereford, will receive and acknowledge contributions.—Ed.]

BERMONDSEY.—The Lynton road Sunday school children, with a large number of friends, went to Shirley Hills in August. Ten vans and a number of other vehicles conveyed the friends in safety to and from the chapel. The weather was delightful, and the fresh air off the Surrey hills was refreshing and invigorating. A few cheerful and happy hours were spent in amusing the children, roaming the fields, searching the woods, admiring the goodness of the Lord in clothing the fields with tussness, in cheerful converse, and we all returned in safety and with grateful hearts.

MR. LINGLEY'S MINISTERIAL
JUBILEE AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL,
MAIDSTONE.

On July 29 the friends held a meeting to commemorate the completion of the fiftieth year of the ministry of their pastor, Mr. Lingley. A goodly number partook of tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by brother Shepherd, of Gravesend. After singing and prayer the chairman congratulated the friends and the pastor in a short address upon the occasion; then called upon brother A. Dalton, who had been acquainted with the pastor for the period of twenty-two years, to address the meeting, which he did with much earnestness and good feeling.

Mr. Collins, the senior deacon, then rose and said:—Dear sir, I have much pleasure in being the bearer to you of the purse I hold in my hand, containing thirty-five pounds, contributed by friends who love the Gospel's joyful sound. I am thankful the Lord has put it into the hearts of so many to remember the long service of one of His faithful servants. The Lord has made and kept you faithful to the cause of truth these fifty years in the wilderness. You have laboured in the Lord's vineyard until you have become old and feeble; and now that you are old and grey-headed He will not forsake you. May you enjoy much of His sacred presence to cheer and animate your heart in your declining years, and at last may you hear the joyful sound, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I trust, dear friends, we shall all be concerned to hold up the hands of our pastor in every way in our power. The Scripture saith, "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee." What a pleasant sight it would be when the time of worship arrives to see all friends in their places, waiting to join in the first song of praise to the God of all their mercies. How cheering to the heart of pastor and deacons, and how pleasant to the clerk, to find friends all ready to join in the first act of public worship. The men of the world are not behind at their meetings for vain amusements, and shall the Lord's people be behind in the cause of truth and righteousness? Can they who once have tasted Jesus' grace, choose to be absent when He shows His face? There are some friends who are scarcely ever seen at our week-night services. Dear friends, it will be no comfort in a dying hour to have thus neglected the Lord's house; may you rather be enabled to say, I have loved the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thine honour dwelleth. I trust, dear sir, the future will prove that friends do not love the Lord's house in words only but in truth. Dear sir,

May God your every public service bless,
And crown your faithful labours with success.
May He in private duties make you know
How much of heaven may be enjoyed below.
Thus may your latter days be bless'd indeed,
Till glory all your vast desires exceed.

The pastor responded, expressing his deep-

felt sense of unworthiness of all the favour that by Master and brethren had been shown him; and his heart-felt gratitude for the very liberal token of esteem he had just received at the hand of his deacon. He then gave a concise account of his call to the work and the commencement of his ministry, together with a narrative of his subsequent career in the Lord's cause, and an epitome of his labours, and concluded by reciprocating the friendly feeling evinced, and expressing his desire to continue with the people as long as the Master should enable him to pursue the sacred calling.

Brother Huxham, of Borough Green, gave an animated address, sympathizing warmly with the object of the meeting. A hymn being sung, the chairman gave the closing address, and concluded an interesting meeting with prayer.

ORPINGTON.—My first visit to this part of the "garden of England," was about thirty years ago, when a friend organized a trip to this rural spot. On arriving here it was arranged to hold a village service, and the doors of "Bethesda" were thrown open for that purpose. We sung—

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,"

melodiously to the tune of "Cranbrook." The "Village Preacher" occupied the pulpit, and, as a matter of course, delivered a sound experimental discourse. Two or three times since then, in company with others on anniversary days, it has been my privilege to enter this neat little place for worship. Again on the first Sunday in August, being in an adjacent hamlet, I seized the opportunity of worshipping with the good people here. Mr. Chipchase was minister for the day, and he delivered a well-arranged discourse from the words of Isaiah xlviii. 18. This hard-working itinerant seemed well informed, literally and experimentally, which enabled him to employ some good similes, thus making the service instructive and edifying. During the last thirty years "Bethesda" has experienced some changes. Then it was an "Independent," now it is a "Particular Baptist," that is to say, a New Testament Church. Pastors Hamblin and Willoughby have entered into the rest prepared for the people of God. Now the pulpit is furnished with "supplies." May God in His own time send them a pastor who shall feed the flock who meet there, and be instrumental in gathering others to the Church in this rapidly-increasing village, is the earnest prayer of
A WAYFARER.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Frederick Green expects soon to return and to reside again in London. He has been three years in Manchester, and has preached the Gospel in the towns adjacent. He will be glad to visit the former scenes of his ministerial labours. Present address, 17, Runeorn street, Chester road, Hulme, Manchester.

LAMBTON, NEAR NEWCASTLE,
NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* acknowledges most gratefully the letter sent by brother David Young, pastor of the Baptist Church worshipping in Calvary chapel, Lambton; and wishes all the true and Christ-loving Churches in those Colonies to feel assured that it is most joyful to hear, to record, and to publish the reports of the growth of the Saviour's visible Gospel kingdom in all parts of the world. Here, in England, the blighting seeds of partizanship have been so deeply and widely sown in what are termed the Strict Baptist Churches, that we sometimes fear they will divide and slaughter one another, until they will be forsaken by the Lord God of Israel.

Brother David Young, and the other good ministers in Australia, may expect some words of warning and of counsel from our English Churches ere very long. Meanwhile, we gladly announce that the anniversary services of the Lambton Baptist Church were holden on April 26th, 1874, Brother D. Allen, of Sydney, and Thomas Robey preached; near 400 had tea, and public meetings were holden, of which we purpose giving full details next month.

We shall devote all the space we can to the rising Churches in Australia, as we feel bound to encourage them with all the power our God and Saviour shall bestow upon us.

BROADSTAIRS.—C. W. Banks, Editor of the "EARTHEN VESSEL," visited Broadstairs, August 12, and preached in Providence chapel. Tea was provided. At five o'clock we commenced with full three times the number provided for, but soon all necessities for the gathering were obtained. We assembled again at half-past seven to hear Mr. Banks lecture on "Oxford to Rome," &c. Mr. Kiddle gave out a hymn which was sung by the large assembly then gathered. Mr. Kiddle proposed that, in the absence of Mr. Jones, of Margate, through indisposition, Mr. Hall, of Clapham (who happened to be in Broadstairs), was called to the chair. He said it was a pleasing providence which had brought him to Broadstairs for the benefit of his health, and he was influenced in the choice of the place by understanding that there was a Baptist cause there, and he certainly had a liking for the sect which was everywhere spoken against, and he was pleased to have the opportunity of associating with the pastor, Mr. Kiddle, and to be present to introduce his friend, C. W. Banks, the lecturer. He had heard him preach many times, but he never heard him lecture. As he was not a man to put his hand to matters of this kind which he did not understand, he trusted the lecture would be both edifying and profitable to the audience. Mr. Banks had spent a life-time in preaching the Gospel, and in publishing for the public good, and was worthy of all the support that could be given him. After the lecture Mr. Kiddle said he was certain Mr. Banks was earnest in the work he was doing; that he gave no place to anything that would

deteriorate from the truth. Truth is potent, Truth is perfect, and Truth will triumph. On these three points Mr. K. spoke a short time. The collection was made, a verse sung, and the meeting closed with the usual benediction.

GOING TO HEAR MR. BRADBURY
AT PECKHAM RYE.

Such men as work hard seven days in the week all the year round, have few opportunities of hearing those great and popular men which are springing up on every hand. It being announced that Thomas Bradbury would occupy the Venerable George Moyle's pulpit on the morning of August 4, a Little Heart was moved to travel by trains and trams to hear him.

The Baptist cause at Peckham is one of our first-class suburban Baptist Churches. Its pastors, Messrs. Powell and Moyle, have proved themselves men of merit in every sense of the word; but, during the last few years, the working staff has been so effective and successful, as to render it necessary to lengthen their cords and to increase their accommodation again and again. Little Heart entered Rye lane before Mr. Bradbury read his text; but a dull and deaf ear would not let the good man's voice enter. So, opening a Bible, these words gave a sermon inside while the people listened to one outside:—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles, through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith."

Oh! what a rich opening of real Gospel was here! Little Heart went to hear Thomas Bradbury, could not hear, but in the inmost soul four amazing scenes of wonder opened up. There was, first, the Miserable Plight us poor Gentiles were in "under the curse of the law." Ought we not most anxiously and prayerfully to tell our fellow-men that they are under the awful curse due to sin? Ah! we should.

Then, secondly. See the declaration, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Who can fully open up this deep river of love, and blood, and power? What are the results of all this? "That the blessing of Abraham might come upon us;" and "and that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." Little Heart thinks he will never forget sitting lonely and sad in that most handsome Rye lane Baptist chapel, straining to hear, but could not; and that then his whole soul was filled with Gospel truth in a silent, solemn manner. If this grows into a good sermon, you may hear again from

LITTLE HEART.

WOKINGHAM.—We held an open air service on Tuesday evening, August 18. Mr. Edgerton, who was accompanied by his deacons and several friends from Reading, preached in the market place, from John ix. 25. A goodly number gathered to hear, and

we felt the presence of God with us. Being unkindly turned out of their meeting house, our strict Baptist friends here have no stated place of worship. Bro. Gray has opened his room here. The friends meet to read and pray, and the Lord has been in their midst. O how we long for the day when Ephraim shall no more vex Judah, and vice versa. And when all God's people shall learn to study self less, and Christ's cause more, who shall be the greatest, has been either directly or indirectly the cause of half our Church trouble as a denomination, and will be while men are proof against the precept: Bear ye one another's burdens; and forget not the words, If a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. If we all lived according to the precept, and nearer to Jesus, there would be less of this hard and exclusive spirit. VERITAS.

THE LATE JOHN CLARK.

TO THE EDITOR. DEAR SIR,—I was much amused and astounded at the account given of the late Mr. J. Clark in this month's issue. I knew Mr. John Clark for many years as a gracious good man. You say "when he could preach no longer he seemed to turn from us." Now, if "us" means close communionists, then it may be true; but Mr. C. did not turn from Baptism, nor from Baptists. Mr. Clark was a believer in the coming and kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, that all things were not only made by Him, but for Him, that He is appointed heir of all things, and that after His Church shall have been raised up to meet Him in the heavens, He will come with her as His bride, to reign according to covenant and promise, as David's Son and Lord.

The great and blessed truths, that stand in connection with the Lord's return and future exaltation on the earth, dear to Mr. Clark, he could not hear at either of the Tabernacles, therefore he left them, and sought food where it was to be found that was suited to his faith; he found it in Mr. Lincoln's ministry, which to him was living bread.

Some of my friends saw him in his great and last affliction: his mental and bodily sufferings were great. He sleeps in Jesus, and be believed the dead in Christ shall rise first.

The insertion of these few lines will oblige yours,
J. CHISLETT.
August 6th.

STURRY, CANTERBURY.—Our Strict Baptist anniversary was a special time of blessing. Mr. John Hunt Lynn gave us three sermons, rich in knowledge, powerful in spirit, clear in the truth. Our pastor, Charles Hancock, said, The Spirit poured down blessings all the day. Christian people of sober minds enjoyed the unction of the Holy One for many days after. These are not flattering words of vanity, they are expressions of hope that in our brother, John Hunt Lynn, may be found a Gospel ministry of large blessedness for many years to come.

KNOWLE HILL.—After many changing scenes, the Church here was permitted to celebrate its Jubilee on Monday, July 5. Brother Bardens preached a Christ-exalting sermon: after a substantial tea had been served to a large number, Mr. Edgerton preached on Jubilee Trumpet. Friends came from towns and villages around. The Church here has reason to call upon the Lord to arise and plead His own cause. The devoted and self-denying brethren Varney, Vize, and Brown declare the words of everlasting life, and are sometimes cheered by the presence of the Master. It is painful to see their present position. How can this be remedied? The only remedy is the revival of true and undefiled religion and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon us all. Our earnest prayers ascend for these mercies. W. F. E.

CHRIST'S GOSPEL IS SPREADING.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

The Particular Baptist Church at Sandhurst, Victoria, New South Wales, has enjoyed seasons of refreshing by the coming unto them of the ministry of the truth, in the person of Mr. John Bamber, who was designed for the Newcastle district; but illness overruled man's purpose, and we trust, under the providence of God, he has been sent to, and welcomed by, the Sandhurst Church. Very blessed meetings were held May 24 and 25. Near 300 friends of truth took tea, and a crowded assembly listened to the Gospel.

The Sunday schools and Bible classes, with other auxiliaries, keep brother Bamber in full sail; but his heart is in his work. The Lord long spare him and honour him, and make him a blessing to thousands. Amen.

BUCKS, CHALKSHIRE.—Anniversary service was held Thursday, July 30, 1874. Service commenced by singing—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs."

Brother George Lane offered prayer. When our friend C. W. Banks came we sung and read. The Lord helped him to preach greatly to the comfort and consolation of some. All praise to Jehovah. Truly it was good to be there. I could, with the poet, sing—

"The King Himself comes near
To feast His saints to-day."

"I sat beneath His shadow with great delight;
His fruit was sweet to my taste." We had excellent tea. We enjoyed the bounties of providence, and a conference with C. W. B., Mr. Buchannan, of Asckett, and G. Lane. Our season passed away quickly. At evening service Mr. Buchannan read the Word and prayed. Then we listened to a well-defined Gospel sermon, from Paul's words, "We are not of them which corrupt the Word of God," &c. The sermon was very searching.

"Crown Him Lord of All."

and prayer ended the happy season.

Butler's Cross, near Tring. G. LANE.

CHATTERIS AND CAMBRIDGE.—“The Vicar of Chatteris,” M. A. Gathercole, has published two pamphlets to expose the Hypocrisy, Falsehood, and Fraud of the Free Church of England. We hope to gird up our loins and plunge into these deep controversial rivers before many days have passed away. “The Affectionate Remembrance of the Beloved Wife of Mr. George Beale,” by John Bunyan McCure, is a brief record of a most eminent saint, a true, spiritual, practical, and faithful believer. We have permission to make some extracts from it. *Plymouth*—The “Account of a Singular Visitor from London,” by V. Owler, is almost unintelligible. True, “something must be done;” “some one must be found;” “powerful attraction is necessary.” No one can answer the query—“Is the Lord’s hand in this?”

CAMBERWELL.—Grove Chapel. —**DEAR MR. EDITOR,**—The friends at the Grove had a high day on Sunday last, August 16, when Mr. Henry Hanks, of Carmel, Woolwich, was in the spirit on the Lord’s-day. Two most blessed Gospel sermons did he preach, and I believe from the united testimony of the living in Jerusalem, that the Holy Ghost accompanied the Word with power, as many testified; in fact, it appeared the united voice, as of one man, that it was the very best supply they have had since the illness of the pastor. Thursday, September 10, is the day set apart for the public recognition of Mr. Thomas Bradbury, as the pastor of the Church of Christ, at the Grove, when we hope to have many friends from other Churches to welcome the Lord’s dear servant and the Master at the Head of all affairs, then it will be a good day in truth and in deed. So prays, T. CRUTCHER.

WALTHAMSTOW.—Sermons were preached August 2 and 3, in the Public Hall, Oxford road, by brethren Haydon and Hazelton. Nearly two hundred assembled: tea was served. Over public assembly brother Thomas Stringer presided, and several good hearts told us of the mystery and mercy of salvation by grace. We hope our Lord will bless our efforts to establish a True New Testament Church in Walthamstow.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The Sunday schools in this town have had a grand field-day, under the patronage of the excellent Mayor, who gave nearly 20,000 children, teachers and friends, a most bountiful tea and holiday. Our Ascupart street friends formed one regiment. The scenes and sounds of this immense gathering were beyond all description. We can but heave a deep-drawn sigh that the hundreds of thousands of children now in our schools were instructed in the saving truths of the Gospel of God.

KINGSLAND ROAD.—Brother Joseph Cartwright, of 23, Flemming street, Kingsland road, sends us note from his chamber where he has been down in deep soul-exercise

and near to death; but the Lord is mercifully raising him. He hopes some day to be able to preach again. We must give his letter next with a list of all received. Since his last he gratefully acknowledges: Friends, Billericay, 7s.; Mr. Pocott, 5s.; Mr. Willis, 5s.; W. Lodge, 2s.; Poor Widow, 1s. Brethren, let us help this honest, suffering servant of Christ out of his weakness. How astonishing, none of the leading ministers have put a hand to help this poor Job of modern times. Let us all shew brotherly love.

WHITESTONE CHAPEL, NEAR HEREFORD.—During the last few days we have had varied scenes of a solemn kind, in this rural, ancient, but much honoured house of prayer. First, the death and burial, with funeral service, for our late beloved pastor, Mr. Plaice, filled us all with grief. Then, our late organist and school conductor, Miss Alice Tyler, was married to Mr. Samuel Banks. Service conducted by the bridegroom’s father. Next came baptizing services. On August 20, C. W. Banks preached and then baptized five true believers, one of whom was our friend Mr. W. H. Godwin. Last of all, the receiving these members in, and Lord’s Supper, by our brother C. W. Banks, closed up the present most anxious season. Now, our eyes are up unto the Lord for help to the bereaved widow, and for a successor to the pastoral office. May answers to our cries be given. Amen.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

I sing with joy and gladness,
For God is with us still;
“Begone dull care” and sadness,
While we obey His will.

For He will never leave us,
Nor take His love away;
Then why should troubles grieve us,
While in the world we stay?

For trials are but blessings,
Sent wisely in disguise;
A Father’s fond caressings,
To fit us for the skies.

He knows how best to train us,
To share His heavenly throne;
Nor will He ever pain us,
But for our good alone.

Then let us bow before Him
In gentle, humble love;
And throughout life adore Him,
As angels do above.

All things that here befall us
Are working for the best;
And soon His voice will call us,
To die,—and be at rest.

Then let us love Him ever
With mind, and soul, and heart;
And from His service never,
No never, never part.

Newark.

WILLIAM STOKES.

Notes of the Month.

THE GENERATION COMING UP.—There are commotions in the Colleges; there are conflicting elements in the so-called Christian journals; and there are storms gathering over the heads of some of the most powerful orators. *The Baptist* has spoken plainly, and contends for Gospel principles. We believe it will be well for the young men who are coming up in the ministry under the divine direction, to ponder with incessant prayer, and with an honest and earnest desire, the words of warning with which the Holy Ghost closeth up the book of God's revelation. Students, pastors, preachers, Christians all, will you read Rev. xxii. 18, 19, "I testify unto every man," &c., "adding unto," and "taking from" are prevalent acts now.

QUERIES.— "Does the Dr. deny the work of the Spirit? Surely the ministry is not coming to that?—Hatton, near Hounslow and Hungry Hill.—Letters on the life and death of dear John Brett, shall be inserted. His widow and family are left totally unprovided for. Will not all the Churches, where John ministered, make collections to help the bereaved widow in this day of her deep distress?"

TO MINISTERS.—The minister of the Strict Baptist Church, Broadstairs, will be happy for any brother in the ministry, who may be visiting this salubrious watering-place this season, to occupy the pulpit any Sunday, or on a Wednesday evening.

UNITED STATES.—Samuel Knapp's sermon on the "Foundation Truth of the Church," will, we believe, be highly appreciated by all the loyal New Testament Baptists in the kingdom. We will give it them as soon as can be.

"DEGREES IN GLORY."—We are almost overdone with letters, notes, papers, and reproofs, arising out of the admission of the above theory. Our correspondents must give us time to peruse their favours; some of them exceedingly extensive and truthful. Our labours in the Provinces, of late, has allowed some unhappy imperfections, but it is grateful to find how faithful and zealous our readers are in detecting the least insertion of questionable ideas. We are resolved to give every criticism a fair reading; each witness shall be heard, thereby we hope good will flow from the painful thorn in the Editor's side.

NEW ISSUES.—"Church and Home." A large monthly paper, for one half-penny, is well produced by Mr. Longley, Warwick lane, Paternoster row. From the same publication we have a sermon by Dr. Mc Auslane—"Death, a Gain to the Christian." A discourse of genuine thought and of holy penetration.—Our "New Leicester Square" is seen in a large and excellent engraving in the "*Pictorial World*," Part V. The original and easy style of its articles, with its elegant pictures, must render the "*Pictorial World*" more popular than any of its co-temporaries.—"Special number of *Gilead*," contains a large hive of honey—

the result of the labours of many working bees—not working to save themselves, but to proclaim that Gospel which is the joy of their hearts, and the boast of their tongues. We have a mind to examine each of these bees as opportunity occurs.

"THE LUTHER FESTIVAL."—Words of Life and Holy Love, stern and sacred, from this source, are waiting.

MELBOURNE.—We return thanks to Mr. John Turner, pastor of Particular Baptist Church, Lonsdale street, Melbourne, for his sermon—"The Lord's Special Call." We shall gladly receive his Review of the Progress of Christ's Gospel in Victoria.

WHY I CONTINUE AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.—Dear Mr. Banks,—Allow me to say why I remain a member of the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle. It is because I believe God has brought me there. I was living in the country, where I could not commemorate the dying love of our blessed Jesus. I could only go to church. Then I removed where there was only open communion. I could not sit down there. These circumstances led me to ask the Lord to lead me where I could commemorate His dying love. He brought me in a most mysterious way to the Surrey Tabernacle. He kept me waiting and asking; I heard His voice say, "Stand still and see the salvation of God." Since then I was thinking of going to Camberwell Grove; but I felt persuaded in my own mind that the Church at the Tabernacle was in the divine order; and not man's. I must abide.

"DEACONS AND COLLECTIONS."—The correspondent, signing himself "A Constant Reader," has not sent us his name and address as we desired; we shall, therefore, refer to his charge next month.

AUSTRALIA.—A London citizen says: "I had the pleasure of spending an evening with Mr. Allen, when in Sydney, last May, and was pleased with the success attending his labours there. I have known Mr. Allen for many years, and shall be delighted to forward his views or interests."

Marriage.

On Thursday, the 20th Inst., at the Forest Gate Congregational Chapel, by the Rev. G. Frith, Frederick Morter, eldest son of James Morter, Forest Lane, Stratford, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry Bear, Haddington House, Ilford Road, Stratford.

Deaths.

Mrs. Elizabeth Seers died August 9, 1874, aged 66, at No. 12, Peckle Street, Camden Town. In her last moments she exclaimed:—

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

On June 26th, at Tunis, of Diphtheria, Alice, second daughter of Rev. W. Fenner, aged 9; and on July 22nd, also of Diphtheria, Rev. W. Fenner, aged 43, for 17 years a Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews.

“The Lord is with us! Fear them not.”

“Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will His own will perform:
He sends His angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.”

THE night was dark; the rain came down in torrents. Dear Joseph and I walked the long road leading to the chapel. The evening before this I had been summoned to appear before a board of brethren who, in a gentle spirit, warned me of some apparent departures from truth. And, after this evening service, I was to meet some important officials. Well, the awful storms of mental, ministerial, and circumstantial sorrows through which I have been compelled to pass of late have somewhat shaken me, and rather than have to contend with hard and clever political professors, I would sooner go into a wood and weep out my poor soul before the Lord my God. Oh! what have I experienced, seen, and been exercised with, during these many years! Dare I open my heart and tell the tale of grief? Not yet.

Joseph and I, as I have said, were tramping it through wind, rain, dirt, and dismal feelings, when my mind was a little cheered by Joshua's words to the rebellious Israelites, as recorded in Numbers xiv. 9: “The Lord is with us; fear them not.”

“Silent sentences” have many times been “spoken in my soul,” and I secretly ask, “From whence came they?” I will not presume. It must be enough for the present to say that, on reaching the chapel, we found a few who had plodded through the down-pour and were waiting to hear what God the Lord might say unto their souls.

“The Lord is with us; fear them not” was the text. Out of this history comes this one lesson: if God's promise is not sufficient, there is nothing under heaven can satisfy the rebellious mind of fallen man. God had promised to give them the land of Canaan; this was not enough. They must have spies; every tribe must send one man to search the land of Canaan; the men are appointed and sent. They return after forty days, bringing with them a cluster of grapes, saying, “Surely it is a land flowing with milk and honey, and,” pointing to their heavy cluster of rich fruit, they cried out, “and this is the fruit of it.” Grand sentence that. Nevertheless, ten out of the twelve brought an evil and discouraging report, and some of them was urging upon the whole multitude to return back again into the land of Egypt.

What! was the Lord sending Moses and Aaron down to them nothing? The Passover Lamb and the sprinkled blood nothing? Their passage through the Red Sea nothing? No, indeed; their unbelief and the bad report of the ten spies filled them with bitter weeping and rebellion all the night.

How few, comparatively speaking, bring a good report of the
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Gospel land! But in Zion there is Joshua and there is a Caleb still. Jesus, the Saviour, and Caleb, the good heart, are yet found in the kingdom of grace, and they speak the truth, they cheer and comfort the people, they admit that there are giants in the land. Giant Infidelity, Giant Atheism, Giant Intellectual Advancement of Modern Thought, the flirting Rituals, and the Roman Hard-heads, with hosts besides, are threatening to overrun the land. And the ten spies declare "We are not able to go up against these Anaks and Amalekites, for they are stronger than we."

What saith Joshua and Caleb? "If the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land. Fear ye not the people of the land; their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us; fear them not."

The Lord God is with His people in all the purposes of His grace, in all the perfections of His Son, in all the promises of His mercy; but we know nothing really of all this until the promise of the Father, the life-creating, light-enflaming, love-producing, truth-unfolding powers of the Holy Ghost are given unto us. Then, in the exercise of a true and living faith in Jesus, and in the realised fulfilment of the promises, we know the Lord is with us. The sealing evidence, the confirming testimony which raised up my soul on this occasion was that new covenant blessing registered in Jer. xxxii. 39: "And I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear Me for ever; for the good of them and of their children after them."

Most precious and conclusive was that promise to my soul. It was secretly brought in with gentleness and certainty.

"Have I not one heart," said I to myself, "with God the Father in all that He hath revealed of Himself to me?" Certainly; and it is a loving heart which He has given me; such a one as can admire all He is, all He has done, and all He has promised.

It is a heart that is "one" with all the patriarchs and prophets; a heart in unison with them in all that God hath made known to them, and a heart of sympathy toward all the saints, apostles, prophets, and ancients in their sorrows, trials, joys, and mercies.

We are also of "one way;" as the promise saith, "I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear Me for ever." The so-called visible, professing Church is now full of different ways. Our Lord never revealed but "one way." The ladder Jacob saw was one straight, upright way from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. Our faith in the fulness and perfection of Immanuel, "God with us," is that sevenfold oneness which Paul expressed to the Ephesians, which he calleth "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" wherein "there is one body, one spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all (the elect and redeemed family), who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

What a solid rock my soul did stand upon when I realized this great promise: this "one heart and one way," which shuts out all cavilling, all disputing, all unbelieving, so far as the existence of the Three Glorious Persons in the Trinity and the exercise of their sovereign power are concerned. It is exactly as our Lord Jesus Christ said to His Father in that ocean-like verse, John xvii. 8: "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me, and they have received

them, and have known surely that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me."

Here is the essential testimony—God the Father gave the words of His loving heart to God the Son, and He comes and tells us these very words. First, He tells us them in His own personal ministry, now He tells them by the Spirit through the preached and written Word. All spiritual disciples receive and believe them, love and feed upon them. This is the witness we have that the Lord is with us, and there is no real cause to fear the hosts of fiends and foes against us. Nevertheless, none of the sons of men are so deeply exercised with fears as are the tried and afflicted children of God; so feebleth and believeth their servant in the Gospel,

C. W. B.

"I AM READY TO HALT."

Psalm xxxviii. 17.

R EADY to halt, David! What, while so many around us are always ready to pray, ready to sing, ready to preach, ready to talk, ready to think good thoughts; and ready to perform good actions? What! ready to halt when thousands around us are ready to preach and teach that it is in the power of the creature to repent, to believe, to make his peace with God, and close in with Christ at any moment? "Ready to halt;" yes, while numbers who profess to be sound in the Calvinistic Creed assert that all men, when once regenerated, have power to do all that is commanded in the Gospel.

But let us now notice a few things which may cause the Christian to say, "I am ready to halt." We sometimes meet with nothing only rebukes, and get so discouraged that we cannot help saying, "I am ready to halt." The Lord's people are experimentally acquainted with the rebukes the Bible speaks of: "When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth" (Ps. xxxix. 11). God's rebukes will make us see that our supposed goodness, or beauty, is vanity; that our high thoughts of our ability to do spiritual things is nothing more than a cobweb trust. When sharp law rebukes come, they put us out of all conceit in ourselves, and make us cry with the Psalmist, "O Lord, rebuke me not in Thy wrath, nor chasten me in Thy hot displeasure." God's law-speech will shake our self-confidence, and "turn our comeliness within us to corruption." Says the prophet, "O Lord, I have heard Thy voice and was afraid: in wrath remember mercy." My sins cry out horribly against me, and "I am ready to halt." Satan comes in and tempts me to believe that all my trying to understand the things of God for myself is in vain, and "I am ready to halt." God's voice in the Bible seems to be against me; and every time I hear His voice, "my belly trembles, my lips quiver, and rottenness enters into my bones." But mind, they who are thus rebuked are God's sons: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? but if ye be

without chastisement whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

"Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might."

Reproofs, convictions, and condemnation on account of sin, are these rebukes, which make gracious souls inwardly sigh and groan; yet God's rebukes to these all come in mercy, though they seem to come in wrath. Perhaps you are trusting in yourself, and there comes a rebuke. Peter thought he could do very much, and promised great things, but it all ended in smoke; and when he flatly denied his Lord there came a rebuke, for the Lord turned and looked Peter full in the face. This was a rebuke in mercy and love, and not in anger, and such a rebuke as broke poor Peter's heart. Samson thought too much of his own strength, and said, "I will go out and shake myself against the Philistines;" but we find they took him, put out his eyes, and made him grind in the prison, and there was the end of his boasted strength. Sometimes you trust in earthly objects, and set your affections upon them, and there comes a rebuke; for God takes these away, and down you come. Say you, surely He will bring me to nothing: the more I try to get on in business, the further I am off: I really cannot get on—"I am ready to halt."

But again, there are God's *arrows* and *terrors*. Says the soul, I have sinned and done such abominable things, that God is set against me; "He hath bent His bow, and set me as a mark for His arrows." God's arrows are His thunder words, His law words. Did you ever meet a Man upon a white horse with a bow in His hand? and did He shoot an arrow at you? If so, you can say yes, and He conquered me; I fell at His feet as dead, and confessed Him as God over all, and of great and infinite power. Law curses are God's arrows and terrors; trials and troubles are terrors, and so are afflictions. You keep striving against your inward sins, against evil thoughts, hard thoughts of God, hard thoughts of His cause and of His people, and yet you are still plagued with these, and feel ready to halt. Say you, praying and striving against these seem to little purpose, they still annoy and trouble me, "I am ready to halt." Israel could not get rid of the Jebusites, although he tried hard; and though Caleb got rid of three lusty giants, the sons of Anak, yet the Canaanite would still be in the land. Judah thought to oust his terrible enemies, but he could not set them a-going, for they had iron chariots in the valley. Such are our inbred sins. Again, the terrors you are sometimes troubled with are your sins, committed against light and knowledge, also death, hell, and the judgment to come. You who can steer your course quite clear of all this, what say you? do you think your religion is real? I fear you are dead enough within; sin is dead, the devil is dead, the world is dead; and all because you yourself are dead. Soul darkness is a terror. Many people are very fearful in the dark, and are filled with forebodings of evil intended against them; and so is the tried believer. Another thing which makes the child of God ready to halt is, when he is afflicted in both body and mind. Mark what David says, "I am feeble and sore broken." But what made him so? Says he, "My loins are

filled with a loathsome disease." This was indwelling sin which he felt, and which gave him so much pain; and it is on account of sin, barrenness, and hardness of heart, that the child of God says, "I am ready to halt." Ah, says he, I will try and pray in earnest, my whole soul shall be in the work; but before he gets far in this exercise, strange things leap into his mind, and he is ready to give up and say, "I am ready to halt;" my heart is bad, I am altogether bad. Again, he says, I will read God's Word more, and drive away this melancholy, and these vain and foolish thoughts. At it he goes, and tries hard; but O how he himself is tried! for certain grim monsters come in at the doors, at the windows, and even make their way through the walls of the house. Perhaps you may be a little tinctured with covetousness, and on account of which you have to suffer much darkness of mind; but all at once you determine to upset that sin, and so say, I will be a little more liberal, this being a branch of the Christian religion. You try with all your might, but this constitutional sin still makes head against you, your courage fails, and you say, I have not now succeeded in fully rooting out this hateful weed, and I cannot help crying out, "I am ready to halt." Alas, "I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day." O Lord, give me all the grace and strength I need, that I may go on to wage war with sin and Satan, till all my foes be overcome, and the victory fully and finally gained.

Pulham St. Mary.

B. TAYLOR.

P.S.—I send another crumb from the Master's table, if you think you can find room for it on your dish.

MR. BALLARD BROUGHT TO THE BOOK;
OR,
THE GLORIOUS ONENESS OF ALL THE REDEEMED.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—In *Earthen Vessel* for August, my attention was arrested by an article headed, "Some Critical Points for Consideration," consigned by J. F. Ballard. Knowing you do not hold yourself responsible for the views of your correspondents, also your willingness to give all sides a fair and impartial hearing on all points of interest and importance, I crave a corner for a few remarks in reply to the above-named article; trusting they may not be according to the carnal reasonings of the old man, but to the infallible testimonies of the Scriptures of truth.

Your correspondent says, "Unquestionably, it is a duty incumbent upon all who have received the truth to state and defend it," etc. If so, we would also remind him of the great danger of adding thereto (Rev. xxii. 18). Peter and John were men taught of God, and they said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard . . . and our hands have handled of the Word of life" (Acts iv. 20; 1 John i. 1). Hence their preaching and Epistles beautifully harmonised with the Scriptures, which had been written hundreds of years. Can so much be said of the article referred to? Let us try it. "To the law, and to the testimony."

After adverting to the good intentions of David, the work wrought by Solomon, his own and other's labours, Mr. Ballard presents us with a strange piece of logic. He tells us Jehovah-Jesus equips and sends forth men into the ministry; yet argues it is by a course of self-culture in the sciences they *become* qualified to contend against the intellectual preachers of erroneous doctrines. Would it not have been more in keeping with his theory had he said, "Jehovah begins, but they finish and complete the equipment?" Is it necessary that one should become accomplished in the sciences to be qualified to contend against erroneous preachers? "Were all, or any of the sanctified ones, whom Jude exhorted, to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," adepts in the sciences? Timothy was exhorted "to avoid oppositions of sciences." Then, what was he to do? Not give scientific lectures, nor philosophic orations, as many do now; but "Hold the faith," "Preach the word." Timothy had known the Scriptures from his childhood; and it is the Scriptures which are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The Ephesians were to "take the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." "The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword." "Out of his mouth went a two-edged sword" (His omnipotent, omnific word—see also Isa. lv. 11; Rev. ii. 12, vi. 4, xix. 15, 21). Surely, this word which created the earth, seas, planets, suns, systems, yea, the universe itself, set them in motion, keeps them in order, is able also to confound the most craftily-devised system hell could invent, or man adopt, against the truth of God, or the eternal interests of men. No effect can exceed its cause. Science, however favourable to matters of religion, is but weak; consequently, the good effects must be small. The Word, having omnipotent power, is the best and mightiest engine; hence, the results shall correspond accordingly, in unison with the eternal purposes of an All-wise Jehovah. Thus proving Mr. Ballard's scientific theory to be inimical to the Scriptures, insulting to Jehovah, deceptive to men, and pleasing to the arch adversary of the truth.

WHAT MEAN THESE FLOODS?

Again, is it a fact, "Their (erroneous preachers) empire over the minds of the people is beginning to be considerably shaken?" If so, what means the mighty tide of Roman Catholicism that is rising so terribly in our land, and carrying upon its bosom its thousands and tens of thousands? What means the rapid growth of Ritualism in the so-called Protestant Church? What are we to understand by the torrents of Infidelity and semi-Atheism, which is rushing in upon us on every hand? Why is it such multitudes are embracing the annihilation idol? And how is it such hosts are bowing down to the Dagon of free-will and duty faith? How is it we hear from all parts of the land the plaintive notes, "How is the fine gold become dim?" "The ways of Zion do mourn," etc. Are not strifes, debates, divisions, and separations continually taking place? So far from the empire of evil ministers being considerably shaken, it must be patent to every observer it is waxing stronger and stronger, like the horn spoken of by Daniel, and is making war with the saints, and, to a great extent, prevailing.

Perhaps one of the greatest reasons for it is, because so many have resorted to the sciences, rather than to the plain Scriptures of truth, for their weapons of war.

Evidently, the glory has departed from many of the Suffolk Churches, which, in bygone days, were as the garden of the Lord. Look at the Metropolitan Churches! Is it not the free-and-easy anythingarians that flourish like the rush in the mire? But, alas! how little (comparatively speaking) is the truth, as it is in Jesus, loved and sought for. And may not the same be said of all the great towns in the country? Nevertheless, "Christ shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

Passing from this subject, Mr. Ballard notices a distinct call to write, from that to preach, and labours to prove some are called to write, and not to preach. But the passages quoted will not support the theory; for it must be admitted that John, who wrote the Revelation, was a preacher. It is no less clear that the Prophets were preachers. They openly declared the Word of the Lord in the hearing of the people. The Apostles who wrote the Epistles were preachers. In modern times, the greatest and profoundest writers were also preachers, such as Gill, Owen, Charnock, Hawker, Huntington, and many others of sacred memory. Further, 1 Tim. v. 17 is brought to prove that those who write are they who labour in doctrine, and that those who preach are they who labour in word, 2 Tim. iv. 2 being brought to confirm it. Now this is wresting the Scriptures to support a flimsy, fangled notion.

In the first of these passages the Apostle advised Timothy concerning elders, and said, "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine." The article *the*, being left out, alters the sense, altogether contrary to the Apostle's meaning. For it is not they who labour in word, and they who labour in doctrine; but "The word and doctrine." This is confirmed in the other passage and that which follows it: "Preach the Word. . . . For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine;" clearly proving it to be the elders or ministers who so labour in the Word and doctrine.

We ought to be very watchful against making distinctions where there are none. Let it also be remembered, that the preaching of the Gospel is of infinite more value than all the literature in the world: and the more simple, the more valuable. The New Testament abounds with proofs.

But Mr. Ballard seems to attach a far greater importance to, and sets a much greater value upon, what he terms Calvinistic literature; distinguished by its "Purity of diction," "Vigour of style," "Splendid ideas," etc., and deplors the supineness of Particular Baptist Churches with reference to it; but, nevertheless, comforts himself with the sweet lullaby of "Degrees in glory," saying, "But there are degrees in glory, and there are those who shall be more immediately in the presence of God and the Lamb than others." It must not be forgotten this is a *human acquirement*, and no "Thus saith the Lord," and "It is written," to support the assertion. This doctrine well suits many who have acquired large intellectual attainments, and think more about, and value them more than the Person, merits, blood, and righteousness of the

Adorable Redeemer. Of this class there are not a few. It is fine food for the carnal appetite of human pride; a nice soft pillow for merit-mongers of all classes to repose upon, highly perfumed from the censers of Arminius and Wesley. *Self qualification* for high seats is a darling idol. But like all the rest of the idols, shall most assuredly be destroyed and sent back from whence they came; seeing they are diametrically opposed to the plan and workings of free-grace, as taught in the Scriptures of truth. Could one travel the whole circle of human learning, and fully, faithfully, patiently, affectionately, and successfully labour in the word and doctrine, until all his physical powers should be worn threadbare, and the mental energies completely exhausted, it would no more qualify him for the heavenly world, or a higher position when he got there, than did the dying groan of the malefactor, "Lord, remember me." Nor let it be supposed that dying petition qualified him. It was but an external evidence or proof he was already qualified, but up to that hour he had been an abandoned wretch. If the degree theory be correct, that pardoned and justified malefactor, with thousands more who have been called in the eleventh hour, will be a tremendous distance from Christ in the Paradisiacal world. But Jesus said, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Moreover, is there not an infinite disparity between an earthly monarchy and the heavenly kingdom? The allusion, and inference too, are so infinitely mean and contemptible, as also anti-scriptural, they are not worthy of comment. Mr. Ballard writes as though He had acquired more knowledge of the glory world than the inspired penmen, who said, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;" and, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." We, *i.e.*, all who shall be saved, and ultimately "caught up," etc. (1 Thess. iv. 13—18.) Communion and fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, is an inestimable privilege bestowed; and not by any means a human acquirement, and, doubtless, is the very acme of the religion of Jesus. Further, "He will give (unto all His chosen ones) grace and glory." That glory will consist, in a complete conformity, to a glorified Christ. To this end were they predestinated (Rom. viii. 29). Where, then, are degrees in glory? "We shall be like Him." Therefore, shall we not have a spiritual, incorruptible, glorified body? Shall not the veil of ignorance be completely torn off? Will not the mind expand, and the understanding be perfectly developed? Is it not a fact, that the clog of feeble, sinful mortality, hinders the mind becoming more expanded here? Let every son and daughter of Zion take their stand upon the Rock of eternal truth: for that truth declares "We shall be like Him." Not forgetting that every one of them is loved with the same perfect love, chosen by the same merciful God, adopted by the same kind Father, bought with the same price, redeemed by the same blessed Christ, regenerated by the same Holy Ghost, and brought saving, into the same glorious relationship. All help to compose the one perfect body of which Christ is the Head; all form a part of the one holy temple of which God is the builder and glory; all are living branches of the true Vine; yea, all are washed in the same precious blood, all clothed in the same white garments and raiment of needlework and wrought gold; and, ultimately, shall all stand before the throne, having palms, and

singing one melodious song: but not a sentence about degrees in glory. In further support of this "degree" figment, it is said, "For as Christ hath ascended into heaven, and taken again there His body with flesh, bones," etc., which implies: 1. That the human body of the Lord Jesus was in heaven previous to its being begotten by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. 2. That He brought that body down from heaven, therefore, never was made or born of a woman. 3. That the body of Jesus Christ has undergone no change, contrary to the word, which declares it to be a glorious body. If this be a part or sample of the Calvinistic literature, with "Splendid ideas," etc., need we wonder at there being so little demand for it by the Particular Baptists.

Again, Mr. Ballard saith, "The more abundant our labours are for Him here, the more honourable our recognition there." Indeed! the Apostle Paul viewed the matter in a very different light; speaking of himself, he said, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." Referring to his labours, he said, "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet, not I, but the grace of God which was with me." And when he had finished his extraordinary course, the faithful and laborious saint took a retrospect of all the way his God had led him; happy in the thought of the time of his departure being at hand, he exultingly said, "Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness—not which he had earned by his abundant labours—but which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing." Not a word about a more honourable recognition. Again, we are told, it was the conviction of this degree theory, and a more honourable recognition, "that inspired and ennerved the Apostles and the early Church to labour in Christ's service, even unto martyrdom," etc. If this is not a fearful libel upon the characters of those holy men of God, I know not what is or would be. What, to gain a higher place in heaven, a nearer place to the throne, did they labour and suffer? That man's religion, or ministry either, is not worth a rush, that has not purer motives than that to prompt him. Preposterous idea, indeed! A man born of God, delivered from the reigning and damning power of sin, brought into Gospel liberty and the enjoyment of new covenant blessings, to be so carnal, sensual, to say, I would not labour in preaching or writing for the glory of God, or the good of His family, was it not for securing a more honourable place in heaven. O, Mr. Ballard, a poor, selfish, fleshly religion that. It may do for the followers of Arminius, and the votaries of Rome, but never for those who have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.

We will now, for the time being, take our leave of Mr. Ballard, sincerely wishing he may be favoured to meet with some kind Aquila and Priscilla, who may instruct him in the way of the Lord more clearly.

Wishing you, Mr. Editor, much of the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and every blessing you need as an editor, and minister of the Gospel of God; while I am only,

JOSIAH MORLING,

Minister of Zoar Chapel, Ipswich.

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

BY G. BURRELL, OF WATFORD.

(Concluded from page 264).

HAVING thus adverted to the connection in which our text stands, showing the circumstances under which the question arises—"Return, that we may look upon thee," we shall endeavour to speak upon the latter part of the verse—"What will ye see in the Shulamite, but as it were the company of two armies."

If you examine me closely, and look on me narrowly, you will be sure to discover this secret about me, that there are two contending powers within me—that I am a kind of compound, being a mystery to myself and a mystery to you. It is a mystery only known to, and experienced by, the Christian; therefore we shall now look at the subject matter of the text, which is the believer's warfare. Here are to be seen in the Shulamite the company of two armies. In consideration of this important subject,

Notice, 1st. *The seat of war.*

2nd. *The nature of the battle.*

3rd. *The cause of the war.*

And 4th. *The end and design of the believer's conflict.*

I. *The seat of war.* Where is it? Where do these contending armies meet in battle? Well, the Shulamite tells us the war was within; it is in the Shulamite, and Paul says, Sin dwelleth in me; and I find another law in my members warring against the law of the mind; and so says the Shulamite, If you look upon me and examine me closely, you will find the armies are within me; the one army consisting of Christ the Commander and Captain, with all the graces and fruits of the Holy Ghost, with every holy desire and spiritual thought and motive; these have their seat within the citadel, the castle, the principal mansion, the soul; and the other army, consisting of the innumerable corruptions of our fallen nature, the innate evils of the heart, fleshly lust, and treacherous dealers, in league with and allied to the devil, the prince and power of darkness, are seated principally in the flesh. These are as Bunyan has it in his Holy War, not in the castle, they were once—they as lords, had dominion over us, they were once the only rulers in the soul, and then there was no conflict; but they were overcome and cast out by Christ and grace—the mightier than Satan and sin—they were cast out of the affections, dethroned from the heart, but they are not yet cast out of the premises altogether, they are in the walls of the town, namely, in the flesh, or in the members; here they are seated, here they dwell, and here they rage; and here they rave, and, alas! too oft prevail in their influence upon or attacks against the soul. I know, says the Apostle, while an Apostle and a great and blessed saint, too, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. And again, I find another law in my members warring against the law of my mind. Here is the law of his mind, by which his mind was

governed; the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, by which he was influenced to serve and love the law of God; and here is the law of sin in the members, by which he was frequently led captive, that is, his soul was led away captive by the power and influence of the law of sin in his members, whether he would or not, which made him groan and cry, "O wretched man that I am."

Sin dwelleth in me, says Paul; there is no soundness in my flesh, said David, yet there is a good treasure within; for a good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things—there is some good thing in every Christian's breast towards the Lord God of Israel. The good thing is grace—God's holy life and fear that is in the soul; but all the evils, as regards their nature, still remain rooted in the flesh of the best saint and unaltered. The armies are within, the field of battle is in the believer's bosom; sworn enemies are the two armies and irreconcilable, sometimes described as the old man and the new, sometimes the flesh and the spirit, and sometimes the law of the Spirit and the law of sin. Here are in the same person, Christ and Satan, light and darkness, holiness and sin, life and death, nature and grace, faith and unbelief, hope and fear, love and enmity, patience and fretfulness, meekness and rashness, holy thoughts and vile thoughts, gracious desires and sinful inclinations; a whole army of graces, and a whole army of sins and lusts; and these are diametrically and perpetually opposed the one to the other—the seat of war is within.

Secondly. *As to the nature of the struggle.*

It is spiritual, painful, and perpetual.

1. It is spiritual, not carnal. We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers; not only with all the evils within, but with all the fallen angels and devils without. No one can see the struggle, but it is no less real. It is what Paul calls it, a wrestling with spiritual and mighty foes; the weapons are not carnal but spiritual. It is the armour of God, truth for the loins, imputed righteousness for the breast, shoes of iron and brass for the feet, a good hope, through grace, as a helmet for the head, the Word of God as the sword, and Christ as the Invincible Shield; it is the armour of light, provided by God and put upon the soldier. The armour is entirely spiritual, provided by the Spirit and exercised under His divine influence and power. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. Strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man. It is through the Spirit the deeds of the body are mortified; fleshly lusts are opposed by spiritual graces, but He who is the Author of every grace infuses power and vigour into the graces; faith is of the operation of the Spirit; hope also is strong, and lively, and abounding, as it is inspired by the Spirit; love also is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. It is the Spirit with all His implanted graces in the believer that is opposed to the flesh. The nature of the conflict is spiritual.

2. It is painful. That is to say, it is a reality felt and known in the soul where it takes place. Sometimes, yea, frequently, the flesh prevails and then the spirit is grieved. The flesh may not so prevail as to break out, to throw the Christian down outwardly; he may not openly yield to sin, yet there may be an inward falling. And the living soul is painfully sensible when sin and the flesh is uppermost

within. This is, I apprehend, the Apostle's meaning in Rom. vii.: "I find another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." This it was that produced the bitter cry, "O wretched man that I am!" This wretchedness was felt, and painfully felt too. It made him groan for this reason, he was a holy man and such was the power of sin in his members, that it acted as a law and carried him like a prisoner whither he would not, and placed him, for the time being, where he would not be. A naturally cleanly person might be carried by force and placed in the midst of filth, and wretchedness would sure to be the result, simply because the person was of cleanly habits. The fear of the Lord is clean and cannot be contaminated by sin or altered as to its nature, yet the soul that fears God is often carried away by the power of sin.

David feared God, yet he said, "Iniquities prevail against me." They often prevailed within, and, in the case of his fall, they prevailed and broke out in a fearful way. The struggle is for the throne: the elder, sin, shall serve the younger, grace. Sin is subdued, it is cast down, but not cast out. The nature of the two are as opposite as fire and water, so that they are always struggling. The flesh suffers when it is mortified and crucified, and grace suffers, and groans, and bleeds when sin prevails. Under the sweet influences of divine grace, when the great Captain is in the field, every lust and sin is routed and put to flight; every grace is in sweet and blessed exercise, and every thought is brought into obedience to Christ; the heart is fixed and the believer sings praise. Anon, the troops of hell and troops of evil thoughts, vain, vile, and infidel, carry away the soul, fetter, and bind it fast. Now the soul cleaves to the dust and groans; now it pants and thirsts for God; now it mounts and then it sinks; now it sings and then it mourns. It is the same soul, but under very different influences. Oh, yes, it is painful. To will is present, but how to perform we find not: "When I would do good evil is present with me." Indeed, the holy Apostle says, "Ye cannot do the things that ye would." Newton describes the contention in the following lines:—

"Strange and mysterious is my life,
 What opposites I feel within;
 A stable peace, a constant strife,
 The rule of grace, the power of sin.
 Too often am I captive led,
 Yet daily triumph in my Head.

I prize the privilege of prayer,
 Yet, Oh, what backwardness to pray;
 Though on the Lord I cast my care,
 I feel its burden every day.
 I seek His will in all I do,
 Yet find my own is working too.

I love the holy day of rest,
 When Jesus meets His gather'd saints;
 Sweet day of all the week, the best;
 For its return my spirit pants.
 Yet often, through my unbelief,
 It proves a day of guilt and grief.

I call the promises my own,
 And prize them more than mines of gold ;
 Yet though I have their sweetness known,
 They leave me unimpress'd and cold.
 One hour upon the truth I feed,
 The next I know not what I read."

There is always suffering connected with fighting, and though, through rich grace, saints are kept from final falling, yet it is nevertheless true, the warfare creates much pain and anxiety. The flesh is flesh, and tends strongly to that which is fleshly. The world and the devil without operate very powerfully on these allies within; the world is full of snares; the devil presents a variety of baits to suit the appetites of all: and alas! very frequently we do not see the snare until we feel the smart. My heart, says David, is sore pained within me. Again he says, "My soul is among lions." Oh, what raging lusts arise within at times and threaten to devour! But while we cannot do the things which we would spiritually, blessed be God, neither can we do what we would carnally. We cannot follow the flesh, or live after the flesh, or fulfil the desires of the flesh, as we once did, because of the contrary principle within.

3. It is perpetual or constant. Not that the armies themselves are always actually engaged in war, but there is no reconciliation; there is no surrender; there are seasons of rest and refreshment, special times when the Great Commander is near; when He, by His looks and word, scatters and silences the enemy; when He marshals His own forces and inspires them with strength and vigour; but as soon as His Majesty disappears, or withdraws His spiritual presence, the foe is sure to stir, and Satan, at the head of his army, soon comes in like a flood. If there is a long calm and a dead calm we may be sure there is something wrong. If the Holy Ghost is not stirring the fire of grace, the devil will be stirring the waters of corruption. By day and by night, at home and abroad, in the world, in the street, in the house of God, and before the throne of God, this fight continues. "I was almost in all manner of evil," says the Psalmist, "in the great congregation;" "How long shall vain thoughts lodge within me?" We are not always feeding or resting, even in the house of God; there are sore conflicts and combats take place there, and, blessed be God, there, too, we derive, frequently, fresh strength to persevere, to make a stand, and to fight the good fight of faith. Now and then the battle ceases in the places of drawing of water, and we are enabled to rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord in His wonderful deliverances in helping us in, holding us up, and bringing us through the battle. Here we learn to know and prove His value as a Shield and Hiding-Place. Oh, blessed Christ, how He has covered our head in the day of battle! He giveth us the victory; we are more than conquerors, and the feeble worm, by faith, at times triumphantly sings, even here,

"Oh, the happiness arising
 From the life of grace within,
 When the soul is realising
 Conquests over hell and sin.
 Happy moments,
 Heavenly joys on earth begin."

But the Canaanite dwells in the land, and we are not long between

the seasons of engagement with some of the evils that lurk within. They are in the members, in the eye; how soon that is carried captive! They are in the tongue; how soon, alas! from sweet praise and thankful utterances that is employed by the foe in complaining or something worse. They are in the feet and hands; how willingly they move in the service of the King under the influence of love; but how slow they drag in heaven's way, or wander out of the way when the flesh prevails! Thus the conflict is for life, and death alone will put a final end to this strife; and the true Christian often sighs for that period,

"When His dear face to view;
He, mounting to his native skies,
Shall bid all sin adieu."

It is a perpetual fight.

Thirdly. *The cause of this war.*

Well, this is very pleasing to reflect upon. The cause is the implantation of grace. As sure as you are engaged in this spiritual warfare, so sure you are a Christian; for as long as the soul is unregenerated there can be no war. There is nothing but flesh; there is but one set of principles there, and can, therefore, be no strife or contention. "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour, wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." In a state of nature Satan and sin govern the heart, he blinds the understanding, shuts out the light, corrupts the judgment, captivates and governs the will, alienates and pollutes the affections, and quiets the conscience with a delusive peace. But as soon as grace comes, his seat is disturbed, light breaks into the understanding, truth possesses the judgment, the will is subjected to Christ, the affections are cleansed and set on things above, and the conscience, alarmed by guilt and the terrors of God's holy law, is cleansed and quieted by atoning, pardoning blood, and sin and Satan being cast out from that period, and solely on that account the warfare begins. It was the image of God in Adam the devil aimed at and destroyed in Eden, and it is His own blessed image, Christ, in the heart of the Christian, that the devil hates, and abhors, and aims at. This war began in heaven; its dreadful effects are seen in the fall, and it is renewed in the soul on the same grounds as soon as ever the kingdom of grace is set up within. It is often asked by the believer, especially the young and inexperienced Christian, "If I am a Christian, why am I thus? Why these conflicting feelings, and why this constant strife? Why, the answer is plain. You are so because you are a Christian. This is one of the best and most abiding evidences that can be produced. It is life that feels the death, light that complains of darkness, purity that mourns over and loathes defilement, faith that struggles with unbelief. Recollect the Master's words, "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth." No; but to separate from the world, to break the covenant with death and the agreement with hell, to set up My kingdom within to reign, and rule, and finally to overcome and cast the devil and sin entirely out for ever. Therefore, cheer up, conflicting heart, all is well and must be well to all eternity; for,

“As sure as Jesus overcame
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.”

Now, Fourthly and briefly. A word or two on *the end and design of this conflict.*

Why should it be so? We are satisfied there is a wise and gracious design in it all. There are two principal reasons:—1. That we may know and discover what is in our hearts; and 2. What there is in the heart and hand of our God for us. What we are in ourselves, and what our covenant God in Christ is to us.

We must learn by experience the use of our Shield; we must know from experience the characters of Christ as a Commander and Captain, as a Strong Tower and Stronghold. Who, but the experienced soldier, the fighting, the feeble, and the faint, and yet the conquering and triumphing believer in Christ, can sing truthfully and feelingly the language of David: “Blessed be the Lord my Strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight. My Goodness and my Fortress, my High Tower and my Deliverer, my Shield, and He in whom I trust.”

We must learn by experience our fickleness, weakness, and defenceless condition, and His faithfulness, power, and protection. We must know what it is to be wounded and what it is to be healed; our weakness and where our great strength lieth. We must learn some of the devices and depths of Satan and the wisdom, and skill, and power of our dear Deliverer in Satan’s dark hour. We must know something of the depths of sin and the depths of God’s eternal love in the sympathy and succour shown by our Jesus in temptation. We must know by divine tuition the true nature of sin and the nature of grace. Jehovah might have taken His Israel from Egypt into Canaan in a few days, but He led them about in the wilderness, and tried, and trained them there for forty years. He thereby proved them and they proved their God. Their necessities made room for His supplies; their extremities for displays of His almighty power, and their enemies brought out His care and protection. The existence and power of sin within reminds us daily of the need of blood; a sense of one’s own weakness brings us experimentally into acquaintance with the strength of Israel.

Again, we must be reminded this is not our rest. How the soldier in the battle-field must long for home and long for rest; so the Christian warrior longs to lay down the sword and take up the palm, to cease to sigh and to begin to sing. We must know by painful experience, by castings down, and various disappointments, and defeats in the field, that we shall never possess the land by our own bow, and that our own strength cannot save us, but entirely because the Lord has a favour towards us. “By this I know Thou favourest me because mine enemies do not triumph over me.” Of Gad it is said, “A troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last.” ’Tis in this sore and constant conflict the wonderful Saviour is known and endeared. His name may well be called Wonderful. He is wonderful everywhere; wonderful in counsel, wonderful in the field of temptation, when He overcame the devil, wonderful on the cross, when His own arm brought salvation, perfect and complete, over all our foes; and wonderful He is in the

heart, where the battle often rages. Was ever such a Commander known? He leads the war as a Captain, covers the soldiers as a Shield, heals the wounded as a Physician, and carries the faint as the Strength of Israel. He is both Pioneer and Rereward; He fights the battle, gives the victory, and brings safe home and through the whole.

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

And then to close; oh, how sweet, eternally sweet will be the eternal rest, the complete conquest, to realise in heaven fully what is a blessed fact even now: "We are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." Oh, to be helped to say at the end of the campaign, in a dying hour, with holy Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give unto me at that day; and not to me only, but to all those who love His appearing." It is a conflict now, but the crown is in view, the kingdom is at hand.

"That throne, that glory you shall share,
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While God Himself shall live."

"WHY DO YOU NOT INVITE ALL KINDS OF SINNERS TO COME TO CHRIST?"

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In reply to your question, I beg leave to assign my reasons for not inviting all persons to come to Christ.

I. I am not commanded to do so in the Word of God. The Saviour says, "PREACH the Gospel to every creature." This I endeavour to do. I would not hesitate to tell every person I came in contact with, that they are lost, ruined, and undone sinners. I would also tell them God's plan of salvation by the "finished work" of Christ, and not omit to set before them the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration; but I could not invite a careless and indifferent person to "come to Christ."

1. You must not confound preaching and inviting one with another. The Gospel is to be PREACHED to all, but to be "offered" to none.

2. I believe that Redemption is particular, that Jesus Christ did not die for all men, but for His bride—the Church. "He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." How could I invite all to Christ, when I know that there is not salvation provided for all?

3. I maintain that invitations are addressed to particular cases and characters. I. Those who "thirst" (Isa. lv.). II. Those who "will" (Rev. xxii. 17). III. Those who "labour and are heavy laden." Each of these are effects of a work of grace in the heart. Spiritual *thirst* and spiritual willingness are properties of spiritual life, and to be labouring and heavy laden are two blessed evidences that those who have them are quickened by the Holy Ghost.

4. I maintain also that "pressing invitations" are needless. I. In relation to the unrenewed man. He has no desire to be saved, His heart is enmity against God—is not subject to the law of God,

neither can he be. To such an one invitations would be useless. He does not feel His need of Christ, and there is no beauty in Christ that he should desire Him. Coming to Christ is a spiritual *act*, and before any person can perform a spiritual *act*, they must possess spiritual *life*. Therefore I maintain that invitations to dead sinners are useless.

II. Then as it regards Regenerated persons. The first work in a sinner's salvation is the quickening operation of the Holy Ghost, which manifests itself in a feeling sense of sin, a desire for mercy and deliverance from the power, as well as the penal consequences attached to it. The desire of such has been very truly described as follows:—

“Though words can never tell my case
Nor all my sorrows paint;
This I can say before Thy face,
That Christ is all I want.”

A person in this state does not require to be invited to Christ. His cry is, “Give me Christ or else I die.” “Say unto my soul I am *thy* salvation.” “Lord, IF THOU WILT THOU CANST make me clean.” “The desire of my soul is unto Thy name.” The poor convinced sinner would give ten thousand worlds, did he possess them, to be able to feel his interest in Christ.

I often think that those who deal so largely in universal invitations cannot understand what it is to “come to Christ.” Coming to Christ is a *spiritual act*. A desire to be saved by Christ is coming to Him, renouncing our own works, good and bad, and casting ourselves at the feet of Jesus: this is coming to Christ. Let it be distinctly understood that no man can come to Jesus without being drawn unto Him by the Father, and that “all who have heard and learned of the Father” will come to Jesus. This is no small mercy. If our salvation had depended upon our responding to the invitation, we should never have come at all. We sought Jesus because He first sought us, and had He not have sought us, we should never have sought Him.

From the tenor of your letter I conclude that you do not rightly understand the *nature* of FAITH. You appear to make faith the cause, and salvation the effect. This is false. Faith is not the *condition* of life and salvation, but the *effect*. Faith is a *fruit* of the Spirit, so that before I can have the fruit I must have the tree of grace in my heart. It is not if you will believe you *shall* be saved, but if you believe you *are* saved. If you are a believer in Jesus, you *have* everlasting life, and shall never come again into condemnation. Saving faith is a precious grace, given to God's elect, and to them alone. It is called “the faith of God's elect,” and is of “the operation of God,” it works by *love*, and leads the sinner to Christ, and draws life and virtue from him. It is an eye by which we see Christ, and a hand by which we embrace Him; it is by faith we realize our interest in Jesus, and by it we overcome the world; but it is also the sovereign gift of God to those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life.

May the Lord open your eyes to see all truth, with a spiritual eye, and give you to see,

That ne'er had you *felt* the guilt of sin,
Nor sweets of pardoning love,
Unless thy worthless name had been
Enrolled to life above.

GEORGE REYNOLDS.

"THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS."

*HIS EXPERIENCE AS A CHRISTIAN, AND AS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.**

THE days are gone, when WILLIAM GARRARD, of Leicester, was a minister of the Gospel of God to many souls in different parts of England. He has left us behind; his memory is pleasant to us; and we desire to express to Mr. R. A. BARBER honest and hearty thanks for compiling and publishing this memorial volume, entitled "REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WILLIAM GARRARD."

As we travel hither and thither, we carry the book with us; and it is delightful to find how correctly we can see that Mr. Garrard's public life was the exact counterpart of those simple, sincere, child-like, genuine, and godly experiences, of which he was the subject from his earliest years.

The component parts of William Garrard's mental and ministerial constitution were singularly diverse. Originally, naturally, and truly, he was as pure in motive, in mind, and in meaning, as a little child. He had a white, clean-looking countenance, and this was but the outcome and representation of a severely chastened, delicate, guileless mind. Without one atom of irreverence, or of straining similes, we feel a sweet pleasure in declaring our conviction that WILLIAM GARRARD did, with a deep intensity, love the LORD JESUS CHRIST with all his heart and with all his soul, and also, as certain do we feel that our Lord did, by His Spirit, say to our brother WILLIAM (in the sacred experiences of his soul), "thou art all fair, My love; beloved, thou art fair: thou hast dove's eyes." Indeed, he had "dove's eyes"—they were at times as soft and as tender as holy love could make them; but there was a long, a deep, a piercing penetration in them, that nothing could withstand. He would look a man through and through. He would mentally, and in silent meditation, dive into the depths of any theme, subject, text, or doctrine, on which His mind might be fixed; and then, in the full joys of his soul, you might hear him bursting forth with such streams of eloquent feeling that no words could be found fully to express; hence, to some, at times it was difficult to comprehend all the ideas which His mind laboured most passionately to throw out. He had "the mind of Christ:" and that blessed SPIRIT, which searcheth all things, had revealed unto him "the deep things of God." In the defence of the glorious personalities and work of a Triune Jehovah, he evinced the courage, boldness, nobility, and energy of the lion; while the tender, lamb-like sympathies of his sanctified nature were easily drawn forth when any poor "bruised reed" came before him in penitence, faith, and love to our Lord.

No one who belongs, through grace, to the Pauline race of Christians, will doubt the veracity of our brief notice when they read the volume,

* "Reminiscences of the late William Garrard," &c., &c. Printed and Published by Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London. Also to be had of the Widow, Mrs. Garrard, Newtown Street, Leicester.

which has been so consistently compiled by Mr. R. A. Barber, and so thoroughly well produced by Mr. Robert Banks.

We have marked some portions as extracts in our future reviews of the volume; but we think it only fair to the widow, and honourable to the memory of a very extraordinary man, first to give all our readers the announcement of the publication of William Garrard's life, leaving the quotations for another time.

HOW GRACE HAS SAVED ALL WHO TRULY BELIEVE.

AFTER I had finished preaching on Sunday evening, Sept. 6, 1874, from Peter's words, "Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls," the thought came rolling over my mind that the completely conquering and saving power of divine grace is strongly represented in the word "returned;" for Peter would seem plainly to indicate the four principal blessings unto which the truly-converted elect of God are returned. They are returned, visibly,

1. To the fold of Christ, over whom Jesus is the Shepherd, where protection and provision are found for them.

2. They are returned to the Bishop of their souls, whereby they are brought under spiritual training for a higher sphere of fellowship with the Almighty Lord God of heaven and of holiness.

3. They are returned to some realisation of their new covenant character and condition; for Peter, by the Holy Ghost, saith much when he writeth those words,

"Ye are a chosen generation" (that is the grace of God the Father saving them);

"A royal priesthood" (that is the grace of the Son of God saving them; and mark it is a "royal priesthood");

"A holy nation" (there is the work of God the Holy Ghost saving them);

"A peculiar people" (here is the manifestation of grace in their deportment here on the earth, where grace hath called them out of darkness into God's marvellous light, in order that they might shew forth the virtues or praises of Him who hath saved them).

Lastly. They are returned to an "Inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away," &c.

An enlarged, Bible-confirmed, and experimentally proven testimony on these points might strengthen the faith of some who halt, and overthrow the Arminian heresy in the minds of many.

Who can reject the note? Who will help to illustrate and extend it?

Saving grace, flowing from each and every Person in the Trinity and manifesting itself in the experience and character of the redeemed, is a theme most blessed to the inmost soul of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS,

Whose tent is now removed to 9, Banbury Road, South Hackney.

THE PRESS AND THE PEN.

Thankfully we acknowledge receiving numerous packages. Before us we find *No Priest, but Jesus*. A lecture by J. A. Griffin, of Charles street, Camberwell (R. Banks). Ritualism in Camberwell being the evil, Mr. Griffin has publicly, from pulpit and by the press, exposed its dangerous influence. He lays fast hold of its daring assertion that "the priest at the altar is virtually Christ Himself," hurling this awful theory to the winds. The lecturer, with wisdom, confidence, and faith, proves there is "No priest, but Jesus, because Jesus only is fitted to exercise the functions of a Priest." Get the people to read these lectures of light and truth.—In *Cheering Words* we give a precious piece, "Jesus Alone is Our High Priest."—*Beware of Money-Making Man-Traps in the Shape of Baptist Chapels*. By a Countryman in London. How can a Countryman tell there is no vitality in his ministry? If this is fairly criticised it will excite anger.—"Religion in the City" (*City Press*). They are kicking the Church of England out of the City, and setting up Romanistic places all around. Well, they are left to do as they please.—*Atomism: Dr. Tyndale's Atomic Theory of the Universe Examined and Refuted*. By Professor Watts, D.D. (Belfast: W. Mullan). Our friend, Robert Wilkinson, Esq., being the Chairman when this lecture was delivered, strengthens our conviction that the careful perusal of this pamphlet will lift the mind out of the misty fears of many who think that science will sink the theology of heaven.—"The Clergyman of Epworth who had Nineteen Children," and "Some Account of the Musical Talents of the Wesley Family," will be found in Mr. Winter's *Shilling Volume*, to be had of F. Davis, in Chapter house court. This book is as full of pith as a good Christmas pudding is full of plums. It is not every one who might meet the massive form of Wm. Winters, when he is marching from the British Museum through the City, who would suppose he could compile a work like this. But as William Winters is a man well grounded in the faith, no one need be afraid of perusing the volume because it is about the Wesley Family. Charles is our favourite; John we never knew.—"Leaves Torn out of his Life" will be in "The Hypers of the Nineteenth Century and their Critics."—Benjamin Taylor's letters and papers always come with a pleasant odour and power.—John Turner, of Netherton, and John Turner, of Melbourne, both acceptable, although, mentally, they differ.—Bishop Strossmayer,

and the Romish curses heaped upon him when denouncing Infallibility, is given in the rich old *Gospel Mag.* for September.—No paper is more rightly named than is *The Pictorial World*. In every department it is handsome.—Messrs. F. Wheeler, John Hudson, A. Baker, F. Mott, and others have written censures against the degrees in glory by Mr. Ballard. We shall hear the punishment patiently, and speak, if we live through it. One thing we must name: many have thought dear little Ballard, of Farnborough, was the author. No such thing. Mr. Ballard, of Chelmsford, wrote it. He is a learned and devout Christian, but in this matter he has advanced a speculative theory which the Lord has neither revealed nor confirmed.

A Protest against Idolatries, &c., of Gospel Professors. By J. Godsmark (published by R. Banks). Mr. Godsmark gives us this new work as the result of "thirty years' experience of persecution, reproach, and poverty." In his plain expositions of the truth as it is in Jesus, we declare our sympathies go with him entirely; the same man that persecuted him was equally bitter against others we have known: it is a mysterious and awful fact, that the majority of men in the ministry are cruelly working against their fellows. Many have been taken away. Let those who remain take heed both of their spirit and conversation; for God is Judge, and He standeth before the door. Mr. Godsmark has for years stood aloof from most ministers and Churches; he has looked keenly at their faults and idolatries, and he comes forth to witness against them. If God called him to this kind of witnessing it must do good. We have been seriously affected by some of Mr. Godsmark's writings; but we fear he considers our section a fraternity of hypocrites altogether; if the Lord sheweth us no more mercy we must perish for ever.—Shirley Hibberd, in *The Gardener's Magazine* for Sept., writes beautifully of the crops, the fruits, and the world of nature altogether.—Samuel Foster, of Sturry, sends tidings of his fellowship with the Lord, while the outward man is strangely afflicted.—*The Melbourne Herald*, of June 16, brings us John Turner's discourse on Rom. viii.—"Strong meat"—preserved in our drawer until we dare to give it.—*The Interpreter* is finished in twenty-one handsome parts. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, will now publish the volume entire.—Mr. John Lindsey's new tract, *Transgressing Israel*, is a chaste rod for professing Christians: but the people care nothing for the soul as compared with the body. From his watch tower John still sounds the alarm.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

OUR POSITION AS STRICT BAPTISTS:

OUR FAITH AND AIMS DEFINED.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS BY MR. THOMAS JONES,

At the Opening of Bromley Road Tabernacle.

On Tuesday, the first day of September, a little tabernacle was opened at Bromley road, Burnt Ash Hill, South Lee, a growing neighbourhood, likely to become a wide, populous field for evangelical operations. The cause has been commenced in a prayerful trust in the Lord, by a few godly people lately located on the hill, who, thankful for the grace which has brought them to a knowledge of salvation, are anxious that others should share with them in religious privileges.

The mission hall and school room now built are but as the beginning of what is hoped will become a large chapel.

An evangelist has already commenced mission labour, and rooms are provided for Sunday school, Bible classes, and those benevolent works in which Christian women are most useful.

In the afternoon of the day named, Mr. W. J. Styles, of Islington, preached a sermon from 1 Tim. i. 15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." We shall be thankful if the same Gospel be ever preached with the same clearness, tenderness, and earnestness which characterised this, the first sermon in the mission hall of the "Bromley road tabernacle."

A goodly number sat down to tea, after which an address was delivered by Mr. T. Jones, of Artillery street, of which we give the outlines.

Let me premise, in justice to the promoters, that it is in no spirit of rivalry against good workers around they commence this movement.

They disclaim all opposition save against sin, ignorance, and ungodliness, and they feel that there is plenty to be done by all who are willing to serve their day and generation by spreading the knowledge of Him in whom is all the fulness of grace, and by whom alone any of our race can be saved.

"It is a fair question which, no doubt, will be put by persons who pass by this building, and possibly by some in the present assembly, What are the people who have set it up, and what are their aims? It has been assigned to me to answer this question on behalf of those with whom the matter has originated. But for the heresies, superstitions, and hypocrisies, begotten by the enemy of God and man, it would be enough to say that they are Christians, lovers of God and His Christ, followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. They heartily profess so much

and regret that the Babel confusion, which prevails in the religious world, makes it necessary to describe their faith more particularly. There are none in this land, of whatever sect or denomination, who yearn more than they for real Christian union, the fellowship of saints, but they can only expect it on the basis of truth—definitely and distinctively 'the truth of the Gospel.' They have no sympathy with the modern Broad Church idea which ignores dogma, desiderates a Christianity without a creed, which banishes catechisms from the schools, and articles of faith from trust deeds. In fine, they have a creed, which, however unpopular, is dear to their hearts as a summary of divine revelation, the doctrinal foundation on which rest their faith and hope. Their creed is what is called 'Calvinism.' Calvinism, in its plainest version, not altogether Calvin's Calvinism, but the Calvinism of the Evangelists and the Calvinism of the Reformers, whose testimony shook the Vatican, and who carried the light of life into many dark places of the earth, the habitations of cruelty; the Calvinism of the Church of England as expressed in Articles 9, 10, 11, and 17. The Calvinism of Toplady, Berridge, Gill, Hervey, and a cloud of witnesses who were honoured by divine approbation in their life and were glorified at their death.

"Once and for all on this head, their creed need not be looked for in Calvin's Institutes, in laboured tomes of profound theologians, nor in the more brief compendiums of Church articles—all they mean by Calvinism is contained in four or five lines of divine inspiration. 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.' Salvation of or by grace includes unconditional election by the Father, full redemption by the substitution and sacrifice of the Son of God, regeneration by the power of the Holy Ghost, evidenced by a godly life and conversation, waiting and watching for the promised appearance of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"The little band I just now represent hold themselves subject in their measure to the Saviour's injunction, 'Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' They are pledged by their obligation and loyalty to Him, to point to Him, tell of Him, and commend Him to the regard and trust of the poor and needy, the guilty and lost, as He who can heal all spiritual diseases, comfort all that mourn, and save to the very uttermost all that come to God by Him.

Love to Him, out of which grows love to men, has put them on this effort, hoping God will bless it.

"They know that faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. They will do their best to secure a full and faithful preaching of the glorious Gospel, unadulterated by the fancies and sophisms of men. The Gospel, a solemn reproof to the atheism so impudently blatant in certain philosophical circles, and equally repugnant to popery in all its grades and shades, and Pharisaism whatever its guise. Though not themselves preachers in an official sense they will pray for the preachers and for the hearers also, and as the Word gains effect they trust there will be a company of spiritual worshippers gathered, who, observing the order seen at Corinth, where the converts first gave themselves to the Lord, and then to each other by the will of God, shall use this building as a part of Zion, a family residence, occupied by sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and who shall continue in primitive doctrine and fellowship, in breaking of bread and in prayers.

"This brings me to another point on which they desire to be thoroughly understood: they are BAPTISTS, Strict Baptists. In the Book of books they read, 'He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved.' They that gladly received the Word on the day of Pentecost were baptized, and 'they who believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, were baptized, both men and women;' but nowhere do they read of the original order being changed or of license given to men of any degree to omit, or modify any of the Master's laws. It is at our peril we take from or add to the things which are written in this Book. It does appear strange to us that an ordinance so plainly instituted, so significant, and withal so easy to obey, should be neglected and even flouted by many who are zealous for the faith while they fail of obedience. What an immensity of trouble some good men give themselves to prove that sprinkling a babe is Christian baptism, and that what priests and parents do with a child is placed to the credit of the child itself. But while they keep up a constant fire against our views, they are far from unanimous in their own; nay, they do not differ more from us than they do from one another. Scarce any two of their greatest authorities agreeing on the ramifications of the subject. Some allege that the dear babe is put into covenant with Christ, and the Church by the aspersion; and others candidly admit that they have no direct Scripture warrant for the practice, but at least it is harmless, and that it is a gratification to fond parents to have something *done* for the little ones.

"We would gladly leave them to settle their own differences, but they persistently concur in charging us with uncharitableness, because we maintain that the font is in the way to the table. The episcopal clergyman will not sanction by his presence the interment of an innocent babe that has not been

christened, and, as far as we know, all Non-conformist Churches require what they call baptism as a pre-requisite for membership. So they ought not to censure us who believe in Believers' Baptism, for being, in this respect, in agreement with themselves.

"We shall content ourselves with exploding one fallacy which is made much of, that is, that Baptists are a new sect, and that baptism by immersion is quite a modern practice. We have no hesitation in claiming to be the oldest party of the Christian world. The precursor of our Saviour was a Baptist; the Saviour Himself was a Baptist. The first Churches organized by the Apostles consisted of baptized believers. Learned men of the Episcopal sect, Presbyterians and Independents concede all we ask for. With what consistency can they go on making Christians by a ceremony which has not a shadow of precept or prescription from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation? Whatever difference exist among Baptists on other subjects, in regard to baptism they all speak the same thing, and there are no divisions among them (1 Cor. i. 10).

"They with one voice maintain that BELIEVERS, AND BELIEVERS ONLY, ARE PROPER SUBJECTS FOR BAPTISM.

Adult baptism, a phrase often used, does not express their meaning; as they rejoice to know that God can and does convert some young in years, and being regenerate they are fit subjects for Christian baptism, though not of adult age.

"They are all agreed that BAPTISM IS IMMERSION INTO THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

"Know ye not that so many of you as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life' (Rom. vi. 3, 4).

On the use of baptism they are equally unanimous, THAT IT IS AN ACT OF OBEDIENCE TO THE SAVIOUR; a following in His steps; an emblem of His death and resurrection; A PUBLIC PROFESSION OF OUR FAITH; an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace. In no sense or degree do they consider it or speak of it as a saving ordinance, it being Believers' Baptism. Those who are scripturally baptized, were believers before they were baptized—saved sinners. If any feel reproved in their consciences for neglect of Christian duty and try to find shelter in the example of great names, we can only say, One is our Master, even Christ.

Our belief as Baptists is not the gauge of our charity. "We read in 2 Chron. xxx. 'A great multitude of the people did eat the passover otherwise than it was written; but Hezekiah prayed for them, saying, The good Lord pardon every one that prepareth his heart to seek God, the Lord God of his fathers, though he be not cleansed according to the purification of the sanctuary.' And the Lord hearkened to Hezekiah and healed the people. We pray for our Antibaptist brethren in like

manner, and from the bottom of our hearts ejaculate, 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.'

"In conclusion, let me say, that whatever our creed or denomination, one thing is needful to our salvation, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

"The religion of Christ is a religion of life, enlightening the understanding, captivating the affections, influencing its possessor to 'live soberly, righteously, and godly, in the present world.' It has loving fellowship with things unseen, realises divine faithfulness in all seasons of trouble, and anticipates an eternal abiding in the heavenly inheritance of the saints. Be such your happy estate, and mine also, for Christ's sake."

Mr. Milburn and Mr. Dyce, Missionary, took part in the services of the day.

RECOGNITION OF MR. THOMAS BRADBURY,

AT GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

It will be a day prominent in the Church's history at the Grove on which the pastor that succeeds Mr. Jay was recognised. The official announcement of the services said: "Recognition services to inaugurate the entry into the pastoral office of the Rev. Thomas Bradbury will be held on Thursday, Sept. 10, 1874." The services were held as arranged: and we should presume the most ardent admirers of the newly-elected pastor were highly gratified and fully satisfied.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bradbury delivered a discourse to a large congregation, there being a number of ministers and some clergymen amongst the crowded company. Tea was supplied after the sermon; but the number was so great that it taxed the best efforts of the officials to meet the demand, but the friends took the will for the deed.

In the evening, a public meeting was held, the chair being occupied by Mr. Inglefield, who very judiciously abstained from any lengthened introductory remarks. A spacious platform had been erected for the occasion, and was filled by ministers, both Baptist and Independent, by clergymen of the Church of England, and by laymen, who appeared to evince great interest in the proceedings. On the left of the chairman, sat Messrs. Vinall, Rowe, Moyle, Lawrence, Pung, Whittle, Pepper, Ponsford, Wise, Davis, Franks, and Meeres; also three of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, Messrs. Beach, Carr, and Rundell: this was the *Nonconformist* side of the platform; the fine pulpit projecting in the centre of the platform partially divided the same. On the right hand of the chairman sat first the pastor-elect (whom we must now, we suppose, look upon as seceded from the Church of England); close by him sat the Rev. W. L. Rolleston, the vicar of Scraptoft; Rev. G. W. Stratton, rector of Aylestone; Rev. James Battersby, vicar of St. Simon's, Sheffield; Rev. Dr. Gregg, vicar of East Harborne, Birmingham: this was the *Conformist* (or Church) side of the platform;

there certainly were one or two Nonconformers near the clergy—notably, and looking very happy, was Mr. Anderson (of Deptford). Is it possible he has serious thoughts of seceding from his stricter brethren, and going over to the Church?

The evening meeting opened with singing, Mr. Bradbury read the 133rd Psalm, and prayer was offered by Mr. Vinall. In a few appropriate remarks the chairman introduced the business of the meeting, spoke in the highest terms of the incoming pastor, and equally affectionate mention was made of Mr. Jay, who, for more than twenty years, had presided over the Church there; he trusted and believed the same truths would still be maintained there; and he hoped the influences of the work there might be spread far and wide. He would give them a key-note for the evening—"England still a Protestant Country;" or, in the words of Chillingworth, "The Bible, and the Bible Alone, the Religion of Protestants."

The deacons gave a statement of the circumstances that had led to the choice of Mr. Bradbury; they were persuaded it was the Lord's doing, and were looking forward to days of increasing usefulness as a Church. Two years since, when Mr. Jay's health was failing, it was suggested that a co-pastor should be appointed; but, after one or two failures, the idea was abandoned. A second-rate man would not do for the Grove. A committee was formed who obtained supplies for the pulpit, and, for some time, paid for the same. Eventually it was suggested to this committee that Mr. Bradbury was the man, above all others, to fill the pulpit of that valiant preacher, the late Joseph Irons. A correspondence was thereupon opened with Mr. Bradbury (part of which was read to the meeting), and the result was his acceptance of the pastorate.

Mr. Jay's resignation was then read to the meeting. It appears the Church have made provision for the late pastor, by guaranteeing him a certain amount per annum during his life. The meeting was also informed of the stipend the Church had arranged for Mr. Bradbury; but as we do not hold with this public announcement of a minister's income, either at a public meeting, or in any other way, we purposely avoid giving "this little information" here.

Mr. Bradbury detailed the principal incidents in leading him into the work of the ministry; and the indications that had led him to believe the Lord intended him to come there. He felt almost unfit to speak to them, but he dare not fear, for he believed God had led him and helped him to that very hour. We gathered from the speaker's remarks that as "a very little lad" he strolled into an old Church at Manchester, where one Patrick Joseph O'Leary was the preacher: a man who had been snatched from the blasphemous and idolatrous system of popery, and brought to realise and preach the Gospel of Christ in all its fulness and power, a man who was powerfully led into the mysteries of Gethsemane, a preacher not only eloquent, but truly

appointed. Under Patrick Joseph O'Leary's preaching Mr. Bradbury was often "made to shiver." This Irish clergyman appears to have taken a deep interest in the speaker, and promised he would become a preacher; and with his dying breath he blessed both Mr. Bradbury and his wife. We also understood that Mr. Bradbury has from early life been connected with Sabbath School work, and various missionary efforts. His first labours were as a scripture reader, which presently led to his ministration. For seven years and nine months he laboured hard at Haydock; and then for another seven years and nine months he prosecuted his work at Barrow Hill. At the end of the year 1871, as he had never been to London,—and feeling a desire to see "the city of the world,"—he wrote his friend Parks, intimating his intention of coming up, to meet him at Paddington. After seeing two or three places, they went into St. Paul's Cathedral, and here the speaker gave expression to the feelings that filled his mind with sorrow and amazement, as he witnessed the Popish pageantry of the service: he saw that cursed bauble, the cross, hanging on the back of the Bishop, and the "red rag" put him in mind of a Pagan temple; and a withering denunciation of the "wretched outside trappings" of the Ritualists followed. From St. Paul's they went to the Sunday School Union, and had an interview with the late Mr. Butt. After some conversation, Mr. Butt said, "Will you come and preach for us at the Surrey Tabernacle?" The result was that the second Sunday in 1872, Mr. Bradbury was found in late James Wells' pulpit. In a notice of this, Mr. Bradbury's first sermon in London, *The Earthen Vessel* of the following month, said: "He is a bold, out-spoken man of God, possessing considerable natural ability, combined with fluency, animation, and appropriate expression, which carries the word home to the hearer as coming from a man who has been made to know inwardly and powerfully the truth of what he utters." The result was Mr. Bradbury came again in April, June, and November, of that year, and also on four different occasions in 1873, and at each visit the desire to hear him appeared to increase. The deacons at the Grove eventually invited him, and the result was his acceptance of the pastorate.

At the close of Mr. Bradbury's address Mr. Thorpe Smith, of Leicester, offered prayer for the pastor. Mr. Vinall then addressed the pastor, comparing him to a shepherd whose duty it was to look well to the flock. Then followed the Rev. G. W. Straton, who stated he felt fully satisfied in his own mind that no man was better suited to fill the pulpit of the late Joseph Irons, than his friend, Mr. Bradbury. Dr. Gregg, of Birmingham, who next spoke, said he had known Mr. Bradbury at Barrow hill, and he believed they would find in him both a lion and a lamb; a very son of thunder as well as a man of love; a Peter for zeal, and a Paul for logic. The Rev. James Battersby, from Sheffield, followed; his department was to speak to the congregation

on their duty to the pastor (not duty-faith, you know, but suppose I call it duty-works). The speaker confessed he disapproved, at first, of Mr. Bradbury coming there, as he wanted him for an important position elsewhere, but he was free to own he believed this was the right place. Mr. Battersby's address was a master-piece of cheerful, yet truthful speaking; it was a proof of the power of plain dealing with a body of people in reminding them of their relative duties to pastor, deacons, and one another, and the people received the admonition with cheerful submission. Mr. Davis, of Clerkenwell, in a few warm and scriptural words, addressed the Church; and Mr. Fletcher, of Chichester, expressed the pleasure he felt when he first heard the news that Mr. Bradbury was coming to the Grove. The last speaker was the vicar of Scraftoft, Rev. W. L. Rolleston, who, with words of Christian kindness and loving sympathy, expressed his earnest prayer for the prosperity of the Church, and lasting usefulness of dear brother Bradbury.

Singing and prayer closed the proceedings. R.

A SILVER WEDDING: AND HISTORY OF ZION CHAPEL, HEATON ROAD, PECKHAM.

An interesting service took place August 24, 1874, at Zion chapel, Peckham rye, on which occasion Mr. Firminger, being desirous to celebrate his silver wedding, called several ministers together, as also his brother deacons, and various friends, lovers of the truth. After a bountiful tea there was a public meeting. Mr. Heathfield in the chair. Mr. Jenner gave out hymns; Mr. Page read Ephesians; prayer to God for a blessing on the meeting was offered by Mr. Mulvey; hymn 550 was heartily sung; after which chairman informed the meeting that it was a German custom, after 25 years of married happiness, to celebrate what was called "a silver wedding;" whilst for fifty years a golden, and for sixty years a diamond one was commemorated. He thought we did well to take from the country which produced a Luther, and was so zealous in the Reformation, such a good custom as the present one. We find it recorded in the Word of God, that "whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord."

After this little introduction he called upon Mr. Ross (one of the deacons) to address the meeting, who related, to the glory of God, the circumstances which had led to the erecting of this place of worship, which was not done in any spirit of opposition, but that there might be one more hallowed spot, in which God's free grace should be proclaimed. The blessing of God had crowned their efforts with success, and he would now call upon his own soul, and all who loved the truth as it is in Jesus, to join with him in praising God for His mercies to them as a people, and now especially in preserving in health and happiness the dear brother and his partner in life, to whom he had great pleasure in presenting a massive silver inkstand, which

some kind friends had thought would be a testimonial (in harmony with the present service) to the zeal and love of their brother in the erection of this cause of truth. On receiving which Mr. Firminger was much affected with grateful surprise, not having had any idea that the remembrance of that joyful day was to be thus perpetuated: "Dear brethren and sisters (he said) may God reward you a hundred fold for all your love and kindness to us; and ye dear servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, who have come here from time to time to proclaim the everlasting Gospel of a free and full salvation, and to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, I pray the Lord to bless you and your labours abundantly. May this glorious Gospel of the grace of God ever sound within these walls. I would rather see the place in flames than that any other Gospel should be preached than that which makes Christ the 'All in all' of a sinner's salvation.

"And now I am about to put this sacred place in trust, selecting for my co-trustees those who, I believe will, by the grace of God, not swerve one hairsbreadth from the truth, so that within these walls the truth may be ever preserved in its purity through the unceasing care of faithful men, which may God of His mercy grant.

"This building has cost, with all its fittings complete, one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight pounds, fifteen shillings and ninepence (£1388 15s. 9d.), of which the sum of three hundred and ninety pounds, five shillings (£390 5s.) have been received in collections, &c., and the remainder still owing. The Church consists of forty members, twenty-eight of whom first joined, and twelve since. One hundred and fifty sittings are let. A friend has given 600 copies of that invaluable hymn book of Joseph Irons' (of which we had only the expense of the binding). Two members have left the earthly tabernacle for the everlasting mansion, one of whom is to be buried this week."

Mr. Vinall next spoke a few words (keeping in mind a previous declaration of his, that no speaker ought to exceed fifteen minutes). Having heard that some one had objected to this meeting, calling it carnal, he affirmed that if it were so, he would have nothing to do with it; but it had pleased God to make use of the earthly union between husband and wife, in order to foreshadow that glorious union between Christ and His Church, he believed that every opportunity which helped to lead the minds of the children of God to heavenly and eternal truths, would (through the presence and power of the Holy Spirit) be a spiritual, and not a carnal service. See how blessedly the union between Christ and His bride is celebrated in the Song of Songs, where she declares that the desire of her soul is unto Him and the remembrance of His name. As God had given to Adam his wife to be a helpmeet for him, or a helpmate (as it might be rendered), it had struck the speaker's mind to enquire why it was that the rib was chosen as the part from which this "true yoke-fellow" was to be formed.

Well, he thought it was to show it was the place nearest the heart, it was not from the toe, lest the man should trample on his wife; more from the head, lest she should domineer over him; but from that part which showed that he should love and cherish her, and that there might be perfect sympathy between them. And the next purpose of God in this union was, that there should be fruitfulness, so that there might be a father's and a mother's care to bring up the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And, now behold, there was this beautiful house of God just near our brother and sister's house, so that they have the privilege of bringing their children under the sound of the everlasting Gospel! The 463rd hymn was next given out by Mr. Page, after which Mr. Davis made a few remarks, showing how it became husbands to be thankful to God for a good wife, seeing how useful she was to cheer and encourage him in all the labour which God has given him to do, and also how the wife was in the order of God's providence, dependent upon her husband for support and protection. He highly approved of these social gatherings, for he feared there was danger in the present times of Christians becoming rather selfish; but the Word of God exhorted us to rejoice with them that do rejoice, as well as to weep with them that weep, whilst therefore gratitude to God was first to be shown at the family altar, yet it ought not to stop there, for the house of God was the place specially to acknowledge before the people of God all His goodness and mercy to us as families and individuals. Did not the Lord Himself honour a wedding, not only by His presence, but also by turning water into wine? May it please the Lord therefore, if such be His will, to spare the lives of our brother and sister for twenty-five years more, make them still happy together, and then may they receive a golden present; may they live in peace, and have a happy home. I love that word, because it reminds us, if we are the Lord's, of that eternally happy and blessed place above, which he has prepared for all the objects of His love; where, may God grant of His mercy, that we may spend an eternity of bliss; and, since He has given this people a house of prayer, may He also give them hearts to pray.

Mr. Silvester next spoke, declaring he felt it a special privilege to be present, as it was Mr. Firminger's father who was the instrument of his being called to the work of the ministry. He loved to see that unity and order in a family, which was the result of the beneficial influence exercised by both father and mother, each in their own sphere; it was well, he thought, for them to hold the reins together, so that because the wife will obey, the husband smiles! He was also of opinion that the house of God was the place for gratitude to be manifested, even as David said, "I will enter into Thy courts with praise," &c. It was indeed a mournful heart that never rejoiced. Look even at Jeremiah, who had so much cause to weep, yet even he was inspired of his God to proclaim the voice of joy (xxxiii. 11). He thought it well

that we should be led from lesser things to contemplate higher ones, anticipating that glorious time, when all the ransomed ones should cast their crowns at His feet, who had loved His Church, His bride, so much as to give Himself for her.

Mr. Whittle read a few lines of poetry, full of good wishes for the temporal and spiritual prosperity of those who were now thus publicly thanking God for His preserving mercy to them. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord hath led thee," was specially enjoined by a gracious covenant-keeping God, in order that His people might bear in remembrance that every good and perfect gift cometh from the Father of lights. He beheld before him an answer to prayer; for he had known Mr. Firminger's father as a truly godly man, in answer to whose prayers he hoped that all his children, and children's children, might be made partakers together of the heavenly gift. What an encouragement for parents to come to a throne of grace, to pray for the soul's salvation of their offspring. To the father it was not given to build a house for God, but this privilege was reserved for his eldest son, and now there was this beautiful place.

"O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily we're constrained to be."

After singing the 603rd hymn, Mr. Balch, reminding his audience that every earthly union, however happy and peaceful, must have an end, trusted that there was a spiritual union formed between those who were now recording God's goodness to them which would have no end. Oh how glorious to anticipate the hour, when all the blood-bought family of God shall be gathered to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb;

All their sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

when the whole election of grace, of redeemed, called, and quickened souls shall hear the voice of the Bridegroom, "Come in, ye blessed of my Father, come to the wedding feast provided for you, come and sit down at My table, all things are now ready. Dear friends assembled here, has His grace sought you out? Wait then with patience for that happy moment! what, though you be burdened now; in sorrow and affliction now; in trouble and perplexity now; there is a glory prepared for you in eternity, which no tongue can describe!

We sing of the realms of the blest;
But what must it be to be there?

May not all who have this hope within them exclaim, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Mr. Jackson referred to the "little barn opposite," where they had previously assembled, and their souls had been led under the ministry of that dear aged servant of Christ, Mr. Ludd; and where brother Cannon had also met together with them, whose end was so peaceful; for he gently breathed his last just as he had been reading a few words to the aged pilgrims, whose cause he so long helped, and now he

has gone to the promised land! Praise God for His goodness to him, and to us in giving us this beautiful house of prayer.

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Heathfield, the wife of William Heathfield, Esq., put into the hands of our friend Mr. Firminger a small parcel, containing a golden inkstand, thus adding another testimonial to the zeal and love of their brother in the erection of this beautiful house of prayer.

Meeting ended about nine o'clock with prayer and the Doxology, and thanks to the chairman; many testifying that they had found it good to be there.

THE LATE JAMES FARMER.

Mr. James Farmer fell asleep in Jesus, Aug. 22, 1874. He was an honourable member of the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle, and greatly blessed under the ministry of the late James Wells. In his last days Satan terribly assailed him, and hurled his fiery darts fiercely at him, filling his mind with mourning, lamentation, and woe, but having on the "whole armour of God," he was enabled to repel those darts, and through grace to defeat the foe. The "Sun of righteousness" shone into his soul; his sorrow was turned into joy; and when I saw him last, on the Friday evening as he died on the following Saturday morning, heaven and happiness were portrayed on his countenance. He spake blessedly of Jesus as his All in all; said he was firm on the Rock; heaven was his destination; and he longed to "depart and be with Christ." His grace-saved soul quietly left the mortal body, and was translated into the full vision of God and the Lamb, and the sweet possession of the in-corrutable inheritance for ever.

Yes! now he gazes on the face
Of Him who sav'd him by His grace,
And taught his soul to pray.
Released from sin, and toil, and pain,
His soul redeem'd is gone to reign
In everlasting day.

His mortal remains were interred in Nunhead Cemetery, near the tomb of his beloved pastor.

The Lord be gracious to his bereaved wife, an heir with him of the grace of life; and bless his fatherless children with that grace which will fit them for life, for death, and eternal glory. T. STRINGER.

NEW CROSS. MR. EDITOR.—Some evenings ago I was induced to go into Deptford Lecture Hall, to hear a lecture on "Pilgrim's Progress," by Mr. Joseph Palmer, and was much gratified with Mr. Palmer's comment on the marvellous dream, and with the beautiful scenery which bring the eye into partnership with the ear on a study which never tires. A goodly number of children at the back of the gallery joined heartily in singing two hymns depicted on the screen. I have thought some of our Sunday schools might be glad of such a treat as Mr. Palmer could give them at small cost.—Yours, T. JONES.

A BAPTIST MINISTER OPPOSING BRADLAUGH AT SOUTHAMPTON.

TO THE EDITOR. DEAR SIR,—In consequence of a very painful bereavement, I was removed to Southampton from a suburb of London; and loving the truth as revealed in the Word of God, I attended the services of the sanctuary at Salem chapel, Ascupart street, in which place I believe you take a great interest; and if I am correctly informed, you introduced the present minister, Mr. Parnell, to the people. I think, sir, you were rightly directed in sending that man of God among them. There appears a great work to be done in this populous neighbourhood, and I have a strong, secret impression that the Lord will make him an honoured instrument of much good in this great professing town.

I have repeatedly heard him with much satisfaction, and I may say comfort to my ofttimes downcast spirit. His whole soul is in his work; he speaks from a full and warm heart the blessed truths of the glorious Gospel. Already there appears much to encourage him; the congregation has increased, and I am informed some are seeking admission into Church communion. If there be any drawback to his ministrations, it is that his voice being so strong, some persons, by reason of debilitated constitutions, cannot comfortably sit to hear; although they love to listen to his soul-stirring, heart-animating, truthful admonitions and practical preaching; they truly feel the spirit willing, but find the flesh to be indeed weak. Nevertheless, sir, he is bold in his Master's cause, is not backward to proclaim his Master's name in the highways, or to confront the opponents of his Lord—an instance of which, with your permission, I will give you.

It was publicly announced that on the 7th instant the great Goliath of Infidelity, Mr. Bradlaugh, would visit Southampton, and deliver a lecture upon the "History and Teachings of Jesus, their Truth and Morality Tested." He came, sir, and before an audience of several hundred persons he stood, and with masterly eloquence (worthy of a better cause) he poured forth his denunciations against the Genealogy, Birth, Miracles, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of the blessed Jesus, and with such a stream of ironical pathos respecting Gethsemane's scene, as to produce a fearful trembling in the minds of many present. He was not allowed to finish the whole of his lecture; several persons ascended the platform to reply to some of the blasphemies advanced, and among them was the respected pastor of Salem, Mr. Parnell, who, with Bible in hand, manfully and boldly spoke some blessed facts in vindication of the assailed Jesus; and pointedly to the infidel he spoke as to who and what that glorious Person was he had been trying for some years to poison the minds of his fellow-creatures against. The opposition to the lecturer on that occasion I am confident will prove a blessing to many of those present.

We live, sir, in perilous times. It becomes

the Lord's servants not only to put on their beautiful garments, but to huckle on their armour against the enemies of the Lord.

There are five Baptist ministers and many other Dissenters in Southampton, yet only Mr. Parnell had the courage, David-like, to go out against the infidel giant; and as David of old was blessed in his deed, so may the pastor of Salem receive from his Master His divine approbation to encourage him onward in the good work for which he is qualified, and in which his soul delighteth; and may his years of usefulness be many among his present people, and that they together may become a blessing to the neighbourhood in which they meet to praise and pray.—Yours respectfully, JAS. HAWKINS.
Southampton, Sept. 15, 1874.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—Our harvest thanksgiving services were holden Tuesday, September 15, 1874. W. Crowther, Esq., Messrs. J. S. Anderson, S. Ponsford, C. W. Banks, R. G. Edwards, and many of their friends came down from London, and our tabernacle was filled, afternoon and evening, with a most intelligent and anxious company, who listened with continued gladness and edification to one of Mr. Crowther's Scripture-dissecting and truth-defending discourses, founded upon Jeremiah iv. 3—"Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns." Every word in the text was opened naturally, scripturally, and experimentally—with care, clearness and apparent comfortable liberty. Our two large halls were crowded, both to dinner and tea, served up with that benevolence and bountifulness for which Hayes Tabernacle is now proverbial. Mr. Crowther presided over the evening assembly with a quiet and pleasing manner: he read appropriate hymns, printed for the occasion; he sent R. G. Edwards to the throne of grace to ask for a blessing. We felt it was a brief but blessed acknowledgment of our Heavenly Father's goodness, and a supplication of His mercy toward us. Mr. J. S. Anderson concisely and feelingly showed the connection between Labour and Reward. C. W. Banks gave one thought—"Harvest a continue! confirmation of the truth of God's ancient promise: Harvest the grand result of an amazing amount of labour;" applying the thought as true in the Lord, in all His ministers, and in every one of those disciples who "labour to be accepted of Him." Mr. Bardens, the pastor of the Church, was sweet in spirit, solemn in matter. The venerable Samuel Ponsford brought up the last address with such an amount of purely eloquent zeal—expressive of God's faithfulness to His covenant—as made our hearts burn within us. Praise the Lord, the strict Baptists are still alive and joyful in their God.

SUSSEX—Mr. Ashdown, of Lewes, it is said, will be pastor of the new Church on Burgess Hill. We hope to open our chapel in the month of October. Our correspondent does not say who occupies the old place.

THE LATE SAMUEL HARRIS.

Died on the 5th September, Samuel Harris, of Greenwood, Barnet, and of 56, Mansell street, aged 69 years. He was interred at Woking Cemetery on the 12th instant, in the presence of a number of friends and many of his employés.

He spent nearly his whole life in London, and was, for many years, at the head of a large business (which he entirely made by his diligence and genius, through the blessing of God), and which he conducted on principles of probity and integrity that won the esteem and confidence of a large connexion at home and abroad. As a father of a family and as a Christian, he was exemplary and judicious, and he was truly "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was a great Bible reader and searcher; ever seeking therein his rule of faith and conduct; and looking with suspicion upon whatever did not appear to him to rest on that authority.

There was a simplicity in his religion which attested its deep sincerity. What he believed, he lived upon from day to day. He was a truly humble man, and often wept tears of joy as he bore testimony to the goodness of God to a "poor sinner like him," in providence and grace. He loved the truth in its unadorned simplicity, and was at all times ready to make any sacrifice to further its promulgation. Mere display of any kind he utterly eschewed. In many ways he sought "to do good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." To be of service to the cause of God and truth, to feed the hungry, to house the homeless, to minister to the necessities of saints, to use hospitality to the brethren, were his recreations.

Though possessed of wealth his heart was not fixed upon it; and it was an interesting sight to witness his self-denial, his counting all as loss for Christ, and his low estimate of all the "seen" compared with the "unseen." His calmness and resignation to the will of God, under circumstances of heavy trial and loss, shewed in him the subduing power of grace, bringing the natural feelings into abeyance. He died at his breakfast-table, while listening to the reading of the Scriptures, at a moment's notice (of his liability to which he had long been aware), without a struggle or a pang.

Thus has passed away an upright man, an exemplary Christian, a true friend to Zion, a lover of God and of good men; the like of whom we do not often see in these degenerate days. The Lord raise up others to "go and do likewise."

SHREWSBURY—A few earnest, decided, God-fearing Baptists, who dare not amalgamate with half-and-half preachers and people, meet together for prayer and "breaking of bread." Mr. Thomas Jones, of Artillery street, has visited them, preached the Gospel to them, and if any truthful servants of Christ travels near, and would give them timely notice, they would be gladly welcomed. Address, C. Williams, 33, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Salop.

"THE OLD SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS."

JUBILEE SERVICES AT EBENEZER, WALTHAM ABBEY.

August 27, the Church of Christ here held its fiftieth anniversary, to commemorate the sovereign grace and mercy of the Lord in upholding it in the unity and love of the Spirit and in the bond of peace. The services were well attended. Mr. R. G. Edwards preached in afternoon from the words, "The Year of Jubilee." He gave a suitable statement of those grand old fundamental truths which constitute the freedom and eternal happiness of the believer. The most noticeable of the whole was the doctrine of the atonement under the old covenant, so under the new there is no remission without the shedding of the blood of Christ.

"Ancient Israel saw Thy brightness
Beaming through the shades of night;
But we now behold Thy likeness
In a fuller, clearer light.
Concentrated, Lord, in Thee,
All the mystic types agree."

Mr. Edwards, in the course of his sermon, contended warmly for infant baptism (don't be alarmed), on the authority of the Scripture, i.e., that spiritual infants should be baptized as soon as born [again], as in the case of the three thousand born again under the sermon by Peter, the Apostle Paul, and the jailor, who was baptized the same night he was born. For the comfort and encouragement of our brother Edwards, I beg to say that the last anniversary sermon he preached here, a poor, wretched young man, who had never been in a place of worship before, was constrained to come in on that occasion. The Lord, through the sermon, "spoke to that young man," and he has ever since attended the house of God.

In the evening Mr. J. S. Anderson gave us a soul-cheering account of the "things that accompany salvation." The leading points of his subject were Penitence, Faith, Prayer, Conflict and Victory. The Lord was in the midst.

The Church, now at Ebenezer, was formed April 18, 1824, and established upon Strict Communion Baptist principles, in agreement with the Holy Word of God, in which sacred order it still stands as a witness for truth to this day. *Laus Deo.*

This Church is a collateral branch of the old Baptist Church meeting in Paradise row, where the immortal Gill often told out the great mysteries of the kingdom of grace and glory.—

Vast and firm, and full and free,
Changeless as eternity.

The Church was called by the worthies of the past century "The school of the prophets," because of the number of good men who were sent out from it to preach the glad tidings of salvation. Dr. Gill preached that ever memorable sermon of his, entitled "The Doctrine of the Cherubims," at Waltham Abbey, on the morning of August 15, 1764, at the ordination of Mr. John Davis. This masterly discourse was printed, and will be found among the Doctor's collections of

published works. I was struck when I read it at the contrast of that age and this; the degenerated state of things visible in the same Church at the present day, proves that the preachers have materially shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. I well remember hearing old Mr. Took, of Homerton row, who came out of "Paradise" for the truth's sake, pray this singular prayer, "Thou knowest, O Lord, that Thy servant saw the funeral of truth in this place." Out of this Church came Dr. Newman, also Mr. James Upton, who was the pastor of Blackfriars church for forty years (though a very poor, tame preacher). The pulpit at Waltham Abbey was often filled by quaint old John Collett, Ryland, John Stevens, Mr. Combs, Joseph Ivimey, the author of the "History of the Baptist," &c., George Pritchard, who wrote the Life of Dr. Newman, Mr. Williams, of Grafton street, and others of equal repute and ability. Much might be said respecting the ups and downs of this little scion of the old Church (now meeting in Ebenezer, Fountain place) during the past fifty years.

Truly the Word of the Lord has been boldly sounded forth by an untold number of trumpeters, and not without some good effects, the whole of which the last great day alone will unfold.

When our rapt souls, at home with Thee,
Shall keep the feast of Jubilee.

Church yard. W. WINTERS.

BROTHER JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT IS AS ONE RAISED FROM DEATH.

—He says: "Dear Mr. Banks,—I have pleasure to inform you I am nearly restored to health again; am engaged every Sabbath this September; hope to have health and grace to attend to this. I wish to thank you. How to express myself for kindness of Christian friends I am at a loss. To the different Churches, Christian ministers, and the public at large, I say, "The barrel of meal is not empty, the cruse of oil still runs." Will you tell all friends I am restored to health, and feel I am deeper in debt to the Lord than ever. I am at liberty to preach the Gospel to any people who love the truth in its simplicity. Since you published my case in *Earthen Vessel*, I have received several pounds; and one of the precious sons of Zion has kindly paid my doctor's bill. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Yours in Gospel bonds, J. CARTWRIGHT.
23, Flemming street, Kingsland road.

WISBEACH, CAMBS — The Strict Baptist Church, meeting for worship at the Baptist chapel, Victoria road, Wisbeach, has for a long time been in a very low state, but of late, having been favoured to secure, in a large measure, the ministrations of Mr. Preston Davies, of London, it has, under the blessing of God, greatly revived, much to the joy of the friends. Mr. Davies' ministry being particularly acceptable to both Church and congregation. A MEMBER.

SOUTH HACKNEY — The following note from James Mote, Esq., solicitor, will shew Speldhurst road chapel is now in our possession. The painful and expensive trials attending the process we may give soon. Meanwhile we may add that we immediately require all the help our friends have promised us. Our Treasurer, Frederick Jaquier, Esq., will be glad to receive donations as soon as possible. The following is Mr. Mote's note:—

August 27, 1874.

DEAR MR. BANKS, — The purchase of Speldhurst road chapel has been completed to-day. The purchase money paid and the property is now yours. May you have many years to enjoy it and be made useful to thousands of your fellow-creatures who I hope will come and hear the Gospel from your lips. Faithfully yours,
JAS. MOTE.

WARE.—At our anniversary this summer, the Lord was with us. Mr. Flack preached in the afternoon from Jude—"I will, therefore, put you in remembrance." He described the persons: those sanctified, set apart, known of Christ before time, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called: not permitted to fall beyond restoration; distinguishing between the general and effectual call: showing that the possessor of vital godliness is put in remembrance of his debtorship to God for putting his name in the Lamb's Book of life, not by merit or creature goodness, but because He had a favour towards him, &c. Mr. Hazelton spoke in the evening from Isaiah—"Therefore, will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you." He shewed that the doctrines of grace were important to God, to His people, and to the devil himself; drawing a contrast between them and the free-will, duty-faith trash, which we hear so much around us on all sides. He waiteth to be gracious in relation to the salvation of His people—all whom the Holy Spirit quickeneth; He waiteth to be gracious in the mercy-seat to the coming sinner, who confesseth his sins, petitioning for mercy; He waiteth to be gracious to deliver from trouble in all times and seasons of the Christian's experience, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac, Jacob's deliverance, and others.

[We long to hear of the prosperity of the strict Baptist Church at Ware.—Ed.]

BUCKHURST HILL.—Free from city smoke and work, one Saturday I wandered Woodford way, and on the Sunday found myself in Henry Cousen's chapel, where a few meet for worship; and listened to the experienced and truthful testimony of Master Cousens, whose ministry at one time, in Bethnal green, gathered together some of the little myrtle trees, which then did grow in that unhealthy soil. "How is it," I ask, "so few attend where the Gospel of the grace of God is proclaimed?" No answer could be given. In every way Mr. Cousens is a consistent man, and in his sphere is honoured.

MR. ROWDEN AT FAVERSHAM.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I ask that praise may be given to the name of our blessed Saviour for His great mercy to us helpless sinners in this dark corner of the earth. We held our anniversary at the Ark in August. We had a blessed day. The Lord was with us. Brother Bowden preached. By the Spirit's power, he spoke of that Jesus who came into the world to save sinners. The Lord has a few names even in this place who abide in the faith. T. WISE.

We give the following note addressed to Mr. Wise:—

SITTINGBOURNE, KENT.—**MY DEAR BROTHER WISE,**—My soul was gladdened in beholding the gatherings of the people to your first anniversary at the Ark. They seemed to flow together to the goodness of the Lord, and joy appeared in the faces of the royal family. Our brother Rowden was enabled by the blessed Spirit to glorify God in the proclamation of the Gospel. He was manifested as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth. He spoke well of the Rock Jehovah, the immutable and immovable foundation upon which the Church is founded, and the perfect work of each Person in the ever-blessed and adorable Trinity, whereby Zion shall in all her members ultimately shine forth in the perfection of righteousness and true holiness for ever and ever. His testimony was not yea and nay, but yea and amen, giving God the whole glory of His people's salvation. Comfortably did he speak to the babes in Christ, as well as the more advanced in the divine life, shewing their feelings in regard to their sinfulness and helplessness, and how, as taught of God, they learnt their own nothingness, and felt their need of Christ in all things, in relation to the salvation of their immortal souls. "No man, says Christ, can come unto Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him." This the regenerate convinced sinner feels in the beginnings of God's ways with him, and goes on to learn it more, and still to increase in the knowledge of this truth, as he grows in grace, and thereby in the knowledge of Christ.

[In this encouraging spirit does brother Drake, of Sittingbourne, close up his epistle to his brother J. Wise, the minister of Noah's Ark chapel in Faversham. This good brother Drake we have known for many years, but we thought he must have fallen asleep. How is the new cause at Sittingbourne progressing?—ED.]

HACKNEY ROAD.—An appeal, signed by deacons and other friends of Artillery street chapel, is made on behalf of the widow Elizabeth Salter, daughter of our late esteemed old friend, the widow, Mrs. Bailey. We have received and forwarded—from Mr. Jno. Crowhurst, 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. J., 4s. 6d.; Mrs. Jager, 2s. 6d.; C. W. B., 2s. Mrs. Salter's address is No. 1, Elizabeth street, Hackney road.

NOTTING HILL.—A most interesting and soul-edifying lecture, entitled "A Journey from Oxford to Rome, and from Rome to Heaven," was delivered by our brother Charles Waters Banks, in Silver street chapel, Notting hill gate, on Monday evening, September 21, before a good congregation of his friends; the minister, R. G. Edwards, in the chair. Our brother was happy in his work, and the audience highly gratified. "Sovereign grace o'ersin abounding" was the flowing stream which made glad the hearts of his hearers. It is indeed one of the best Gospel lectures we have ever listened to, and sincerely hope thousands of British Protestants may have the privilege of hearing it for themselves; that they may prize the truth more and more, stand up for the Gospel blessings they now enjoy, withstand the encroachments of Popery, and never suffer England again to be the seat of the Beast. The lecturer gave also some pleasing reminiscences of his own experience. The singular providence of God in the Metropolitan Railway furnished another instance that

"He moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

At the close of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was presented to our brother, to which he responded very kindly, wishing minister and people abiding prosperity and peace. A collection was made at the doors towards the funds for purchasing our chapel.

ONE OF THE SILVER STREET.

BRIGHTON.—"A Baptist" has been listening to the ministers in Brighton. Mr. Glaskin had gone to Calais; heard Mr. S. J. Banks from Ireland. Mr. Joseph Wilkins, in Queen square, holds up in peace, and an evangelising spirit; but Israel Atkinson appears to be heard well by some hundreds of Gospel friends, and he has a large Sunday school. Altogether, Richmond street chapel appears healthy, peaceful, and prosperous. It is more than fifty years since dear Joseph Sedgewick first began this cause for his Master, the Lord Jesus. He has been dead more than twenty-one years. Mr. Israel Atkinson has filled the pulpit almost the whole time. As a laborious student and useful pastor, he appears steadily pursuing a solid and good work. The widow of the late W. Savory still lives—happy in the Lord.

BRADFORD-ON-AVON—BEARFIELD BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The anniversary of the Sunday school was held August 16. Three sermons were preached by Mr. S. Littleton, of Frome. Subjects: "The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages;" and "Except ye become as a little child ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Congregations exceedingly good. The adaptation of the preacher made the services most enjoyable to the young people. Our collections far exceeded any previous year.

BOW—MOUNT ZION CHAPEL.—At our special services in July we recorded the goodness of the Lord in sparing us to our sixth anniversary of the opening. Mr. Stringer preached; many enjoyed a good tea; and in the evening our brother Fowler presided; Mr. Battson prayed; chairman gave an outline of the rise and progress of the cause. We bless God that the past excites our gratitude, and the present encourages our hope. We have additions to our Church. Mr. Stringer gave a beautiful address on the ceremonial law, all pointing to the One enduring Substance. Mr. Herring was blessedly led out on the connexions between covenant-provision, grace-operation, and personal-participation. Mr. Steed gave a lively speech on "A living faith and a dead faith." Mr. Battson was clear on the faithfulness of God, and testified from his own experience that He is "Jehovah-Jireh" still. Mr. Mayhew testified to the glory to come, and proved Christ to be the glory now and will be for evermore. We all gladly crowned our Jesus, "Lord of all."

NEW PASTOR AT WOUBURN GREEN.—**DEAR BROTHER IN OUR EVER BLESSED LORD,**—Time succeeds time; soon eternity will succeed time: we shall be called to give an account of our stewardship, for we shall always remain stewards even of the mysteries of God's most blessed Word. It seems but yesterday, my brother, that I wore a surplice in a Church choir, and have often rushed from there into scenes of sin and riot; until five years ago the Lord was pleased to stop me in my mad career, and bring me to a measure of hope in His dear name. The four last years He has farther called and sent me forth to tell of salvation by free grace. The Lord spake with power in my soul those separating words, "Come ye out from among them," &c. I have been constrained to leave all duty-faith and duty-faith people, and to rely on no merits but the merits of our ever-blessed Lord. The last two years I have been going occasionally to Woburn Green, Bucks; for nine months, once a month; then twice a month; then a month altogether; then a three months' invite; then six; and now a unanimous invite to the pastorate, which I have accepted.

F. G. BURGESS.

HOXTON—SALEM CHAPEL, WILTON SQUARE.—The 18th anniversary of commencement of cause was September 13 and 15. Sermons were preached by Brethren Woodard and Anderson. There was a fulfilment of the grand declaration, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain," &c. Mr. Thos. Stringer preached on Tuesday afternoon. He was full of spiritual matter, free in the delivery, and as faithful as ever to God, His truth, his conscience, and his hearers. Tea followed. In due order came the public meeting. The venerated pastor, Wm. Flack, presided. A variety of subjects were discoursed upon by Brethren Langford, Evans, Woodard, Dearsly, Bennett, and Reynolds.

BERKHAMSTED—Second anniversary of Baptist Church, meeting in Workman's Hall, under the ministry of our pastor, brother Shipton, was September 1, 1874. Brother Shipton has been near to death's door. He was sufficiently recovered to meet with us, to read hymns and speak a few words on above occasion. He has been a great sufferer, and his beloved wife has been confined to her bed for years. Indeed, we know, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord will deliver him out of them all." Our brother Collins and friend, from Mr. Burrell's Church, at Watford, came to see us. Brother Wood and friend, from Bedmond. Some from other Churches. We had two large companies. Our old friend, C. W. Banks, gave us two sermons, with as much decision for the truth as ever. Our friends all appeared happy and refreshed. We made special collection to aid our pastor, but we desire to do more for him, if possible. He is a patient, hard-working, and ofttimes a sorrowing man. He is a faithful witness for the Gospel of our Lord Jesus in this town of Berkhamsted. Our good friend, Mr. Collins, of 9, Sutton road, Watford, is well acquainted with this cause. I am only a poor coachman, but I dearly love our pastor Burrell, and brother Shipton, and all who love the Saviour. Rich friends, let us all send to Mr. Collins, of Watford, on behalf of dear Shipton. JOHN.

TWENTY YEARS IN AUSTRALIA.

DEAR BROTHER MITCHELL—Love, mercy, and peace be unto you and yours, through Jesus our Lord.

I have received yours; am glad to hear of your state. The Lord bless you much, and guide you by His counsel in all your goings out and comings in; that you may be found to His glory in all things, and especially in being found at His right hand.

In your visit to brother Banks, give my love to him, and tell him how much I have laboured in these colonies to serve the people of God, for Jesus' sake. It has been a hard struggle for twenty years, but the Lord has been most merciful to me, and held me up in every storm, and most sweetly loved me, washed me, fed me, and blest me. Tell him I came out here a lad when I knew not anything. Should like to see my brothers in my fatherland, but I do not know whether Father will ever let me. If He say no, I would rather not; if yes, then He must take me. I am very glad to hear all is well with Zion in your company, very glad. It is a mercy indeed to have a man of God like brother Stead to serve the people for Jesus' sake.

I will send our brother Stead our report of our newly-formed association in a few days. I have just sent a copy to Mr. Banks, rough from the press. I send you one uncorrected.

Now, my brother, the Lord bless you and your wife, with our fervent love to you both, I remain yours very affectionately,

DANIEL ALLEN.

Sydney, March 24, 1873.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—DEAR SIR,—The prosperity of Zion permits me to give a few particulars of opening of our new York road Baptist chapel. Opening services took place July 12. At seven in the morning the Christian friends buckled on the armour of prayer for the first time in the new chapel. Sermon in forenoon was by Mr. S. Collins, from Psalm cxxxii. 17, 18; in afternoon by Mr. Milbourne, from Acts xiv. 14, 15. In evening Mr. S. Collins delivered an appropriate discourse from 1 Peter i. 3, 4. On the following afternoon Mr. J. B. McCure preached from 1 Timothy i. 11 —“According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust.” This was followed by a tea meeting, then a public meeting. W. Beach, Esq., took the chair. Addresses by Messrs. Collins, McCure, Bland, Brand, Suggate, Reynolds, &c. The financial statement, as delivered by Mr. Beach, shows the cost of building about £800; of which (by the collections on the two days, and other amounts otherwise collected) £434 have been raised. The building will seat about 250 persons. Great satisfaction was expressed by all parties as to the moderate expenditure. Permit me to appeal to those Christian friends who have ever the cause of God at heart, and ask their united assistance to raise the remaining sum. I trust those friends who shall visit this healthy watering-place will give us a helping hand. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, and Mr. E. Puttock, Exmouth road, Great Yarmouth. E. M.

RIPLEY—Anniversary of New Baptist Church was held Wednesday, September 16, when two sermons were preached by Mr. Lodge, of London, that in the afternoon from Isa. xii. 6. Then the friends partook of a nice comfortable tea at six o'clock. Evening service commenced. Bro. Lodge read and prayed, and a hymn was sung. Then the deacon had the pleasure of presenting our dear pastor, C. Z. Turner, with a purse containing a little sum of money, given by the members and friends as a token of their love and affection which they still bear towards him, which was received and acknowledged with much feeling. Then we had another good Gospel-sermon from John xvii. 24; and truly we had a good day. The Lord's sweet presence was felt and enjoyed by both preacher and people. The dear Lord sent us a fine day. A nice little company of friends we seemed to have, quite a little revival; bless the Lord for it. May we have many more such days is the earnest prayer of
A LITTLE ONE.

FROME—NAISH'S STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The anniversary of the Sunday school was held August 31. Sermons by the pastor, S. Littleton, and Mr. G. Duncan. In the evening our spacious chapel was crowded in every part. We had a very good day in every respect.

SWAFFHAM.—Mr. Wilderspin, of Chatteris, has supplied for us nearly four years. We hope the marriage union now consummated may be long and peaceful. This cause never had but one settled minister before. May the people strengthen our new pastor's hands by prayer. When ministers and people meet at a throne of grace, both in public and private: when they know what it is to be drawn and taught by the Spirit of the living God, they live in a better atmosphere than many in this day. Alas! how few seem to know and love the ministers of redeeming grace. Mr. Parish helped us in the ministry ever since Mr. Webb's death. The Lord has a large field for him to labour in.

J. DAY.

BEDFORDSHIRE—Nearly fifty Baptist Churches exist in this county. We cannot analyze them here. Biggleswade Church had John Corbitt, and in his days the cause flourished. Joseph Warren had some good times there, and Mr. Tanner worked hard. We cannot answer Farmer Wills' query as to how we lost it. Mr. Batchelor, in this October, commences his pastorate. The Church has for years been few in number, feeble in influence. May Mr. Batchelor be blessed with great spiritual power, stand experimentally in holy Gospel-liberty, and may his hands be upheld by the heaving and earnest prayers of his people. In every best sense of the word, may he be a successful harvest man. So prays,

A FRIEND TO TRUE BAPTISTS.

STOWMARKET.—Good Benjamin Taylor gave us some precious sermons in Pilgrim's Lodge, in August. Out of sickness he waxed valiant in the fight. But we have some who commune with us who belong to Open Table people. What are we to do? [Let all who cannot conscientiously countenance mixed Communion, unite themselves to those Churches who abide by New Testament Order.—ED.]

CAMDEN TOWN—Our second anniversary of opening Milton Hall, Hawley crescent, Kentish Town road, “As a Strict Baptist Church,” was held September 23, 1874. A happy company sat down to tea. Our pastor, Mr. T. Gander, presided; he brought up a good report of the five years during which they had worked together in peace, harmony, and success. The hall has been beautifully renovated, and Mr. Gander has now possession of it on lease of twenty-one years. It was filled with a company of cheerful and respectable friends. Messrs. Nugent, Lawrence, and Squirrel, delivered neat and pleasing addresses. C. W. Banks and W. Lodge spoke on sacred and homely themes. We wish both Gander and his hard-working Zionites divine success.

Death.

August 7, 1874, Mr. Edward B. Cooper fell asleep, after a short illness of six days.

What do we Know about Heaven?

WILL our readers and correspondents exercise a little patience? The tide of papers and letters which has set in since "Degrees in Glory" appeared, is quite marvellous. They are very excellent papers too, and we do not wish to let them sink into oblivion.

"Degrees in Glory!" What does that sentence mean? Mr. Hazelton has published a sermon on "Grace and Glory," which we have read with edifying delight; but he occupies near seven pages on grace; and then, in the last little paragraph, he says, "Glory! what must that be! I have been dwelling on grace. I know more about that than glory. He will give glory. I take it that that glory is the completeness, the completion, and the perfection of all the salvation of our God. All God's purposes will be completed there; all His promises fulfilled,—all your desires satisfied,—all your prayers answered, and all the requirements of the mediation of Jesus will be crowned there. The work of the Holy Spirit will be completed, and hence it is said, that all shall be 'crowned with glory.' God will do *all He can*. Oh! I feel it is a solemn, an important thing to preach;—I speak strongly sometimes, but I speak advisedly. God will do all He can to make you glorious and perfect. Christ did all that was necessary; the Holy Ghost is at work, and the triune God will give you the highest seat, the richest crown, and the greatest pleasures and raptures that eternal love and power could ever contrive. There shall not be a desire unfulfilled, a want unsupplied. There shall not be a hope unsatisfied. Rivers of bliss, perpetually flowing,—nothing to occasion a sigh, a tear, or a groan; and no room for a desire. Heaven is a roomy world, but there is not room enough for desire, because glory fills it everywhere. Nor any room for prayer.

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

More than that of heaven even John Hazelton could not tell us: and turn to what part of the Bible you may, the metaphors, the figures of speech, the poetic eloquent sentences about heaven, are all so high that we read with wonder; we sing with joy; our souls, on wings of faith and love, ascend up into ecstatic delight; but we soon begin to enquire what it all can mean.

"Glory!" It is an undefinable word down here. "Grace!" that one word means everything that God giveth to His children on the earth: "Glory" means everything that the Lord will give His people in the heavens. But after all the millions of sermons which have been preached upon grace; after all the voluminous works which have been written upon grace, we still desire to read about it—to hear of it; to converse upon it; for still something within enquires "What is Grace?"

Look at old Zophar piercing Job's heart with his penetrating eyes, while he cries out, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst

thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" And then, in his lofty style—like a judge—he demands, "It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"

Paul was caught up into the third heaven—into paradise. What does he tell us about it? He says he heard "*unspeakable words.*" Singular phrase!—"unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." Then, our blessed brother John, who seems to know everything; for his epistle is definite, determined, and decided enough to be sure. He says, "We know," and "by this we know," &c., &c.; but when he aims to soar a little beyond the hemisphere of grace, he comes to a negative immediately. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." What then? Well, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is!" But what that will be cannot now be fully developed.

We should not be so severe one upon another in this imperfect state, seeing the glory-world is so far beyond us now.

The term "Degrees in Glory" is nowhere in the Bible: at least, not in so many words: but we shall now let Mr. Geo. Pung, of Lower Norwood, speak. He sends us the following note:—

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I have read the articles by your correspondents upon the subject of "degrees in glory," without adopting the entire views advocated by either of them: I think they are both right to a certain extent, and both wrong to a certain extent. Will you allow me the opportunity of expressing my own feelings upon so important a subject? First,—I assert in the most emphatic language that I do not believe in "degrees in glory,"—if by degrees in glory is meant proportionate rewards given in heaven for so much toil, self-denial, charity, and labour done here on earth:—that would be to advocate principles antagonistic to the whole gist of the Bible: and tantamount to casting overboard the grand old principles of salvation by pure and undeserved grace, without the deeds of the law; throwing men upon their own supposed resources for spiritual reclamation, and to set up Christ as an object of imitation, and an example to be followed, but not a substitute to be trusted in, which is the full-blown philosophy of the present day. But what is meant by the term "degrees in glory?" Are we right, as High Calvinists, in banishing this subject from the field altogether? I think not; assail it we may; but as no side has the whole truth (excepting the Pope [?]) it is as well for us to calmly look the subject in the face, and (as all honest, impartial critics should) extract whatever of truth there may be from any topic, by whomsoever ventilated. We want no shibboleth. Truth is what we want, and if our enemies drive us to the search and to the finding, we care not even for that; better be whipped to the truth than slumber in error. But, says one, is this essential? All truth is essential; therefore this. Now, no sane man can be prepared to aver that heaven is a stereotyped country, where all sing alike, or even think alike, or serve alike. They all sing the same song; think over the same subject; serve the same Lord; but it is the variety of these perfect beings that constitutes harmony: each of the seraphic host perfect in his own individuality, but acting in combination with the many millions of the rest, the song will produce exquisitely beautiful and symphonic praises to the glory of Him who died to redeem

them. This truth must be conceded! Again, will heaven consist of the same uniform standard of mind? Certainly not; for are there not even among the hierarchy different orders of celestial beings, such as the mailed host who, with sword and pestilence in hand, are bid to fly to the relief of the Church, and the destruction of her foes? Are there not also the burning Seraphim and Cherubim? And, if we come to glorified saints, is there not diversity or degrees there? Most decidedly; for, mind, that which is sanctified does not lose its identity by going to heaven. Moses is Moses still; and Elias is Elias still; excepting that I think by being there they thereby become intellectually developed. But mind is never, can never, be transmuted. I argue for the perfect identity of the mind, either in heaven or hell. Do I refer to any of the prophets, or to the fathers, Polycarp, Calvin, Luther, Bunyan, Whitfield, Toplady, Charnock, Gill, Hawker, Pierce, Philpot, Wells or Foreman; I say that there is no transmutation, no variation, but perfect identification in those dear saints. I believe, could I see some of the last-mentioned saints, I should recognise them in an instant; not by any outward appearance; but as spirits; for spirits will recognise and hold intercourse with spirits. Will any one then undertake to deny that there are not diversities and degrees? They all occupy the sphere appointed them by a wise, beneficent, and sovereign God and Father. They all are perfectly happy—perfectly full of Christ—and perfectly free from any of the traces of those things that might have made them objectionable down here, either to each other or to others; but though so, yet they are all perfectly recognisable, and in no sense will one be confounded with the other, neither, I should say, do any two of them see heaven the beautiful, or Jesus, or the angels, or each other with the same identical comprehension or perspectiveness.

I cannot think, dear Mr. Banks, that those persons who clamour so tenaciously for the uniformity of the better land can have given the subject a fair and impartial consideration, for this reason, that they seem to deprive heaven of very much of its beauty, that is, its variety; and variety is God's glory.

Again, surely they do not contend for the uniformity of heaven on the grounds that we have heard stated, that when we get to heaven "we shall expect to be all alike." Ah, such arrogance does not comport with such voluntary humility as is often expressed, "I do not mind if I am a door-mat, so as I get into heaven." Now I do not want to be a door-mat either in earth or heaven; but I do not expect that one so small will occupy a place in glory equal to the majestic-minded Gill, or the seraphic Hervey, or the lofty and poetic-minded Cowper, or the logical Owen and Hodge, or the dear allegorical Bunyan, and such as have burned for Christ *ad infinitum*. I hope, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, to come to heaven, and I shall be quite satisfied for my Father to put me where He pleases; and I shall not feel jealous because I am bound to believe that some will sit upon the thrones judging the tribes of Israel.

May you and I, dear Mr. Editor, live to reach the place where

"All His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold."

That will be a blessed reward for such despised creatures as you and I.

We shall have the same heaven, go by the same road of free-grace, washed in the same blood, clad in the same righteousness, lie in the same sunshine, and then, whatever of heart, eye, mind, wing, or voice we have, and however varied, we will all join, each with our own *modus operandi*, to praise His name, whose name is above every name; and sing and say that while there are no merited degrees in glory, yet such will be the magnificent diversity of mind and appearance as each shall stand with face upturned and gaze upon the burning throne of Jesus for ever and ever. Amen.

Lower Norwood.

GEORGE PUNG.

[Please to remember this is not all.—Ed.]

“REJOICING IN HOPE.”

A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE LATE DAVID CRUMPTON,

AT GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL,

ON THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1874.

“Rejoicing in hope.”—Rom. xii. 12.

THE Apostle in this chapter exhorts the believing Romans to the exercise of the grace of HOPE, engraven in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, who had called them “out of darkness into marvellous light.” Time will not allow me to enter on the other exhortations contained in this chapter, but only to call your attention to the one in the text.

Hope is one of the graces of the Spirit, and a very blessed grace it is. The Apostle pronounces it to be, “A good hope through grace,” and we are assured it is “As an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an High-Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec.” It is a hope that arises from the regenerating grace of the Holy Ghost in the heart; it is not the delusive imaginations of human nature, but a work of grace in the heart, leading the soul to hope in God, in Christ Jesus the Lord, and in the blessings and bliss to come. Its influences are of a blessed character; it helps us in the dark and distressing hour, and points beyond the circumstances, sorrows, trials, and afflictions of this present life, to that world where nothing of an afflicting character can enter.

Through hope, which is wrought in the heart by the grace of the blessed Spirit, the Comforter, we look to the work, merits, and intercession of Jesus Christ. It does not build itself upon human sufficiency, whether of the law or the Gospel, and knows no foundation but the foundation which is laid in Zion, an immoveable foundation, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. This hope is the result and is secured by the covenant of grace, that we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set

before us. And it is *to* the exercise of this grace, and *through* the exercise of this grace, that the Apostle exhorts us in the word of truth, "Rejoicing in hope." Who should rejoice if not the children of God? Why should the children be sad? The children of this world have reason to weep day and night for evils, if they think of "A certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." But the believer has abundant reason to rejoice, not in present attainments, but in the glorious prospect of happiness and bliss beyond this vale of tears; and he is here exhorted to look upward, and believingly to expect that glorious result which divine love and power will accomplish, and to rejoice therein. "But hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." We hope for something that is not yet possessed, that is not yet to be attained; but we sometimes seem to forget this, and because we have trials and troubles and difficulties, we hang our harps on the willows, and we forget what God has laid up in store for those that fear Him. We look to the roughness of the path and the difficulties in the way, and we rejoice not in hope. But God intended that His people should rejoice as they pass through this world. Hence, it is written, "Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit: let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains."

Should not, therefore, you and I rejoice? Yes, indeed, we should. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again, I say, Rejoice." O, ye mourners in Zion, have you thought of the eternal purposes of God's love and mercy in Jesus Christ, who hath visited and redeemed His people and wrought out for them, and in them, an everlasting righteousness? Surely you must have forgotten or you would not bow down the head as a bulrush. "Rejoicing in hope" of deliverance, which should be the first object of our rejoicing. There are many things, various experiences, in our fallen state which cause a pressure on our mind and spirit, such as the Apostle Paul speaks of in the seventh chapter to the Romans—the conflict between the flesh and the spirit. He says, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do," &c., &c. We feel almost impelled to do at times the evil we would not, the evil we *hate*. We feel we are encompassed with a nature sinful and corrupt, and through these manifold temptations we often wet our couch with tears. There are temptations suited to our nature which Satan well knows. He knows what that sin is which doth so easily beset us. And these temptations sorely pain and distress, besides the afflictions that betide us. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not" (Job xiv. 1, 2). Religion does not exempt us from the ordinary afflictions of humanity. Religion is intended to sustain us under them.

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity;
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss will never end."

Yes, the blessed influences of religion sustain the heart *in* trouble, but do not exempt the child of God *from* trouble. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous" (which some of us know by experience), but let us not forget what follows—"But the Lord delivereth him out of them all." This is what we hope for. This is why we should be "Rejoicing in hope." There will be a time when we shall put off this body of clay, when this body shall be laid in the earth, and when that which respects this body shall be effected; when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this vile body shall be changed, that it may be fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ. The leprosy of sin is so deep in the walls of human nature, that the whole tabernacle must be taken down before it can be taken out. Yes, "We look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." And it is in this hope of deliverance from sin, Satan, death, and the grave, that the believer has abundant reason to rejoice. If we are the children of God we may anticipate the time when—

"Our inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break our peace again."

What a glorious deliverance there will be by-and-bye! but we must believe, hope, and expect, and rejoice in expectation of that glorious deliverance which shall be accomplished in our individual cases:—When He shall purge from Jacob all iniquity, and present His blood-bought, ransomed Church to His Father, "Before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." Is not this something to rejoice in? When I think that a few more rolling years will bring me from all that is sinful and corrupt, I may well rejoice in hope.

Then the words of our text suggest the idea of *enlargement*. Paul considered he knew but little, for he says, "For we know in part and we prophesy in part," &c. He knew but in *part*; but how he seems to long to know more. "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

What enlargement shall be enjoyed by the saint of God after death! Who can tell with what heavenly honours he will be invested! We are lost when we contemplate the visions of that soul. We are lost in wonder; we are lost in amazement when we think of

"That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom or a shore."

"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." How limited are our ideas! How dull our apprehensions! How unbelieving

our hearts! There is a cloud between us and our Lord, but it is *only* a cloud, and will ere long be dispersed. We are like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, we know not what to say. But in yonder brighter and better world how the mind and the powers of the soul will be enlarged! Then we shall understand mysteries that perplex and distress us in this vale of tears; then we shall comprehend more of God, more of Jesus, more of the Holy Spirit.

“Then we shall see, and hear, and know
All we desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.”

Enlargement, beloved! We are not allowed to remain infants in the family. I might enlarge here did time permit, for I want, as it were, to take you up to heaven. O what an enlargement will take place in our state and feelings at the hour of death! O what a change to see and feel the love of God, began in us through grace, consummated in glory!

Let us bless God if there be this dawn of heaven in our souls; and let us look forward with joy in contemplating the time when we shall be with Christ, and be like Him, and see Him as He is. Then with regard to enjoyment here, how vastly different are the ideas of the Christian and the worldling, the godly and the ungodly! The godly, it is true, have their trials, afflictions, sorrows, losses, and crosses, but what of that if they have within a principle of grace which can comfort their heart and keep them from sinking in the deep waters they may be called to pass through. Whereas the enjoyment of the ungodly and the so-called happiness of the worldling is a delusion, and as “the crackling of thorns under a pot.” And though at times you may be tempted to suppose the worldling is the happier of the two, on account, it may be, of his freedom from the pains and anxieties you experience, it is, I say, a delusion. There is no real enjoyment or happiness to be found out of Christ.

The joy of the saint is in Christ Jesus his Lord: it has a hidden spring from the living Rock; the source is Christ, and can never, never fail. But let me tell the worldling that the sanctified sorrow in a believer’s heart is worth ten thousand worldly joys. It is by trials that God calls us to seek heavenly, eternal joys; for He says, “Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted,” &c. But, connected with that rest which remaineth for the people of God, He has a plentiful store of those things which are incorruptible, and undefiled, and fade not away. Rejoice, then, in hope of enjoying those things which “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” What a joy will be a glimpse of Jesus, to see Him face-to-face! What must it be! When He shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and reveal to us His Word, Himself, His fulness, His glory, and make us to participate in all, as children and heirs of God and joint-heirs with Himself.

All the glory here, and the fulness of joy above, which belongs to Christ, belongs to them, and by-and-bye they shall enter into that blessedness where they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;

neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rejoice, then, in hope. A few more years at most—it may be a few more months, days, hours, moments—and we shall enter into the glories, into the rest of heaven, into the fulness of those joys and pleasures for evermore which are at God's right hand. Oh, dear friends, shall we not rejoice?

I have had my times of weeping and sorrow, but, in calmer moments, could say, Why should I weep? Why should I be cast down? There may be moments of darkness and distress, but all things are working together for my good. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." Does His faithfulness fail? Is the love of Christ exhausted? No; ten thousand Noes to these enquiries!

Lift up thy head, mourner in Zion, and take comfort, for you shall be "more than conqueror" over every foe, without and within, "through Him that loved you and gave Himself for you." On earth a man may have fought many a battle and come off conqueror, but, through Christ, we shall be "*more than conquerors.*"

To Him be glory and majesty, dominion and power, for ever and ever. Amen and Amen.

[Taken down by William Arthur Adams.]

A CORDIAL FOR THE CHRISTIAN IN THE NIGHT OF SORROW.

CHRISTIAN, when thy way seems darkest,
When thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God the Father hastening,
Tell thy troubles all to Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief and care;
But before thy Father kneeling,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee,
When the fierce wild storm has burst;
But God *only* can console thee,
When it breaks upon thee first.
Go with words or tears or silence,
Only lay thee at His feet;
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
And His tenderness how sweet.

Think, too, thy Divine Redeemer
Knew, as thou canst never know,
All the deepest depths of suffering,
All the weight of human woe:
And though now in glory seated,
He can hear thy feeblest cry—
Even hear the stifled sighing
Of thy dumb heart's agony.

All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
Every tear by Him is counted,
One too much there cannot be.
And if, whilst they fall so thickly,
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each tear of bitter anguish
Precious is in Jesu's sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee,
To allow thy life to be
One long calm unbroken summer,
One unruffled stormless sea;
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast,
He would have that world seem brighter
Where alone is perfect rest.

Though His wise and loving purpose
Clearly *yet* thou mayst not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All will work for good to thee.
Therefore when thy way is gloomy,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God the Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows all to Him.

A LETTER FROM THE HEART.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY WHEN THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS WERE
LAID IN HIS GRAVE.

BY A VENERABLE MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

GOD has been the Refuge of His people in all ages, and the God of Jacob is our Refuge now in this our time of deep trouble, on this day in which Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, London, will be consigned to the tomb. It is, indeed, a time for mourning for those who were favoured to know his real worth, which, through the great goodness of the Lord, I have learned by the means of the heavy storm that fell upon him in the year 1865, when the archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow did indeed abide in strength and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. Blessings from the Shepherd and Stone of Israel came on the head of him whom the protestors separated from.

How deep are the counsels of our God, and how I bless Him, at this moment, for these protests. It has been the means, in the hands of the Lord, of bringing me nearer to Mr. Wells and some of his people; for which I shall bless God as long as I have a being. At that time I may say I knew very little of Mr. Wells, but being indignant at the treatment I had met with from his professed friends, I wrote a letter to the *Christian World* in defence of the tenor of Mr. Wells' preaching; still I was not sufficiently informed in the matter, and indeed, I went more by hearsay than from real knowledge. In the beginning of the year 1866, one of Mr. Wells' members, a dear kind friend, wrote to correct some of my statements in my letter to the *Christian World*: this began a correspondence which has been one of the greatest blessings of my life. Mr. Wells himself wrote to me on the same subject. Mrs. R. and Mr. Wells were from this time the bringer of good tidings of great joy. Many times when I was travelling a path so utterly confounding to flesh and blood, that no Gospel of salvation could reach my case but that preached by Mr. Wells, Oh, I have no words that can set forth the rich food they have been to my soul, while others were cavilling and picking errors in this and errors in that, my soul was swimming in the rich ocean of covenant, everlasting, unchangeable love. The salvation he preached could hold me up—me, weighed down as I was,—and when my own rebellious, unbelieving heart seemed tearing me in pieces, and all the artillery of hell seemed levelled at poor me, the great God and our Saviour Jésus Christ, preached by Mr. Wells so gloriously, was still my God in all His glorious attributes. This is some of the way, only a very little of the way, in which I came really to know Mr. Wells and the people at the Surrey Tabernacle. How dear they are to me only those know who have trod the same path.

Our blessed Lord has said, "There is nothing secret but shall be revealed, neither hid that shall not be made manifest; and that that is spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-

tops ;” and if it please His gracious Majesty to enable me, and will graciously cause that it shall be so at this time, I shall have the desire of my heart, and His blessed name shall be glorified, and that that this woman has done (I mean my kind friend Mrs. R.) shall be told for a memorial of her. Since the time aforementioned up to this present, not only has she sent me many living epistles from her heart which have been many times as a cordial to my sorely grieved and wounded spirit, but with her own hands, at her own expense, in spite of opposition from within and without—which have not been small; I say, with her own hands she has posted and sent to me not less than two hundred and fifty of Mr. Wells’ sermons for my own self, as they have come out, and about eleven hundred for circulation. It is true, with regard to the sermons for circulation, I myself had fed so well upon those sent me that I was like one of the daughters of Solomon’s household; I was continually crying “Give, give.”

In looking over my papers at this solemnly trying time of losing this wonderful and valuable man, I find that I have about one hundred by me; the rest have been dispersed far and wide within twenty miles. I look on them as good seed sown. I know they have been made a blessing to the poor and needy. I could tell many cases. There was a gentleman at Bolton, ten miles from us. There was a packet just came in when he came into the shop. After some talk I asked him to take and spread them amongst his people. He was a Churchman, and when he came again I asked him about them. Well, he said, they had done much good.

One old man, who had been in the way many years, came to him with his sermon in his hand, and the tears running down his face with joy, said, This is what I have been long seeking for: this is most blessed. Why have I not found this sooner?

Another, laying on a sick bed, reading them with delight, and his wife kept one about her always, she was so taken with them. They asked for more, which I gladly gave them.

This and many more tokens for good cheered me. Some read them, yet they were so set against Mr. Wells, that they are ashamed to say they like them; but they will not believe what is said against him in future. This is good, so far. It is useless saying to such as me that Mr. Wells’ sermons do not go deep enough to reach a really quickened child of God. No one could go deeper into that unknown bottomless cavern, the heart of man, before or after conversion; I say no one could do it so well, in such plain and forcible words. He never used tall, florid words to hide his meaning: he meant what he said, and said what he meant: and when the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, carried the words from his mouth to the heart of the reader, O what a comforting there was! and what must it have been to hear and to have the Word brought home to the heart from his mouth; and though he could unfold the hidden evils and miseries of the heart of man, his aim was to lift the poor sin-bitten, law-condemned, trembling sinner out of the mire—this deep mire where there is no standing—and ministerially set his feet upon the rock: this was his very delight. The joy it was to him to bring the sick to the Great Physician, and tell them of the wonderful cures He had made of all sorts of evils, whatever they might arise from. His joy was to lead

the poor leprous sinner to the Great High Priest and His great atonement. This atonement was his delight: his soul swam in this ocean of everlasting love, as made manifest in the atonement.

His sermons all aimed to bring a lost, entirely helpless sinner and that Jesus, who came to save sinners, together; and he did it in a way no one else ever did to me.

L. A.

March 20th, 1872.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

THE INVISIBLE FAMILY.

“I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.”—Zeph. iii. 12.

IF the Lord has left in Zion an afflicted and poor people (and such is declared to be the case), we may rest satisfied that the condition of Zion and her fair citizens will thus remain to the end of time; for God's decrees are unalterably sure. The professing world may blaze away with all the pomps and show of carnal inventions—but the invisible Church of the living God consists of the maimed, the lame, the blind, the sick, the begging, forlorn, halting, distressed, heart-aching, and heart-breaking sinners, described by the Lord Himself as His own afflicted and poor people, rich in faith and declared also to be heirs to the kingdom. Upon every such grace-taught soul the Word of God is deeply impressed. “’Tis through much tribulation that ye must enter the kingdom.” Trouble of soul stares the believer in the face at every point; edged in by numberless foes from the depths of darkness who attack him on every hand, so that for a time he loses sight of the fact that they that are for us are far more than they that are against us, and, Hezekiah-like, cry out of a throbbing bosom, “O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;” and still he continues his groaning, “Lord, carest Thou not that I perish; my barque is already beneath the waters, and they have reached my very soul; my sails are rent to atoms, and I have grown weary and worn, sad and dejected: Oh Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.” Oh ye fair ones in distress, who thus experience many a weary hour, fear not, He will deliver His darling from the power of the dog; and ye must come off more than conquerors, for it is so ordered in heaven's high court above by the Eternal Three. Whilst poverty and affliction must go hand in hand in Zion's city here below, unbounded riches and glory are eternally linked together in our Father's mansions above—no corruptible, there, believer—it is the vast, immeasurable word “Immortality.” Behold, thou fair one, invisibly dressed in thy Saviour's garments, behold thy king in grand attire; ye choirs of angels likewise look on with eternal wonder and mysterious awe—this is the King of glory who is Head and Husband to this poor and afflicted people. Oh heavens, shout aloud for such transcendent glory.

“An afflicted and poor people.” Oh ye despised family of the Most High God, to find you I know not whither to resort—in some pent-up

garret, toiling hard for perishing bread; poor widowed seamstress, toil on, toil on, for those dear offsprings, until thy weary dust shall sink into the silent tomb; but far beyond this bitter scene of thy pilgrimage is your kingdom and reward; and ye poor Lazarites, who would fain take up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, know ye not that the ranks of heaven's armies are incomplete without you? Your possessions are innumerable great in that blest country, your title is safe in the veins of our dear Immanuel. "I will leave also in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord;" "for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The God of heaven has pronounced an eternal woe upon the despisers of these little ones. God knows they are in distress, in debt, under burdens of no small weight, and the bitter elements of earth and hell combined stare the Lamb's tried family through and through, for the world knoweth them not, any name is good enough (in their estimation) for God's dear people; but oh, how different will the children of the Bridegroom appear to the grace-despisers of the present day, when clad in the habiliments of Paradise, washed in the crimson tide of Jesu's blood. Oh matchless Bridegroom! with thy matchless bride, who shall separate Thee from the love of God? Nearer and nearer they come to the rolling tide of Jordan, some of them, shivering on its narrow border, plunge in it they must, from thence exalted to the skies, in His dear bosom ever more to hide, and warble out delicious notes of freedom with the noble army who have, like us, waded through this dreary desert, and now for ever extol the Jesus Christ of Calvary, amidst uninterrupted and eternal bliss.

Forest Gate, Essex, October, 1874.

A POOR WORM.

THE LATE GEORGE APTED.

GEORGE APTED was born at Dover, November 6th, 1799, and fell asleep in Jesus, August 3rd, 1874. At the age of eight years he was left an orphan; at the age of fifteen he came to London. His call by grace was in 1824; until that time he lived in sin. He has told me of the Lord's work in his soul from the beginning. The first thing I can remember was that a young man came to live in the house where he lived, to learn the baking business, who constantly read the Scriptures aloud on his knees every night, when these words fastened on his mind: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." He did not know the words were in the Bible, nor what they meant, being quite ignorant of the way of salvation; nor knew that he had a soul. The same friend took him to hear a sermon preached on the occasion of the execution of Thurtell, for the murder at Ware, in Herts. The text was Proverbs *xxi.* 16—"The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead." Conviction seized him; he felt he could no longer live the life of sin he had done. Bunyan's "Holy War" was made very useful to Him, especially that part where he speaks of Mr. Swearing and Mr. Drunkenness. To both these he was addicted. He saw how all mankind was sunk in ruin, in Adam the first, and he among the rest, and could see no way of escape. His companions tried hard to keep him among them, but in

vain; although once he was drawn aside, which brought great guilt on his soul. Rom. i. 17 was very precious to him; in that he saw the Lord Jesus Christ swallowed up in the wrath of God as a whole burnt-offering for sin, suffering all the demands of a broken law for poor lost sinners, and believed it was for him. His fear was lest he should turn aside again to sin; but the Lord sealed these words on his heart, "I will put My fear in their hearts," &c. (Jer. xxxii. 40). He used to say he had such a view of the precious blood of Christ cleansing away sin; He was so precious to him. He used to say he could see Him bespangled all through the Bible.

He heard Mr. Stoddard at times, and afterwards attended Mr. Way's ministry at the Cave Adullam; and in the year 1831 was baptized by him and joined his Church, where he remained for some years, till he left and joined Zoar Chapel, Great Alie street, where he attended until Mr. Shorter came to London, in 1843, when a separation took place at Zoar Chapel; and the friends that left gave Mr. Shorter a call to become their pastor, and a Church was formed under his ministry, and Mr. Apted was chosen, with two others, as deacons, and remained for seventeen years walking in the fear of God and the comforts of the Holy Ghost, till the year 1860, when he left and afterwards joined the Church worshipping at Artillery street, and was chosen to the office of deacon, which he filled until his death.

He was a man of prayer and a great reader of the Word of God and good men's works, particularly Mr. Huntington's. Many sweet portions of the Word were blessed to his soul, especially the latter part of his life. He had been suffering from internal disease for five years previous to his death, although at the last it was rather sudden. He was at chapel the Lord's-day week previous to his death.

On the Saturday he was laying down at our usual time for reading and prayer. I said I will read, and wished him to lay quiet; but he seemed as though he could not dismiss us without prayer, and broke out as he lay in a very solemn and sweet way.

On Lord's-day he rose at his usual time, saying, "I will get up, if I lay down again." Mr. Green called on his way to chapel. In conversation his mind seemed stayed on the Lord.

In the afternoon Mr. Woolard and Mr. Harris came to see him, when he told them he had no raptures, but was fixed on Jesus the sure Foundation. Mr. Woolard read Isaiah xii., and Mr. Harris (who has since gone to his rest) engaged in prayer.

In the evening I read Psalm xxxiv., which ends, "Shall not be desolate," which he repeated, "Shall not be desolate."

About eight o'clock I perceived a change, and said, "Would you like to go to bed, dear?"

He said, "I think I will."

On leaving the room a few minutes, when I returned I heard him speaking. I enquired if he wanted anything?

He said, "I am preaching."

After this I could not understand what he said. He sunk into a kind of stupor; I could only catch these words, "Rougher and harder than mine." Many other things he said, too numerous to relate. He was patient in tribulation, a kind and tender husband, and faithful friend, and one who feared God above many.

MARY APTEd.

I FEEL READY FOR GLORY WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL.

MR. R. H. WIDDOWS, of Atherton House, Orrell, near Wigan, writes us of his beloved brother's sudden death. When we were preaching at Pemberton, last January, the deceased was a hearty young man. Now he is here no more. The following note proves the preciousness of divine grace. Mr. Widdows says:—

MY VERY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND AND BROTHER IN OUR GLORIOUS LORD JESUS CHRIST,—I forward you a memorial card of my poor brother Thomas, who, with the child that was his idol, has been snatched away from us as in a moment. The child had been attacked by scarlatina of a most malignant character. He caught the disease and was taken from us after only three days' illness. My life has been bound up with his for so long a time, religiously and socially, that I feel it is almost like breaking one's heart-strings. He came up to my house to announce to me the death of his child; I could see then sufficient in himself to cause grave suspicions in my own mind as to his own state. He would, nevertheless, go to Wigan to arrange about his child's funeral; and on his return was induced to go to bed, from which he never returned to us alive, but died quietly; and, thank our heavenly Father, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

Were it not for the unmistakeable evidence that he gave to those around him before and during his illness, and the direct answer I had from the Lord Himself in the evening of the day he died (Sept. 3rd), I should be this moment most miserable. This is the sweetness mingled with the bitter cup. I was sorely tempted by the enemy of souls after his decease to question the Lord's dealings with us on this sore dispensation. Oh! the heartaches experienced under this temptation I cannot sufficiently describe. I poured out my soul to the Lord to assure my poor heart that all was well with him. Taking up Dr. Hawker's Portions, I found in the text for that evening's Portion quite sufficient to reconcile and bring down my will into perfect acquiescence with that of the dear Lord. The text was from Zephaniah, "Hold thy peace at the presence of the Lord God, for the day of the Lord is at hand: for the Lord hath prepared a sacrifice: He hath bid His guests." After reading this I could truly say from my inmost heart, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

He was absent from his accustomed place in chapel last Lord's-day but one—the last he spent on earth. His child was ill on the Saturday, but not so as to give undue concern; and he told his wife he would go to chapel in the morning. The Lord ordered otherwise. His child became much worse; and, instead of wending his way to the chapel, he asked his wife for the Bible, and spent his last Sabbath in the sick chamber. There he poured out his soul to his God. He was never suffered again to hear another Gospel sermon in the chapel he loved so well. God, that day, was Himself the Preacher. The last sermon he did hear—one that was made a great blessing to him—was from the very words that the redeemed in glory are now singing, "Unto Him that loved us, washed us from our sins in His own blood; hath made us kings and

priests unto God." Never shall I forget the converse he had with me referable to that sermon, beyond his usual custom ; for at best he was very reserved. He told his wife he felt ready for glory whenever the Lord called him. I am not astonished at this, for he had had keen, cutting trials for the last three years, that were only known fully between God and his own soul. During his illness he was asked by one dear to him how he felt, his answer was, "It is all right." Ah ! my dear brother, with the prospect of a speedy dissolution before him, leaving a wife and two little children behind him, none but a heir of heaven can speak thus. Not a murmur escaped his lips, he seemed perfectly resigned to all he was passing through, and fully to bear out those two lines of Toplady,

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

Once he asked if we were not in the chapel, and without waiting for a reply, commenced singing most sweetly. It is to us who are left behind a sad blow, so far as his presence is not realized. But he is removed from the miseries of this evil world. He rests in the bosom of His God. May the dear Lord sanctify this bereavement to us who remain behind in the wilderness ; and with our Christian love to you, believe me to be yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

Orrell, near Wigan.

R. H. WIDDOWS.

PRAYING IN FAITH—WHAT IS IT ?

No question—in this day—can be more needful to understand than the following. Can we answer "A TRIED ONE ?"

DEAR MR. BANKS,—We hear so much talk in the present day from our pulpits and elsewhere about faith. You must take God at His word ; you must let faith be in lively exercise ; and you must take promises, say these gentlemen ; but we never hear them describe what faith is, or the nature of faith—at least, I have not. Whether it is they are ignorant of the nature of faith or its effects, I must leave. Will you kindly, or any of your readers describe to me what it is to pray in faith. Because the Word says, "Whatever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Yours, A TRIED ONE.

Walworth, October 19th, 1874.

WAS IT FOR ME ?

THOUGH on Thy death, with sweet surprise,
I sometimes dwell with weeping eyes ;
Yet, still the thought will often rise—
Was it for me ?

I know Thou didst for sinners die,
For sinners, too, as vile as I ;
But still I can't resist the cry—
Was it for me ?

Plumstead, August 25th, 1874.

Was it for me ? a sinner base,
For one so vile of human race,
Who wrath deserv'd, but never grace,—
Was it for me ?

If 'twas for me, oh ! let me hear
What shall at once my spirit cheer,
Thy voice in tender song declare,—
It was for thee.

PRACTICAL ADVICE ON THE STUDY OF GREEK.

No. II.

THE forms of the Adjectives (p. 27) *καλός* and *ἱερός* will be found to correspond exactly with the forms of the Nouns of the First and Second Declension, as you will see upon reference to the tables, Masculine and Neuter Adjectives being declined according to the Second, and Feminine according to the First Declension. You will, therefore, have very little difficulty in making yourself thoroughly familiar with them. We would, however, advise you not to neglect writing out in full the Examples given for practice on this (27) and the following pages to the end of the Adjectives, in the same way as recommended for the Nouns.

Next come the "CONTRACTED FORMS" (on p. 29 and 30); you will note that these terminations in their *uncontracted* form are the same as those you have just learned, the blending of a previous vowel with the termination making the only difference in the contracted form. The paragraph on p. 29 commencing with *Εο* should be committed to memory.

On learning the forms in *us*, *εια*, *υ* you will see that the Masculine and Neuter are declined according to the Third, and the Feminine according to the First Declension.

You will now proceed to learn those in *as*, *αινα*, *αν*, the forms of which you will find at the bottom of p. 31. On p. 32 you will notice that *πās* is declined, not according to the Adjectives in *as*, but in the same way as the Participle *τύψας* at the bottom of the page. These forms you will also commit to memory.

You will make yourself thoroughly familiar with the various forms of Adjectives and Participles on p. 33 to 35. On p. 36 and 37 you will find the Irregular forms of *μεγας* and *πολύς*. With regard to *πολύς* we may remark that the first form is the one used in the New Testament.

We now come to the "ADJECTIVES OF TWO TERMINATIONS," which differ from those of Three Terminations by having one form for both Masculine and Feminine, and another for the Neuter. You may carefully read the remarks on p. 37 and 38, but do not commit them to memory. The various forms (p. 38 to 40) commencing with *ἀληθής* and ending with *δίπους* must all be committed to memory. Note that the forms which are used for both Masculine and Feminine have both the Masculine and Feminine Articles prefixed to them, and where it happens, as in the Genitive and Dative of all these forms, that there is one form for all three Genders, the three Articles are prefixed. We may here observe that *καί* is the Greek for "and." You will see that some of these, as *ἐνδοξος* are of the Second, and that the others are of the Third Declension. No Adjectives of two terminations have forms belonging to the First Declension.

We must now consider "ADJECTIVES OF ONE TERMINATION," that is, having the same form for the Masculine and Feminine (sometimes, though rarely, a few of them are used with Neuter Substantives). You will read carefully through the remarks on p. 40 to 42. None are here declined in full, but the Genitive being given in every instance, this will shew you the declension, and they all follow forms which you have previously learned. It would be a wearisome task to commit them all to memory, and you may, therefore, leave them, referring to them as necessity arises.

The "DEGREES OF COMPARISON" now claim our attention. The matter is very clearly treated of on p. 42 to 46, and we need only observe that the Comparatives in *τερ os*, *α*, *ον*, are declined like *ἱερός*, and the Superlatives in *τάρ os*, *η*, *ον* like *καλός* (see p. 27). You will see some anomalous or irregular forms on p. 44; these demand careful consideration, as they are often met with.

We now come to the "NUMBERS" (p. 46). You will carefully commit to memory the forms *εις*, *δυδεις*, *δυο*, *τρεις*, and *τεσσαρες*. It would be well to learn both the Cardinal and Ordinal Numbers as far as "twenty"—the others must also be learned at a future time, but may be passed over for the present as they are not of such frequent occurrence. You can, however, read them through, and we would likewise advise you to pay particular attention to the "Obs." on p. 47 and 49.

The "PRONOUNS" are next in order. On p. 50 you will find them divided into their eight different classes, and this page, and the full declensions on the following pages up to 55 must be committed to memory. The remarks on the "Dialects of the Pronouns" (p. 55 and 56) are of no use for the New Testament, and may,

therefore, be altogether omitted. You will find considerable resemblances between the Cases of the Pronouns and those of the Nouns and Adjectives, and, by tracing them, you will imprint their forms on your memory.

The Grammar contains all that is necessary for you to learn concerning the Pronouns at present, but, at a future period, we shall have a good deal to say respecting their various uses.

We have reached now the most important part, viz., the VERBS. You are, of course, already acquainted with the definition of a Verb from A. & C., and also with their divisions into Active, Passive, and Neuter, Transitive and Intransitive. If this is not quite fresh in your memory you may well refer to the whole of the remarks on pages 28 to 33 A. & C., and you will then proceed to carefully study (pages 57 to 68) the Voices, Moods, and Tenses, upon which we make the following notes:—

You will observe that the Greek Verb has not only an Active, and a Passive Voice, but also one peculiar to itself called "MIDDLE;" and when you come to the Paradigms you will find that this is similar (except the Aorists and Futures) in form to the Passive. Its signification is, however, sometimes Active, sometimes Passive, but properly speaking combines the power of both Voices in expressing the operation of the actor upon himself, as *τύπτομαι I strike myself*. Indeed, in those instances where it seems to have an Active meaning it may generally be seen that this is immediately derived from the combination of the Active and Passive just mentioned, for example, *βουλευόμαι I advise myself* came to mean *I deliberate*. Many other delicate shades of signification must be deferred to the Syntax. The force of the Active and Passive Voices corresponds for the most part to the English.

You will find on page 57 certain Verbs spoken of as "DEPONENT;" these have a Middle, or Passive form, and they are so called (from the Latin "Depono" *I lay aside*) because they lay aside that meaning which would naturally belong to them from their form, and take an Active or Neuter signification.

The "OPTATIVE MOOD," as you know, does not exist in English, and under it are included, what are called the "historical," or past Tenses of the Subjunctive Mood. (The Optative has a future, which we shall notice hereafter). The Optative and Subjunctive Mood are in their essence very much alike, differing merely in regard to time, as the Subjunctive sets forth the idea as being now present to the mind of the speaker, while the Optative places it in the past. More extended remarks upon the usage of these Moods we must defer for the present.

The Indicative, Imperative, and Infinitive, are generally the same as in English.

You will find in the list of the Tenses a name to which you have not been accustomed in English, viz., "AORIST," which means the indefinite or unlimited tense, as you will find explained on page 63. This tense is very much used in Greek, and for the most part corresponds to the simple "Past Tense" of English, as *ἔτυψα, I struck*.

The "PRESENT" corresponds to both the "Indefinite" and "Incomplete Present," A. & C., thus, *τύπτω* may be translated *I strike* or *I am striking*.

The "IMPERFECT" corresponds generally to what is called in A. & C., "The Past Incomplete," as *ἔτυπτον, I was striking*, and it may also be rendered, *I did strike*, or *I used to strike*. The "PERFECT" corresponds to the "Present complete." The "Pluperfect" to the "Past complete." The "Future" to the "Indefinite" and "Incomplete Future."

This is a short sketch of the meaning of the Tenses, their exact use will not be found to correspond in all points with the English Tenses we have named, and the differences we shall point out as we proceed.

The "2nd Aorist," "2nd Perfect," and "2nd Pluperfect," are the same in respect to time as the "1st," of which they are more ancient forms. The "3rd Future," which exists only in the Middle Voice, is rarely met with, and is similar to the "Future complete" A. & C.

J. L. & J. E. B.

(To be continued.)

P.S.—We shall be happy to correct exercises, either English or Greek. To enable us to advise beginners, it is essential that our correspondents should inform us of the exact extent of their knowledge of English Grammar. Address, J. L., 3, Avenue Road, Clapham, S.W., enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Watchman at rest. He is not on our walls now. His happy soul is beyond the thorns of the wilderness. We give the thorning note as it drops into our hand:—

Our brother, B. Taylor, of Pulham St. Mary, says,—“Brother Banks, I have just received a valuable present from the widow of the Watchman on the Walls, namely, ‘Reminiscences of the late William Garrard,’ &c. I was much struck with the style of binding, the paper, and the type; a book of first-class workmanship, 200 pages, and all, I find, for 2s. 6d. only. Cheap, indeed! But this is not the best part of it. The book itself is a most precious treasure, highly characteristic of the old school, containing the richest experience of one of the most deeply exercised and tried of God’s living family. O, how I wish all the Churches of Christ, far and near, could see and read this precious book. God grant we may have many more like it! I find the book is printed and published by Robert Banks, of Raquet court, Fleet street, London. Flattery I abhor, but, upon my word, I cannot help saying, I believe it excels all he has yet printed and published. It does him much credit, and I hope will secure to him a large amount of work.”

Memorials of the Life and Ministry of Bernard Gilpin. A fine octavo, full of godly testimonies. Not yet cut open.—Mr. Charles Bullock’s *Home Words* gives “Statue of John Bunyan” and the prettiest account of him we have yet seen.—John Bunyan’s *Work on Antichrist and his Ruin* is truly a deep piece of prophecy. For years we have desired to get it published in a popular form, but the cramp prevents. Letters reach us fully proving that the rising men, as they are called, and others beside, are verging toward the Pliable system; we cannot go with them; they are as bitter as the Pharisees of old; we never shall bow down to them.—“Over the Hills Homeward” in *Our Own Fireside* points us to the speedy departure to another country. We have seen the flight of multitudes. If in Christ we live and die, with Him we shall rise and reign for ever. Amen.—August Hermann Francke, his Faith, and his Orphan-house at Halle, in Saxony, is, as shewn up in *Sword and Trowel* for October, “One of the Greatest Wonders of the Christian World.” Hermann Francke was born at Lubeck in 1663. After his own fatherless life had reached manhood he entered the little city of Halle in 1692, to become the pastor of a Protestant Church. He found

everything in a sad condition; but he went to the throne of grace, and he said, “O God, I am Thine; make me a blessing to this town.” That prayer was answered: one of the largest institutions in the world was founded by him, as an orphan asylum and many educational appendices which still stand, as a monument to shew he not only trusted in God, but gave himself to be the Lord’s servant and almoner to many thousands of souls.—The increasing spirit of contempt for Dissenters, manifested by Ritualistic and other clergymen, is fully reviewed in *The Freeman*; but while Dissenting ministers are so divided and so censorious one toward another, is it likely to be any better? The clergy have adopted all our plans for working. We have set them the example, and now to try to bury us in oblivion is not Christ-like. Let all who love the Lord and His Gospel unite together in prayer and practical enterprises, and our numbers would multiply, our prosperity would abound.—*The Rock*, and nearly all the papers are giving much prominence to Lord Ripon’s going over to Rome. Such is the blindness of the nobility, generally speaking, to the essentials of religion, of true vital godliness, that it is of little consequence whether they are in Rome or in England. Intellectual idolization, scientific antagonism, externally brilliant forms and ceremonies, worldly fortunes and fleshly fashions, these things are overflowing the whole of the people’s minds; and, alas! the Comforter that should relieve us is far from us. The Gospel, as revealed from heaven, is still in existence, but with so many exactions and additions of man’s inventions, that neither the Apostles nor Puritans would own it.—“The Christian Physician” in *Old Jonathan* for October is a beautiful life.—Of all the periodicals which present themselves at our table not one comes in with so much dignity, variety, and natural beauty as does Mr. Shirley Hibberd’s *Gardeners’ Magazine*. To the fruit and flower-growing world this tall, full-grown, and flourishing paper is a desirable source of useful instruction.

Robert Moffatt. His mission, life, and history is beautifully told in the “Day of Days,” which also gives us excellent counsel of almost every kind.

Baptism: Are we right? By Rev. A. H. R. Hebden. Mr. Baxter might read this with some benefit. While some learned editors are trying to write us

Baptists down, clergymen are discovering we are right, and come out on our side.

New Child's Own Hymn Book. Edited by John Curwen; published at 8 Warwick lane, E.C. A shilling and penny edition of these Hymns are well produced. A two-penny edition of Biographical Notes of the Child's Own Hymn Book shews us who and what the writers were.

Protestantism. A Pro-Cathedral, a big, barn-looking place, has been recently opened in Brighton. The zeal of the Minister of Sussex street Baptist Chapel, W. Poole Balfern, has been powerfully moved; and he has delivered and published a "Protest against England being Romanized." His descriptions are telling, his denunciations are solemn. For three half-penny stamps it can be had post free from the Author at Brighton.—Mr. Archibald G. Brown has also issued a strong exposition of the wickedness of priestly delusions, in a Sermon headed, "Godly Priesthood v. Man's Priestcraft." It can be had of F. Davis, Chapterhouse court, St. Paul's.

The Old Paths: Why Forsake Them? This pamphlet (to be had of Macintosh, 24, Paternoster row) proves that the British and Foreign Bible Society circulate Roman Catholic Versions of the Bible. It is high time that we became aware of the fact, that the first human institution in the world is sowing the tares among the wheat. Will subscribers allow this any longer?

Mr. Henry Varley's Withdrawal from the Good Templars. This penny pamphlet has been sent to us. Of his uniting himself to their order, and his leaving it, he says:—"Though done ignorantly, I feel it was sinful to join the movement, and I have sought my Father's forgiveness for

the step taken: and I pray that any who may have followed my example will remember that I thus publicly retrace my steps, and show the example, as I believe it, according to the mind of Christ."

We have always been perplexed to know how any intelligent and decided believer in Christ and His Gospel ever could unite in the religious ceremonies of this new enterprise. It has the appearance of being Ritualism in another form. Is not Satan gone forth deceiving the nation with an awfully overwhelming power?

Mr. Thomas Stringer's new edition of *The Voice of Melody; or, Songs of Praise*, is a neat and valuable book, containing over 450 original hymns of his own composition. It is a garland of modern, yet truthful and experimental heart hymnology. Printed in new, bold type on excellent paper, substantially bound (by Robert Banks), and, for thousands of the poor of the flock would be a profitable companion to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns.

A Journey with Elijah, not read yet.—*Verses*, by a silent Reader.—*The Rock* correspondents declare that "the money and trouble spent in preparing young men for the ministry might have been much better employed," but the mania for college students has overturned the Churches; hence, while collegiates swim, others must sink, until the Lord arises to plead His own cause.—"Our help is in God alone." So says George Müller, in his last report. During forty years over half a million of money has been given him, still, at times, for days his outgoings are so much beyond the incomings, that he is obliged to cry fervently unto the Lord, who has never failed him. What a daily witness that our God hears and answers prayers, We cannot notice others yet.

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

Lord, we are sinners, quite undone
And ruined in the fall;
But boundless grace doth raise us higher
Than we were before we fell.

Lord, the sufferings Thou didst bare,
No angel's tongue can tell,
To save a fallen sinful race,
To bring to heaven to dwell.

Lord, what can we render to Thy name,
For love so rich and free,

That saves a fallen race from shame,
To all eternity?

Lord, to be with Thee where Thou art,
Thou hast declared they shall;
And in my triumphs share a part,
Thy boundless love to swell.

Now to the Father's boundless love,
And Christ, our risen Lord,
And for the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r,
Be their dear names adored.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

HEAVEN'S COMMAND TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

BY RICHARD TURNER, OF NETHERTON.

DEAR BANKS,—I send you outline of my experience, as regards my conversion and call to the ministry. I was brought up among the Unitarians, but, in the providence of God, I was removed from home to Netherton, and went the first Sabbath I was here to the Baptist chapel; heard the minister there; was so pleased with what he said that I went again; then I made it my home, so far as regards chapel-going. I heard the minister, as I thought, better and better. His name was Robert Hall. After I had sat under his ministry about three years, he preached one morning from Psalm ciii.—“The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.” The arrow of conviction stuck fast in my soul. For nine months I felt the most wretched of all men; and when the holy law of God came into my soul, I was so miserable that I did not know what to do with myself. I wished I had been a dog, or a bird, or a beast, or anything but a man having a soul that must live for ever; and lost I thought I must be. I resolved to make away with myself. Thank God, I was kept from that. I went out of my work six or seven times a day to go to try to pray, and my fellow-workmen asked me if I was going out of my mind. One day I went out to pray, and cried, “Lord, I will give up if Thou dost not appear for me.” All glory to His name, He did appear; and a glorious appearance it was; He spoke pardon to my soul. I felt Christ so precious and sweet that I was enabled to rejoice in Him as my Saviour. After this I gave myself up to reading my Bible nights and mornings; and in the summer used to go out into the fields and under the hedges, reading and thinking.

I had been baptized about two years when I enjoyed one blessed season under a hedge where I had been reading and praying. These words came with power into my soul—“Go, stand in the temple, and speak all the words of this life.” About nine months after this, one of the deacons of the Church sent me a note, about six o'clock at night, saying I was expected to preach that night at seven o'clock at the chapel. O, what fear and trembling took hold of me; my knees smote together, but in the strength of the Lord I went and spoke from those words—“Christ is all and in all.” I told them what He had done for me, a poor sinner, lost to all self-help and all self-hope; but He had saved me. After that they told me I might go out anywhere when called. When I had been to one place and then another, other places opened, and I soon found every Sabbath engaged through the year. Glory be to God, He has given me

many seals to my humble ministry in the conversion of sinners and the comforting of saints at Willenhall and other places.

I was at Broseley on Sunday last. O how the Word was blest to the people. The deacons, as well as the people, told me God had blessed the Word to their souls, and my reply was “Give God the glory.” These things are encouraging to a poor humble instrument like me to go on. All I want to live for is to exalt my Lord Christ.

You quote our baptizing as though it took place at Netherton. There is no place for truth here. It was at Willenhall. I am the father of the boy you met with at Wolverhampton some years ago, and printed the sermon you heard him preach.—Yours in Christ,
RICHARD TURNER.

[Little Johnny Turner, like many more, when we had helped him up, ran off into a broader field.—ED.]

“WHY IS THE HOUSE OF GOD FORSAKEN?”

KENT.—From various recent visits into this fruitful garden of England, many notes can be given, when a corner can be spared. Here is a little railway sketch,—“Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 29, 1874. Once more have visited poor Rehoboth, built above twenty years since, when Henry Carr was the anxious deacon, and that loveable brother, Thomas Edwards, was the accepted pastor. Things we never thought of do come to pass in this beautiful but sin-disturbed world. Hence, after Thomas Edwards had confessed his faith in the Gospel and in the ordinances of the New Testament; after he had been baptized and had baptized many; after he had been ordained as a decided Baptist minister; after he had allowed his friends to build for him a new Rehoboth Baptist chapel; after all, and more than all this, Thomas Edwards renounced believers' baptism, left poor Rehoboth to shift for herself, ascended St. John's road, and there erected his Salem and his sacred tent; and there for eight years has he continued preaching the Gospel of the grace of God without any baptistry, or baptizing service. There is a large, a respectable, and experimental class of people who do not see the ordinance of baptism. They talk of it as a carnal matter. They are spiritual, and will not stoop to such a fleshly ceremony. So they talk, so they act. We look on and wonder. They look on us with contempt. And as ‘all manner of sin and blasphemy is to be forgiven unto men,’ so it is possible that this denial of baptism will be forgiven, and in those more pure and perfect regions of heavenly light and God-like love, all these Salem and Rehoboth distinctions will be left behind; and in the reflecting, attracting, and assimilating glories of the Person and kingdom of Him who will

then be Lord of lord and King of king, we shall only remember the imperfections of the way, as so many stimulants to strengthen our songs of praise unto Him who will then have completely made us kings and priests with Him; not to reign under the Huntingtonian or Philpottian banner, but under the blessed government of the Great 'All in all.' When I reached Tunbridge Wells, last Saturday evening, I felt a desire to call and see our brother Thomas Edwards, but a deeper desire to reach the end of my journey, and to get some quiet corner, where I might listen to the whispering, warning, and winning words of the blessed Teacher, caused me to get into a basket and roll off through Pembury, on to Matfield Green. There I found good deacon Arthur Etheridge, who introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Huggett, where every domestic kindness and Christian charity was shown me. As soon as I could sit down in my comfortable bedroom, I opened the Bible direct on the sentence, 'Why is the house of God forsaken?' That sentence ran right into my soul. I felt certain it was to be my first text in Matfield Green Baptist chapel. The next morning I thought of Nehemiah, as in some measure typical of our Divine Tirshatha, then of the place, the house of God; the weighty question, 'Why is the house of God forsaken?' Ah! why? last of all, the work to which Nehemiah devoted himself and gathered men together and set them in their place. Blessed be the Lord Jesus, the God of all grace, and the Eternal Comforter, he did gather the people together. And during all the four public services in which I was engaged, I felt no coldness nor bondage in my soul, no hardness in my heart, no fear of death or of being cast away. I spoke four times with warmth, and a well-spring of thought and utterance. No one contemned or reproved me. All were tender and kind. I know they are a spiritual people, and pray our Lord God to send them a real, devoted, and decided Nehemiah, to build them up, and to be a blessing unto them. This 29th of Sept. I joggled off in a country van to Tunbridge Wells; went to Rehoboth, and now, if the mercies of God will keep me, I seek my London home, which is 9, Banbury Road, South Hackney."

MR. THOMAS BRADBURY'S FAREWELL AT BARROW HILL.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS AND THE CHURCHES OF JESUS CHRIST,—Friday, August 28, 1874, was a high day (to many a sorrowful one), long to be remembered at Barrow hill, Chesterfield, when Mr. Thomas Bradbury took a farewell leave of his people over whom he had presided, in the work of the ministry, for the last seven years and nine months. The people were determined once more to give substantial proof of their attachment to their minister in the presentation of a gold watch and chain (costing £20), being the third, at least, substantial token of the estimation in which Mr. B. is held in the Gospel.

The day-schoolars were not behind in

giving marked proof of their juvenile appreciation of Mr. B's. notice of them; for he often sought to promote their pleasure and progress as best he could in perfect keeping with his pastoral over the Church; they subscribed and presented him with a beautiful writing-desk.

A substantial tea was served to a respectable company, at which Mr. B. was nearly all the time distributing copies of the "Report of the Leicester Conference."

At half-past six a large number assembled to hear addresses from Messrs. Bradbury, Straton, Rolleston, Battersby, Harper (Editor of *Gilead*), and Noyes, of Dundalk, Ireland. A precious hymn was sung; Mr. Bradbury read the Scripture; Mr. Rolleston offered up prayer in a humble, simple, and comprehensive manner, adoring the covenant God of Israel, and commending pastor and people to the care of the Chief Shepherd.

Mr. W. Brown, one of the congregation, then stepped on to the platform as the bearer of the presentation, handing it to J. Campbell, Esq., mining engineer (chairman), and, in appropriate words, alluded to the fact of Mr. B's. leaving, the time he had been over the Church, and the pleasure it gave him and others in remembering the fact that the pastor had been faithful with the Word; but God was a Sovereign, and, in removing him, hoped that the divine blessing would attend him; that God might send a man in his place to preach the truth.

The chairman said, "Ladies and gentlemen, You must be aware of the object that has brought us together: it is an object of joy and sorrow. Mr. B. is going to London, and we all shall be glad to hear of his success. He has been and is characterised for much zeal and earnestness; and the congregation and teachers have purchased this beautiful watch and chain as a presentation in sympathy with him in this removal." The chairman then made the presentation of a gold watch and chain, in the name of the congregation, to Mr. B. on his leaving Barrow hill for London.

Mr. B. rose and said, "My dear friends,—I don't know what to say, I have got to a dead stop, and I sometimes do get there in the wilderness; but the Lord has never forsaken me during those seven years and nine months that I have been endeavouring to set forth His truth. I have, notwithstanding, laboured in this place against wind and tide, against those who, with their tongues, would have stopped the proclamation of the Word; but God has stopped their mouths. My prayer is that He may teach them aright in this matter. I well remember dear Robinson saying, 'For eleven long years I prayed that God would send the Gospel to Barrow hill, and I know you are the man.' My testimony from that day to this, it is my joy and privilege to say, has been the testimony of God. I will take this gift as a token of your love and for Christ's sake. My going away is perfectly clear before me as of the Lord. When the people, wherever I have gone, have said, 'Come up, come up,' who was I that I

should withstand God? Mr. Rolleston once put a watch into my hand, and said, 'Whenever you look at that remember me to the King; and, whenever I look at this, I hope to remember you to the King; and, as a dear lady friend once said to me,

"Tell Him when you see His face,
I want to see Him too."

Mr. Battersby, of Sheffield, then addressed the meeting. He appeared in fine harness and Gospel trim for much onslaught upon everything and anything that stood opposed to the honour of His glorious Master. He referred to the joy and sorrow such seasons produced between ministers and people. He knew it experimentally; he had had to part from loving peoples more than once or twice. Mr. B. will have sorrow in his heart, and some of the people too, and they may say, "The past hath been blest, and, for the future, good luck to you and them in the best sense." Those were the words of good old O'Leary's, when he put his hand on Mr. B's youthful head, and said that he would be a preacher some day. Those words and the people's testimony in their hearts have proved you to have had an ordination of the right sort. Mr. B. has preached to you, dear friends, the whole Gospel of God, and now he must commend you to God, and he may say that while he has coveted no man's silver or gold, yet he has got it (holding up the presentation). We are going to recognise him in London, and I will tell the people to give him plenty of it. Mr. B. is going to leave Barrow hill. Paul told the people they would see his face no more, but forewarned them what characters should come after; and God only knows what's in store for you. You will have to deal with the black and white devil and all sorts of flatterers; but it is a grand thing not to be moved by these things; to be kept immovable by the grace of God which can always keep us. As Solomon was chosen to build the house of the Lord, so you may see the same thing done in Mr. B's going to that great city. There may be a great deal of difference between Mr. B. and the man who may come after. Mr. Battersby, with much spirited eloquence, dragged the Papacy into the arena, and showed himself thoroughly master in the contest. He asked what was Ritualism? Popery, was the reply. What was transubstantiation? The directly opposite of what was claimed for it to be. Mr. Battersby rose to a climax in a joyful theme, levelling the material altar to its mother earth, by saying that we have only one Altar and that it was in heaven, in the person of Christ Jesus the Lord. The real presence, he contended, was that only of the presence of God in the soul, and not on the material table. After truthfully and intelligently dusting the Romish dogmas about, he descended to the Arminian theory, which was one of "do, do." He told those who told him to "do" to do it themselves. He brought forth their opposition to what was called Calvinism and those who held those views said to be Calvin's; whilst nothing was known personally of Calvin; yet

certainly he was about the greatest writer and reasoner of his age, and his opponents in the present day were among the first to enrich their works from Calvin's. Mr. Battersby concluded by saying that the Gospel made us walk, and not talk and cry "do, do." He hoped God would send a man of the right sort; asking the people if they had prayed about the matter.

Mr. Straton, rector of Aylestone, Leicestershire, then spoke in a wise and fatherly way; he gave words of wisdom. He agreed that this occasion was one of joy and sorrow; but it was God's work in the removal of ministers. Walking, as Christ did, in the midst of the seven Churches, all ministers were in His hands, even to the removal of the candlesticks in the midst of His Churches. Mr. B. did not seek the appointment, the people sought him, so you must make up your minds to the loss, that you may better be in a position to receive the blessing that will arise out of this dispensation, if in accordance with the divine will, or for the trial of your faith. Mr. Straton reminded the people that the Church of Christ was, at present, being tested by opposite influences, but she must resist them, and God would go forth with His truth until the feet of His people should stand on the land of Canaan, the land of eternal separation.

Mr. Noyes, curate of Dundalk, Ireland, thought this was a very solemn time, and referred to the time when he was destitute, as a sinner, of any saving knowledge of Christ. He adored the mysterious nature of the providence of God that had brought him there to Mr. B's farewell meeting, and in the removal of a minister God only knew what was in store; but the Gospel is to be proclaimed to the different nations. The Lord has various uses for His people, yet the candlestick might sometimes be removed out of its place. Mr. Noyes referred to his own life as a minister in Ireland, attended as it was with so much opposition to the truth and worship of God, and that His Bible was almost another Book to him. The passage now on his mind was "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another," &c. The Lord knew all about Mr. B's going away.

Mr. Harper, Editor of *Gilead*, begged to read a portion of Scripture, which he did, out of Acts xx. After referring to the people going about, as so many did, to build up their different notions, he truthfully and seriously thought most of the reality and importance of true religion, quoting Hart's important lines,—

"True religion's more than notion;
Something must be known and felt."

We live in a land of enemies, where it is seen there was no room for Christ in the inn of men's souls. Ministers with real essential qualifications, with earnestness, were the men wanted to cope with all that was sought to be set up in the place of Christ. The people sought to be religious to be seen; and not over religious either. Your minister is going away; you, who call him your spiritual father, remember him every Sunday you

come here. Mr. Harper made an allusion to death which puts an end to all these lower scenes, and winds all up for an entrance into brighter ones than can be known down here.

We noticed the Editor of Gilead to be serious, experimental, truthful, and to the point. If God keeps him, as He appears to do at present, consistent and truthful, he will make a spiritual man of no mean order. Such men, whose learning is savoured with the salt of the covenant, are useful, instructive, and a marvellous blessing to the day and generation in which they live and move.

Mr. Rolleston was called to wind up the evening, which he did with marvellous and telling effect. That godly vicar gave us to understand he was no platform man, but when called to speak thereon, he always liked a passage of Scripture as a basis for his remarks. He said he had been thinking about the occasion of their meeting together, and the passage that speaks of the wise master builder might be applied to Mr. Bradbury. Here the speaker was at home in a joyful theme. Ample scope was opened out to him in the existence and reality of the various foundations of Zion. Previous to entering upon his theme, he remarked he was thankful that Mr. Bradbury was going away, whilst he was aware it would be sorrow to the people; yet he hoped God would bless him. His being called away was perfectly clear, for wherever he had been he found Mr. Bradbury was truly acceptable, which was proved by the congregations whenever he supplied. Mr. Rolleston then entered upon his text; but being put to inconvenience for space and light, we regret only very imperfect notes could be taken of his sublime and choice address. Mr. Rolleston shewed that the foundation had not only been laid, but the gold had been built thereon. Christ was God's choice, and the foundation God had laid in Zion. Then there was the legal foundation of His righteousness; and remarked that he loved that aspect of the foundation, the righteousness of God—a righteousness beyond that of angels. Here the speaker rose to a lofty and magnificent flame, manifesting that apart from that glorious truth he had no hope of salvation. Thirdly, there was the foundation of testimony; the foundation of the apostles and prophets; then there was the testimony in the hearts of the people, which was their source of confidence, evidenced out by divine love. The sinner must come through Christ, and then his works will be accepted. I love the order, "I will and they shall." There is a deal of show in the present day in the Churches, but whatsoever is so is of the flesh. "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction will drive it out." After thanks had been duly tendered to the ladies, chairman, and speakers, and the doxology sung, we closed the brightest meeting ever held at Barrow Hill, and there have been a few. To God be all the glory. Yours in the Lord, W. B.

Whittington, Chesterfield, Sept. 9, 1874.

CARLTON, BEDS.—On Tuesday, Sept. 22, the anniversary services were held to celebrate the first year of Mr. Jull's pastorate, when in the afternoon we were favoured with a good congregation to listen with great attention to a sermon by Mr. Atkinson, from 1 Pet. v. 10—"The God of all grace"—which was delivered in much power of the Holy Ghost, and heard with much spiritual profit. At the close of the service, Mr. Atkinson was entrusted, on the behalf of the Church and congregation, to present to the pastor, on the event of his marriage, as an expression of their esteem and regard, a very useful and valuable time-piece, which had been subscribed for by the friends in his absence in a most cheerful and spontaneous manner. The following is the inscription: "Presented to Mr. Jull, the pastor, as a token of respect and esteem on his marriage, by the friends and members of the Baptist Meeting, Carlton, Beds., Aug. 20, 1874." Mr. Atkinson, in a few suitable words, said, There was something in that which money could not buy, which was, the motive which prompted this to be done—love to the minister—he was delighted to see existing among them. The pastor, in acknowledging the present, said, He felt grateful to the Lord for the spiritual blessing that had been realised among them, and that was the secret of this valued present. He felt honoured that day to receive from them, the Lord's children, such a gift, prompted by such motives. He trusted it would tend to bind each other more closely to labour together to further the interests of Zion. A good company partook of tea. Mr. Atkinson again spoke in the evening to a full house from "By grace are ye saved." Noticing it was, 1, Distinguishing; 2, Elevating; 3, Ennobling. It was a very refreshing season to those who were there; many retired home, thanking the Lord for the services they had attended. How precious to the saints are the courts and ordinances of His house when He is there to bless the Word and shed forth His power in the ministry thereof.

NORBITON, KINGSTON.—Died, Monday, May 25, 1874, Mary Croucher, wife of James Croucher. She was at chapel morning and evening, Sunday, 17th. We were members of Zoar chapel, Brick lane. The day she died was our anniversary. Mr. Stringer preached afternoon and evening on 17th. She expected to be at the anniversary and assist in waiting on the friends at tea. Her affliction was very dreadful at intervals, and the last few hours the noise and groans were painful. Her head was deranged. She was called young, not only to know something of herself, but to know Christ died for her. She first became a member of the Church in London under John Stevens, about 1839. She was a member of that Church when Mr. Stevens died. If her salvation depended on how she died we should have no hope of her. We have nothing to say about how she lived; they

that knew her are satisfied about her manner of life. She was blessed with a good understanding of the Scriptures: and the Bible was her chief book. She read Dr. Gill; was fond of his Body of Divinity and Mr. Well's Sermons, and Mr. Foreman's on Duty—Faith. J. CROUCHER.

LONDON ITINERANT BAPTIST MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION

Thursday Sept. 10, tea and public meetings were held in Little Alic street chapel, Mr. P. Dickerson (president of the Association) being unable through illness to attend, Mr. J. H. Dearsly of Dalston, occupied the chair, prayer was offered by brother Beddow.

The chairman briefly introduced the business of the evening, and requested the secretary to read the report; which told of the increase in the number of members during the year, and the gathering of some Baptists in the "Public Hall," Oxford Road, Walthamstow, where the brethren have been preaching on each Sabbath day, from the beginning of this year; the attendance is good, and a Strict Baptist Church is about to be formed there. An attempt has been made to gather a congregation in a suitable room at 102, Stamford street, Blackfriars road (no Baptist cause being near there). On each Sabbath day since June 3, the Gospel has been preached there by the brethren under discouraging circumstances, the attendance being small.

In the school room of the female Orphan Home, Rickmansworth, under the superintendence of a mother in Israel, Mrs. Luscombe, the brethren on each Sabbath day since April last, have ministered there, not only to the orphans, but a number of the residents in the town attend the services; we hope the seed thus sown will, by God's blessing, produce encouraging results.

The meeting was addressed by brethren Woodard, Styles, Langford, Chipchase, Hudson and J. E. Gray. A good company was present both at the tea and at the public meeting.

M R. DENSHAM'S AND M R. HASLERIGG'S LETTERS.

NOTTING HILL.—We receive "Thoughtful" with considerable care. Mr. Densham's reference to the paper, containing the theory of "degrees of glory," we have read. During the summer our journeys and much pulpit work occasioned the insertion of some things which we acknowledge ought never to have appeared. Correspondents have furnished able papers on the subject: their appearance in our pages will be useful. "The Denial of the Eternal Sonship" never belonged to us. We hold the eternity of the Son of God, the Christ of God, the co-equal and co-eternal Ancient of Days, who lays in the bosom of the Father, who "was set up from everlasting"—we repeat, emphatically, we hold this as one of the holiest, and most certain articles of our faith: "as One with the Father" from all eternity was He revealed in our soul on that happy day when the Spirit of the Eternal God shone

within and spoke home with power, "and Christ shall give you light." And from that believing knowledge of Him we have never been removed; and, by divine grace upholding us, we affirm it is impossible to turn us. We have been in this matter, as in many others, falsely accused. Mr. Densham's reference to Plymouth we have also had laid before us again and again. No one can enter into our feelings as regards the whole history of that matter. But we can only wait until God shall Himself plead His own cause. Awfully solemn is the fact, that in the pulpits of our land men appear to be almost everywhere against the good, the glorious, the heaven-revealed Gospel of God. "Thoughtful" wishes for our review of Mr. Hazlerigg's Letter. We will consider. It certainly is time to be careful how we sanction ministers, until we are satisfied. "The Holy Ghost speaketh in them."

MINISTERS MADE ON PURPOSE.

BELOVED BROTHER BANKS.—I have just received a letter from dear brother John Bamber, with account of his reception meeting at Sandhurst in Victoria. There you have many spiritual lovers and readers.

Our brother became very ill here. Doctor said he must go inland: therefore we gave up the idea of his going to the Hunter district, Newcastle, by the sea. I advised him to go to Eaglehawk, Sandhurst, a town one hundred miles inland from Melbourne.

The Church in that place was visited by me many years, and reformed more than six years ago, when sixteen ex-Presbyterians were baptized by me within about a month; and a substantial chapel was built. Since then they have passed through much trial from many causes. When they got my letter, commending my dear little brother to them, they were ready to faint, and give up. In this extremity the Lord appeared; restored our brother to health, and made him the means of much blessing to them. They have again taken down their silent harps, and have commenced the Lord's songs in the midst of Jerusalem: How marvellous are Thy ways, O our Lord; how kind are all Thy designs toward the people of Thy love. After due and prayerful consideration, they invited our brother to stay, and then held meetings to welcome his residence and ministry in their midst. Congregations of 200 and 300 people of our order are not very frequent in these ends of the earth, therefore you will rejoice in this prosperity, given of the Lord our God, to His poor tried people among the hunters after the treasures hid in the earth. You will not fail to pray that many may find much gold well tried by fire.

I feel afraid to say to you, send good brothers out to us who will preach Jesus to the poor, yet I pray the Lord to send them. We think the Lord must make up men on purpose for this work. No great big men would do; their importance would smother them. No shiftless gentlemen would do; their dignity would slay them. No amphibious mongrels would do; their indecision would make them obnoxious to all honest Calvinists

and Arminians too. No crafty squinter at pockets would do; feeling hearts would despise them. No rude unkind insulter of sensitive minds would do; sympathising souls would flee from them. No domineering lord would do; the people would disdain their authority. No lazy ignoramus would do; the people would see the emptiness. We want men who are nothing, yet are full of the holy excellencies of the Lord Jesus, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; which makes a man the highest style of a man, and the most refined gentleman, in the best sense. I can only say, Lord make them here on the spot, or make them in, and send them from, England: in either case, they must tell us how He did it. Again I remain your brother in Jesus,

DANIEL ALLEN.

Sydney June 6th, 1874.

LONDON ROAD.—MR. T. STRINGER'S NEW CHAPEL.—William Huntington, in a letter to a friend, speaks of three chapels he built in the county, and was turned out of them all. His "Providence" was twice set fire to, and at last was burned down; then Grub street was the only place the friends could find to meet in until the new "Providence" was erected. Strong enmity has always raged against ministers who hold fast the form of sound words, with a divine power attending the same. We have had some sorrowful moves during the last twenty years; and even now, in taking possession of Speldhurst road chapel, we incur heavy responsibilities. But most certainly the matter was laid upon us, and unto the Lord must we look for His help and blessing. Mr. Carpenter has been obliged to leave Squirries street, and Mr. Steed takes his stand in Mr. Stringer's pulpit, in Wellesley street, Stepney; while Mr. Stringer has removed to Earl street chapel, London road, Southwark. We attended his opening meeting on Tuesday evening, Sept. 29, 1874. A crowded assembly of sincere friends showed that brother Thomas Stringer enjoys the confidence and high regards of many decided friends. The chapel has been thoroughly and handsomely renovated and repaired by our valuable friend, Mr. Richard Minton. It confers upon him much credit for taste and ability. And now we must pray for four most important requisites: 1. That the Lord will be pleased to spare brother Stringer's life, and abundantly bless his ministry to hundreds of precious souls. 2. That the chapel may be constantly filled with those friends who are either seeking after, or rejoicing in, the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ. 3. That a happy, united, and prosperous Church be therein established; and lastly, if possible, a good Sunday school be added to the whole. After Messrs. Stringer, G. Webb, and J. S. Anderson had preached the inaugural sermons, and after a host of friends had enjoyed a good cup of tea, Charles Spencer, Esq., opened the public meeting by reading,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

George Baldwin pleaded in prayer. Thomas Stringer detailed the history of the removal; showed how nobly his beloved wife's father and brother, Messrs. Lynn and Son, had come forward and procured the lease of the chapel; and how he hoped the Lord would now preserve and prosper him in the work. A new edition of Mr. Stringer's Hymn Book has been beautifully printed; and he hoped many Churches will adopt and use it. Messrs. Cornwell, C. W. Banks, Thomas Jones, R. A. Lawrence, G. Webb, A. Baker, R. G. Edwards, S. Kevan, and others addressed the meeting, all in acceptable words.

REFORM IN OUR PUBLIC MEETINGS.

MR. H. HALL'S PASTORATE AT CLAPHAM.

At Ebenezer, in Wirtemberg street, the Church and congregation held thanksgiving services on October 6. Mr. Anderson preached in the afternoon. We were glad to find Arminianism, duty-faithism, no low-Calvinism met with the least countenance from Mr. Anderson. After a good tea, punctually, at 6.30, the pastor of Ebenezer announced with much regret that Mr. Spencer could not come through domestic affliction. Mr. Ponsford was absent through indisposition. The chapel was comfortably filled with friends.

By the general tone of the meeting, we concluded Mr. Hall dwelt in the affections of a truth loving people; which, after a pastorate of seventeen years, fulfilled under the difficulties of a commercial life, must be gratifying to him. The friends we have also learnt has just presented his son with a noble appreciation of their esteem for him, and of his services in conducting the singing. Mr. Hall gave out a harvest hymn, read Psalm lxx., and offered prayer, and then said the meeting was for thanksgiving. We were ready enough to complain: not quite so ready to be thankful.

We would give a hint to our brethren and to chairmen of our meetings, if they will allow us. If our meetings were conducted with a little more brevity, time more regarded at the commencement, and the speeches short, spiritual, and to the point, and brought to a close earlier, it would be to the advantage of our Churches. We don't think the retailing of a sermon preached on the previous Sunday, nor a long rambling speech is the best way to edify an audience; not that such was the case at Ebenezer. 6.45, C. W. Banks rose to address the meeting, followed by Messrs. Cornwell, Steed, Lawrence, and Ward. The speeches were listened to with marked attention. We were pleased to hear Mr. Hall speak no nobly of his friends, and we were equally pleased to hear the kind expressions of sympathy from each speaker towards the pastor of Ebenezer, than whom none has worked harder, or could have been more devoted to the Church over which he is placed than he has; scarcely ever has he been absent from his post, either week-night or Sunday, during a pastorate of seventeen

long years, filling at the same time a position of no ordinary character in our great City, considering the trials through which he and the Church have of late been called to pass. We were glad to hear of true and real sympathy being extended to him and the Church, to whom we wish every blessing. We wish we could, we would remedy the evil of long prayers, full of repetitions and of sermonizing, giving information to God rather than pleading with God for mercies needed. It brings death into our prayer meetings, tiring us out, and keeping many of our female members away. If our praying friends would be content to plead with God for a few minutes, what a mercy it would be.

A LOVER OF PROPER REFORM.

MR. LANGFORD'S GREAT SUCCESS AT DALSTON.

ALBION HALL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Lord's-day, October 11, 1874, the third anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. E. Langford commenced. The pastor conducted the morning service. Mr. Pung preached in the afternoon; evening by Mr. Masterson. The services were well attended; there was power and unction with the Word.

On Tuesday, 13, a public meeting was held. It was certainly one of the largest ever held in connection with the Strict Baptists in the locality; over 200 took tea. H. Cooper, Esq. gave out—

"Come, thou fount of every blessing."

The pastor made a statement, as to where and under what circumstances he found the Church of which he had the oversight. He reported progress: during his three years' pastorate he had received 51 persons into their community; many of them he had baptized, the rest had been received by letters of transfer from other Churches, out of the 51 admitted, 49 remain to this day.

Financially the Church stood well; the Hall they rented at £55, which was always paid quarterly in advance. The voluntary principle had been on its trial several years, and it had worked well. He had received his support solely from it; the wants of himself and family had been liberally met. He congratulated the Church that they owed no man anything but love, and the Church might congratulate their minister, for he was out of debt also. Mr. Langford had no intention to leave his people; he did not believe there was a desire in any heart that he should do so; they had lived, loved, and laboured together in the truth of the Gospel of the blessed God. Mr. Alderson, Mr. Kevan, and Mr. Masterson gave addresses. At this part of the meeting, the chairman presented to the pastor, in the name of the Church, a purse and £15 10s., which the pastor with many expressions of gratitude received. This, with a short address from Mr. Briscoe, brought the proceedings to a close. E.

NEWTON ABBOTT. — On Lord's-day evening, September 27, our late pastor, bro. Ward, preached his farewell sermon, from Acts xx. 32., "And now, brethren, I com-

mend you to God, and to His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." Our brother has laboured hard for the spiritual welfare of the Church for the space of three years and a-half, and leaves this place for Carmel, Pimlico, with the good wishes and esteem of the friends who, on the occasion of his leaving us, presented him with the sum of six pounds odd. It is to be regretted that we shall lose the valuable ministrations of our brother in this Church, but we can honestly say that he deserves a better sphere of labour than the Church at Newton Abbott.

J. MERSON, T. PEARCE.

PROSPERITY IN OUR CHURCHES.

[In our travels lately we have seen hopeful signs of a true and genuine revival in our Churches. As we saw Widcombe Church in its rise, took part in Mr. Huntley's ordination, and as we have long known and loved his venerable father and himself, we are grateful to find that year by year the Lord gathers in many by the ministry of Mr. John Huntley, of Bath.—Ed.]

My esteemed and beloved brother in Jesus, grace, mercy, and peace be with you abundantly. So prays JAMES WELLER.

The first Sabbath in October five believers were constrained to follow their Lord through the ordinance of Believers' Baptism, by immersion, and the same day were added to the Church. I assure you it is a season of rejoicing. At this present time there appears a great awakening both amongst the young and more elderly, who constantly attend the means of grace. We know where the Word is faithfully declared, signs shall follow. Are we not to expect it? It is promised, "My Word shall not return unto Me void." We have, in Mr. John Huntley, a bold champion for the truth, and it will come out, whether men will hear or forbear. Our congregations have greatly increased. I believe the Lord is working mightily in our midst; we are still looking for greater blessings yet. I trust your soul is much favoured by the Lord's presence, for when this is felt, let trials, tribulation, or persecutions come, we can then say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." So may your soul be blessed, and when well with thee, try and remember your ungrateful son in the Lord,

JAMES WELLER.

Cheering reports from other parts are ready for insertion.

WISBEACH, CAMBS. — The Strict Baptist Church, meeting for worship at the Baptist chapel, Victoria road, Wisbeach, has for a long time been in a very low state, but of late, having been favoured to secure, in a large measure, the ministrations of Mr. Preston Davies, of London, it has, under the blessing of God, greatly revived, much to the joy of the friends, Mr. Davies' ministry being particularly acceptable to both Church and congregation. — A MEMBER.

LOOKING INTO LONDON TO FIND SOME REAL RELIGION.

BY A COUNTRYMAN.

Religion! What is it? What does that one word mean? I cannot find the word at all in the Old Testament. In searching the New Testament, I have seen the words religion and religious exactly seven times; no more and no less; and in those seven texts there is a variety of heart-searching, conclusive, corrective, and instructive lessons. I will give them to you one at a time, if you please. The word religion comes from the Latin, through the French, into the English; and it is a compound of immense meaning.

More than thirty years—nearly forty years since—a Countryman came to London, searching to find out for his own soul's benefit, some real religion. According to different pieces of writing, he has been into many different counties, cities, towns and villages in this good Old England; and through certain mediums he has caught distant glimpses of the New World, of the colonies, and other parts of the habitable globe; and a review of the whole of his spiritual and evangelical campaigns may be of some use to others, if we may be allowed to give his convictions honestly. For example,—one morning this Countryman, writing to a rising witness for Christ, says, in a hasty note, "May your ministry be the pure outcome of the four great branches of a vital religion. May the Spirit of a holy God carry you down into the deep wells of that hidden life, the springing up of which is real Christian experience; not floundering in the mud-holes of sinful corruption; albeit of these you will have many a dismal sight; but I mean as Jesus meant, 'It shall be in you a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.' Also may the same Divine Spirit carry you up into the holy mountain, where the foundations are laid in God Himself; where the light is clear, the air is pure. Then descending, may you be led out into the right hand of a royal relationship to the conquering King of all kings, and into the left hand of His sympathising compassion and heart-melting entrances. Then you will be no stranger to the blessedness of a heavenly and real religion."

One of the Countryman's cousins says:—

"DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—I have been spending a Sabbath in London, morning and afternoon, at opening of Earl street chapel, enjoying sermons of my old friends Stringer and Webb; and, to crown the day, I heard Mr. Bradbury in the evening. I felt a union of soul to the man to hear him contend so earnestly for those God-glorifying doctrines. I sincerely wished he had been settled in S. T. instead of the Grove. O, how the poor little preaching that we get in the country sinks into nothing when we hear these fathers in the Gospel. When led to compare notes with them, we rejoice in sovereign grace; and Jesus is our song. May the Lord bless Mr. Stringer in his new

place. Respecting Mr. —, his ministry I cannot hear according to the light I have, and what little saving knowledge I have of the Gospel. I must be plain. I could compare it to nothing else but wild rant and empty oratory. But a new broom sweeps clean; and the self-sufficient in their feelings are built up. They will exclaim after service, "What a beautiful sermon!" but if you begin to question them in what it was beautiful; in what part they were shivered to atoms and left without a particle of religion, then how they were led into some of the offices, and characters, and all-sufficient work of a precious Lord Jesus Christ, they give a look up and down, and turn to extolling one another.

MR. HAZLERIGG'S LETTER AND THOMAS A KEMPIS.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Our attention is directed to a published letter of Mr. Hazlerigg's, respecting the G. S. M. A. S. and the surveillance of its committee "over ministers." Have our correspondents duly considered the foundation principle on which Mr. Hazlerigg bases his remarks? He says distinctly, and most properly, "All persons have a right to choose what object they will form a society for." No one can dispute that assertion. The society referred to is for the benefit of a select, special, and distinctly specified class of ministers; not only so, but it is the duty of the committee to watch over such ministers, and if they are found wfully departing from "certain truths embodied in the society's articles;" they are to be excluded. What reasonable man can object to these conditions? We consider Mr. Hazlerigg so far is clear and conclusive. He is alive to the fact, that as the society becomes rich, ministers may seek to associate with it who do not really at heart hold, or wish earnestly to contend for the truths contained in the articles, consequently some strong surveillance must be exercised.

After forty years' experience of the movements of some ministers, we are convinced there have been men who would assume to be what in heart they are not, therefore against such precaution we see nothing to complain of. But we wish our correspondents to understand that our application on behalf of the deceased and lamented Murrells Plaice, was not to the society at all. Of that and the reply sent by Mr. Godwin we say nothing now.

The almost universal departure from the truth of the Gospel in these days calls loudly for stringent measures in the defence, and for the faithful and comprehensive development of the essential principles and ordinances of the New Testament. At the same time, we perfectly agree with "Christiana," that some men preach as though they really feared.

First, "That some poor wretch, or some bruised reed, would creep into heaven, who

never was either chosen or redeemed, or sanctified."

Secondly, "Some appear dreadfully to fear that the truth as it is in Jesus will be presently lost altogether."

Thirdly, Christiana asketh, "Are not some religious men narrow, intolerant, and ignorant?"

We silently admit that these things are so; at the same time we cannot believe for one moment that Mr. Hazlerigg would countenance or commend the secret course of many whose character the Holy Ghost has drawn in Psalm 1. 20, 21.

Leaving all that, we cheerfully accept "Christiana's" invite to study the true spirit of Christianity, as possessed and practised in the experience and life of Thomas à Kempis, whose work, entitled the "Imitation of Christ," would be set down in these dark days as dangerous and deceptive.

Thomas à Kempis, and the "Secret of his Christian Life, as a Contrast to what now passes for Christianity," must wait. In retiring from this brief note for the present, we must write it down publicly as one of the deepest convictions of our soul, that this is a day indeed when all honest Christian people must truly "try the spirits;" for of two things we are irrevocably persuaded—

(1.) We have, even now, not a few most faithful witnesses for Christ in our Churches. They are not brilliant stars, but Christ holdeth them in His right hand, and genuine Christians highly esteem them.

(2.) We have some of the most awful characters who will thrust themselves upon the Churches wherever they can. From all such we heartily cry out, "Good Lord, deliver us." Having been fearfully bitten by them, we dread even to think of them; and yet, forsooth! they pass for gentlemen parsons in some circles. No more at present.

READING.—Two notes, describing harvest meeting at Providence, have been received, but we cannot insert them. Mr. Sykes' speech and presentation must have been a pleasing part of the meeting. Messrs. Sykes, Vyse, and Martin, with other brethren, have for many years pulled heartily, unitedly, and sometimes painfully, together, to hold up the ark of the covenant. From the time when good William Day was pastor, and when Mr. Cole held a little cause in that town, have we known, watched over, and felt deeply concerned for the cause of truth at Reading. As instrumental in sending W. F. Edgerton into the ministry, we have also deeply sympathized with him in the domestic trials and afflictions which have attended his youthful days. Providence has now opened for him the widest sphere he ever yet enjoyed. Our rising young men will do well if, like David, they can pray, "Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for my help." All the men who have stood firm and endured hardness in building up and feeding the living in Jerusalem, have been four-square men. They were carried down deep into the wells of the soul's hidden

life; they were carefully led up to the tops of the mountains, wherein are laid the foundation of Zion's standing, called the holy mountain; they stretched out on to the right of a royal relationship; a union to, and a oneness with the eternal Christ of God; and, like the blessed Immanuel, they embraced in the left arm of Christ-like compassion and pure sympathy, the broken-hearted, the bruised, the captives, and the feelingly lost. Thus being "thoroughly furnished unto every good work," they proved faithful unto death. If our Lord shall give His Church another generation of these four-square men, she will yet out-ride the storm which is fast gathering against True Baptist Churches.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The anniversary of the Baptist chapel, Ascupart street, took place Lord's-day, October 11, when sermons were preached, morning and evening, by the pastor, Mr. Parnell. The morning being wet prevented some being present, but in the evening an encouraging congregation assembled. Suitable and soul-cheering sermons were preached. On the following afternoon the respected editor of this magazine discoursed, to the satisfaction of many present, on "The Pearl of Great Price." A very plentiful and nice tea was provided by a committee of ladies; upwards of a hundred partaking of the same, and much satisfaction appeared to be given by the arrangements, &c. An evening service was held at seven o'clock, presided over by the pastor, and opened by Mr. Everett, who, with a suitable and soul-inspiring prayer, implored a blessing upon all present. After a few remarks from the chairman, Mr. C. W. Banks gave a suitable and encouraging address, followed by Mr. Mills, James (a town councillor), Hawkins, and Nash. The success which attended these meetings has greatly encouraged the friends of this cause, who have so long struggled to keep open the doors. The Lord evidently appears to have turned their captivity, so that they truly say, "What has God wrought." These things must certainly cheer the heart of the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, as he has felt deeply interested in the welfare of this people, as he also did in the well-being of its late respected pastor, Mr. Chappell, who, after several years' labour among them, was taken to his rest.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

HAYES.—"A Friend" has been quietly walking about the western suburbs; is sorry to find some disposition, even in long-standing churches, toward the open and liberal movements. Saw a noble band of Sunday school children marching from Hayes tabernacle to Frogmore Hall Park, under the guidance of that faithful and laborious minister, Mr. R. C. Bardens. For near 300 young folk, and a large company of friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Wild, and their co-workers, provided heartily. All appeared cheerful and happy in this good work.

S. H.

HOMERTON ROW.—"Green Leaves" speaks kindly of the new pastor, Mr. William Lodge, and says, as a spiritual man, the present pastor is equal to their late Mr. Palmer. We have heard some (who thought themselves far beyond Mr. Lodge) quite surprised that Homerton row people should choose such a man. But a correspondent assures us that the William Lodge, of Curtain road, is not the William Lodge, of Homerton row. Curtain road depressed and discouraged William Lodge; his mind could not come forth freely. Homerton row is more stimulating and encouraging. The people draw forth the man's mind. Another thing, when William Lodge was in Curtain road, he had the burdens of a very heavy business; now he is breathing a purer atmosphere. Now his mind is free for study and prayerful communion with his God. Now the dews of heaven appear to descend upon his soul. The Lord long spare and bless William Lodge at Homerton row.

BROADSTAIRS.—Is this really correct? At a public meeting Mr. Hooper said: "After nearly seven years of missionary labour in connection with the Country Town Missionary Society, I was led to see believers' baptism and the weekly breaking of bread to be in accordance with God's Word, and having followed the dictates of my conscience, the society and those connected with the work thought it right to discharge me at a day's notice from the position I had occupied without blame from the Society. Finding the necessity for a room in which the mission work could be continued, a requisition, signed by nearly 500 persons, was presented to the owner of the late mission room, asking for the use of it for Gospel preaching, which was refused. I was therefore led to take this present room in which all meetings connected with the mission work will be held." This is a species of cruel persecution, and is another strong sign that the spirit of "the beast" is fast laying hold of the Pharisaical professors of our own land. Yet the Baptists and supposed defenders of the truth sleep on. All hail to the 500 in Broadstairs, who came forward to help Mr. Hooper in the day of adversity.

ROCHDALE.—The late John Kershaw's memorable band, with their schools, their pastor, James Hand, deacons, and committee have commenced building new chapel and school-rooms. Our kind and faithful brother, E. Brierly, says:—"The work is commenced for new chapel and schools. Plan for chapel, to seat over 500 people, the school above 500 children. The Lord grant that our eyes and hearts may be up to the great Master Builder in prayer, to give wisdom in so large an undertaking; for the word declares that He shall build the temple, and He shall bear the glory. Should the Lord spare us to see the building rise, and be opened for the worship of a Three-One-God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, may many precious souls be brought out of the world's

wide wilderness to the building. May they declare what He hath done for their souls. And as we read of the top stone being brought up, may ours be with cryings and shoutings in the hearts of the brethren and sisters, united in Church fellowship, 'Grace, grace unto it!' Amen." [Thousands upon thousands, in this and other lands, will echo their honest Amens.—Ed.]

GREAT CATWORTH.—Monday, Sept. 21, in connection with Sunday school annual treat, harvest thanksgiving meeting was held at Baptist chapel, numerous attended. It was a service of praise, in which the scholars and choir performed a distinguished part by singing several beautiful pieces suited to the occasion. Mr. Corby, the pastor, was well supported by his valued friend and brother, Mr. Fountain, of Sharnbrook, who read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and gave us a good speech. As a thank-offering to the Lord for His mercies in crowning the year with His goodness, a fair collection was made for the Huntingdon Infirmary. It was felt to be, as the Psalmist says, "A good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

HIGH WYCOMBE.—A visitor says,—"We had pleasant and useful special services very recently in the Baptist chapel, in High Wycombe, where Mr. Thomas Chivers has been, for more than seven years, the successful minister and pastor; a pastorate more peacefully and harmoniously sustained we never knew. The Sunday school numbers nearly or quite 600 children. The school rooms are the finest in the kingdom, large, lofty, and healthy. The moral, temporal, and spiritual interests of the rising generation are zealously and intelligently promoted. No human mind can measure the vast amount of good which must result from the seed of truth prayerfully sown in the memories of such a multitude of dear children. In connection with the Church, Mr. Chivers and his deacons and his friends have established benefit societies and classes of different kinds, all calculated to help the poor and afflicted in the season of adversity and trial. We rejoice in the existence of such a truth-spreading and practical institution as is the Strict Baptist Church, under the care of our friend Mr. Thomas Chivers. May he be long and increasingly useful in winning souls to Christ."

WOKING.—Mayford Baptist chapel anniversary and harvest thanksgiving were held September 14th. Thank God for a fine day. We did feel how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren and sisters to meet and dwell together in unity: The presence of our Saviour caused the spices to flow out in the afternoon, as brother Hetherington gave us a true Gospel sermon. It was as ointment poured forth. About seventy sat down to a good tea, provided and served by our brother and sister Cobbett. Their son and friends, from Guildford, Chobham, and adjacent Churches, came

in good numbers; and brother Kerr gave a very earnest sermon in the evening, which was heartily enjoyed; and with one heart we desire to ascribe all the glory to our Triune Jehovah.

W. BROWN.

Oxford street, Reading.

CAMBERWELL—GROVE CHAPEL.—In the report given of Mr. Bradbury's recognition, we stated that Mr. Bradbury, on visiting St. Paul's, said he saw a cross on the Bishop of London's back. What Mr. Bradbury said was, "He saw a great cross on the table, and was astonished to see the Bishop turn his back to the people." Mr. Bradbury considers this an important correction, and we readily give it insertion.

NOTTING HILL GATE.—"A friend from the country was at Silver street chapel, near Notting Hill Gate Railway station, one Sunday evening, hearing Mr. R. G. Edwards, and was delighted to find the chapel replenished, full of attentive hearers, the friends united in faith and love, firm and excellent brethren being baptized, joining the Church, and hopeful prospects are before them. Praise the Lord.

PECKHAM.—MR. BANKS.—I was once in hopes the Lord, in His great mercy, was about to open a door, and set me immediately to work in His vineyard; my expectation failed. Through your VESSEL I have preached at Dunmow. Here, no doubt, I could have laboured for our blessed Redeemer, but Dunmow friends can hardly pay railway fare. During the last few months our Baptist chapels have been much on my mind.—H. E. SADLER, 35, Cator street, St. George's road, Peckham.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—The Livingstone New Baptist chapel held its first anniversary, October 13, 1874. "We had a precious discourse this morning," said one, "from Mr. Hazelton." In afternoon, Mr. Anderson was solid and sincere. C. Wilson, Esq., presided in evening. Crowded congregations. Messrs. Clarke, Bennett, C. W. Banks, Cornwell, Brittain, Lawrence, &c., gave us Christian themes. We expect an official report.

READING.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held at Providence chapel as follows: Mr. Edgerton preached a special sermon on Lord's day evening, Sept. 27, from Psalm cxxvi. 6. A thanksgiving prayer meeting was held on Monday evening. The Lord's presence was realised. A tea meeting was held on Tuesday, 29. Public meeting at night. Mr. Edgerton presided, and powerful addresses were delivered by Messrs. W. Anderson and Briscoe. Mr. Sykes (senior deacon) spoke a few words on behalf of the friends, and presented Mr. Edgerton with a watch, which was suitably acknowledged. Mr. Martin also addressed the meeting. The whole of the services were of a joyous and profitable nature.

WATCHER.

DALSTON.—Mr. E. Langford is still pastor of the Church worshipping in the Albion Hall, Dalston. Some have said Mr. Langford had removed. He is happy with his people, and his people with him. He recently baptized four believers in Jesus, in Speldhurst road chapel, kindly lent to him for that purpose. Mr. Langford's address is 24, Trelawny road, Hackney, E.

AYLESBURY.—At our anniversary, September 15, John Hazelton and W. Crampin came up with hearts and arms full of Gospel. We rejoiced to find Zion still has sound and able, holy and useful men on her walls. We pray the Lord to send us a true Gospel minister and pastor. Excellent men come and feed our souls, but we require a stated pastor.

NORWICH.—We rejoice to announce that Mr. John Brunt has sufficiently recovered to go forth preaching the Gospel again. At Carlton Rode, in Norfolk, at Brighton, and other places, he is sounding the silver trumpet. He is as one raised from the dead. Some notes to hand we cannot define.

BURGH, LINCOLNSHIRE.—A correspondent says:—Our brother Newbold, of Burgh, is now in the asylum. He is a good man, and has born the best tidings to many troubled hearts. Pray for him now in this mental affliction. How sad for a man of deep mind and kind disposition to be seen howling and barking like a dog! [Painful, indeed, is this calamity.—Ed.]

CHELMSFORD.—Mr. Josiah Cowell, of Chelmsford, Essex, has issued "Eleventh Annual Report of Chelmsford Branch of Poor Saints' Relief Fund." We have now many distressing cases requiring help. We get some for our poor saints, and we silently lift our hearts to the Giver of all good for more. Mr. Cowell's Report is brief, but truly beautiful.

TRING.—Monday, October 11, our school anniversary was celebrated at Ebenezer, West end. Mr. R. C. Bardens, of Hayes tabernacle, gave us two useful and pleasing Gospel discourses. Our pastor, A. Baker, the teachers and friends, all were favoured to bless the Lord for giving them these mercies in the wilderness. No clouds overshadowed us; no complaints were made. Praise ye the Lord.

AN AGED TRAVELLER.

STRATFORD.—FOREST LANE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The fourth anniversary of the opening took place on Tuesday, September 29. Tea was provided by brother Cummings-Baker. Mr. S. Collins preached excellent discourses. Mr. W. Beech, of Chelmsford, Mr. Bracher, and Mr. Elvin (at present supplying the pulpit at Forest lane) were present, and assisted in the services. The services were well attended.

JAEZ.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

First anniversary of Livingstone road Baptist chapel was held October 13, 1874. Sermons by J. Hazelton and J. S. Anderson. Attendance was good. In the evening C. Wilson, Esq., took the chair; after a hymn and prayer the chairman called upon Mr. Clark to give a statement of the last year's proceedings. Mr. Clark said the Lord had been better to us than our fears or our expectations: He had blessed us, both in spiritual and temporal things. The attendance had been very good throughout the year; thirteen had been added to the Church. Financial prospects have been encouraging. The School Board have bought our ground, which sets us free from debt. We have now purchased the adjoining piece of land at the cost of £500, so that the collections of the day would go towards a new chapel.

The chairman gave an excellent address, and promised £5 towards the new chapel: and told us Mr. Clark and his wife have promised to give £100. C. W. Banks gave us a hearty, warm address, in which he told us his reasons why he believed the Lord was in the movement, and that being so, it was sure to succeed. Brothers Bennet, Britten, Cornwell, and Lawrence followed; their speeches were to the point.

It was a very full meeting. At the close, the chairman announced that the collections amounted to £22; that with the £100 promised by Mr. Clark, and £5 by Mr. Wilson, make a total of £127, being one eighth of the sum required for the new chapel. The meeting was brought to a happy close soon after nine o'clock by singing Praise God from whom all blessings flow, and a short prayer from brother Cornwell.

ELLINGTON.—Brother Ashby still holds up the Person, Cross, and Salvation of Jesus in the Gospel ministry. For many years he has now walked and worked faithfully and usefully in the Lord's work. Our annual services in September were pleasant; brothers T. Corby, Ashby, and others, were present.

RAUNDS.—Mr. Pearce has been God's instrument of reviving us. Several souls have been called and added to the Church. We are praying and hoping that our pastor, Church, and school, will be largely successful in heavenly work.

Notes of the Month.

THE GROVE, THOMAS BRADBURY, AND J. S. ANDERSON. — The two last notices given of Grove chapel proceedings, were written by our beloved son, Mr. Robert Banks; and as we learn from Mr. Anderson that his friends have been disposed to fear that he might have contemplated going over to the Church of England, we confess that the remark made in THE EARTHEN VESSEL was simply a cheerful expression without any serious meaning, arising from the fact that Mr. Anderson was seated in the midst of a number of the clergy. Had not

Mr. Anderson caused us to read a note from Morley, we should not have supposed any one would have been so simple as to imply from that one humorous sentence that such an idea ever entered Mr. Anderson's mind. He is too happily and successfully living and working in the midst of a large and loving Church and people, ever to contemplate, or even to dream of, any such movement as that referred to. Besides, Mr. Anderson is a downright, a most determined, and a thorough-going Nonconformist. He looks upon the Establishment as a hydra-headed Church, into whose pale he will never intrude himself. Moreover, our friend, J. S. Anderson, is a man of steady, of strong, and of sterling intellect, and we never think that any man in a fixed, firm, and fruitful state of mind, leaves the decidedly New Testament Baptist Church for the Church of England.

"THE GOSPEL STANDARD'S" CRITIQUE ON "ACHOR'S GLOOMY VALE."—From London's Suburbs and England's Provinces we have letters expressive of the pain and sorrow caused by the above review. We are requested to reply to it. Our answer is, 1, We have been in so many public services, we have not yet had the quiet time required. 2, We have not as yet carefully perused the "Standard." 3, We never write either willfully to offend, or purposely to please; and it is a serious question with us, whether we can go into the whole question honestly, without incurring the displeasure of some. The rising generation is so full of words, of wisdom, and of wonderful discernment, that it is no easy matter for the wounded and the weary to come forward in any conflict so exceedingly distressing as this must be. If we, after a serious and prayerful consideration of the subject, feel called upon to revise this grave matter, we shall do it fearlessly.

FROM A BROTHER ALMOST HIDDEN FOR A TIME.—Dear Brother,—Your labours of love, in season and out of season, are many, for which you can't be sufficiently thanked by man, nor perhaps are often too well paid by the same. Truly it can be said of you what can't be said of hosts of even good parsons, 'in labours more abundant.' I take a very sweet interest in all your movements, I assure you, as I can trace them within the covers of the VESSEL. As I think I told you before, your pieces or articles have not all been lost upon the writer, as God the Spirit has been pleased to breathe inspiration into, accompanied by revelation of His own Word to the heart, without which all profits nothing, whatever is done by the flesh. I take a special interest in all the movements and changes in dear Zion, of her ministers, and people, and am often struck that you have to report such and such a change from not very pleasant reasons. Then I appear to resolve some of the changes into this, that she, being of the poor of this world, is called divinely into these tribulations, whilst the goats flourish untried in a fat temporal pasture, to be at last consumed as the fat of rams. 'You wondered,'

you said, 'where I could be.' My tale is very soon told. If I tell you that a large family, weighty cares, with the corrupt nature, ever tend to keep me in a comparatively low place, you have a solution of my seclusion, or of my being for some time at the 'back part of the desert,' whilst I am bound to say that I am truly sensible of some blessed soul prosperity and growth in grace. I often think that, after awhile, if spared, I shall be more useful in the vineyard elsewhere than I can be here. Hoping you will write me some good word from the dear Lord, at your first opportunity, with my kind regards to your dear wife, and love to you in the Lord, yours in Jesus.

MILE END.—Brother S. R. Lewis has commenced to preach the Gospel at 291, Oxford street, Mile End, Sundays, 11 and 6.30. He will be glad to see any who are on the mountains of distress, without any spiritual shepherd.

MONUMENTS.—Samuel Bridgeman writes us a solemn warning on ministerial monuments. We would not encourage idolatry; but we are all so full of idols; we know the Lord alone can cleanse us.

LEIGHTON.—From the prolific pen of Mr. John Lindsey another pamphlet has come forth, bearing the following title: "Transgressing Israel; or, Zion like a Lodge in a Garden of Cucumbers." We cannot say more now.

UNITED STATES.—Our heartiest thanks to Mr. Lee for "Baptist Weekly," a superior paper, so far as print and variety are concerned; and for "Brooklyn Daily Times." The States have large armies of religious people. We do not know them. Here is one little note: "On Sunday we saw at Pottery Beach the baptism of two females by James Hopes, of the Salem Baptist Church, on Grand street, New York. The immersion took place, about ten o'clock, and was witnessed by a large number of persons." Does friend James Hopes belong to our small section of the visible Church of Jesus?

SPECIAL.—Aged Pilgrims' Society, Camberwell—"Benevolent Fund."—This fund for specially aiding the sick and infirm inmates, paying for nurses where required, and also medical advice, is now much in need of pecuniary help. Several of the aged ones are very infirm, and some never able to leave their rooms. These cases require extra attention daily, with comforts which cannot be procured from their small incomes. The winter is approaching with its extra claims. Will kind friends of the pilgrims send a few mites towards smoothing the path of the Lord's afflicted and poor saints? Mr. William Rogers, Treasurer, 11, Elm Grove, Peckham; Miss Carr, Secretary, 19, Warner road, Camberwell; Mr. W. Jackson, General Secretary, 29, Marlborough road, Upper Holloway.

GLASGOW LEAGUE JOURNAL brings us long reports of the walking, writing, preaching, lecturing, suffering, and hoping of brother Thomas James Messer, who at seventy years of age, with heavy domestic affliction in his beloved wife, still daily pur-

sues his mission of witnessing against evil and testifying to the truth. The Lord bless him in his days of ripening for glory.

£10,000.—Mr. E. T. Acworth, one of Mr. Cornwell's deacons, one day, recently, on passing the Bank of England, found £10,000, and accepted, as a reward, a cheque for £10, to be laid on the stone that day, which accordingly formed part of the good sum collected toward the building fund.

FOREST OF DEAN.—The anniversary of Particular Baptist chapel, at Cinderford, was held in August, when Mr. Moore, of Hereford, preached the sermons. The season was cheering and reviving. Poor brother Bowers is gone home. Brother Harrison's note in next.

Marrriages.

On August 20th, at Baptist Chapel, Foot's Cray, by Mr. Masterson, Mr. Jull (Wrotham Water Family), Baptist Minister, Carlton, Beds, to Miriam S. E., youngest daughter of the late Mr. Fremlin, Clackctts Farm, Ryarsh, Kent.

Oct. 13, at the Baptist chapel, Potter's Bar, Walter Howe, of Mansel street, London, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Samuel Harris, Esq., of Greenwood, Herts. Service conducted by Mr. Crowther, of Lockwood, and Mr. T. Jones, of Artillery street.

Deaths.

Died May 25th, at Garden Cottage, Norbiton, the wife of James Croucher, aged 55. Was as well as usual on Monday morning; fell down about the middle of the day; was taken to bed without her knowledge and died.

Benjamin Francis of London Fields, South Hackney, on September 9th, peaceably passed from this world to the "rest that remaineth." Formerly an honourable member, and respected deacon of the Church in Homerton Row; of late a member of the Church in Forest Road, Dalston. Aged 69.

RIFE FOR GLORY.—Died at Spalding, Oct. 13, 1874, Miss Rebekah Smith, sister to Mr. Thorp Smith, of Leicester, aged 83. She was a devoted Christian. Her kind and gentle manner gained for her the love and esteem of all that knew her. In memory there will long remain an interesting and God-honouring picture of our departed sister. She was a firm believer in the doctrines of sovereign grace; they were, by a living experience, engraven upon her heart. Her religion consisted in something more than notions. Like many more of the true children of God she tried hard, for a long time, to obtain justification and peace of conscience by the deeds of the law; or, as Mr. Huntington said of his wife, she sought diligently for the grave of Moses (her dead husband). In due time she found her endeavours were vain. She was, at length, brought into the glorious liberty of the blessed Gospel of the grace of God. In her latter days the Lord ripened her heaven-born soul for its mansion beyond the skies. Under the sound of the Gospel her eyes would sparkle, her face brighten into a heavenly smile, plainly declaring her enjoyment was great. Her last illness was rather short; she was at Love Lane Chapel on Oct. 5; was only laid aside a week. To the last she was calmly resting on "Jesus only." In her dying moments her sorrowing niece asked some questions, but the power of articulation was gone. The only answer she gave was a most lovely smile which still rested upon her countenance when she breathed her last and fell asleep in Jesus.

Spalding, Oct. 16, 1874.

J. WORTLEY.

Our Modern Samson

AND

THE "COMING BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON."

NO prophet pens these lines: they are simply the echo of voices coming from every quarter of Europe. Distinctly is it written by those whose telegraphic despatches reach us from all the centres of the world, that "*Perils Overshadow every State!*" while the chief statesman tells us, as an antidote, that, "If some of the troubles which are anticipated, shall occur, this country will not shrink from proclaiming the Principles of Religious Truth!"

What particular troubles are anticipated in Europe is not specified; what "Principle of Religious Truth" will be proclaimed is not defined; but every Christian's heart must be filled with hope, seeing a bold "Expostulation" is going through the world against that system of Idolatry, Tyranny, and Persecution, which has long been threatening once more to overthrow the Protestant Privileges and Evangelical Liberties of our much-honoured country.

We believe "this is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes." That Bible Protestantism, that the great principles of Christ's Gospel, and that that genuine experience which can only result from the work and witnessing of the Holy Ghost, may yet be vitalizing powers in our Churches, in our nation, and in the world, is the ardent hope of the Editor of this small work. We dare not shut our eyes nor our ears to the movements, the advances, the utterances of the open and the deceitful enemies of our Lord. Satan's chain appears to be lengthened for a little season; but having, in former assaults of open violence, failed to destroy the Tree of Life, he has now arrayed himself in intellectual, sensational, and in scientific robes, and has put on the ornaments of assumed piety, and a fascinating spirit of universal charity, of modern thought, and of brilliant discoveries. An army of the "Angels of Light," are filling our Churches, our chapels, our schools, our colleges, our mansions, our platforms, our homes, beguiling, deceiving, and leading into an erroneous captivity, the tens of thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of the risen and rising generations. They are as professedly sincere and determined as ever Edward Irving was, of whom Mr. James Grant says, "When every one else was satisfied that he could not survive many days, probably not many hours, he (that is Irving) felt and experienced a most profound conviction that a miracle would be performed in his case, by his not only then not dying, but that he would live on earth till Christ came to translate him—as Elijah was translated—to glory." It may be said Irving was insane, or super-enthusiastic, or anything else. That alters not the fact. He was, as Mr. Grant says, "a man with whose thorough sincerity I was deeply impressed; and with regard to his appearance and manner in the pulpit, I have never seen so remarkable a mingling of majesty with modesty as in him." Was not the late Thomas

Hughes a sincere, an eloquent, and powerful man in the pulpit? Did not thousands listen to him weepingly and rejoicingly? Most assuredly they did. And the priests and officials of the Apostolic Church now springing up out of the ashes of the late Hackney divine, are, no doubt, sincere. But where God's Holy Truth is not maintained; where God's Eternal Christ is not alone exalted; where God's Holy Spirit is not honoured, there will come a blight, great as the appearance of things may be for a time. Sincerity, with a living Christ revealed in the soul, and a heaven-born faith in exercise, embracing "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," is a blessing beyond all price; but nature alone—let her gifts and attainments be ever so magnificent—never can rise above her level; she may allure and deceive, but save and deliver she never can.

From behind the dark clouds, so thickly gathering over our evangelical firmament, the rays of the sun have begun to cheer the hearts of all honest Protestants in Europe, and thus have thrown a light upon the mysteriously typical and anti-typical character of that little understood son of Manoaah and his wife. Samson was a type of Christ, not in the glory of the Saviour's person and work, not in His priestly, prophetic, or kingly offices, but,

1. In the political struggles of godly truth against all the ungodly errors of the flesh, the world, and Satan. Through what seas of blood, through what storms of fire and thunder, through what aboundings of error has God's holy truth fought its way even until now! How long, of late, have all the powers of deceit and darkness been threatening to overwhelm the true Gospel of Christ, and how dreadfully have the professed friends of Christ's Church and cause been laying their heads in the laps of some Ritualistic, Romanizing, Sceptical, and even Scientific Delilah! But, as the word "Samson" means, in one way, "Sun," so the sun of hope, the light of exposition, the rays of decision and of deliverance have come forth from behind the gathering clouds of iniquity, bidding us still to sing, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear!" I cannot but feel thankful for the bold, lucid, and truthful stand Mr. Gladstone has made against the Decrees of the Vatican. It will shake the Pope's infallible pretensions to nothing, while it will rally and strengthen the courage of genuine Protestants, and cause their hearts to praise the Lord. Like another Samson, Mr. Gladstone has laid hold of the lion now springing upon the Protestant powers of this country, and I hope he will not slacken his grasp until he has rent "the beast and the false prophet" in twain. "Truth" has been betrayed, but she has conquered, and ever must prevail.

Again, Samson was a type of Christ in that most imperfect and deficient ministry, which has ever here and there arisen in the courts of Zion. Samson means "A minister;" or, "Servant of God." How many of the servants of Christ have been entangled, ensnared, and all but cast away for ever! How many rough, unpolished, daring, and even impure men have been in the ministry! Ah, and many precious souls could testify how wonderfully God did bless their testimony unto them, and yet there were many things about them no one could reconcile with a good conscience and a consistent character. What aching hearts, what rending of Churches, what ruin of families,

what bitterness and desolation have some of the strong Samsons of the Lord brought upon poor Zion? How the enemies have reproached the Saviour's cause when with His servants it has gone ill! Well might Paul cry out, "Lest after I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away!"

Once more, Samson was a type of Christ, as he has (we hope) dwelt even in some of those strong and apparently valiant men who have known, professed, and espoused the name of Jesus; but they have fallen by their iniquity; they have been made sport of by the ungodly; their eyes have been put out; all their evidences have been lost; and yet, at the last, the strength of an almost vanquished life and faith has revived, and, in their death-struggles, they have cried, O Lord God, strengthen me, I pray Thee, this once, that I may be avenged of the Philistines: that is, of all my sins and iniquities. God has heard them in their cries for mercy, and although saved as by fire; saved in the midst of all the ruins; yet saved, they must have been, if the promises to penitent, praying souls are true!

Christ was typified in Samson, as going forth almost, at times, so beclouded and so opposed, that His glory was hidden—His strength apparently gone; and yet, at the last, overwhelming His enemies in destruction and shame.

There was something prophetic in the conclusion of Kitto, who said Samson had left a name behind him which was at once a by-word, a glory, and a shame.

Some awful characters in these days make true religion a by-word; some unhappy men have, for a season, covered it with shame; but millions have gloried in it, and proved it to be the power of God unto their eternal well-being.

Let us fall on our faces before the glorious Christ of God, and beseech Him, by His Spirit, to hold us up in this truth-declining day.

The "Expostulation" referred to will certainly bring on a crisis, for which we beseech our beloved brethren to be prepared. If we are not worse than foolish children, we—that is, all who savingly know the truth as it is in Jesus, under whatever silly shade of party interest we now are arranged,—we shall all band together in earnest, faithful prayers and preachings, knowing we are "set for the defence of the Gospel," and believing that there is a fearful woe denounced upon all who, in the days of apostacy, stand not boldly and unitedly for the glory of Christ in the proclamation of His Word.

The suspicions thrown upon Mr. Gladstone's motives and his antecedents, are the weak efforts of prejudiced minds. It is not Mr. Gladstone, it is the Lord's voice through him. As such let us hear and obey. Our Lord and Master has chosen to speak through a man of mental might! Like lightning the electricity has gone right into the Pope's soul: it has made him shake in his shoes; and the assumed Westminster Archbishop, in his palace the other day, told his servants that "within the last twenty-four hours it had been intimated to him that the Catholic world was threatened with a controversy on the whole of the decrees of the Vatican Council. From this and other matters that had come to his knowledge, he could see that they were *on the very eve of one of the mightiest controversies the religious world had ever seen.* If they would only prepare themselves he did not fear for

the decrees of the Vatican Council, or for the Vatican itself. But they must have no half-hearted measures. They must have no half-fearful, half-hearted assertions of the Sovereign Pontiff's claims. They must not fear to declare to England, and to the world, through the free press of England, the Sovereign Pontiff's *claim to infallibility*, his right to temporal power, and the duty of the nations of the earth to return to their allegiance to him."

Such out-spoken language is a challenge to all the real Protestants in the country; and if it doth not arouse us to energetic efforts, it will prove we are wilfully and wickedly lazy, or sleeping in Delilah's lap, with a vengeance.

May God to us His Spirit give, is the agonising prayer of
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

TONGUE prayer, educational prayer, conscience prayer, stereotyped prayers, and other kinds there may be, where the essential prayer of faith is not. As I was thinking over my last month's correspondent, as to what the prayer of faith really is, our Lord's words came to my assistance in Matthew vi.:—"Use not vain repetitions" first came speaking in me. Jesus said, "The heathen do this, and think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." Then, turning to His own disciples, He said, "Be not ye, therefore, like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." Now seriously consider that word the Lord hath given us:—

First of all, there is a sovereign distinction and caution:—"Be not ye, therefore, like unto them." Heathen professors may make long prayers, and yet be nothing but dead heathen still. Have we far to go to find them?

Secondly, the text implies the prayer of faith must be the prayer of a heaven-born child of God, who hath given unto Him the spirit of adoption; as Paul saith to the Galatians:—"Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

Thirdly, the prayer of faith is faith in the perfection of our heavenly Father's knowledge. "He knoweth what things we need before we ask Him."

Fourthly, it is faith in the infinitely perfect power of God. He is able, I know; He is perfectly able to accomplish and give, if He will, all I feel or think I need.

Fifthly, it is faith in the perfection of His goodness. He is my Father, and is too wise to make any mistake, too good to be unkind.

Lastly, it is the prayer of holy, humble resignation: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Mr. Masterson said something on prayer at Mr. Gooding's meeting, which I wish he would publish. Of prayer I have, for near fifty years, been the subject, but a poor cripple at best. Still, sometimes I am drawn to, and then delivered at, the mercy seat. It is one of the choicest mercies on earth; so believeth
C. W. BANKS.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE WIFE OF BROTHER T. J. MESSER.

[We give the following note from our much-honoured friend, Mr. Messer. We hope, after he has rested awhile, he will arise and yet go forth among our Churches to wake us all up; and that our Lord may greatly bless this aged and devoted servant of the cross.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER,—I write to say I have been a lonely widower ever since the 11th of Sept., 1874. On that day my late wife, after years of indescribable suffering, finished her earthly pilgrimage and entered the city of "many mansions." For four years previous to falling asleep she had not been able to leave her dwelling. Such suffering I never witnessed; greater patience in suffering I never beheld. For nearly two months prior to her departure from earth she was confined to her bed, and could not be lifted up once all that time.

Among the last words that fell from her lips were these:—"Saved by grace alone." She had not heard a sermon for nearly five years; but as I had a large number of the late Mr. James Wells's sermons by me, she found great consolation in reading them. She often said to me, "No sermons I read are like his." Thirty-two years ago I baptized her, and we were permitted to traverse the wilderness together nearly forty-nine years. Her end was indeed peaceful; nay, more, triumphant.

"O may we triumph so
When all our warfare's past!
And, dying, find our latest foe
Under our feet at last."

For some weeks prior to her leaving us my health gave way, and, after her funeral, I was obliged to consult a Glasgow M.D., a godly man, who said, after examining me stethoscopically and otherwise, "You must have six months' rest and change of air and scene, and then you will, perhaps, be able to labour a little more for the cause of God and truth." I felt it my duty to take the good man's advice, and I came up here about five weeks since to see what change of air and scene would effect.

I have recuperated a little, so that last Sabbath morning I was able to preach to the people at Livingstone Road Chapel. I have also given an address at a baptismal service since then. I am glad to find that you are still able to do full work. May you enjoy that privilege long!

Present my kind regards to Mrs. B. and family, and accept yourself the warmest Christian love of

Yours as ever affectionately,

To C. W. Banks.

T. J. MESSER.

42, Elcho Road, Shaftesbury Park, Wandsworth, S.W.

October 31, 1874.

"Insidious death, how dost thou rend asunder,
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one."

How truthful, interesting and important is the language of holy

revelation in reference to every eternally loved sinner. Such persons, when the battle of life is ended, do indeed "rest from their labours."

"Them, the Spirit hath declared,
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest."

And in the midst of the gorgeous sunlight emanating from the rainbow-cinctured throne it will be their privilege to bathe their happy spirits, to wave the victor's palm, and sing the victor's song. Amongst that glorified throng the subject of this brief memoir is now found, acknowledging herself to be a

"Debtor to mercy alone."

Mary Ann Messer was born in the town of Hull, in Yorkshire, Nov. 7th, 1803. She was the daughter of one of that noble band of missionaries who were sent out in the ship *Duff* by the London Missionary Society, which ship was seized by a French privateer, and the missionaries were carried to South America. In early life the late Mrs. M. was the subject of religious impressions, and before she was out of her teens she was admitted into the bosom of the Church of God. In the year 1826 she was married to the writer of this sketch, and for nearly forty-nine years she was indeed a helpmate to him. With him she patiently bore many a heavy burden, and all through her life's journey ministered, as far as she could, to his comfort.

In the year 1842 she was baptized by myself, not having seen it her privilege to be immersed until then. From her baptism to the end of her pilgrimage she was a Strict Baptist, believing the views held by such persons to be most in accordance with the teachings of Jesus and His Apostles.

For more than twenty years of her marriage life she was called to pass through a "great fight of affliction;" but, in the midst of the whole, she felt the force of the truth so beautifully sung by James Montgomery:—

"Whate'er thy lot, where'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all His children feel;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake;
He wounds to heal."

It was during the last four years of her life she suffered most severely. Only twice, during those years, was she wheeled out for a few minutes into the open air. Confined to her chair through the day, from the beginning to the close of each of those four years she found solace in reading the Book of Truth, and in perusing the sermons of that noble champion for the truth, the late James Wells; and she used to say she found no sermons that she read minister so much to her happiness as the sermons of that distinguished man. She also always welcomed the *EARTHEN VESSEL* every month, and read it with avidity and delight.

It affords me no small amount of gratification to be able to say that,

in her experience, the truth of the saying of the great teacher of the Gentiles was demonstrated: "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart." All the pains and sorrows, connected with her earthly pilgrimage, were sanctified to her good, and were the means of awakening in her mind intense longings for the rest and purity of the city of "many mansions."

Some years prior to her removal from London to Glasgow in the year 1868, she suffered severely from sciatica, the effects of which she felt until she passed from earth to heaven.

After being about a year in the second city of the kingdom, the humidity of its atmosphere began to tell powerfully upon her frail tabernacle of clay. By-and-bye partial paralysis of the lower extremities took place, which was followed by anasarca and death.

She kept up in her wheeled chair until two months previous to her departure. During those months she was never lifted up once from her dying couch. Such sufferings, the physician who attended her said, "he never witnessed." They were truly fearful in their nature, and yet, in the midst of all,

"Submission's sacred hymn arose
Warbling from every trembling string."

For two years previous to her death she was attended by an affectionate niece, whose unremitting attention and sympathy tended greatly to mitigate her sufferings. That niece sat by her side during the last long struggle, and never left her bedside until the victory was won. She wiped away the last tear-drop that trembled on her eyelids, and her name was the last word that fell from the sufferer's lips. A few seconds before her heart ceased its pulsations she gazed lovingly at her niece, and said, with a peculiar accent, "Mary!" and then, with a heavenly smile which remained on her face after death, she sweetly fell asleep.

"Calm was her exit.
Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

Day after day, and night after night family worship was conducted in the chamber of affliction, which greatly ministered to her happiness. One morning after worship I said to her, "Have you any fear of dying?"

She smiled and said, "None whatever. All fear respecting the last struggle is gone. After you left me last night, Jesus visited me. I saw Him as plainly as I now see you, and He looked so lovingly on me that I have had no fear since."

I then said, "I'm going to write to an old friend of yours in Cornwall; have you anything to say to her?"

"Yes," she replied, "tell her I'm laying at the gate of the city, waiting to go in, and longing to enter."

I said, "And you expect to enter through grace alone?"

"Yes; only 'by grace am I saved;' 'not of works;' no—no—'not of works.'"

Those were the last words I heard fall from her lips, and they were sufficient. At ten minutes before eleven in the evening of Sept. 11, 1874, she sweetly glided away to that peerless city where no clouds

gather, no tempests rage, no enemies assail, no burdens oppress, no temptations annoy, no sorrows lacerate the heart, no tears bedew the eyes, but where all is calm, and joy, and peace for ever.

Handmaid of God, well done! Thou hast indeed gained the very purpose and goal of mortality. Thou hast, by sovereign grace alone, "Fought a good fight; thou hast kept the faith, and finished thy course with joy."

"Thine was a holy, heavenly hope,
It bore thy trembling spirit up;
A halo of celestial light
Shone round thee in grief's darkest night.
Thine was a hope that left no gloom
Beyond the precincts of the tomb;
A hope which pain and death defied,
Most vigorous when the body died."

T. J. MESSER.

42, Elcho Road, Shaftesbury Park, Wandsworth.
Nov. 7, 1874.

THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!

"Why should the wonders He has wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?"

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN, DISCIPLES OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,
READERS OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD,"
—More than thirty years have passed away since I first began to issue this imperfect little monthly. As I look back into the London that then was; as I review the Strict Baptist Churches as they then existed; as I reflect upon the pastors who were then placed over them, I am, on the one hand, humbled in my soul, grieved in my spirit, and pained at my very heart, while I think upon the changes, the losses, and the waves of sorrow which have rolled around us; but, on the other hand, there have been so many displays of the Divine mercy, so many fulfilments of holy promises, so many monuments of grace erected to the glory of the Lord, that I fear to utter one complaining word. Nevertheless, taking the Churches of our faith and order in the aggregate, I am persuaded we nearly resemble those people described by Ezra, of whom he says, "Many of the priests and levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy: so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off."

Even now there are a few "*ancient men*" who remember well the time when the power of the Lord was great in their midst, when the Gospel was preached with unction and liberty, with holy feelings and success, and when our Churches grew and multiplied. The free-will and mixed-union idols were not then received. Most of these ancient men have finished their course; a few remain to weep over the weaknesses almost everywhere most grievously felt. A new generation has arisen; a sort of new platform has been erected; another state of

things has been brought into existence; new phases of worship, of thought, of doctrine, of discipline, have become popular; and, consequently, in not a few of the time-and-God-honoured sanctuaries, the sorrowful voice is heard, "Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory? and *how do ye see it now?* is it not in your eyes in comparison of it as nothing?"

Shall we particularize? May we venture to take our stand in some of them and name them? Not now. It is proposed to give, in 1875, if Providence permit, a series of papers, headed, "*The Last Thirty Years!*" Our brethren will be invited to assist in furnishing material. For the present, in reviewing even that period, we witness the truth of many solemn scriptures, and,

First, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass (the prophet is inspired to repeat the certainty of the failure of all creatures, of all time-things, of all men, profane, professors, deacons, beautiful singers, ministers, popular and devoted pastors; hence, again, he saith), "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOR EVER!" We must *decrease*, but JESUS CHRIST the son of God and His Kingdom must increase, whatever changes the wheels of time may throw around us. Our fathers in Christ may joyfully sing—

"And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!"

Secondly, our young men, ministers in their prime, pastors in their days of prosperity, and rising people of every class are wisely exhorted by Paul, when he saith, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong!" And may the eternal God our strength and refuge be! Amen and amen.

For all the help in every way which has been given, the inmost thanks are tendered to all my readers and correspondents, while I am still permitted to subscribe myself their grateful, willing, and obedient servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury Road, South Hackney,
November 13th, 1874.

LINES ON MY FOURTH ANNIVERSARY IN SYDNEY.

BY D. ALLEN, PASTOR.

(Composed in one hour, mid-day, June 2, 1874.)

Now four full years have past away
Since to your midst I came;
Through all this time our God has proved
His love is still the same,
Pains, sorrows, griefs, and cares below,
Mark every step we tread;
These waves will roll, until we shall
Be numbered with the dead.
Yet, still, in all our griefs and cares
The Lord sustains His cause;
He rules us by His love and fear,
His most delightful laws.
Thus far we've come by His kind hand
And hope to journey on,
Maintain the honours of our God,
Through His beloved Son.

For all the kindness of our God
We bless His holy name;
Through all life's ways we hope to feel
His mercy still the same.
For all your kindness, dearest friends,
I thank you from my heart;
I trust sweet love will hold us fast
Till death shall bid us part.
I crave an interest in your prayers,
As I for you would pray;
May God, our Sun, now shine and make
Our everlasting day.
I trust that lovingkindness still
May reign within this place;
'Tis thus we prove to all around
We live by sovereign grace.

THE LATE MR. JOHN DAY;

OR,

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HEAVEN?

[SECOND NOTE.]

CORRESPONDENTS still come on with disputations about the higher, or the lower, or the equal forms of the heavenly inheritance; but, we ask, is it profitable to get quarrelling down here about those things of which we know next to nothing? *Creature-merited degrees-of-glory* we could never believe for one moment; but the paper of Isaac Ballard has drawn forth the thoughts of many minds; and if it lead us into the serious contemplation of what we really know of heaven, of our "right to the Tree of Life," and of our meetness for that glory, it will once more prove that "all things"—sooner or later, in one way or another—"do work together for good."

Sometimes we hear people sing,

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;"

and of the saints another poet saith,

"Glory is in them begun."

Now, if presently we can shew what this "glory in them" is, we may help to confirm some of the blessed family of God. But, at the present, we only give the following from Mr. Cornwell:—

MR. EDITOR,—I read the article in August "Vessel," by Mr. Ballard, and I have read one in November, by Mr. Pung, of Norwood; and after comparing the two I find but little difference between them. Mr. Ballard says: "The more abundant our labours are for Him here, the more honourable our recognition there." Mr. Pung says he does not adopt the views of "degrees in glory," but he positively asserts that the man is not sane who says, "They all sing alike, or even think alike, or serve alike." And, again, Mr. Pung says, "If we come to glorified spirits, is there not diversity of degrees there?" and, after naming Polycarp, Calvin, &c., he triumphantly asks, "Will any one, then, undertake to deny that there are not diversities and degrees?" He also informs us that the "majestic-minded," the "seraphic," the "poetic-minded," the "logical," the "allegorical," and "such as have burned for Christ," will have different places in glory to what he expects to have; and he further adds, "we shall all join, each with his own *modus operandi*, which means his own mode of operation. The remaining sentences of "no degrees in glory," &c., are ambiguous. Now when the letters of Mr. Ballard and Pung are both spread before the Word of God, I don't know which is nearest the truth; for both disregard the Bible altogether. Mr. Ballard says the more they do on earth the better their degree. Mr. Pung says No; the more logical or allegorical they are, the better their degree. I can see no more difference between them than there is between twice one and two. "Who is Paul" with all his wisdom, and "who is Apollos?" 'Tis God! all and in all. But your correspondents do not "honour Him with their lips" in this matter, therefore I trust their hearts are not far from Him. How is it that the Bible, which is a light to guide our feet in all other things, is altogether set aside in this matter?

I will send you a few thoughts upon "degrees in glory" at some future time, if acceptable to your readers.

THE LATE JOHN DAY.

I have just received a letter from Cambridge, informing me of the death of Mr. John Day, of Swaffham Prior. All who have visited that place must have known that excellent man of God. My letter states he died very suddenly on Sunday, October 25. He had attended the Cambridge market on Saturday, the day before; returned home, had supper, and retired to rest as usual. He rose on Sunday morning, and after breakfast did not feel well. A doctor was sent for, who put him to bed, and in less than an hour he was dead. He was 44 years of age. The cause of death was ulcers in the throat, which broke and choked him, so that he could speak to no one. I believe if he could return for half an hour he would say,

"Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

Yours in Gospel bonds,

C. CORNWELL.

WHO COMPLAINS OF THE LOW STATE OF OUR CHURCHES?

By BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pulham-St.-Mary.

"When I called was there none to answer?"—Isa. 1. 2.

WE have a question in the first verse, "Where is the bill of your mother's divorcement whom I have put away?" The God of Israel hateth putting away; and Christ having loved His own with an everlasting love, loveth them unto the end, and so He rests in His love, and rejoices over His chosen ones with singing. But we sometimes put ourselves away. I do not mean from God's love which is eternal, nor from His mercy which is from everlasting to everlasting, nor from His grace which reigns through righteousness unto eternal life; but we may, through our sins, our unbelief, and our backslidings, put ourselves away from all comfort, peace of mind, and enjoyment of spiritual things. Through our pride, vanity, lightness, worldly-mindedness, and bad temper, we may lose sight of our signs, and bring wretchedness, confusion, darkness, and bondage into our souls. But do not some teach that we may be in a state of grace to-day, and out of it to-morrow? Doubtless there is such a thing as this; for it entirely depends upon what kind of grace it is. If a *profession* of grace only is meant, this is quite possible, for common grace is one thing, consisting of knowledge and spiritual gifts; and special and saving grace is another thing. Mind, a man cannot be eternally saved by grace to-day, and be eternally damned to-morrow, for this would be a contradiction in terms; a man cannot be a sheep to-day, having in him eternal life, be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and to-morrow be a goat, having the wrath of God eternally abiding upon him. Let us rejoice, God has no bill against His people; there is no condemnation against them, neither here nor hereafter, they being vitally in Christ, and are part of Himself, all iniquity being forgiven them. But, says the self-condemned

and troubled soul, Justice has brought in a terrible bill against me. Never fear that, for Christ has paid it all. This and all other bills are paid by Jesus Christ, and therefore in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory. The words heading this short article are the words of Christ, and relate to His preaching among the Jews. Mark the question just before these words: "When I came was there no man?" In Isa. lix. 16, it says, "He saw there was no man, and wondered there was no intercessor, therefore His own arm brought salvation." Also in Isa. lxxv. 12, it says, "I will number you to the sword, because when I called, ye did not answer, but did evil before mine eyes." Now look at John i. 11, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." This is the treatment the Saviour met with from those who professed to believe the Mosaic writings, and to claim the Messiah as their own; but their conduct serves to prove the Saviour's words true, "No man can come unto Me, except the Father which hath sent Me, draw Him." The conduct of the professing Jews serves to prove another passage true: "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." "*When I called was there none to answer?*" This brings to my mind a striking passage of truth, "There is none that calleth upon Thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee." This shows how careless and unconcerned the people of God may sometimes be. A man may strongly contend for the necessity there is to be stirred up by the Spirit of God; but let us seriously ask, Is there any real desire to try, by Gospel means and ordinances, to stir up yourself? Is there an endeavouring to keep yourself in the love of God, as to the exercise of its exhortations, precepts, and ordinances? Is there an earnest and sincere stirring up of one another to provoke to love and good works? Do you feel that the fear of God within prompts you to be careful to maintain good works? Have you felt a veneration for God's eternal attributes? Does His omniscience make you careful to do what is right, to do no evil, but to be honest, watchful, meek and harmless? Does His omnipresence make you very careful as to what your steps and movements are? Looking to Christ for grace and strength, are you directed to a careful observance of Gospel commands with an earnest desire to glorify God in all your department? All your attempts at doing must be in the name of Christ, and in the strength of Christ; and never attempt to approach unto God only in His name, for, if you do, you will not succeed. Joseph said to his brethren, "Don't see my face without Benjamin be with you," and says God to every child of His, Don't see My face without Christ. "*When I called was there none to answer?*" O how few! and how slow they are to call on God! Our armour cannot be kept bright only by wearing it daily,—

"Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Recollect, a good instrument may be kept in tune by a frequent use of it; and if you do not accustom yourself to necessary exercise, your joints may soon become stiff. "*When I called was there none to answer?*" There was a call to the marriage feast. But how was it treated? Alas, they all made light of it; one made an excuse of one sort, and another

made an excuse of another sort. Do be careful that you do not by vain excuses make light of such prayer meetings, when you have every reason to believe there are, at least, two or three met to call on God. But I object to such a person being present and praying. Come, come, my friend, do not act worse than a Pharisee. The Pharisee I think, had no more objection to the Publican being in God's house, than the Publican had to the Pharisee, although the one was despised by the other. The same people that make excuses are the same that find fault, and you will generally discover that these, to say the least, are good for nothing; I mean they are good for nothing only to find fault. Very likely you will find these persons proud, haughty, covetous, and minding everybody's business but their own. They find fault with the singing, but do nothing; they find fault with the praying, but do nothing; they find fault with the preaching, but do nothing; and so in doing nothing they tell every one they are nothing. These are the people to complain of the low state of the Church, but never think of taking one step to remedy the evil; they are ever ready to catch at the faults and failings of others, and put themselves foremost in Church matters, but make it a point of study how little they can give to the cause of God, and pass for very good supporters of it. These people are active in their way, having plenty to say both about men and things; but whenever help is wanted they are seen to back out and sneak away. They will attend the preaching pretty regularly, and are seen to be at Church meetings, but it is a rare thing to see them at prayer meetings, and still more rare to hear from their lips one word of prayer. Yes, these are the people to call out about the fire being dull, but never think of touching the poker to stir up the coals. These are the people to complain about darkness, bondage, unbelief, and hardness of heart, and Greenland-coldness; and will sing with full glee,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,	Come shed abroad a Saviour's love
With all Thy quickening powers;	In these cold hearts of ours."

Yet mind, my beloved, while they complain of their own coldness, and have a great deal to say about the cold heartedness of others, they themselves get as far away from the fire as they possibly can. Say all you please about the Spirit's work and creature helplessness, and we will say Amen to it; but, after all, if we would have the engine go, we must use the necessary means to put on the steam; and if we want the horse to go, we must clap the spur to him. Bear it in mind, Mary went early to the sepulchre; and God has faithfully declared that they who seek Him early shall find Him. To conclude in a word, what is the cause of the present low state of the Churches? For their iniquities have they not sold themselves? Have not their sins separated between them and their God, so that He hides His face, and will not hear? For the iniquity of their covetousness God hides His face, and because of their pride and affinity with the world, and imitating worldly fashions and customs, God is wroth, and reckons the house of Israel to be dross to him. Rest assured, my beloved, the destroying angel has already drawn his sword, and God's controversy with the Church and the world will end in terrible judgments, to the cleansing of the one, and the final destruction of the other. I say God has a furnace, take heed to your works. God has a boiling pot, take heed to your ways; for the dross He will consume, and the scum He will destroy.

THE FAMILY OF THE FLINTS.

THE diversified history of this family is, to us, singularly interesting. Mr. Abraham as a deacon, Mr. Benjamin as a Sunday school superintendent and precentor, Mr. Thomas as a model member, Miss Priscilla as an afflicted but noble representative of Christian charity, with other branches of this numerous family, are all transparent to our mental vision, and some useful lessons may be drawn therefrom now they have passed away.

Our attention has been called to a memorial article in one of our old monthlies, wherein the career of the late John Berry Flint, Esq., of Margate, is reviewed most pleasantly. This good man, says "F. L. E.," went to reside at Margate in 1831, uniting with his brother in business. "At that time," says the writer, "the Baptist Church in this town being tinctured with high Calvinism, the brothers stood aloof, but, a favourable opportunity occurring in 1836, they identified themselves with it and were elected to the deacons' office."

We pause here to ask two questions:—1. What is the meaning of "being tinctured with high Calvinism?" 2. Is that so dreadful and dangerous as to compel the two Flints to "stand aloof?"

The late David Denham was the minister of the chapel where Mr. Drew now holds the office of pastor, and if in David Denham's life, theology, creed, or character there was any flaw, any disaster, any defect, we ask for the point, and pause before we further proceed.

THE DEAD MAN'S FAITH.

SELECT the most thorough unbeliever you can find. An infidel, if you like. The sum total of him is that he is, in the full sense of the term, an unbeliever. Whatever else he may or may not be, he is an unbeliever. Yet, on a close acquaintance with him, he will be found to believe something or other. Still, notwithstanding what he believes, he is an unbeliever. That is his name in the book of God. Does his believing some things, as matters of opinion, divest him of the character which that name implies? Not at all. One man, in the lowest state of profligacy, says he believes Christ died for all the world, and that everybody may be saved if they like. In the opinion of some, what he says he believes is the truth. Yet the man is an unbeliever.

Another, not a step before him, has a notion about the decrees, and says he believes in predestination and nothing else, and let men say or preach what they will beside that, he won't believe it. As if there ever was a Turk in the world who did not equal him in his stolid belief of that doctrine. And yet, though predestination is a truth, the Turk who holds it more firmly than his own life, is, in the Gospel sense of the word, an unbeliever. And so is he who says he believes in predestination "and nothing else."

In the great and glorious system of revealed truth, predestination is associated with a multitude of other things as component parts of that system, each of which is essential to the perfection of the whole, and is not only to be preached and believed, but faithfully maintained by the Church of God, in order to keep "the faith once delivered to the saints."

T. CORBY.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

LETTERS, BOOKS, PAPERS, &c., RECEIVED.—THOS. JAMES.—F. G. BURGESS: it is pleasant to know the Lord blesses some things in the VESSEL. She is getting into her prime, and is destined to carry blessings to thousands upon thousands yet. Now is the time for those who value this monthly to recommend it to all they can.—*Christ, the Chief Corner-Stone*, by Frank White. Not one definite or descriptive sentence of the person, power, and work of the Holy Ghost. Is this a fair specimen? Is it a faithful testimony?—*Prescriptions for the Pulpit*, by Henry Smith, at the earliest moment.—J. Lingley's *Strictures* are just, but weak minds require encouragement. We want a weekly instead of a monthly. Who would support it? An afflicted and poor people is our portion.—F. E. Lill's *Lectures* must be valuable. Our hearty thanks to him.—"The Man whose Faith built the Orphan-House at Halle," in the Nov. *Sword and Trowel*, is a lovely picture of want, of waiting on God, and of accomplishing a blessed work. Faith, pure, practical, and prevailing in prayer is a gracious gift where-with the servants of God prove Him to be the inditer, the hearer, and the answerer of prayer.—How William Flaek began preaching at Holloway is given in No. 11 of *Christian Pathway*. His autobiography is pleasant to read, plainly indicating a gracious Providence guiding and supporting him. No infidelity can live in such an atmosphere as this.—*Who was the Author of the "Pilgrim's Progress?"* by W. Winters, F.R.H.S. A question which first startled, then much amused us. We wish to pick the bones of this book some winter's eve, when the tide serves.—"The *Gospel Standard's* Review of *Achor's Gloomy Vale*" is spoken of with much grief. Enemies are pleased, friends are wounded. For our own part, we are surprised the *Standard* could not find a qualified artist to dissect the work, if they must reproach the good man now he has passed away. Time was when reviews in the *Gospel Standard* were powerful, consistent with themselves, and well worth reading; but the poor man who penned this yea and nay scribble had much better been employed on his knees seeking for grace to understand the meaning of James ii. 12: "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty. For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment." We shrink from reviewing this singular piece of criticism. If our friends drive us to the

task next year, if our short remaining span is lengthened a little, if, after serious meditation and prayer, we feel it must be done, we shall not shrink; our material is abundant; but unprejudiced truth is offensive to party spirits. Our Churches have a large army of gracious ministers and people, but they are weak in judgment, and warped in intellect; they drive the flower of the flocks off to folds more reverent in manner if not so sound and experimental in matter. Oh, that they were more wise and Christ-like; but we must pull in for the present.—"Mr. James Wells on Pre-existence and on John Church" is received. We never "worshipped James Wells." Persons professing godliness should neither write nor speak falsehoods: no more do we believe in degrees of glory; but we can assure the "Member and Minister of a Baptist Church" that we do believe in degrees of usefulness here. Such men as William Gadsby, John Warburton, J. C. Philpot, John Kershaw, James Wells, John Foreman, and others were all downright good, godly, useful men, but their degrees of knowledge, of gifts, of manner, and their frailties and infirmities were different.—How would our *Standard* friends feel if we were to give them Lucy Ashworth's version of the commencement of differences between two of the most blessed men we have had since the days of Huntington?—*Mr. Philpot's Life and Letters*, *Mr. Gadsby's Memoir*, *Mr. Bernard Gilpin's Life*, and many other works of a similar kind are on our table. When we review them, shall we search out their weak points? God forbid. Is it right for a poor read-up minister, or a little critic to publish a departed brother's supposed errors? We turn from the thought; we turn from the man who can dare to insult a bereaved Church; we turn from all these unhappy spirits, from all these mean and heartless proceedings with the direst pity, secretly beseeching the Lord to arise and have mercy upon Zion, and for the Lord Himself to tell us that "the set time to favour her is come." That would be joyful. We have now three tables loaded with papers, books, letters, &c. We are looking to the Lord to enable us to publish a supplement, in which to bring up the rear of our correspondence, but, as yet, the way is dark. We wait His time. Will our friends do the same?—"The Sermon for which the Deacon Reproached his Pastor, and the Pastor in the Pillory" is before us.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SPELDHURST ROAD CHAPEL,
SOUTH HACKNEY.

October 23, 1874, a public meeting was held in this place, to publicly transfer the deeds, lease, &c., to C. W. Banks, and to pay over the money.

Mr. John Bland, of Blackheath, presided, and in opening the business of the meeting, he said, He had known the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel" for upwards of twenty years. His first knowledge of him was when he was preaching at Crosby row and Unicorn yard chapels, London, where he was surrounded by a body of men who loved the great and distinguishing truths of the Gospel, which were his (the speaker's) support in life, and upon which alone his hopes of everlasting salvation depended. During his (the speaker's) visits in the country, he had often heard the name of the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel" spoken of with great regard and respect. He was well known in the provinces as a man always ready to help a poor, weak cause; and whenever any such were in trouble, the usual cry was, "Oh, send for Banks, he will help us." In addition, he had watched his career in London as well as in the country for twenty years, and he had always found him a bold and unflinching advocate for the great and fundamental truths of the Gospel, which was no mean thing in these days, when it had become the fashion to believe and preach "another gospel." Such men, in his opinion, deserved encouragement, and when he was asked to preside at this meeting, he had great pleasure in doing so, to mark his respect and esteem for the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel." With regard to the Editor's coming amongst them; from what he had heard, he thought he could see the hand of God in it, and he wished the union of Church and people might be long and lasting, and that C. W. Banks would live many years to lift up his Master and His work in the midst of a loving and affectionate people.

Mr. James Mote next addressed the people, and after reminding them of the object of their meeting together, which was to devise means to present the respected Editor of the "Earthen Vessel" with a chapel, as a slight testimony of the regard and esteem in which he was held by the Strict Baptist body, stated that, in his opinion, such a present was the most suitable one that could be made, because it was a building which would, above all other things, commend itself to his affection and regard. In it he would be

engaged in the much loved employment in which his whole life had been spent, and in which, doubtless, it would be closed, and it would always remind him that his life-long labours in the cause of his Master had not been forgotten by those for whom he had preached and prayed. But he reminded the audience that there was a powerful reason why no time should be lost in raising the money, because the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel" was nearer seventy than sixty years of age; and knowing that was the case it behoved them not to forget the Scripture admonition, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," &c. It was the fashion now-a-days, to raise monuments to great and good men, who had been allowed to toil all their life unrewarded, and to die poor; and they had recently heard of a monument being raised to John Bunyan, two hundred years after his death, which had cost several thousand pounds, whilst the poor man in his lifetime was suffered to live in poverty in a jail, working to keep his poor blind child from want. He hoped the Strict Baptists would not fall into such an error, but raise the monument in Mr. B.'s lifetime, so that he could see and admire it and know the feeling that had prompted it. What did John Bunyan now know of the monument erected to his memory? and if he did, what did he care for it? Let us do people as much good as we can in their lifetime and leave their memory to take care of itself. He then urged a prompt and liberal collection, which would be known throughout the world, and cause the far-distant friends of Mr. Banks, in Australia and America, to respond in a similar spirit; for the "Vessel" was constantly sailing round the globe and refreshing the spirits of many of the Lord's dear children scattered over the whole habitable globe, who, he knew, would feel a pleasure in contributing to this work of faith and token of love.

The deeds, &c., were handed over, and the money was paid down. £600 had been advanced by Mr. Samuel Banks, but, as his father thought his son Samuel might require the money, he returned the whole £600 to Mr. Samuel, through the agency of Mr. James Mote. C. W. Banks's friends are now anxious to repay the said £600 as quickly as possible. As many friends are desirous of being better acquainted with the effort, the history of it may be given shortly. [Please see Advertisement on Wrapper.]

MR. R. G. EDWARDS'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Recognition services, in Silver street chapel, were convened on Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1874, publicly to receive R. G. Edwards as the unanimously adopted pastor. The gathering was large—the meetings were exceedingly interesting. The religious exercises were conducted by brethren Adams, Bardens, Anderson, Thos. Stringer, Thos. Steed, C. W. Banks, John Fell, Linforth, George Webb, Doncaster, F. Wheeler, G. Reynolds, and others.

After the Church's constitution had been briefly declared by C. W. Banks, brother Stringer asked the pastor to give a brief statement of his call by grace, in reply to which he said, "My dear brother, permit me to solicit your forbearance, as also of this congregation, whilst I state for the information of this Church, to whom I am this day to be recognised as pastor, my life-long association with the cause of God and truth. I prize it as a great blessing in having God-fearing parents, decided for the truth, who led me in the way of the ever-blessed Gospel of the grace of God, in its glorious doctrines, ordinances, and precepts, from which doctrines and ordinances I have never swerved to this day, which alone I ascribe to the riches of Jehovah's sovereign grace, though in reference to His precepts I have to acknowledge, with shame and confusion of face, I have gone astray like a lost sheep.

"My grandfather and grandmother were baptized by the late Mr. Abraham Booth, of Goodman's fields. When Mr. John Bailey took the chapel in Great Alie street, and named it "Zoar," in 1807, they removed there and became connected with that cause, and in most intimate friendship with him; but his pastorate only continued sixteen years, terminating virtually in 1823, when I was only three years of age, consequently could not remember anything concerning him. He died in 1830, aged fifty-two years. We continued at Zoar, under the ministry of various supplies, till Mr. Washington Wilks came, and who soon manifested many extraordinary eccentricities. He declared that Christ was the greatest sinner that ever lived. We then left, and did not return again till Mr. John Austin was chosen, who was greatly beloved by many. I was then about fourteen years of age, but soon some leading powers made him very unhappy, and told him he preached too much of Jesus Christ. He then resigned, and when he left, and his friends walked out with him, one leading voice exclaimed,— "Why, all the Church is gone after him." Well, many did, and our family, among them who rallied around him, determined, if possible, they would not lose his ministrations. They took, temporary, a school room in Bedford street, Commercial road, but that becoming so inconveniently full, eventually a chapel in Pell street was obtained, and there love and happiness reigned. I was now about fifteen years of age, and there I felt it an honour to be permitted to act as honorary pew opener, as I feel to this day an

honour indeed to be any wise employed in the service of my God."

THE ORIGIN OF CAVE ADULLAM.

"Under the ministry of Mr. John Austin I received great Scriptural instruction, and we loved him most sincerely; but he removed, to the deep grief of all. We were then without a settled home, till we heard of a Mr. Way, who was preaching in Darling place chapel. We heard him a few times. He soon took a school room in Stepney church yard, called the Lyceum, which name Mr. Way altered into its present one, The Cave Adullam. But his career was very short. During his last illness, William Allen, of Cambridge, was called to supply. He came and preached one Lord's day and Monday night. Mr. Way was then lying in the vestry in dying circumstances, and said to Mr. Allen, 'O this is what my soul has been living on, and what I am about to die in. I have a favour to ask you, and if you grant it I shall die happy. I have nothing on my mind but this little cause. Do, as a minister of God, grant me my desire, and all is well. I shall not live to see it, yet if you will promise me you will do it, I shall be satisfied. That is, come and see this people again, and preach to them for one month.' Mr. Allen promised. After a short period he returned; eventually became the pastor, and so continued until he died in 1854, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. I do not date my call by grace to his instrumentality, which, I think, was just previous to his arrival in London, but I do say he was truly my pastor; and if ever any man preached the Gospel of grace without admixture of error, it was Mr. William Allen. I now come to the most important event of my life, my call by grace, when I was seventeen years of age. Always fond of the sialt pleasures of this world, I loved to follow after them, and my companions were the ungodly, not one of whom ever gave any evidence of a vital change. 'By the grace of God, I am what I am!' One night, ever in my remembrance, I was with one of my chief mates, older than myself considerably; he was a bad man, called by the world a jovial fellow. We planned I should meet him at his place of business, about nine o'clock the next morning, to have a thorough day's revel. I went at the time appointed, asked for him, and received the reply, 'He is dead.' He died during the night. The awful feelings that seized my soul were tremendous. Both alive and well twelve hours before, and now one of the two in hell. I had no shadow of a doubt of it; but I also felt the greatest sinner was yet alive, for I sinned against light and knowledge, and my condemnation would be as sudden, but more severe. I had only gone away from the house about twenty yards, with a hell of God's wrath in my soul, when I imagined the earth clave asunder at my feet, and I could see the body of my companion in the flames, I cried out, 'Lord, save me,' I shrank quickly back, for fear I should fall into it, there and then, and had to take a

wide circuit before I could cross the Mile End road, to return home again. Every step I took I believed the earth would swallow me up; and I walked in the middle of the street, for fear God would cause the houses to fall upon me. In black despair, under a sense of my sins, God's holiness, righteous law, and inflexible justice, I felt sure I should be for ever with Satan and his angels. Not a glimmering beam of hope for weeks: could only say amen to my own condemnation. The curses of Mount Sinai were flashing fearfully in my soul. 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' Cursed is the man that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. 'The soul that sinneth shall die.' I believed then that Christ died for the elect only (as I have to this day); but I was the reprobate appointed to wrath. O that I had never been born, or that I had died in infancy. I envied the beasts of the field, because they had no immortal soul, and I had one which must be in everlasting burnings. How I was tempted to suicide, that I might know the worst of it; for I thought Satan could not be suffering the mental agony I was enduring. I could not pray to God, being tempted to believe that it would be the filling up my measure of iniquity if I dared to go on my knees in solemn prayer. Thus Satan stood at my right hand to resist me. The arch traitor violently tried to get me to bow my knees in supplication to himself, that he would be propitious to me when I reached the pit; but here he did not succeed. Day and night were the horrors of death and hell upon me; many sleepless nights, with bed bathed with my scalding tears; sometimes had to rise and dress myself; could not lie there, for fear Satan would carry me bodily away. After many severe long struggles, something within compelled me to face the great temptation respecting prayer, and I argued with myself, If I bow my knee and plead to God for mercy, if He does strike me dead I shall but go to hell, and if 'I stay away I know I must for ever die.' Thus with the words in my heart, 'And so will I go in unto the King, and if I perish, I perish.' Down I went on my knees before a chair in my bedroom, in the same house I now reside in; and if ever a poor wretch supplicated for mercy it was the writer. How long I was wrestling and confessing I know not, but at last, in rising, I expected surely 'Cut it down, why cumberest thou the ground?' but no harm came to me from that. Instant hope sprang up in my mind with 'Who can tell?' At this time I attended Mr. Allen's ministry, which was made an unspeakable blessing unto me. I did feed under the Word: I went not to criticise but for my soul's profit. The morning star of hope that had risen on my poor, benighted, law-condemned soul, seemed to usher in the Gospel day, and under the ministrations of my dear pastor, the light shone brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. It was bright noon with my soul when he preached from these words (I Cor. v. 7), 'Christ our pasover is sacrificed for

us.' Christ was a feast to my soul then, indeed, and I did say, 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' I remember before how I resolved to amend my life, what promises I made, what resolutions, and how I tried to derive comfort from my own doings, but never could. Now consolation flowed into my soul from the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have loved His dear name ever since, and I am sure I ever shall. Yes,

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing His power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

At that time I felt I could die for Him who bled and died for me; all my guilt and burden was gone. I felt a new creature, breathing freely a new atmosphere, all things new, all things happy; and how often did I sing that blessed hymn of Keut's,

Saved from the damning power of sin,
The law's tremendous curse;
We'll now the sacred song begin,
Where God began with us.

We'll sing the vast unmeasured grace,
Which from the days of old
Did all His Son's elect embrace
As sheep within His fold.

The basis of eternal love
Shall mercy's frame sustain;
Earth, hell or sin the same to move,
Shall all conspire in vain.

At this happy period I was, and for three years, engaged in reading the hymns and leading the praises of God in the Cave Adullam. On the day I was eighteen years of age, April 8, 1838, I was visited, and on Thursday, the 3rd of May, was by Mr. Allen baptized in company with my own mother, who is now present.

(To be continued.)

PECKHAM.—Rye lane Sunday school annual meeting was held on Oct. 27, and was as large and as successful as its former ones. Tea, given by the ladies of the congregation, was served beautifully and with cheerfulness; the spacious school room was full of the Word of the Lord, for the walls were covered with texts of Scripture in beautiful designs, together with flowers, evergreens, and plants of all sorts. It was worth going a long way to see; and between two and three hundred friends did justice to the bountifully spread tables. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel; and from the statement then given by Mr. G. T. Congreve, we gather the following facts, which we submit to the consideration of our friends as an example worthy to be imitated. In taking a "grateful review of the past," Mr. Congreve said: When we opened our new chapel, Oct. 1863, we brought with us a comparatively small school. A gallery in the chapel was provided for their use; additional freehold land was purchased; and a comfortable school room was erected. When all was completed we had incurred a liability of £700. In the course of three years this was all paid, with the exception of a loan from the Baptist Building Fund, of which there

now only remain two annual instalments of twenty pounds each. We then found it necessary to take extra land of Sir Claude de Crespigny, on lease (for no consideration would induce him to sell), and to double our school room, making it 48 feet by 32 feet, about the same superficial area as the chapel. This, with the addition of two small school rooms, was done at a cost of nearly £600. In the course of another three years this was all paid. Since then the work has grown, and the Lord has prospered us. It became an absolute necessity to build a large infant school room; also Young Men's and Young Women's Class Rooms. This was done at a cost of about £350. In the course of another three years this was all paid. Thus, within the space of ten years, £1,650 have been raised for the glorious work of the Sunday school. And when at our last annual meeting the last portion of the building debt was removed—Ministers, and Deacons, and Church, and Congregation, and School united with one heart and voice in the good old Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." As to the present state of the school the speaker said: There are now 475 scholars on the Roll Book, an increase of 51 since October last year. 145 of the number are in the Infant School, the progress of which has been highly satisfactory. A separate service has been held for them in the morning. The Young Women's Bible Class numbers 35, with excellent average attendance. On the Boys' side of the school, we might expect a larger muster of scholars had we a larger staff of Teachers. In conclusion, Mr. Congreve said they wanted that evening £60 to clear their way; and the £60 was got: certainly with the assistance of a very considerable lot of donations Mr. Congreve brought up, which he headed himself. Mr. Spencer occupied the chair, and several ministers gave addresses; but a gentleman from the Sunday School Union gave a deeply interesting statement of work that was being carried on abroad in establishing Sunday schools on the Continent, but we cannot now give the particulars. The children sang beautifully some choice Sunday school hymns, led on the harmonium by Miss Congreve.

GLEMSFORD.—PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The anniversary services of the above chapel were held on Lord's day, Nov. 8, 1874. The sermons were preached by Mr. Sack, who is supplying this Church for a period. There was some disappointment felt as the bills announced that Mr. Pickworth (of London) would preach morning and evening; it appears there was some misunderstanding between parties: this, with physical weakness, prevented our good brother Pickworth appearing amongst the Glemsford friends. How true the saying of the wise man, "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." The attendance was good, the preacher well received, and we trust the Divine blessing rested upon the services of the day. We heard brother Sack in the evening, his testimony was good; text, Ps. lxxiii. 18, "Thou

hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive." &c. We heartily and prayerfully wish him God speed, and should the great Head of the Church be pleased to appoint him as under shepherd to this part of His flock, we trust great and lasting good may follow. On the following evening there was a tea and public meeting, a good gathering of friends assembled on the occasion, and once more we had the pleasure to see our highly-esteemed and beloved brother, Mr. W. Beach, of Chelmsford, presiding at this place. This dear man of God, through grace, is by love constrained to appear amongst and assist the needy in Zion; and a blessing the dear Lord has made him to his poorer brethren. I speak from knowledge, without creature flattery, or empty compliment, and add, what debtors we are to rich and sovereign grace. Our chairman invited brethren Sack, Wilson, Smith, Brown, and Page, to address the meeting, and gave as a motto, "What is truth?" The meeting was free from creature compliments and fleshly mirth, which is a disgrace to the house of God, is a libel on His truth, and pleases the devil. I have with pain seen God's people thus far forget themselves. I hope those of the Lord's anointed that read this, and who sometimes hold public meetings, will take the hint thus given in love; and remember that the meeting place is God's house. The subject and object talked about should be God's truth, i.e., God's Christ, for be it remembered, anything and everything apart from Christ will most assuredly end in death.

ROBT. PAGE.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

"A Visitor's" remarks about our school in your last month's Vessel, wants a little correcting. He says we have 600 children, the registered number amounts to over this; but many have left in Providence, and some are gone to heaven, and the number now is about 370.

The Lord has blessed the labours there, some have joined the Church in Zion, and our hopes and prayers are that many may in early life feel that great change—Born again,

"And as fast as sheep to Jesus go,
Lambs may recruit His fold below."

In the last few months three old members have gone home: Emma Marshall, Elizabeth Ford, Elizabeth Stevens. These were very much missed, for they loved to meet us to pray, and much encouraged the pastor and deacons. We thank the Lord for them, though poor in this world's goods, they were rich in faith, rich without possessing gold and honoured though obscure. They are now with Him they loved, near and like their Lord. Imperfect here, but perfect there. I read the foolish fancy of degrees of happiness in heaven is again springing up. I suppose little men fancy they are very big, and will merit some high place; may they grow beautifully less, and be useful here to God's Church; and when they feel old, I did this, and I did the other, or I laboured more abundantly than them all, with holy Paul

may they have grace with a deadly blow, to knock down great I with, "yet not I but the grace of God which was given me." God's Word shews us that all the Church are loved with the same love, and one Father begat all, one Saviour redeemed all, one Spirit quickens all. All are heirs of the same God, the same promise, the same righteousness, the same salvation, the same grace of life and kingdom. All are kings and priests to God. Equally loved, sanctified, blessed and glorified in heaven, they will have all that God has, and God himself for their everlasting portion. Won't that be enough for you, poor helpless soul? All enjoying the same honour, holiness, happiness, heaven, nearness and likeness to God. All employed in the same service, all partake of the same bounty, and all sing the same song of grace, all crown Christ Lord of all for ever; yes, blessed thought, for ever near and like our God,

"And flesh and hell no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

No groans in heaven, follow-traveller.
Here harps often get hung on the willows,
but there always in good tune and full song.
Sometimes we sing,

"What must it be to be there?"

Well, we must die to know. May we often have a foretaste now, is the prayer of one who has nothing to boast of, or trust in, but a precious Christ. R. COLLINS.

A NOTE FROM LONDON TO SYDNEY.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST, Mr. Daniel Allen, of Sydney,—May the true and saving grace of God be with you in every way, and in all your work for our God and Saviour Jesus Christ may you be more and more useful, successful and devoted.

I have for a long time received and read your books, letters, and papers, with the deep and growing conviction that you are a faithful and laborious servant of God, and that you have been qualified and raised up for a great work in the colonies of South Australia; and knowing that you are aiming to promote the interests of the Churches who hold fast those doctrines and ordinances taught and authorised by the great Head of the Church; and knowing also that you are anxious to scatter abroad the seeds of truth, and the testimonies of godly men of every kind and class, I have desired that our Churches should practically prove to you their real sympathy and Christian love by forwarding to you letters of encouragement, expressive of their joy and gratitude to the God of all grace, for raising you up, and making you bold, intelligent, faithful and prosperous in the blessed work of gathering in, feeding, and building up those of the Lord's called people, who may in these days dwell in those colonies; but although I have endeavoured to convene meetings in London for this purpose, as yet but very little notice has been taken of the same. I purpose to persevere, hoping that when the busy anniversary

season has passed away, some special movement will be made, of which you shall have full information.

The ministerial brethren with you have desired that packets of our magazines of truth should be forwarded, free, for distribution among their people; these I am preparing to carry out, and send to you as early as possible.

This brief note comes from a preliminary meeting of friends, holden in the vestry of Speldhurst road chapel, Thursday evening, Oct. 8, 1874, unanimously agreed upon, beseeching you to forgive its brevity. Hoping soon to forward you more enlarged expressions of our love, I am yours truly,

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury Road, South Hackney,
London, E., Oct. 8, 1874.

BROADSTAIRS.—When we noticed certain movements, we asked with much meaning, "Is this really correct?" A correspondent says, "No, not all." It is indescribably afflicting to find what secret and serious persecutions nearly all are subjected to, who cannot submit to the modern and popular Church order of the day. It is good news to us to find, however, that our ministering brother, Mr. J. J. Kiddle, the pastor of the Baptist Church in Broadstairs, is publicly and honourably sustained. All true friends to the Saviour's sovereign commune, who visit Broadstairs, must not fail to support the ancient Baptist chapel, which stands on the left of the main road leading from the station to the town. We have long believed Mr. J. J. Kiddle to be a man of firm Gospel principles, and one the Lord delighteth to honour.

CHOBHAM.—We recently had our young brother F. G. Burgess, the Wooburn Green pastor, preaching a plain, heaven-revealed Gospel. Our minister, Mr. Hetherington, appears at home and happy. Our friends are united. The Lord's work is seen in the calling in of some of His own to unite with us.—A FRIEND TO EARTHEN VESSEL.

WINDSOR.—Reports of the low state of the two causes of Strict Baptists are awfully sorrowful! Would it shut them out of heaven if these two little Churches became one? No. Why not, then, unite, build a good chapel, and thus repair the breaches which have been made? How could they let the new place go over to the Establishment? That jealous, isolated, "stand-by" spirit is disastrous. Will not a painful retribution befall those who promote and maintain it?

WOOD GREEN, near BILLERICAY.—Jireh Baptist chapel has now been opened six years. A friend says it has been a rare blessing to many. Mr. Hitchcock baptized the last Sunday in November. "Faith" says there are more in whose hearts the faith and fear of God is implanted. We grieve to learn Mr. Hunt has been quite laid aside by illness.

WOOBURN GREEN.—NEW PASTOR.—This paper-making village is found on the G. W. branch between Maidenhead and High Wycombe. The Green is in a pleasant valley, and is surrounded by hills, woods, waters, little hamlets, and some extensive paper mills, in some of which our best posts and other superior makes are produced. The Church of England has considerable patronage here, but Nonconformity has never been "exceedingly powerful." Bourne End has its old "Independent," but all things there are very quiet. Loudwater has a small place, where Mr. Thomas Chivers, of Wycombe, preaches week evenings. In Woburn Green we have a neat, modern, comfortable Strict Baptist chapel, erected more than twenty-one years since. The commencement of this cause dates back much farther. Some of the Lord's people over this cause have sighed and rejoiced alternately. Summer scenes of hopeful joy and winter times of grief and sorrow they have experienced. The Howards, the Dulleys, the Greens, and other names are familiar to many who have thither gone to preach the Gospel of God's saving mercy. We have sincerely loved the trees of righteousness which in this garden grow; and for consistency of character, for decision and devotion, they are pleasing proofs of the power of grace in purifying and preserving. We heartily wish every friend to the good cause would send for a collecting card, and determine to gather a trifle, so the remaining debt on this nice chapel would be cleared, the long-struggling Church would be able to go forth with more activity and zeal. This appeal is voluntary on our part, no official authority has been given; but we believe either Mr. Dulley or Mr. Richard Howard would gratefully receive help, and send collecting cards. Recognition Services were holden in Woburn Green, Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1874, where our brother F. G. Burgess was, with much harmony and scriptural order, publicly recognized as the pastor of the Church. We hope a detailed report of the services will be supplied. Messrs. Thomas Chivers, R. C. Bardens, R. Howard, Vyze and Varder, of Reading, J. New, Esq., architect, of London, C. W. Banks, and others took their several parts in the services. The tea was served by the lady friends with a comfortable abundance, and all things but the wet weather were quite in Gospel order. Mr. Burgess, the pastor, was highly commended by the aged deacon for his honesty in declaring God's holy truth. When the Church's report of their ordination appears we may say more.

BEAUTIFUL BIBLE.—Some of us thought we never saw practical Christianity look so truly loving and full of pure sympathy as when Mr. John Wild, the deacon of Hayes Tabernacle, stepped upon the platform on the evening of Oct. 21, 1874 (it being the third anniversary of the Sunday schools connected with the said tabernacle), and after a quiet, neat, appropriate and stirring address, presented to Mr. R. C. Bardens, the pastor of the Church and the superintendent of the

schools, a superbly-bound and richly-produced copy of the Holy Scriptures, and two noble paintings, in substantially gilt frames, fitted for any gentleman's drawing-room. We were all agreeably surprised; the weather had been unfavourable; the congregation had not been such as we almost always see at the Tabernacle. Mr. E. Forman, of March, had given us a peaceable and excellent discourse; we had taken a refreshing cup of tea; George Thomas Congreve, Esq., was in the chair; Mr. New, the architect, had sought the Lord's blessing; we were patiently waiting for Mr. Congreve's opening address, when up came Mr. Wild with Bible, splendid pictures, and with such good words, we all felt ready to weep for joy. Mr. Bardens tried to tell the people how thankful he felt. He did the best he could. Then the children gave us a soothing anthem. The chairman delivered a Sunday school address, which made children and all high-up happy. C. W. Banks spoke a few words. Messrs. Griffith, Langford, Forman, Bardens, and Congreve mingled Christian congratulations, and all once more was over. If Mr. Bardens would publish his report in the EARTHEN VESSEL we should be glad to see it.

ONE WHO LOVES HAYES TABERNACLE.

LOOKING INTO LONDON TO FIND SOME REAL RELIGION.

[SECOND SURVEY].

I tell you what it is, says a Lincolnshire scribe, now some years in London, I have looked at, and listened to, your newly equipped men of truth, as some call them. I have heard the pretty parson, and some others of his priestly looking and puritanical gait; and after most carefully examining the drift of their addresses, I come to the conclusion, that their real meaning is

Intellectually, First;

Our Lord Jesus Christ, Second.

Do not think for one moment that I despise real learned men. No.

A learned man, as John Owen was, never proudly prated about a few little odds and ends of the languages; as this idolized pastor does. Rolleston and Battersby are learned men: they make no empty show about it; the late James Wells acquired stores of useful knowledge; he was never guilty of parading it, as a peacock with his fine feathers. No man who has the power of the Holy Ghost in his soul, a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ in his heart, and the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of all true wisdom, in his sanctified mind, will ever try to put himself up as a pattern of an intellectual preacher of the Gospel; and indirectly condemning his venerated fathers, who did more in their days to serve the Churches than most of these proud prelates ever will do. At least, this is the painful thought of a Lincolnshire scribe.

"Star in the West," speaks highly of Mr. Saphir's ministry, in a special manner. With Holy Jewish fervour, richly imbued with the anointings of the Spirit, Mr. Saphir continuously lays open before the people the

glories of the Redeemer, and crowds listen most intensely to his silvery eloquence. Gordon Forlong, on the other hand, is a severe dissector between flesh and spirit. Offended spirits often fly off from the faithful censures of this Scotch barrister's powerful pleadings for the manifestations of the reign and rule of grace in denying self, in taking up the cross, and in faithfully following the Lord.

Notting Hill, sir, is not without faithful witnesses for Christ; although some fail who desire prosperity. (Notes of the meeting reserved.)

[We cannot insert more before January].

RICHMOND, SURREY.—First anniversary of Strict Baptist Church, under care of W. J. Gooding, pastor, was celebrated in New Lecture Hall, Hill street, Nov. 3, 1874. A beautiful tea was supplied to a hall full of cheerful friends. C. W. Banks, in opening the meeting, after Mr. Brittain had implored God's blessing, said, they gathered there from no spirit of opposition to any party, to any sect, or any persons, but three facts stood before them: First, there were three places in Richmond where truth, in some measure, was proclaimed; neither of them had a pastor. Secondly, Mr. W. J. Gooding was, in the providence of God, settled in Richmond. Thirdly, several friends requested him to preach the Gospel to them, and, seeing that all Richmond was not yet converted; finding many believers were there as sheep without any shepherd; after prayer and counsel, this new Lecture Hall was opened in Nov., 1873. Here they had worshipped; here blessings had been enjoyed; and, without begging of anyone, the cause had been sustained. Mr. Gooding then gave a pleasant review of the whole year's labour, and enjoyment of mercies there. Brother Thomas Stringer gave an inspiring and courageous discourse on things essential to prosperity. Brethren Masterson, Frith, Kevan, Whittaker, Rush, and Ward, of Carmel, and others helped us well. We believe all who assembled were either edified or convinced. The hand of God was with us. So, in her conscience, feeleth AN OLD SUPPOLL FRIEND TO W. J. GOODING AND TO THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

THE SAD CONDITION OF OUR CHURCHES!

HOW CAN IT BE ALTERED?

Mr. Harrison, of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, after discoursing most profoundly upon the priesthood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (in the G. B. M.), makes the following heart-rendering, but truthful remarks:—"I think I do not exaggerate the general opinion of thoughtful Christians when I assert that there is a very wide-spread dissatisfaction with the condition of our Churches. The majority of professing Christians have little or no joy in their religious life. Their manner of life is scarcely to be distinguished from that of others who are of the world. A formal attendance on public worship is the sum and

substance of their profession, and even that is reduced in many cases to one service a-week. They live as though they themselves, their time, their money, their influence, were all their own. Conversions are few and far between, and when they come, the evidences are so weak as to excite doubt of their genuineness; and even if they are real, they excite but little gratitude and joy in the Church. Ministers are careful to prepare sensible expositions and applications of Divine truth. Rich gifts and acquirements are freely used for the service of the Church, but the intellect oftener speaks than the heart. We are more careful to give a good sermon than to teach and rouse and bless the people. We do not honour their intelligence too much, but we regard their feelings too little. We appeal quite enough, usually, to the mind, but too little to the heart. And is it not true that our work is too often a burden and a care, when it should be a glad and joyful service?"

No thoughtful, honest, true Christian will dispute these facts. Of course, there are apparent temporary exceptions, but in the main they are too fearfully true. With aching heart we have seen this coming on during the last forty years. We must prove to our readers the truth of Mr. Harrison's distressing statements, and try and answer the question, "How can this sad state of things be altered?"

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

This newly-erected place of worship in Russell street, Brixton road, has been found too strait for the people anxious to hear Mr. C. Cornwell, the minister and pastor; consequently, a beautiful gallery has been erected, and spacious school rooms have been planted on one side, so that, with chapel, gallery, and school-rooms, a numerous host may assemble. It is gratefully pleasing to us (when on every hand we are told the Strict Baptists are fast dying out) to find a young man like C. Cornwell, planted in a flourishing and central metropolitan suburb, like Brixton, and to be assured that every year the prospects are brighter, the congregations greater, and the Church itself becoming in every way stronger and more deeply rooted. All this arises out of things essential, and things instrumental. Of the pastor we hope we may say he is a man in whom the Spirit of God is; and a man who has put himself under severe discipline, with continuous hard study and much prayer; hence, his sermons are found full of God's blessed Word which he opens up in a Gospel manner, and in a Christian spirit. We devoutly pray that all these mercies may be continued: that the power of the eternal Spirit may attend the services and the schools, then, for certain, Brixton Tabernacle will be a happy home for many many hundreds of the Lord's faithful and truthful disciples for a long time to come.

Re-opening services were holden Oct. 18 and 20, 1874. Sermons were preached by brethren Cornwell and Stringer. G. T. Congreve, Esq., presided over the evening

meeting, and not only greatly edified, encouraged, and amused the vast audience assembled, but generously contributed a handsome sum towards the school fund. We recognise the good hand of God in giving us such a friend as Mr. Congreve, whose heart and ability enable him most willingly to serve the Churches of Christ in this immense metropolis. The Lord long spare his life is the prayer of thousands. During the evening we had some really substantial spiritual-utterances, well worth listening to, from Messrs. Battson, Ballard, C. W. Banks, Cornwell, Myerson, Stringer, Warren, and others. A noble collection was taken up, and all things enabled us to sing, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

GOOD NEWS FROM ALDERSHOT.

Oct. 21, 1874.—Before leaving the friend's house, where every kindness was shown me after preaching twice yesterday at Hungry Hill, I took up a book in which I saw these words: "If any man glory, let him glory in this, that he knoweth and understandeth Me, saith the Lord, who exerciseth loving-kindness and tender mercies, for in these things do I delight." Thus saith the Lord was a morning smile, and "His morning smiles bless all the day." Oh, my soul! hast thou not daily, hourly cause to bless His holy name? Indeed thou hast. Whatever sinners, saints, Satan, or fallen self may say, my soul (created in Christ Jesus unto good works) must desire to glorify the Lord. On Hungry Hill, yesterday, between the services, walking out on the green, a young man came up to me, and in converse I found he was a true-hearted believer in the Gospel of our Saviour. He told me of the awful life, the saving conversion, and of the faithful ministry of a devoted brother in Christ, named Allam, who, since his conversion, had helped to build a nice little wooden chapel about five miles from Newbury, in Berks, where, for twelve years or more, this saved brother Allam had preached the Truth as in the Son of God he had himself experimentally found it. Some of the details of friend Allam's life, before he was apprehended of Christ, were very dreadful; the manner of his conversion was striking. Allam was a wheelwright and carpenter, and worked under a master, and with a fellow-workman, both of which were fearfully wicked. By some fatal disease Allam's wicked master and equally sinful companion were suddenly cut down, and both were buried together. The clergyman who officiated at the funeral made some extemporary remarks upon the lives and deaths of the wicked master and his equally wicked man; the clergyman's address was like a two-edged sword in Allam's soul, it pierced his heart, it broke his rebellious spirit down into contrition, a godly sorrow for sin, a repentance which needeth not to be repented of, was wrought in him; he was made a new creature in Christ Jesus; sobriety, sincerity, industry, grace, mercy, and truth, all enabled him soon to put down twenty sovereigns towards building a new chapel on a hill near

Newbury, and there, as a witness for God he has been upheld. I hope to give more of this good man's work and usefulness another time. Our harvest services on Hungry Hill were well attended. I must believe the Lord gathered us together, and rendered His Word precious; although no little stir was made against
C. W. B.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

A worthy, a well-tryed and honourable deacon writes as follows,—“I should be glad to know your thoughts upon men, calling themselves ministers of truth, who can act in the following manner. At chapel, when the members were gathered together at the Lord's Table, two supplies, who should have administered that solemn ordinance, before doing so, ordered those members to retire who, they said, had been 'walking disorderly.' On both occasions, no ordinance was administered. Many of the members have not sat down since, which is more than two years. Another of these impudent and wicked supplies ordered one of the trustees, also a member, out of the Church meeting: he told them they had no right to speak. These are some of the things which have been a stumbling-block in the way of many joining the Church at all.”

[A number of ignorant, conceited, and bad-tempered men are now sent out as supplies. They have the patronage of a few rich worldly professors, who have minds mean enough, hearts sinful enough, and pockets full enough to keep up a certain dogmatical party. And the poor seris of deacons and members of these Churches pretend to believe they are doing God service, by bowing down to these Scribes, patrons, and parsons, who form a league, which may be useful in some cases, but appears cruel and ungodly in others. When men, calling themselves Christ's ambassadors, can travel the round of the Churches, exercising such lordly and popish spirits, it seems high time that the whole system was exposed; and such pretenders to the pulpit sent home to mind their own business.—ED.]

MARGATE.—“Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift” is the language of the Apostle. We desire to record our thankfulness that the preaching of the everlasting Gospel at the Mart, in High street, has been the means of blessing to many; we trust the Lord will still go with us. Allow me to thank the London friends for their kindness; their liberality and attendance. I know many have returned home spiritually rejoicing. I trust it will stir up our Margate friends to further action; with a population of 14,000, surely there are many who desire to worship the Lord in the beauties of holiness. I hope before long some final arrangements will be made for a Strict Baptist cause, which has not been known in Margate for almost half a century. Thanking our ministerial friends for assistance rendered,—I am, yours in truth,
SAMUEL JONES.

67, Peckham grove, Camberwell.

**PETERBOROUGH PILGRIMS.
THE LAST HOURS OF JACOB CLIFFE, OF
DOGSTHORPE, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.**

The father of Jacob Cliffe was for many years a member and attendant at the old general Baptist chapel at Peterborough, for a long period the only dissenting place of worship; and the writer, who occasionally heard the old minister, Samuel Wright, well remembers the regular attendance of the elderly man, who, with some five or six, made the congregation.

Mr. Wright was a quaint man; but was liberal in admitting men of truth to preach in his chapel, and held some of the doctrines of divine grace; he valued the company and converse of experimental Christians; and both he and his member, Cliffe, were buried in the old chapel, which has been rebuilt, and is now the property of a section of Particular Baptists.

The writer remembers Jacob Cliffe as an attendant at places which he considered places of truth for many years; the last twelve or fourteen years they have been fellow-worshippers, but it was only recently that they became more acquainted.

The writer has often heard him speak of the hardships which he, his father and family, had to endure at one period, but never in a murmuring way: there seemed a thankfulness to the Lord for having helped him so far.

He was proposed as a member, June 25th, 1871; was baptized on the 16th July. During the last few years he has had many afflictions—the loss of an eye, with other bad bereavements and trials in his family; he was an exercised Christian.

On the 23rd August last he was at the Tabernacle to hear Mr. Kitchen, of Ringstead; on the Monday he was taken ill; and on the Tuesday afternoon a message was sent to me that he was not likely to live.

On my entering his dying chamber, he expressed much pleasure in seeing me, and said, "I should like more enjoyment, more love in my heart;" but he observed, "My hope is built on nothing but Jesus; none but Jesus could do a helpless sinner like me good," and "where could I go but to Jesus."

On my reading the 117th Psalm, he interrupted me, and cried, "Oh what a precious Psalm that is to my soul." After reading, a short time was spent in earnest, fervent prayer; which, when concluded, his mouth seemed opened to speak, and he told me that a little time before he was out of bed vomiting blood, when he fainted; but when he came to himself he had a view of Jesus, as his risen, his living Saviour; it was blessed. And then at the pitch of his feeble voice he cried, "It is not a dead Jesus, but a living Jesus that I want."

He then conversed on Mr. Kitchen's sermon, who preached from Rom. xii. 1. He said the sermon was blessed to him; and the concluding hymn went to his heart. I quoted one verse:—

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wenders to feel its own hardness
depart;

Dissolved by Thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found."

On the Wednesday I called again; he was past speaking. On asking his wife whether she thought I should read and pray with him, he made earnest signs for me to do so; when I had done so he took my hand in his, which were getting cold, and in a feeble yet earnest way shook it many times; looking affectionately on me. I bade him adieu till the resurrection morning.

A little previous he had told his son that in a few hours he should be in heaven. The son had been baptized in the same chapel a short time before his father. Jacob Cliffe died in peace, having nearly completed his seventieth year. I thought of those beautiful lines of Toplady:—

"Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there:
Some of the shining number once I knew,
And travelled with them there,
My junior saints below."

His dying wish was that I should officiate at his funeral, which I did, on the Saturday, and on the Lord's day evening, the 30th, delivered what some would call a funeral sermon, before many friends and relations.

Here we have the shortness of life placed before us: Jacob was at chapel (perhaps a mile and a half from his home) on one Lord's day, taken ill, left a dying testimony to the faithfulness of God, departed, buried, and the next Lord's day a funeral discourse.

Here we mark the faithfulness of God and His tenderness to His sheep. Jacob Cliffe had but little to say; he was more employed in judging himself than others; he had no strong faults; yet when he went into the valley of the shadow of death there was no guilt, no terror, but a simply falling asleep in Jesus, an assurance of glory. What an encouragement to weak believers. Truly the Lord is a good Shepherd, who carries the lambs in His bosom, and gently leads those who are with young. We can sing joyously with Watts:—

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

JOHN STURTON.

CANTERBURY.—Mrs. Halke's dying experience, as furnished by Mr. Rowden, is the same as marked her life during the thirty-three years we knew her. We baptized her and she is gone home as a faithful witness that the Lord blessed our testimony in Iron Bar Lane; and there were many greatly blessed there. Against the erection of the chapel by Mr. Howland we strove with decided testimony, but the friends with him were determined to go forward. Who can explain why so many years of sorrow should proceed therefrom? It is a dark piece of history. But Mrs. Halke, and many more were truly called to know that the Gospel came to their souls in power, in the Holy Ghost, and with much assurance. How little did Job think of Satan's plot against him. How little do any of us know of his deep designs!

THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS.

§ (Mr. EDITOR.—After reading in the October "Gospel Standard" what was said concerning our departed brother, James Wells, how can one help feeling grieved? I was never personally acquainted with James Wells, yet have felt the words of his mouth sometimes good to my soul. I am also a reader generally of the "Gospel Standard," and have sometimes found a cheering word there. Neither do I wish in any way to look disparagingly on any of the Lord's servants, knowing what poor fallible creatures we all are. And I do esteem it a precious truth that the Lord has said "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."

But I must say I am grieved to see rather bitter words concerning those who have gone to heaven's home. It seems to me such a piece of courageous cowardice to pounce upon the dead, so much so, that I hope there are but few that could do so. I am afraid it is the sign of very jealous feeling, which Peter, as God's servant, exhorts us to lay aside (1 Pet. ii. 1). Surely, if one thinks himself commissioned of God to expose all that he considers to be wrong in others, he may find constant employment even from the pages of God's Word. It is written "jealousy is cruel as the grave." And the affair we refer to seems bitterly cruel; but let me beseech you not to return evil for evil. Fight the good fight of faith, but do not fight one another. "Whence come wars and fightings among you?" says James, and he assures us that they come from no good source. God help us to pray one for another, that we each may be healed. And O what a mercy that our Great Physician is gracious and skilful still.

Sturry.

B. BAKER.

CLAPHAM.—On Friday, Oct. 23, 1874, a tea and public meeting was held in Zion Hill Baptist chapel, Courland grove, Larkhall lane, to commemorate the 73rd anniversary of Mr. Ponsford's (the pastor) birthday. A goodly number partook of tea—rather more than was anticipated—and the chapel was well filled in the evening. After a hymn had been sung and prayer offered, Mr. Ponsford introduced the subject of the evening. He said he was pleased to see so many friends who had come to wish him a happy birthday, some of whom had been with him all the time he had been at Courland grove. Mr. Anderson, who was the first speaker, chose for his subject the words, "When he (the Apostle Paul) saw the brethren, he thanked God and took courage." He said they had great cause for thankfulness, when they looked at the desolate state some of the Strict Baptist Churches were in; and though they could not expect to have Mr. Ponsford there many more years, still they must take courage, as God had promised to raise up pastors after His own heart. Mr. Meeres made a few remarks from the words, "Godliness with contentment is great gain," shewing first what true godliness was, and then told the Church they had very great

reasons to be content, as they had got a godly pastor. Mr. Phillips (who is much respected, and has supplied the pulpit several times during Mr. Ponsford's absence) brought the happy meeting to a close, and hoped he could say for each and all, "Bless the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all His benefits." Mr. Ponsford, who seemed in excellent health, considering his time of life, spoke very encouragingly to all, and remarked that he did not know of any subject of man's invention to be compared with the subject of the Gospel. He has preached the same Gospel for over thirty-four years here, and is (we believe) the oldest minister among the Strict Baptists, that has preached so long to one congregation. He is much esteemed and loved by all, and dwells in the affections of the people. May he yet be spared a few more years to still sound the alarm, and may many sinners be brought to the Saviour through his ministry. R. S.

DEATH OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

During the last few years we have occasionally visited the chamber, wherein was, for a long period, confined the beloved wife of brother Shipton, of Berkhamstead, who has recently been removed to a higher and healthier clime. The bereaved husband says:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—It pleased the Lord to call my beloved wife by His grace in the 17th year of her age. Her father, then at Saxmundham, was the means, in the Lord's hands. The conflict of her mind was very great, until the Saviour was pleased, by His Spirit, to speak home with power to her soul. She was brought to the precious blood of the Lamb; by faith she saw her interest in Him; then that Word was laid on her mind, "If ye love Me keep My commandments." Another trial now arose: she had not spoken to her father or mother; yet the change was so clear that many saw it, and were glad. She resolved to write to her father. She did so, and left the note on the table of his study. As a father you may know somewhat of his feelings when he read that note. It was the first of a family of nine children who appeared to have life in the soul. My dear wife was still very fearful. Her father spoke to her in a Christian manner; her fears were removed; she told him all that was in her heart; she was proposed to the Church, gave in her testimony, and her father had the pleasure of baptizing her in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. These were happy times with her for a season. It pleased the Lord after that to call another of her sisters; in fact, one by one, the Lord called all the nine. Now, father and mother, three sisters and one brother are gone home to glory. It was the will of our heavenly Father that my dear wife should pass through much tribulation. She was not an advocate for settling down in ease; she worked with all her might; she went from house to house (where the Lord called her father to labour); those that had not a Bible, she would try and get it for them; she loved to visit the sick and speak to them; the Sunday school was her delight;

there the Lord blessed her; she was always happy when she could be doing something for the Lord's people. When laid on the bed of affliction she thought her work was done, which caused her grief. She asked the Lord to appear for her. He did; a way was opened for her to work for the aged pilgrims. Sometimes she would write poetry to comfort those that were cast down; and it proved a blessing to many. Her sufferings were very great for 14 years; never once did I hear her complain; she would say, "I hope the Lord will give me grace to bear it." She loved the doctrines of free-grace; loved to talk about them; and when any one came to see her she would not let them leave her until she let them know in whom she believed. For three weeks before she died she could scarcely see any one; she longed to be gone. She said, "When will Jesus come and take me? Do you think I shall recover again? I hope I shall not. I know His time is the best time! pray for me, that I may wait with patience till my change comes." I felt I could not give her up; I could not bear to part with her; until the sufferings were so great, and I was led to see how wrong I was to wish her to remain in this body of suffering. This was not fully till the last day of her life. Our kind friend and brother Stockwell called. She did not know him. Her sisters and myself sat with her for five nights; and on the Monday night I returned home just soon enough to get her into bed. I spoke to her and she answered me as usual; she placed her arms round me and very sweetly smiled, laid her head on her pillow, and passed out of this time-state into the presence of her Saviour, where pain and suffering is no more.

Before she departed she sent for a friend she had often spoken to, and said, "If you and I go to heaven, your name and my name were in the Lamb's Book of Life before we were born. Do you believe this? this is truth!"

Dear brother Banks,—You can sympathise with me; you have had to pass through the same. Mine was to me the very best of wives; seventeen years of unbroken peace as regards our love to each other. We have never, on any occasion, given each other one cross word. Pray for me.—Yours truly,
JOHN SHIPTON.

FOREST OF DEAN.—PARTICULAR BAPTISTS, CINDERFORD.—Another faithful friend gone home. Brother Harris says: We are still living as a Church of Christ; the Lord's favour is bestowed upon us, uniting us in the bonds of truth and Christian love. Our congregation rather increases. We can raise our Ebenezer, and say "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." At our anniversary this year, Mr. Moore preached morning and evening. Mr. Maybrey in afternoon. On Monday we had our annual tea meeting, about 100 sat down to tea; then a sermon by Mr Moore: it was a heart-cheering season. As a Church at Cinderford we have been looking and longing for the Lord to send us a pastor,

to feed us with knowledge and understanding in the ways of the Lord. We hope it is the Lord's will to bring Mr. Moore amongst us as our pastor. We have lost dear brother Bowers, by death, a few months ago: his sufferings were severe. The Lord supported him. His hope in Christ remained firm. The cause at Cinderford lay near his heart to the last. I saw him the night before his death, he seemed fully satisfied that his time was short, saying to me those words of the poet:—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free;
And to Thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be."

W. HARRIS.

HOMERTON ROW.—RECOGNITION OF MR. W. LODGE.—Tuesday, November 3, 1874, were held the recognition services of brother William Lodge, as pastor of the Church at Homerton row. They were highly satisfactory; will long be remembered, with thankfulness to the God of all our mercies, by the Church and the numerous friends who came to wish the pastor and people God speed. Afternoon meeting commenced by J. Hitchcock reading the first hymn. J. Woodard read and prayed; J. Dearsly gave second hymn; J. S. Anderson delivered a lucid statement of the nature of a Gospel Church; G. Webb read another hymn; our long-tried friend, S. Milner, addressed the pastor with great affection, expressing esteem for him, resulting from a long acquaintance as a Christian and as a minister of the Gospel. He asked the usual questions; brother Lodge replied to the satisfaction of all present. Brother Milner then asked the Church if they were willing to receive him as their pastor? Also, brother Lodge, if he were willing to accept the pastorate at Homerton row? Each replied in the affirmative. Brother Milner then closed the service with prayer. About 300 sat down to tea. We fear many friends were poorly supplied. We had 150 more than we expected or provided for. Every exertion was made to meet the extra demand. Those friends who were ill-supplied will kindly accept this explanation. In the evening, at seven, Mr. Widden gave first hymn; J. L. Meeres read, and offered recognition prayer. J. Warren gave next hymn. J. Hazelton addressed the pastor and the Church in a masterly discourse. W. Lodge gave out that beautiful hymn, "A day's march nearer home." He thanked the friends for their presence and good feeling, and dismissed them with a few words in prayer. Thus terminated our recognition services. May the Church at Homerton row still prosper, the Lord's presence and blessing be vouchsafed, and pastor's labours be owned and blessed; and the Lord shall have all the praise.
J. H.

WOOBURN GREEN.—EBENEZER CHAPEL.—On Oct. 14, 1874, we are happy to record one of the best meetings we have ever had. In the first place, it was to recog-

nise Mr. F. G. Burgess, of Reading, as pastor. Service commenced in the afternoon by Mr. Chivers, of High Wycombe, reading the Word of God and prayer. Mr. Bardens, of Hayes, addressed a few words to us, suitable to the occasion, calling on brother Howard, our senior deacon, for the Lord's leadings in bringing brother Burgess among us. Brother Howard then related how the Lord had brought brother Burgess among us, and how he had ministered the Word of Life acceptably. Mr. Bardens then asking brother Burgess for his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and views of faith and doctrine, which were given in a most straightforward way and manner. Brother Bardens then addressing the Church, asked if they were satisfied therewith, and if they accepted him as their pastor? They unanimously signifying the same by show of hands. C. W. Banks, then joining hands of pastor and deacon, declared them to be duly married. Friends from the Reading Church then spoke of the consistency of the walk of brother Burgess among them as a Church. The afternoon service then concluded with a song of praise, after which a goodly number sat down to tea. The evening service commencing by brother Chivers giving out a hymn, brother Barden reading the Word and seeking the Lord's blessing, brother C. W. Banks preaching a faithful sermon from Paul's epistle to Timothy, "Take care of the Church of God." Then followed a statement of what had been collected towards the debt of £150 on the chapel, which has been on it since the building, now more than twenty years, which has at times been a very heavy burden to pay the interest of the said mortgage. About six or seven years back, our first mortgagee died. Having then to seek for a fresh mortgagee, we were put to heavy law costs. Now, a few months back, our second mortgagee died, and the mortgage is again called in. We were prompted (we trust by Him to whom the gold and silver belongs, and the hearts of all at His command) to put forth an effort to remove this burden, which the dear Lord has most graciously been pleased to bless; for we were enabled to announce that with the proceeds of the day we had collected £40; likewise the Baptist building fund has granted a loan of £60, therefore leaving a balance of only £50 to free us of the mortgage. Sums were likewise promised if that amount could be made up by Christmas or Lady-day next. We earnestly appeal to friends to help us. Any sum, in stamps or post office order, would be most thankfully received and acknowledged by J. Dulley, post office, Wooburn. Friends from Wycombe, Reading, and London came to wish us God speed; and thus closed one of the best days we have had at Wooburn Green for a long time past. To God be all the praise.

HOMERTON and STEPNEY.—Mr. William Lodge was, in the month of November, recognized as the successor of the late William Palmer, as pastor of the Church in Homerton row. The venerable Samuel

Milner, with J. Hazelton and others, conducted the services, which were exciting, interesting, and numerous attended. Mr. Thomas Steed has entered upon his pastoral work at Wellesley street, Stepney, in the same chapel in which Mr. Thomas Stringer laboured for some years. We cannot this month give the letters on these singular movements.

QUESTIONS FOR GOOD TEMPLARS.

Our brief notice of Mr. Varley's tract has brought us several serious letters. We confess we know next to nothing of this Order; but the notes we have received from good Christians have raised in our mind certain queries which we purpose to lay before our readers, if possible, next month. The precious fulness of communications now pressing upon us forbid our commencing our charitable and faithful investigations before January.

MARGATE.—"A Visitor" is pleased to find good companies gathering at the Mart; and prayerfully hopes that a faithful band of Christ's true disciples will be united in the fellowship of New Testament doctrines and ordinances, cemented by an experience of grace in their hearts. But a Visitor thinks such men as can dare to pour contempt upon Dr. Watts' Hymns; such conceit as can publish themselves so strong, as to have no fear to speak before a multitude of ministers; such self-sufficient and self-satisfied men will do the Infant Cause more harm than good. In one way or another, ministers are filled with such imperious, yea, impudent and imprudent spirits, that neither godly nor ungodly persons can receive them. Satan is bad enough anywhere, but, in the pulpit, he does mischief most disastrous.

WELLINGBORO'.—Few towns have more rapidly increased in wealth, in commerce, in population, and in influence during the last few years, than has Wellingborough in Northamptonshire. Seated on the ascent of a hill; approximate to the river New; surrounded by busy hives of artisans and agricultural districts, it promises to be a borough of no mean order. In this place, Mr. W. H. Lee (late pastor of Bow Baptist Church) has been instrumental in erecting a new chapel, costing nearly £600. Over half the cost has been collected by the people themselves. A correspondent says, "God is with us!" That is a blessing rich indeed.

HACKNEY ROAD.—Shalom Baptist chapel, in the pretty little Oval, stands in a central position, surrounded by tens of thousands of precious souls. For fourteen years Mr. Myerson has laboured there in the ministry; and at the celebration of his pastorate, Oct. 27, we found him surrounded by a host of ardently attached friends. The praise department was delightfully sustained. Mr. Myerson presided in good spirits. Addresses on a sublime theme were given by Messrs. Griffith, Lodge, C. W. Banks, Symonds, Goulding, &c., and all things appeared in harmony and peace.

"A VOICE FROM THE WEST OF ENGLAND"

Cries out alarming notes: papers here publishing fearful accounts. What do they mean? Bolts broken, "union" disturbed. "Traveller" has been in the great town, the question was asked, "Do the London Churches intend to take all our ministers from us? They have Ward, Langford, Bardens, Huxham; now they will take away Vaughan, and others. We hear Banks has stolen away many, now he has taken Carter from us." [We can give a true account of our stewardship, if necessary. "Traveller" asks a question about "S. E." We cannot answer.]

THE LATE MR. JOHN OSBORN.

Many of our readers, who well knew the above Baptist minister, will not be surprised to learn he departed this life, Oct. 8, 1874, in the 80th year of his age, at Brook, near Norwich.

Mr. Osborn was one of the late Thomas Hughes's faithful hearers; but during the last quarter of a century he has officiated as a Baptist minister in Claremont street, Hackney road. Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham St. Mary, introduced him some time back to a church at Brook, near Norwich, there he finished his course. We understand his final experience was something similar to that blessed verse of Watts:—

"Jesus, the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms."

Across the brink of many a threatening wave poor friend Osborn's love has sailed for many years, but now, we trust, within the veil he doth "the King" in all His beauty see.

TROWBRIDGE.—"One of John Warburton's Old Members" says, the Church and congregation here in Zion are peaceable, prosperous, and well taken care of. We expect to baptize a good number soon; although we have no settled pastor. We are favoured to enjoy good supplies. Messrs. Hemington, Spencer, Forster, and others, preach to us the experiences of grace and the fruits of faith, and the seed sown by our good old pastor is not dead; it does and will bring forth living evidence of divine power. The town and suburbs of Trowbridge are thoroughly religious, and favourable to baptism. We cannot dissect the report until we have further proofs.

Notes of the Month.

THE PULPIT.—Mr. Jones in his farewell sermon declares this day to be one of a childish Christianity. People require amusement, not the solemn and solid teaching of Christ's Gospel. Some bold bluster or wild effusion, satire, self-conceit, and sensational entertainment. This conviction, it seems, drives Mr. Jones from London into the country. We fear he is too correct: nevertheless, there are many of the Lord's people who will hear and

support a thorough New Testament Gospel ministry. But all old things of a time-kind wear out. New, young, and fresh will find helpers. All this is quite in the natural order of things.

SOUTH EASTERN EXTREME BOUNDARY.—"Charity," in her sweetest humour, has been travelling, listening, watching, and almost fainting. All she could distinctly hear was "By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small." [The movements cannot be noticed yet, so far as Christ's Gospel is glorified, "Charity" shall be heard.—ED.]

"PNEUMANTHROPOS!"—We have the able and lucid argument in proof of the fact that "the soul is the man." Mortlock Daniel, W. H. Colyer, F. Silver, John Stevens, James Wells, and others wrote on this much abused doctrine. We have all they wrote. We are considering whether we will ask our young men to read these master-minds, as an antidote to that scientific, sceptical infidelity, now arrayed in costly robes, and marching through Europe. The mere child's play—of this boastful day—is enough to drive all mind away—and leave us as poor Luna's.

THE OBELISK.—Around this four-faced slender pile Churches of Christ have stood; and if you wait a little while you'll find some quite as good. Earl street chapel, London road, is filling up. Brother Stringer's faithful and well-arranged testimony is gathering up the wanderers: a Church, on New Testament principles, is to be planted, God willing, in the evening of Dec. 7, 1874; [this will be a central point. We shall expect to witness a large company of the South Eastern truth defenders on that occasion. A mysterious Providence has literally driven our valiant friend from the East to the more Southern hemisphere. Christian pilgrims, rally round the standard in Earl street. Let us give evidence that a mighty army of true Baptists still continue faithful to their Lord.

A BERMONDSEY BELIEVER.

Marriages.

In Silver Street Chapel, Notting Hill Gate, by R. G. Edwards, their Pastor, Mr. Edward Linforth, to Miss Ellen Mary Atkinson, on Wednesday, November 4th, 1874.

September 3rd, at Brixton, Charles Thomas Gayler, to Abigail, relict of Henry Green, Esq., late of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Deaths.

At Stoke Hammond, the beloved wife of Joseph Goodman, August 24, 1874, aged 94. She feared God and walked in His commandments. Also, her daughter, Matilda Emily, has been called home.

Thomas Perrell was found dead, Sept. 21, aged 72. He was for many years a friend to Zoar chapel, Upper Holloway. He was buried at Finchley. Brother W. White officiated, and preached a funeral sermon.

Nov. 3, 1874, aged 21, at Limehouse, Miss Pounds, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pounds; the grand daughter of that dearly beloved saint, the widow Burns, of Bermondsey.