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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD

FOR
1877.

EDITED BY
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

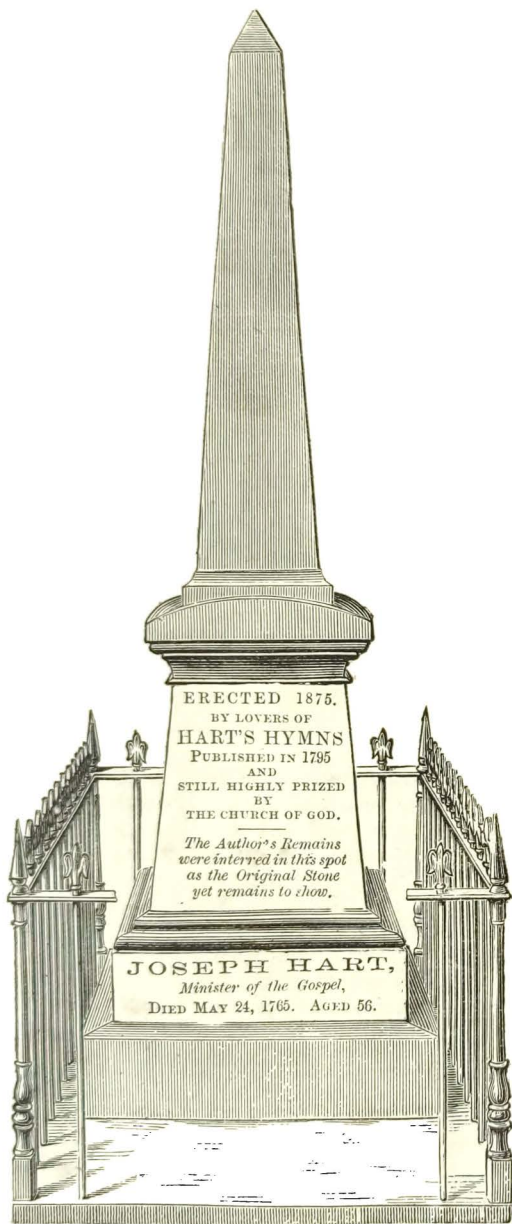
VOLUME XXXIII.

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

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ERECTED 1875.
BY LOVERS OF
HART'S HYMNS
PUBLISHED IN 1785
AND
STILL HIGHLY PRIZED
BY
THE CHURCH OF GOD.

*The Author's Remains
were interred in this spot
as the Original Stone
yet remains to show.*

JOSEPH HART,
Minister of the Gospel,
DIED MAY 24, 1765. AGED 56.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

The Continuance of God's Mercy ;

AND

THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE.

“God is the Refuge of His saints
When storms of deep distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold HIM present with His aid.”

AS we look upon the new leaf opened by Time—with “ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN” inscribed thereon—we hear of little, in the outer world but rumours of wars, commercial panics, nation rising against nation, kingdom against kingdom—with many men's hearts failing them for fear.

It has been so with England, and all over the Continent before this. And yet England has not been destroyed. The learned William Bridge, over two hundred years ago, published his “Thoughts,” wherein he said, “You see into what sad times you are fallen ; OUR ENGLISH SUN IS ALMOST SET ; our day of peace and plenty is almost done ; and our condition is of all the most lamentable !” Nevertheless, my dear readers, our most highly-favoured nation, through the mercy of our God, arose triumphant over all her foes ; and with more of external peace and prosperity than any other nation on the face of the globe, Great Britain has been sustained ; because within her bosom thousands, tens of thousands, of God-fearing saints have poured forth their supplications ; and, with confidence in the Divine faithfulness, the Church of CHRIST has often sung,

“ Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.”

Our fallen nature may sometimes sink into cowardice ; with fears, for a season, she may be frightened ; Satan may put forth all his power either to beguile her into a false dream, or alarm her with awful forebodings ; but that God-glorifying grace, that heaven-born prince of all spiritual

bléssings—called “the faith of God’s elect”—will again lift up the spirits of the faithful above the thickening clouds which often hang over the sons of men, because of their dreadful iniquities; then, as the CHRISTIAN stands upon the Rock that is high above all the passing and perishing phases of time, he will joyfully exclaim,

“Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev’ry nation, ev’ry shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.”

Furthermore, as we are led by the SPIRIT of the living GOD into the more sacred chambers of communion with heaven, as we are helped to throw ourselves “down at God’s feet in a quiet resignation of ourselves unto Him,” He will experimentally give us to realise the fact that

“There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat’ring our Divine abode.”

As we become more weaned from the externals; as we have travelled and toiled on in almost an isolated position, we have—in our silent seasons—enjoyed the further declaration,—

“That sacred stream, Thine Holy Word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet PEACE Thy *PROMISES* afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.”

Whatever may befall poor, miserable Turkey, and her doom is irrevocably fixed! whatever dire contentions may arise between Russia, England, and nations surrounding; insidious and increasing as may be the Jesuitical armies in our own sea-girt isle—the ancient promise made to Abraham is a guarantee of safety to our native land, “And the Lord said, If I find fifty righteous within the city, then I will SPARE ALL THE PLACE FOR THEIR SAKES.” Blessed be the name of the LORD! We have abundant proof that multitudes may be found in the British Isles, and in their possessions, in whom the SPIRIT of CHRIST doth dwell; who have a living union to the Son of God; whose prayers and cries ascend unto the FATHER through the adorable ADVOCATE; and who contend most earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. Then let us sing, as we set our foot upon the threshold of 1877,—

“PRAISE GOD *from whom all blessings flow.*”

Leaving the outer world, and looking briefly on that mysterious continent called “CHRISTENDOM,” where different kinds of faith and various forms of worship exist, I felt confused and confounded; so mixed and so opposite the one to the other are these various professors of a so-called religion, that to form any opinion of our state, or to give an intelligent and decided answer to the question, “Watchman, *what* of the night?” appeared impossible. In this frame of mind I entered a car, on a journey to visit one of our family on her death-bed—when, without any study on the context, this two-fold sentence came, and laid itself on my heart in the softest manner imaginable, and yet with strong certainty and frequency,—

“IN THOSE IS CONTINUANCE; AND WE SHALL BE SAVED!”

Only a thought or two out of the long flow can I ever give. The four

last chapters of Isaiah, like other parts of his prophecy, are full of interest to us Gentiles in these last days. The day of Christ's vengeance, the year of His redeemed, the Church in agonies of wrestling, the call and conversion of the Gentiles, and the final slaughter of all the enemies of EMMANUEL and of His people—are the great subjects with which Isaiah closes up his prophetic commission. Open your Bible on Isaiah lxiv., read verses four and five. The Church is represented as having a distinct view of the things which God had prepared for them that wait for Him. But at that time the Lord appeared to be angry. Consider the Church's expressions under Divine teaching—first, she justifies God in all the afflictions He had laid upon her; and, fully confessing her sad state, she cries:—

“Behold, Thou art wroth! for WE HAVE SINNED!”

When grace reigns in the soul—in the chastened soul—it accepteth the punishment; it seeth the rod, and who hath appointed it. No rebellion against the Lord then! No charging the guilt of our folly upon another. Nay, indeed; its own sin is too apparent; God's visitation is too visible; it can only justify Him by a full confession,—“Behold, Thou art wroth; FOR WE HAVE SINNED!”

My beloved readers, be assured of this, that grace of God in the regenerated soul which will justify Him in all His chastisements, that same grace shall also magnify Him for His immutable faithfulness. Looking back into the exercise of love and mercy in the new covenant provisions which Jehovah had made, the Spirit-taught, believing soul is enabled to see and to exclaim, “IN THOSE IS CONTINUANCE!” The love of God unto all His chosen ones in Christ, is continuous; it is everlasting; it has flowed down through the Person of Christ, like a pure river of water of life, in all the ages of time; and everything hath lived, and everything shall live “Whither the river cometh.” Adam saw that river, branching out into the four quarters of the globe, and he lived. David, Ezekiel, and John saw this river, and they lived. One Sunday morning in 1828, a little stream of the river flowed into my poor soul, and it brought life and immortality to light immediately. I saw the Lord! I loved Him! I fell on my knees to worship Him! I cried out, “Lord, fulfil this promise, ‘CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT!’” And He did! And He has! And He will! For in that river of “God's pleasure” there is “CONTINUANCE:” therefore, faith lifts up her voice, exclaiming,—

*“AND WE SHALL BE SAVED.”**

What are all those branches of the Tree of Life which John saw in the street, and on either side of the river—but the rich provisions of sovereign grace and mercy laid up in Christ the living Head for all who believe in Him? And of which, when the Christ-loving soul beholdeth them, she joyfully sings, “In those is continuance, and we shall be saved!”

Let others spend their time and talent in quarrelling one with another—as some of our penmen have done during the years which we have left behind—let us, dear readers, confess our sins before a holy, just, and righteous God; and in the light of the Spirit we shall rejoice in that grand old proclamation, “God so loved the world that He sent

* Isaiah lxiv. 5.

His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Even if he has no larger or deeper testimony to give than that "man of science and man of God," the Baronet—James Simpson—who, when near his end, he said :—

"My sole and whole trust is in the love and work of Christ, as my all-sufficient Sin-Bearer and Saviour, my Creator as well as my Redeemer." His nephew, Mr. Robert Simpson, was much with him, and records many of his remarks. I can only quote a few :—

"I have not lived so near to Christ as I desired to do. I have had a busy life, but have not given so much time to eternal things as I should have sought. Yet I know it is not my merit I am to trust to for eternal life. CHRIST IS ALL." Then he added, with a sigh, "I have not got far on in the Divine life." I said, "We are complete in Him." "Yes, that's it," he replied, with a smile. The hymn expresses my thoughts—

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

I so like that hymn."

He spoke of not having a mind for theology. "I like the plain Gospel truth, and don't care to go into questions beyond that."

He spoke of his unshaken confidence in Jesus. "I have mixed a great deal with men of all shades of opinion. I have heard men of science and philosophy raise doubts and objections to the Gospel of Christ, but I have never for one moment had a doubt myself since I believed." I gave him a message from Mr. Jenkinson—"To trust in the finished work of Christ." "That's it," he said; "that's what I desire to do." I repeated a verse of a hymn which Mr. Jenkinson gave me for him—

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn, awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

"Repeat it again," he said. "Thank him for it. I should so like to get a shake of his hand again."

Mr. Morgan called. "Mr. M.," he said, "told me to rest my head on Jesus' bosom, as John did at the supper-table. I cannot just do that. I think it enough if have hold of the hem of His garment."

The days glided past, often marked by much pain, but always by evidences of strength made perfect in weakness, and grace sufficient—grace abounding; till on May 6, his spirit passed, with one great sigh, but without struggle or trace of pain, into the presence of God our Saviour.

There was spiritual life in that great philosopher's soul; but when he came near the shores of an eternal world, neither philosophy nor science were of any use to him. Our most exalted and precious LORD JESUS CHRIST alone was the Refuge and Rest of his spirit. In all those things God has given and promised in His Son—"there is continuance," and not one of the ransomed can ever be lost, for Jesus "is the same YESTER-DAY, to-day, and for ever."

What see we now in the evangelical kingdoms at present on the

earth? My mind has been looking at the three Angels which John saw. In my secret meditations I have, to myself, named them

THE ANGEL OF WISDOM! THE ANGEL OF WOE! AND
THE ANGEL OF WARNING!!!

Do not let us decide to put these Angels off to some future period. My conviction is that of them it may be said, "In those is continuance;" and "WE," of whom Isaiah giveth a minute description—"they wait for the Lord, and they remember Him in His ways;" they declare that they are in themselves unclean, and all their righteousnesses are as filthy rags; yet the Spirit of adoption in them claimeth a Divine relationship: "O Lord, Thou art our Father; we are the clay, and Thou our Potter; we are all the work of Thy hand." Then how strong is the Church's appeal at the mercy-seat: "Be not wroth, very sore, O Lord; neither remember iniquity for ever! Behold! see! we beseech Thee."

"WE ARE ALL THY PEOPLE!" Most conclusively of all included in this spiritual "WE," it follows "And we shall be *SAVED*."

"*Saved*," because complete in Christ."

"*Saved*," because of the secret work of the Spirit of Christ.

"*Saved*," because the Angel of Wisdom, who has the everlasting Gospel to preach, has been the means, in God's hands, of making us wise unto salvation.

"*Saved*," because the Angel of Woe has thrown down all our fleshly Babel buildings!

"*Saved*," because the Angel of Warning has shewed unto us the eternal misery of all who worship the beast and his image, and who received his mark in his forehead, or in his hand.

Of this Angel of Wisdom, John says: "And I saw another Angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth; and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

WHAT ANGEL IS THIS?

Isaac Beeman said it was George Whitefield. Certainly he was an angelic messenger from the Lord; and upon the wings of a burning love, and an impassioned eloquence almost unparalleled, he did fly hither and thither, preaching the everlasting Gospel unto them that once dwelt upon the earth. But was George Whitefield the *only* minister intended by this Angel which John saw? I think *not*. Some think there were, in the eighth and ninth centuries, men of this angelic spirit flying through the earth; others speak of Wycliffe, of John Huss, and of many more. But our learned John Gill thought this angel represented a set of Gospel preachers who will appear at the beginning of the spiritual reign of Christ, and will be the means of ushering it in. When that spiritual reign of Christ will begin, I do not pretend to know. My fear is, that it has not began yet; for there is not much of the Almighty power of the Holy Ghost manifested, so far as our Churches are concerned; but if this Angel of Wisdom represented an unbroken line of faithful ministers, who of God, have had the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell upon the earth, then respecting the true ministers of Christ, it may be said, "In *those* is continuance;" and by the grace of the ETERNAL SPIRIT attending their ministry, sinners have been, and sinners will be saved.

Have we not—in our own Churches—a *continuance* of GODLY MINISTERS? I have been looking over the Roll of truthful Ministers now in this country. I have examined their testimonies, their uprising, their usefulness, their faith, and the fruits of their faith; and, as there are so many now saying, “All our ministers are dead! we have no men left now!” I have thought an ancient Puritan’s advice might not be out of place. My old Puritan once wrote the following words:—“Be sure you do not frown, nor look awry upon any that are Christ’s servants, for how shall God look kindly on you when you look unkindly on those He has sent?” “How shall God’s face shine on you when your face does not shine on those He has sent unto you? Take heed,” saith Master Bridge, “that you frown not on any the Lord hath sent!” What would Bridge say of our time? How much of this frowning has there been during the last forty years, to my certain knowledge! How the late beloved Philpot frowned upon dear James Wells, and many more! Ah, indeed, there has been an awful frowning upon some of us with a vengeance; and yet, in those ministers sent forth by Christ, there has been a continuance, and salvation’s work has been going on. Again I say,

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

In further reviewing the continuance of the ministers of Christ’s Gospel, special notice should be taken of *that particular line* which each heaven-ordained servant of God is led, mainly, to travel in. For instance, out of a group of the present race of preachers, you may select one to begin with, which is Mr. John Hazelton—who is distinctly, emphatically, and powerfully one of the greatest “ATONEMENT PREACHERS” of our own age. For twenty-five years he has been studying most devoutly the Person and mediatorial work of the Son of God; and of all the sermons he preaches, of all the various subjects he enters into, many of his hearers can say, “In those is continuance, and we shall be saved.”*

Of those three Angels, of our ministers, and of “THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE,” I must not say more until February. May this year of One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Seven be one of more pure, profitable, and permanent devotion to the LORD, to His service—seeking only His glory, and the best interests of His Church and people on the earth. God only knoweth how far I may enter into 1877; but I rejoice in the assurance that the Lord has not left Himself without witnesses yet. While the pious Boxes, Moyles, Dickersons, and others are going into the shade, we have some ripe in the truth, strong in the faith, and successful in their work; and not a few younger men springing up to fill the places of those who may soon be called home. Until next month, I desire gratefully to subscribe myself, dear readers,

Your obedient servant,

CHAS. WATERS BANKS.

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT
AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

Now a Preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus.

[This original and truthful narrative has been written expressly for the pages of THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD; and, as we have had the pleasure of Mr. Levinsohn's acquaintance; as he has preached for us acceptably; as his position in life is honourable and useful, we shall have great pleasure in continuing it, if spared, until it is complete. We hope, also, to give some of his discourses in future numbers.—Ed. "E. V."]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—Having been asked by many friends of our Strict Baptist denomination to give an account of my experience, shewing how I was brought out of the darkness of Judaism into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I, therefore, send you the following manuscript. If you think it worthy of publication in your valuable magazine, I shall be very glad for you to do so, hoping that it may be a blessing to your readers.

THE EARLY LIFE OF ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

CHAPTER I.

His Birthplace—His Brother—His Father's Desire for him to Become a Rabbi—His Diligent Studies—Rabbi Persuades Him from Reading the Bible—He Searches its Pages Secretly—Night and Morning—He is Carefully Instructed in the Articles of the Jewish Faith—Becomes Solemnly Impressed with a Deep Concern—What He Must Do to be Saved—He is Called to be a Rabbi—Deep Concern About Eternity—His Weeping Confession to His Mother, and to His Rabbi—Bitter Fears of Death, &c.

I am a native of Russia, from the town of Kovno; I was born in the year 1855; my parents are very pious Jews, devoted much to glorify God under the Jewish traditions, &c. My father fasts every Monday and Thursday for the reason of mortifying the flesh, and to justify himself before God, who has said, "Be ye holy, as I am holy;" "Be ye perfect, as I am perfect." My father's wish has always been to bring up his children in the fear of God, and especially that his sons might be devout Jews. My brother, who is older than myself, had no desire to follow the advice of my father, or to give himself to study the Talmud, or devote himself so as to become a Rabbi; his desire was more to study the wisdom of the world in foreign languages; then science, philosophy, &c. He, therefore, entered the gymnasium, in Kovno, where he passed several examinations, and afterwards entered the University, at Gradno, where he has finished his study. My father, however, was not satisfied to see my brother devote so much to the world; he, therefore, made up his mind to endeavour to bring me up a pious and devout Jew, under the teaching of a Rabbi, who was an earnest minister.

When I was five years of age my father commenced to instruct me to read Hebrew, and then read the prayers very careful every morning, afternoon, and evening, and he also informed me if I would always do

what my Rabbi wished me, and do and obey him in all ways, and pray three times a-day, &c., God would be very pleased with me. The idea that "God would be very pleased with me" sank very deep into my heart, and I always did everything that my dear father and mother, and especially what my Rabbi—wished me to do.

When I was eight years of age I could read any part in the Hebrew Bible, and the Targum and Rashi. Soon after, however, when my Rabbi found that I made much progress in reading the Bible, Targum, and Rashi, &c., he began to instruct me in the Talmud, and induced me gradually to give up reading the Bible, as it was more important to study the Talmud, so I followed his advice very earnestly, and devoted the whole of the days in study with him at his home, as I was the only pupil he had undertaken to bring up and instruct in the Ribbinic doctrines, &c.

On my tenth birthday my father invited a few of his learned friends, and the Rabbi, who was my teacher, and three more Rabbis, to examine me, and for them to give their judgment, if they thought I had the gifts of becoming a Rabbi. However, I passed the examination with much satisfaction. My father being so pleased gave a dinner to all the poor of the synagogue, and asked them all to pray to God on my behalf, that I may become a Rabbi. My father also promised to give me fifty roubles on my thirteenth birthday if I would pass another examination with satisfaction. Being so pleased with all that had taken place I became more earnest than ever in living a holy life. Soon after, however, I began to think more and more earnestly about which was really the Word of God; and, reasoning with myself, I came to the conclusion that the Bible must be the Book given by God. I therefore asked my Rabbi if I could devote a little more time in reading the Bible? My Rabbi, however, wished me to occupy the whole of my time in the Talmudic study. I therefore willingly followed his advice. But, as I had much desire of reading the Bible, I made up my mind to read it for one hour every night before I went to bed; and two hours every morning before morning prayers.

Many months passed over, and I diligently obeyed the orders of my beloved parents and Rabbi. When my thirteenth birthday was drawing nigh, I began to be instructed in the articles of the Jewish faith. My Rabbi told me that, as soon as I would become thirteen years of age I should be considered a man; shall have to be responsible for my sins before our God Jehovah. This great thought of responsibility of my sins solemnised my mind, and led me to very earnest inquiry, "What to do to be saved?"

When I was twelve years and eleven month old, my father took me to the synagogue; informed me that all the sins I had committed till then was upon him; but all sins which I should commit from the day of my thirteenth birthday, I shall be responsible and answerable for before God. I asked my father if he would continue to bear my sins for two or three months longer, as I was afraid that I should very soon sin against the Holy One? My father, however, told me that it could not be done, so I had to be answerable for myself. When my thirteenth birthday came, my father took me to the synagogue, where he offered me to the Lord, with a prayer, according to the Jewish custom; and thanked God that he got rid of being responsible of my sins.

On the same day my father invited to his house several of the elders of the congregation, and my Rabbi, who examined me in what I had learned since my tenth birthday. Soon after I was examined the Rabbi and others expressed their judgment that they believed that the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, had called me to the ministry of the Jewish faith; and after my father and Rabbi put their hands upon me, and blessed me, saying, "The Lord bless thee, as Ephraim and Manasseh," &c. My father then gave me the promised present, fifty roubles, which I wished my father to distribute to the poor in the synagogue, and ask them to pray for me, which was done. On the next day I went to the synagogue with my phylacteries to pray, and was very careful in my prayers, which lasted nearly two hours. I felt rather weary and tired; and as I was putting my phylacteries together after prayers, unfortunately I dropped them on the floor, and I had to fast all day (not eat or drink anything for twelve hours according to Rabbinic teaching). That, however, was done with satisfaction, because I delighted to do all things to please God. Soon after I began to feel much concerned about my justification before God. I felt that none of my good works could really justify me before the Holy One. I went home with many serious thoughts about eternity. When my beloved mother noticed me in such a serious state, she asked me what had happened to me? After which I fell on her neck, kissing her and wept bitterly for some time. I then said, "Mother, I am so afraid that God will not be satisfied with my goodness! I also feel that if death should summon me, I should be unworthy of standing before God unpardoned." My beloved mother, however, persuaded me that if I would continue to study the Talmud; obey the orders of my Rabbi; and do all that father and mother wished me to do, and pray three times a-day, &c., I shall then be saved. This answer did not satisfy my poor anxious soul. Some weeks passed, and I still continued to study the Talmud, under the instruction of my teacher. The Rabbi, on one occasion, asked me what had happened to me? He said that he could see a very great difference in me since my thirteenth birthday. I told him that since I became responsible for my sins, I felt that I shall never be justified before God, and often was I troubled with the fear of death. Most bitterly I cried, and said, "Rabbi! if I should die, where should I go to?" His reply was, "You will have to be punished for your sins first;" and he informed me that every one that sucked the milk of his mother's breast must go to hell for some time; but the good shall, after punishment, enter the Paradise, and be with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. This did not satisfy me. The fears of death still more increased, and so I went on for some time, very much downcast and lonely—not knowing what to do to be saved—till one day I asked my father if he knew any way by which I could be saved? But, unfortunately, he could not give me any better answer than that my Rabbi had told me.

CHAPTER II.

TRIES Secular Employment—Returns to Rabbi—Bible Truth Dawns Upon His Mind—Is Laid Down on a Sick Bed—Physician Pronounces His Cure "Doubtful"—Pronounces Himself "Lost," but is Led to Cry Ferently unto God.

When my father noticed that I was so troubled in my study, he

recommended me to give up the study of the Bible and the Talmud for a few months, and enter the services of a police office, where I was for some months, and afterwards I received an offer to accept a situation in the office of a judge, where I remained a few months. But, however, I felt that my business was more in the synagogue and study, and so become a pious Jew, and a Rabbi. I left the office and went to my Rabbi again, and told him that I would not continue in any other work but in the work of God, which pleased my Rabbi very much, and I began again to read the Bible every morning and evening, and study it very carefully, and, with much surprise, I looked at the words of the Psalmist, who says, "There is not one that is righteous, no, not one!" This had a great influence on my heart, and I made perfectly sure that I should never go to heaven, because I cannot be righteous. I said, "Even the Bible informs me so." With tears in my eyes I went again to my mother, and asked her if she could tell me "what to do to be saved?" My mother cried bitterly, and replied, "It will be well with you if you continue in the law," &c.

Seeing that I could not get any satisfaction to my poor immortal and hungry soul, I kept on for many months in great misery and despair, till I became very ill, and was confined to my bed in much weakness and despair for many weeks. My dear parents did all that was in their power to restore me, but the more they looked for my recovery, the more I sank into despondency. One day, with tears on my cheeks, I said to my father, "Dear father, you are very kind, and you show to me your most affectionate feelings in all your endeavours to look after my recovery. Nothing in the world could make my heart more glad than to see my dear father's love exercised so much. But O! dear father, with all that I am not satisfied. I want to feel that God of our fathers, is *my* God and Father, and want to feel His Fatherly love."

Presently, the physician visited me, and many friends and relations came to see me. My beloved mother came in, crying very bitterly, and asked the physician if he thought I should recover, but the answer was "doubtful!"

Then my dear mother, with very bitter cries and lamentation, fell upon my bed and kissed me, saying, "My dear, I remember you asked me several times what to do to be saved, &c.; you also told me you were afraid to die because of your sinnership before God. How do you feel now?" I could hardly answer then, because of my weakness; but with all my energy I replied, "I am lost! I am lost!" and then lifted up my hand and heart unto the Lord, with the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "*Galleni Vehabitti Neftoesecha*"—"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold the wonders in Thy law." Afterwards, being quite exhausted, I could not speak for several days and nights; and still more darkness and fears of death surrounded me. Once more I thought of the words of David, "Open mine eyes," &c. Then my Rabbi and others came to see me, as it was thought it would be the last time. They all engaged in prayer. I could then speak a little. I said to them, "Pray that the Lord may open my eyes, that I may know the God of our fathers as my God, and it shall suffice me." The Lord heard my prayer. I got a little better; I began to recover, but very slowly. The physician visited me once more, and recommended my father to send me to the

hospital. My dear father asked my mother if she thought it advisable to send me to the hospital; but my beloved mother replied, "My house is not for myself; my property is not for myself; my life is not for myself—all is for my dear Isaac; my dear Isaac shall remain at home, and the physician shall visit him every day." Thanks be to God that giveth the victory! The Lord, in His mercy, restored me, and gave me strength and health, that in the course of a few weeks I perfectly recovered.

CHAPTER III.

CALLED to Leave Home, and Native Land, &c.—Parents and Friends Entreat Him not to Go—Nothing Could Hold Him—The Solemn and Painful Tearing Himself from Home, Parents, and Friends—Fearful Work in Crossing the Russian Frontier—Travels Through Part of Germany—The Letters Between Himself and Parents—Journeys and Losses on the Way—Left in Destitution, &c.

As soon as I recovered, I said to my father that I should very much like to leave my native land, and search if I can find that which my soul longeth for. My father, however, would not let me go abroad; but all his refusals were of no use. One night, as I was reading my Gemara—I was very tired—I fell asleep; suddenly I awoke, and felt the words of Genesis xii. 1—"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." These words sank in my heart, and I could not possibly forget them. I then said to my father, if he would not let me go abroad, I would go without permission—"If I die, I die! but I must go!" My dear father seeing nothing could prevent me to leave my native country, then consented, and prayed that the God of Israel may be with me wherever I intended to go.

In July, 1871, my father invited many friends and relations at his house, to see me once more before I would leave my native land. All friends and relations being assembled (almost every one of them with tears in their eyes), persuaded me to remain at home. But being full with the desire of going away, I felt very grieved at the request of all present. I replied, "If I cannot go, I cannot—must not live!" Then all began to comfort me, and wishing me much success in my journey. I was then sixteen years of age.

The next morning came, and I was about to take my journey. Many friends and relations, and all that were interested in my beloved parents, came to see me, and wish me farewell! In the afternoon we started to the station, which was about five miles from home; and about one hundred people followed me. When I wished Good-bye to my beloved mother my eyes gave very little sight, through bitter crying; and all my friends wept bitterly. When I wished Farewell to my beloved father, I kissed him. My most beloved father then put his hands upon my head, and said, "May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, our fathers, keep and preserve thee near to His Holy Word, the Bible, and to the holy writings of our holy Rabbis (Gemara)." And I replied, "Amen and Amen." When I entered the carriage, and the train started, then the most affecting sight was witnessed, when my beloved parents, and all friends, and my mother, with a babe in her arms, lifted up their hands; my mother fainted. Never shall I forget that time! Myself fell on the floor, fainting, and several people called

me to life again. Whilst sitting in the carriage, I lifted up my voice and prayed unto the Lord to take me in his arms, and be my Father, Mother, Brother, and Friend, yea, my All and all.

Little did I think then that I should be able to say, with a heart of satisfaction,—

“Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Way, my Life, my All in all.”

But the Lord led me in a way which he had marked out for me to go in.

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

The train brought me to a small town, Verbelow, where the boundary of Russia is. I then had a trial to get over the boundary, for no one is permitted to cross the boundary unless by special permission from the Government; unfortunately I had no permission; I had, therefore, to do the best I could possibly do. The evening came, I was very tired; entered a little house of a Jew, and asked if they could let me stay for the night, but, unfortunately, they had no room. I was asked if I would go upon the roof of the house and sleep there all night, which I was glad to do. In the morning, about six o'clock, I got up, and started on my way; watched carefully how I could cross over the boundary, being much afraid. I cried very bitterly, knowing that soldiers who are on duty at the boundary have a right to shoot or use any weapons, if necessary, for any one who crosses the boundary without permission. Standing alone for some time, I watched the movements of the soldiers; to my happiness, they walked about; I being very quiet, and in a cornfield, they could not see me. At once, seeing they were gone a few yards, I took off my boots, so that I might run off quietly. I ran in great fear, and, by God's help, crossed the boundary. As soon as I was over, to my joy, there was a large cornfield. I went into the field, and then the soldiers, seeing me, made haste, but did not cross the boundary, which is against the law. One of the soldiers fired his gun, but, thanks to God, without hurt to me. I then ran through the cornfield, and came to a small village of Germany, where I took a train to Königsberg. I arrived at Königsberg, and stayed there a few weeks, to see a little of Germany. But my soul found no satisfaction there.

Went from Königsberg to Berlin, where I stayed a few weeks. I then wrote to my beloved parents, and my dear father replied, wishing me God's blessing, but hoping that I would never go further than Berlin. My reply was, I would gladly submit to my father's wishes, but should the Lord call me further I would obey His voice. I stayed in Berlin a few weeks; having had a knowledge of the German language, I got a situation as a junior clerk, in an office at Berlin; but my soul had no satisfaction, especially as the Jews in Germany are not very pious, nor so particular in their rites and worship as the Jews in Russia and Poland. I then wrote to my beloved father, and informed him that I could not stay any longer in Germany, seeing I could not observe the order of the Jewish faith so well as in my native land. The reply my father sent was as follows:—

“MY BELOVED ISAAC,—I received your letter, and am very sorry to hear that you are about to go away from Germany, and be very far

away from us. My darling child, I cannot tell you how we feel for you. Every day your mother sheds tears, and laments because our beloved Isaac is not with us. Dear child, we would be very thankful and unspeakably happy if you would return home. Your mother says, since her dear child has gone, her joy and comfort of her heart has departed from her. Believe me this is my feeling too. Should I not be able to persuade you to come home, do remain in Germany. I would, therefore, ask you, for God's Name sake, keep the commandments very strictly; the oral and written laws. May they be the object of your life, and your near companions. I have your perfect phylacteries. And may the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, be with you. Amen. Adieu, adieu, adieu."

The following is the translation of a reply to the above:—

To my most affectionate parents.

MY BELOVED FATHER,—I read your letter with much pleasure; but I must tell you at once that I feel it is not the will of the God of our fathers that I should stop in Germany nor return to Russia. Since I left home I never had a happy hour. Every night, when I lay my head on my pillow, I bitterly lament over all the sweet comforts I left behind me. But I must confess that I feel I must go a long journey, till the God of our fathers will satisfy my poor soul. Let me also tell you that I expect troubles and trials till I may find satisfaction; but I am satisfied; I will obey the voice of Him who has saved our fathers out of all their troubles. My dear and beloved parents, I am about to take my journey; don't write to me till I get to Hamburg, and then I will write to you again. Peace be with you, once more to my beloved mother. I always dream that I see you, my dear mother, walking about the streets of Kovno, and inquiring, "Where is my darling child, Isaac?" Dear mother, I shall never forget you! Yea, I cannot help thinking of you every moment, and shall do till I close my eyes in death. Farewell. I remain, dear parents, your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

After the above correspondence I left Berlin for Hamburg, having had a very great desire to see much about Germany, I took my journey on foot. After walking three or four hours, I met two young men—one a native of Poland, and the other of Prussia, with whom I made a little acquaintance. I found that they were travelling to England; but they would go about Germany, Austria and Saxony, Hanover and Brunswick, before they would sail for England. Having found that they were travelling to England, I asked them if they would not object to my company, as I was going to England. To my joy they agreed, and we then proceeded on our journey. I am sorry I cannot remember all the towns and villages we went through, else I could give a full account of them. All three of us travelled on for some time. Unfortunately for us we had no passports, and were not permitted to lodge anywhere, as it was not long after the French and German war; the inhabitants were very cautious. We, therefore, were compelled to sleep in corn-fields and woods; sometimes in cemeteries. Often we laid down weary and tired, and got up and found ourselves in much rain. However, we went on and on, and put up with all that.

One day I was very weary, and we came to a wood, and went to sleep under a large tree. As I was fast asleep these two young men had

stolen all my money out of my pockets, and taken away my bundle of clothes which I put under my head as a pillow; and they left me in the wood (or forest) without money and without clothes! Such was my position when I awoke from my sleep. To my great surprise I found myself robbed; I wept bitterly; I did not know which way to turn. I lifted up my face heavenward, and cried unto the Lord to lead me—"Lead me in Thy truth," &c., was my cry. I made up my mind to go as straight as I could; so I did for about six hours. Night came, and darkness filled the earth; and I was now alone, weary, and hungry. No bread to eat! No water to drink! No money to buy with! No bed to sleep on! I went on in darkness, weeping and praying. Afterwards I beheld a light shining afar off, which appeared to me very little. I went straight on for about two hours, till I came to that place where the light was, and it was a farmhouse. I knocked at the door, and an old lady opened it, and asked me who I was. My reply was, I am a poor Jew boy going to England; I am hungry and weary; I think I am dying. The dear old lady welcomed me; gave me something to eat for supper, and then a nice bed to sleep on, where I rested; and the following day had to proceed on my journey.

In the morning I started on my way to the nearest village, which was about eighteen miles. Many woods which were on the road I had to go through. I had a piece of bread, and I ate it, and had nothing more to eat till I got to the village. I walked for about three hours, and then came to a large forest, where I met an old man with a small parcel. I asked him if he had a piece of bread he could give me. "With pleasure," he replied; but as soon as he gave it to me I refused to accept it, as the bread was buttered, and, as a Jew, I would not eat butter made by Christians, so I had to go on very hungry; and, unfortunately, happened to lose my way, and went in the wrong road, in which I walked for about four more hours, till I came to a forest, where I laid down to rest, and went to sleep. When I awoke, I found that the darkness of the night had come, and I was alone in the woods.

(To be continued.)

RESIGNATION.

"Not my will, but Thine be done."

<p>"THY will be done," what e'er betide, 'tis best. In Thy safe keeping I can calmly rest; Nothing shall harm the lambs of Jesu's fold, Guarded by love, unmeasured as untold. If dark my path I cannot, cannot fear, Whilst by such tender arms Thou draw'st me near; [side, 'Tis there I learn to know, close by Thy What 'tis to trust in Thee, e'en tho' Thou chide. Past, present, future, all is in Thy hand, Every event doth come at Thy command;</p>	<p>"All things shall work for good;" those I can't trace I fain would leave, and lean upon Thy grace. Father, I would not take one step alone, Lead thro' this wilderness Thy little one; May all my joys and all my sorrows be As blessings, bearing me nearer to Thee. Thou Kindest of the kind, to Thee I flee, Mid earthly changes, let me cling to Thee; Oh, let me nestle 'neath Thy fond embrace, Resting till I shall see Thee face to face</p>
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Liverpool.

M. J. S.

THE UPPER AND NETHER SPRINGS OF CHRISTIAN COMMUNION, MEDITATION, AND EXPERIENCE.

[A few notes gathered up from a sermon preached in Zion chapel, Sheerness, by MR. MITCHENALL, of Lower Norwood; in the delivery of which the blessing of the Lord was realized.]

“They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.”—PSA. cvii. 26.

THE first word in our text means the dear people of God. “They mount up to the heaven,” and they are the only people that do, in a gracious or spiritual sense. Dr. Watts says,

“Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like brutes they perish when Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.”

The Word of God supports the solemn truth of the verse, and declares the fact: “The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God; corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity; there is none that doeth good” (Psa. liii. 1). The text refers to God’s people only; they mount up to the heaven. Other people are earth-bound, sin-bound, lust-bound; or, as the blessed Word of God says, “They are carried captive by the devil at his will;” yea, more, they have neither disposition to leave the world, or to rise above it. Not so with you and me, dear child of God; do we not sometimes say in sweet feeling,

“Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above; how great their joys,
How bright their glories be?
Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.”

The people of God are not like others; they rise and mount up to the heavens when blessed with the wings of faith and love, by the power of the Holy Spirit; and if we have only for a few minutes said in truth, with John Newton,

“Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me,”

we are a blessed people, and shall be blessed when He comes to make up the number of His elect. We shall try to notice, first, communion with our God in Trinity—namely, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; not emanations of God, but Persons, blessedly co-equal and co-eternal, one in will, purpose, promise, and power. The only time recorded in the Scriptures when the blessed Trinity was both audible and visible on earth was at the baptism of our dear Lord. I will give the account of it; may the Spirit of truth lead the mind of those who set aside water baptism to ponder the path of their feet in this matter. There, we have the sanction of the Trinity, without doubt or gainsaying: “And it came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan; and straightway coming up out of the water, He saw the heavens opened,

and the Spirit, like a dove, descending upon Him. And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased" (Mark i. 9—11). God's saints mount up to heaven in communion with Jesus; and say, "It is good to be here." We feel the power of prayer sweetens our cares, strengthens our faith, and forces us from the power of those evils which we are the subjects of. Moreover, there is at times communion among the saints. Of old it was said, "See how these Christians love one another!" and so they do now. You may, even in these times of confusion, if you have spiritual discernment, "take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus." "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." They mount to heaven, and by precious faith see His reigning power over all things. "Our God is in the heavens," and has power over all flesh, whether they be friends or foes of His Church and people.

In our troubles, or our distresses of mind from losses, temptations, persecutions, and afflictions, all tend by God to lead us upward, and to set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Reconciliation is a heavenly place in Christ; God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. God Himself ever was reconciled to His people. While we were yet sinners Christ died for the ungodly; and a clear sight of this made the great Apostle say, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God, for He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

Secondly, God's people go down again to the depths in meditation, and in solemn admiration of God's eternal election of His people. What deep mysteries! "God's election is a trnsth," says Joseph Hart. "Was not Esau Jacob's brother? saith the Lord, yet I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau, and laid his mountains and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness" (Mal. i.). Again, "The children not being yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth; it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated" (Romans ix.). Now Jacob is a representative of God's election, and Esau is a representative of God's eternal reprobation.

What a deep mystery, also, is the incarnation and nativity of our dear Lord! Mysterious conception, holy generation, and utter humiliation! "She brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." Hence Paul says, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet He, for our sakes, became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich."

We may notice, further, God's people mount up to the heaven, and go down to the depths, in a way of knowledge of themselves, in their utter fallen condition, by union to the first Adam. How vile and base, how weak and worthless; the Holy Spirit shows the dear people of God they are all this by nature; even as David, in his confession, declares, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother con-

ceive me." So the Church of old declared, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider. Ah! sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward. Why should ye be stricken any more? Ye will revolt more and more, the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment" (Isa. i.). This is the condition, and if you are taught by the blessed Spirit you find it true, in yourself, to your own sorrow, grief, and shame; and you have to make your confessions before His dear Majesty from time to time. Again, this will be the constant employment of the saints below. Look at the great Apostle, he had abundance of revelations, even taken to the third heavens, or paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter, or which he was not able to utter; and yet on the very heels of this, a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him. So it will be with you and me, we shall mount up to the heaven; then, like Peter of old, want to abide in the mount; but "they go down again to the depths, and their soul is melted because of trouble." All God's dear people have their besetting sin; this compasses them about like bees, fills their poor minds often with distress and trouble. They have their enemies who thrust at them, as it was with David, who cried, "I shall fall one day by the hand of Saul." They have their fears, too; often fearing they will not endure to the end. They have their dark and lonely paths; like the sparrow, alone on the housetop—

"They seem forsaken and alone,
They hear the lion's roar;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is Mercy's door."

What a sweet fact! Mercy's door is open, and never will be shut against a poor, coming, sensible sinner. John Bunyan says that God has got bags of mercy not broken into yet for poor, coming sinners to Jesus Christ. This makes the fountains to flow with tears of hope, mingled with joy and sorrow, in a poor, guilty, coming sinner; and such know what Hart means:—

"Mercy is welcome news indeed
To those who guilty stand,
Wretches that feel what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand."

The Lord add His blessing for His Name's sake.

We have two of the greatest pawns of our going to heaven that ever were: first, we have the Lord Christ there with our nature, to show that man's nature shall come thither; and the Holy Ghost also in our hearts to shew we shall come thither also, for the Spirit will fetch us up, nor rest until He hath brought us thither.—*Goodwin's Marrow.*

THAT BLESSED WITNESS FOR VITAL GODLINESS,
JOSEPH HART.

HIS LIFE, HIS HYMNS, AND THE MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED
TO HIS MEMORY.

AS a frontispiece to this new volume of THE EARTHEN VESSEL we have given a correct representation of the monument which has recently been erected in Bunhill-fields, to perpetuate the memory of the late deeply-exercised, but mercifully-delivered, Joseph Hart, who was for a few years only a faithful minister of the Gospel in Jewin-street, whose hymns have proved a source of spiritual consolation to thousands for over one hundred years; and many of them are still sung in the assemblies of true Christian worshippers in all parts of this and other lands, where the Gospel of the grace of God is preached, and experimentally realised.

The inscription on the front of the monument will be found in the view referred to. The lines on the left and on the right hand sides, we here transcribe.

Inscription on the Left Side.

JOSEPH HART
WAS, BY THE FREE
AND SOVEREIGN GRACE
AND SPIRIT OF GOD,
RAISED UP FROM THE
DEPTHS OF SIN,
AND DELIVERED FROM THE
BONDS OF MERE PROFESSION,
AND SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS,
AND LED TO REST ENTIRELY FOR
SALVATION IN THE FINISHED ATONEMENT
AND PERFECT OBEDIENCE OF CHRIST.

"MERCY IS WELCOME NEWS, INDEED,
TO THOSE WHO GUILTY STAND;
WRETCHES WHO FEEL WHAT HELP THEY NEED,
WILL BLESS THE HELPING HAND."
Hymn 51.

Inscription on the Right Side.

"THOUGH I AM A
STRANGER TO OTHERS,
AND A WONDER TO
MYSELF, YET I KNOW HIM (CHRIST),
OR, RATHER, AM KNOWN OF HIM."

"WHERE SIN ABOUNDED
GRACE DID MUCH MORE ABOUND."

"O! BRING NO PRICE!
GOD'S GRACE IS FREE
TO PAUL, AND MAGDALENE,
AND ME."

Hart's Experience.

"NONE BUT JESUS
CAN DO HELPLESS SINNERS GOOD."
Hymn 100.

We humbly trust this memorial of Mr. Joseph Hart will awaken in the consciences of many, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, deep convictions of the absolute necessity of a genuine repentance toward God, and of a heaven-wrought faith in the adorable Person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for we believe that solemn sentence found in Mr. Hart's experience to contain more awful truth than thousands of professing people are now prepared to acknowledge. He says, "Pharisaic zeal, and Antinomian security, are the two engines of Satan, with which he grinds the Church in all ages, as betwixt the upper and the nether millstone. The space between them is much narrower and harder to find than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and "NONE CAN SHEW IT US BUT THE HOLY GHOST."

May the Eternal Spirit lead and enable us to try, to examine, to prove our state as in the sight of a heart-searching God; and to be assured by the witness of the Divine Paraclete that we have passed from death into eternal life. The fearfully varied experience Mr. Hart passed through was to enable him to produce those unparalleled poems of experimental godliness—a review of which, and of his character and life, will (D.V.) appear in these pages very soon.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"NOMINALLY we were Baptist Ministers." Astounding confession! Baptist ministers! Indirectly, Mr. Dennett, in his book, *The Step I Have Taken*, ignores your office, your character, and your work, entirely. As we showed last month, Mr. Ed. Dennett was a very sedate, and, by many, a well-accepted Baptist preacher. But at that very time, he now says, in spirit and in practice, he was outside of the Baptist denomination altogether. Mr. Dennett—in a letter to his friend, who was also then a "Baptist minister"—says, "We found ourselves entirely out of harmony with our fellow-ministers; we were afraid to ask them to preach in our pulpits; we could not support their societies, we stood aloof from their political proceedings, we had no sympathy with their plans for denominational extension, and there were some things in my teaching, or preaching at least, which were not according to the mind of God!" We remember being told by one of Mr. Dennett's friends, that his pastor was ill, and was gone on the Continent, where he continued for several months; and who can wonder at his breaking down under such conflicting circumstances? "Nominally we were Baptist ministers," not so in heart and soul, not so in faith and principle, but only "nominally." Preaching and practising as a Baptist minister, writing and publishing books condemning the Plymouth Brethren, at the same time, or soon after going over to them. Of late years many men of this kind have left the Baptist Churches, and have gone, some to New Connexion Methodists, some to the Church of England, some to the Roman Catholics, and some, like the late George Dawson, into the extremes of error. In the earliest ages it was the same; John said, "They went out from us because they were not of us; if they had been of us they would, no doubt, have continued with us. But they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us." These strange movements in the conduct of the professed leaders of the people are painfully perplexing to young seekers whose faces are Zionward. Baptist ministers! are we any of us only "nominally" so? We fear it is the case with many. But we purpose to look more carefully into Mr. Dennett's published experience.

The Baptist Almanack for 1877. R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. On every hand we are told this is the very best edition of this annual that has ever yet been published. Such a quantity of information so correctly given, and so

beautifully arranged, at the small price of twopence, printed, illustrated, and completed in the best style, is creditable to all who have taken part therein. It not only deserves, but must command, very extensive patronage.

John Bell and his book on "The United States as the Messianic World-kingdom" is waiting for a quiet season, wherein to try and weigh its deep assertions on prophecy. Meanwhile, this pamphlet of seventy-two pages can be had of S. W. Partridge & Co., for one shilling.

The Fireside is a splendid annual volume. It is printed and bound fit for the Queen's library, or to lay on the drawing-room table of any class in the kingdom. As a Scriptural expositor, as an historian, as a biographical and critical reviewer, as the chief amongst a host of literary writers on all excellent subjects, we consider the Rev. Charles Bullock to be head and shoulders above his fellows. He has many imitators, but for richness in variety, for sterling themes, for profitable and pleasureable reading, we believe he has no equal. *Fireside*, in monthly parts and in elegant yearly volumes, can be had at *Hand and Heart* offices, 75, Shoe-lane. Fleet-street.

"Hugh Stowell." A biography in five chapters, of that once loyal Protestant orator, and faithful Gospel preacher, Hugh Stowell, is given in the yearly volume of *Day of Days* for 1876, written expressly for this choice Sunday book, by its editor, the Rev. Charles Bullock. If ye love that Christianity which gushes out of a new heart, where life eternal is a never-failing spring, and which flows through the household, in the study, in the pulpit, and continues steadily on to the shores of Jordan, where the ransomed soul departeth to its native home; if this is the religion ye love, then in Hugh Stowell's life ye may both see its shadows and hear its sound. And ye will not wonder that Hugh, in his early days, would stray from church into chapel, to hear the Manx preacher declare that the Gospel feast was like "mountains of porridge and rivers of new milk." We bless the Lord that ever such a man did live as Hugh Stowell. England wants a thousand just such men now; and if it were our Father's will He could raise them. *Day of Days'* office is also at 75, Shoe-lane.

"The Bulls at Newport Pagnell." We heard of those three successors in the Independent chapel, when last at Newport Pagnell, father, son, and grandson

following each other successively as pastors over one Church, and have read, with much interest, in Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel*, a notice of the once ancient, quaint, honest and prosperous preacher, William Bull, of whose works and ways we wish to give a leaf or two in *Cheering Words*. Mr. Spurgeon's caricature of "Street Preaching" is harshly censured by the ladies; but when he puts himself in John Ploughman's place he deals heavy blows at the hollow pretensions of many who cannot be either themselves or original and honest in their work. In all our journeys, both in public and private, we are met with one question, "What do you think of Mr. Spurgeon?" It is of small significance what we, or any other such tiny individual, may think. Nevertheless, as many press the question, we have a reply which may some day appear. The practical, the benevolent, and the outer circle of Christianity, is fairly represented in *Sword and Trowel*. Published by Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings.

Almanacks in sheets. Do you wish for one to put in your study? Get "The *Gleaner and Sower Almanack*," at Houlstone's. For every day in the year you will find a portion from the Treasury, blessed and suited to your soul. Would you like a very largesheet for the kitchen? Get "The *Fireside Almanack*," at 75, Shoe-lane. Have you a workshop or factory? Put up therein "John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack."

Living Faith. Sermon by Mr. Thomas Lawson, of Providence chapel, Church-street, Brighton. Where is the blessed John Vinal and all his flock? Where is dear Huntington's Welsh Ambassador, and those he preached to? All gone! Is truth gone with them? Nay. "Jesus Christ is still alive. And this sermon in a living faith will satisfy those who are called to walk by faith, that good Thos. Lawson has some sound knowledge of this great spiritual mystery. Published by Robinson, Duke-street, Brighton.

The Rock. We examine nearly all the so-called "Christian" journals; nearly all of them contain the essence of Arminianism, anti-Scriptural, and even Rationalistic teachings. But, as boldly as ever, and with increasing powers of argument, *The Rock* fearlessly exposes the delusions of the present age. It said, November 24th, "Under the specious plea of awakening sinners" English enterprising professors do "so confuse the public mind," as to render it almost impossible to distinguish between "the lines which separate false teaching from true," much less can men discern "the

grievous wolves from the faithful shepherds." We feel thankful to find there is at least one cheap weekly paper which pursues the necessary work of "taking forth the precious from the vile." Let us all, in a clear and holy manner, echo, again and again, the Redeemer's warning, "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves; ye shall know them by their fruits."

LATEST ARRIVALS.—*The Fountain.* A new weekly penny paper, chiefly edited, we suppose, by Dr. Parker. Its literary character is high, and if its temperance friends well support it, it may become established.—"The Tree of Life." A poem, by G. Burrell, we hope to insert directly; also a letter from a pastor to a weakling in his flock.—*Conference on Conditional Immortality.* It is painful to find Dr. Leask in this company. We shall (D.V.) read and notice it.—*The First Adam and the Last Adam.* By Wm. Morris (printed in extra elegant style by R. Banks. Published by W. H. Guest). As much controversy has arisen out of Dr. Morris's preaching, we approach the perusal of this learned exposition of the two Adams with prayerful anxiety.—*The Act of Baptism: A Critical and Historical Inquiry Concerning the Proper Administration of the Rite.* By Dr. Hugh Jones. London: E. Stock. Prejudice and ignorance alone can hinder the success of this faithful testimony.—*Old Jonathan.* The volume for 1876. Messrs. Collingridge have this year produced the prettiest, the purest, and, for honest Christian families, the pleasantest annual we have seen. Dr. Doudney has taken good care that no Romish seeds nor Ritualistic flowers shall be found here. You may safely give *Old Jonathan's Annual* to your families as a reward or gift book.—*The Congregational Almanack for 1877* (printed and published by R. Banks) is a novelty well pleasing to all the leading members of that large and intelligent section of the Christian community. Dr. Aveling appears as the frontispiece. The Defoe Memorial Manse, with description, is an illustration. The calendars tell you when the Puritans died. Lists of all the ministers, and their addresses. Week evening lecture directory. All their societies, Sunday school superintendents, and every item of information. Neatly printed and bound for 2d., or interleaved for 4d. Not one word about Baptism, of course. Well, it is the cheapest and most convenient Congregational yearly companion ever yet issued.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SPECIAL NOTES ON THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF MR. C. W. BANKS' MINISTRY IN LONDON.

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

"Time never bears such moments on the wing,
As when he flies too swiftly to be marked."

PERHAPS there is no subject more interesting at this present time, or, at least, more worthy of a passing glance than the syllabus appended to a circular lately addressed by Mr. C. W. Banks "to all who love the Lord," with a view to ascertain "the history of our Churches during the last thirty years," and indeed the history of that body, of which Jesus Christ is the reigning Head, is pregnant with materials of the most potent and important kind, the truth of which we all feel more or less as we are enabled to identify ourselves with Him by the light of inspiration, and which affords us peace here and an assurance of an inexpressible felicity in the world to come. In this light we see light, and are believers with the old poet that,—

"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixed;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay,
But best is best if never intermixed."

In looking back a score and a-half years, what changes have taken place in our Churches; death has swept away from our midst numbers whose memory we revere for the blessings received through them; and if we cast an eye back to days anterior to our own, when the gigantic Gill, Brine, Ryland, and others flourished in our Churches, must we not lament on the one hand that many who have come after them have in a great measure sought to pull down what they built up, and which has caused many an honest preacher to wail with the prophet (Isa. lix. 14), "That truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter?" But, on the other hand, such men as we have mentioned, and a host of others employed their facile pens in a work for posterity which will not want admirers while the Strict Baptists exist, and, moreover, that blessed Book, from the sacred pages of which they learnt, by Divine light, the road to holiness and God, is heaven's legacy to the Church which can truly realize its worth when the Holy Spirit illuminates the understanding,—

"O Book of books, removing doubt,
When God, its Author, speaks to me;
Thy words do search, and find me out,
And I, my God, find out in Thee."

It is here we read GOD IN HISTORY, and as a late German writer said, "When history speaks it is the duty of philosophy to be silent." We bless God and take courage that there are men valiant for the truth still in our midst—men of mind and mark, who do equal honour to the sacred office they bear as those that have passed from the

threshold of time since the period mentioned by the worthy Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL. But some will be ready to say, where are such men now to be found as Joseph Sedgwick, Daniel Curtis, J. A. Jones, John Stevens, John Keeble, W. Gadsby, J. Nunn, J. Kersbaw, J. C. Philpot, J. Wigmore, G. Murrell, G. Wyard, J. Wells, J. Foreman, S. Milner, E. Mote, W. Palmer, and others? of whom we can say, in the words of Beza—*mortuus adhuc per hanc loquitur*—"being dead yet speaketh." God, as have been said, "buries His workmen but carries on His work;" and though we may never expect to find another Stevens or Wells, yet God continues to gather in His sheep, and this is the grand end of the Gospel ministry. If we turn to the Baptist statistics, we find that this society has grown amazingly during the last seventy years. In the commencement of the present century there was in England one Baptist Church to every twenty thousand people. Hence, says Dr. Angus, "If in any country or town there is a less proportion than one Church to every 11,000 inhabitants, the Baptist community is below the average; if the proportion is higher, it is above. It appears, therefore, that our rate of interest has a manifest tendency to overtake the wants of the population, and that it is relatively greater than that of the nation. A surer proof of progress could not be conceived."

The thirty-third anniversary of Mr. C. W. Banks' ministry in London was celebrated in Speldhurst-road chapel, of which he is the pastor, on November 19th, 20th and 21st. Mr. Banks preached two excellent sermons on Sunday, 19th, and Mr. John H. Lynn preached in the afternoon of the same day.

On Monday, the 20th, the meeting commenced at eleven, and, though the attendance was small, the staff of ministerial brethren was strong. During the two days' conference the number of brethren who came to welcome Mr. C. W. Banks, and to wish him God-speed in his untiring labours, were many. Noticeable among them were J. Bonny, R. C. Bardens, W. Batson, R. Burbridge, E. Beazley, W. Beddow, M. Branch, C. Cornwell, F. Fountain, D. Gander, Henry Hall, G. Holland, A. Hall, E. Langford, R. A. Lawrence, J. H. Lynn, T. J. Messer, J. Parnell, J. Rayment, W. Sack, T. Stringer, — Smallwood, J. W. Stanford, W. Symonds, C. Z. Turner, J. Vaughan, W. Ward, J. Wheeler, W. Winters, W. White. C. W. Banks presided, and read a portion of God's Word. Several

of the brethren prayed, and appropriate hymns were sung. Brother Stanford, author of "Scenes beyond the Grave," spoke freely, and not without effect, on "Things that Differ."

At the close of this service the friends were kindly invited to partake of a good substantial dinner *gratis*, provided by some of the generous-hearted members of the Church.

In the afternoon a short service was held prior to Mr. Anderson's sermon. Mr. W. Winters occupied the chair, and read a portion from the last of Deuteronomy; and having dilated briefly on the last days of Moses, brethren Holland and Rayment prayed. At half-past three, as was expected, Mr. John S. Anderson, the Bishop of Deptford, preached a most sound and savoury sermon, based upon Zeph. iii. 12. The text was as *propos.* as was also the sermon, for many of the friends at Speldhurst-road chapel are "poor and afflicted," and as Mr. Anderson found them so he left them—viz., "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the Name of the Lord." The preacher spoke of the people of God, and the promise of God to the heart's joy of many. Tea and cake was then served up and much appreciated.

The evening service was particularly interesting. James Mote, Esq., presided. Mr. Fountain opened the meeting by prayer, and after a hymn the chairman spoke in high terms of the labours of the pastor. At the conclusion of his address he presented in the name of C. W. Banks two handsomely-bound volumes. The receiver of the first was Mr. J. J. Fowler. The title of the volume runs thus, "Life in England and Australia, &c. By John Bunyan McCure." The work is well got up by Mr. Robert Banks, and consists of 524 pp., with beautiful portrait of the author. On the fly-sheet of the book is written, "A trifle to express grateful love to J. J. Fowler, from C. W. Banks, November 20, 1876." Mr. Fowler received the tribute of affection with signs of deep emotion, and having expressed his thankfulness in a brief but highly-praiseworthy speech retired, and the worthy chairman presented in the same kind manner a volume to Mr. D. Stanton, entitled, "The Twenty-four Lectures on the Book of the Revelation. By J. Wells." This work is also printed and published by Mr. R. Banks. The autograph letter of Mr. C. W. Banks, the donor, appears in the book as follows:—"This small expression of Christian gratitude is presented to brother D. Stanton, deacon of Speldhurst-road Baptist Church. By C. W. Banks, November 20, 1876." Mr. Stanton accepted the gift with expressions of gratitude, and of which the whole congregation showed signs of approval. Mr. C. W. Banks rose to say that he felt ashamed at the small value of the presents, but they were given in love, and in that light they must look at them rather than at their intrinsic worth. Mr. C. Cornwell next spoke on Acts ii. 11, and, during his warm and truthful discourse,

he gave an epitome of Church news from the "Baptist Handbook" of 1870, which proved suitable to the occasion; we give his own words—viz., "In 1870 we had Churches in London and suburbs with pastors 196; without pastors, 12. In 1876, with pastors 204; without 38; total increase 32 (leaving out a few which cannot be reckoned with our denomination). Only 26 of these Churches have the same ministers they had five years ago; two Churches have, during that time, had six settled ministers each, and are without now; two others have had five each; three have had four ministers; nineteen have had three, and twenty-three have had two." The speaker noticed in brief the perfect number of "splits" that had taken place in London during the last five years; and having spoken at length on many of the things which some ministerial brethren seem to come short. Mr. Fountain followed with a speech, the like of which no workman need to be ashamed. The speaker is evidently a keen observer, and is blest with sound knowledge and good ability to set it forth. He has been six years in the work of the ministry, and has seen and heard much. His view of the present state of the Churches is in harmony with most thoughtful minds, "what we want is more unity." Brother W. White, who has just been married to the Church at King's-cross, spoke next. His plain, homely and fervent testimony was duly appreciated. He is an honest, truthful man of God, a firm adherent to the Strict Baptist cause, with which he has been connected for upwards of twenty years. On the conclusion of Mr. White's speech James Mote, Esq., the chairman, spoke of the pressing need of immediate help to pay off the incidental expenses of the chapel in Speldhurst-road. In the course of his earnest remarks he spoke highly of Mr. C. W. Banks, hoping the friends would do their best for one who has loved and laboured for three-and-thirty years as no other man has. After a hymn, Mr. Mote retired, and Mr. J. Vaughan, an able and loving baptized minister, whose sphere of labour lies among the unbaptized, filled the vacant chair the remaining part of the service. This beloved servant of God was baptized by Mr. C. W. Banks, and has been very useful in the Strict Baptist Churches at Devonport and elsewhere. He spoke some excellent things on Divine anointing and Christian fellowship. But perhaps we shall not be found to agree with our brother altogether in maintaining those denominational differences which favour the primitive order of the Church, and Christ's undying command. Mr. C. W. Banks gave out hymn 870, and then the worthy chairman called upon Mr. J. Parnell, of Plumstead, to address the friends. Mr. Parnell then spoke on spiritual success and its antithesis in our Churches. He contended warmly, as every Spirit-taught servant must do who feel the nature of his position, that Jehovah's love is the source from whence all goodness flows, and that all spiritual success is from God who alone gives that increase that shall

redound to His own glory. Mr. A. Hall followed next with some reasonable remarks on practical love, which will, no doubt, ripen into maturity as years roll on and experience and humility increases. Hymn 93 having been heartily sung, Mr. C. W. Banks concluded the meeting with prayer.

The second day's conference commenced, as the previous day, with prayer. Mr. J. Bonny presided, and brethren Holland, Turner, Branch, and Burbridge engaged in prayer. Mr. Bonny read several portions of God's Word, and spoke with energy and faithfulness on some important portions of truth. Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, was then asked to say a few words, and he cheerfully complied. Our brother beloved may always be found on the side of truth, and on this occasion he was equally firm and decisive as those that preceded him in exalting Christ and contending for the Holy Spirit's work as the all-important means in regeneration. Mr. Batson closed the service with prayer.

If the afternoon Mr. C. W. Banks again presided, and after a hymn W. Winters read Acts v. 12 to end, and made a few comments on the nature of true repentance unto life in contradistinction to natural and national repentance. Mr. T. J. Messer prayed, and the chairman expressed some thoughts on the Saviour's Name. Mr. C. Z. Turner, of Ripley, spoke of salvation by grace in language which, though homely, came direct from the heart. Mr. T. Stringer gave out hymn 146, 1st book, and afterwards spoke with power on the success of Peter's preaching, which awoke expectation, and revived anticipation; but this speech was only considered as the preface of a more elaborate discourse to be set forth in the evening. Mr. E. Langford was next called upon to address the friends. He dilated very freely on the Lord's work in his soul, the leadings of Providence in coming to London six years ago, and in settling him down over a peaceful and happy people. May God ever prosper our brother in that which his soul delights. Mr. C. W. Banks then read a letter from Mr. R. G. Edwards, who was hindered from being present by illness. Mr. R. C. Bardens spoke affectionately and with feeling on the Lord's goodness to him while at Bigbury, and he has since proved Him to be, according to his (Mr. Barden's) first text, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Mr. Bardens speech was considered by the chairman to be only a prelude to something greater in the evening.

The afternoon meeting terminated, and many of the friends sat down to a good tea, which was seasoned with a little friendly chat; after which the evening service began, which reminded us of the words in 2 Chron. xxix. 27: "When the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also." Mr. Wild, of Hayes, presided, and having read Eph. i. made some very suitable remarks on the words, "Grace be with you," &c. Mr. Batson prayed, and Mr. T. J. Messer addressed the audience. This noble-minded and gifted speaker made one of the most eloquent

and masterly orations that we have been favoured to hear for many a-day. He seemed to lift us on the wings of language to the third heavens, and, as though the curtains were drawn aside awhile, we could hear the song of the redeemed "harpers harping with their harps." He spoke at length most sweetly on the music of heaven, the undying nature of the Christian; the omnipotent power of God in the work of salvation, and closed with the mighty and sweeping strains of Watts:—

"Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move."

Mr. R. C. Bardens followed with heart-cheering words on Christ, the Life of the Church, and Mr. E. Beazley charmed the audience with notes on the "high sounding cymbols," basing his remarks on the words, "We are the Lord's" (Rom. xiv. 8), which is manifestly "adoption" and "purchase." Mr. R. A. Lawrence, the author of a "little tractate" on "The Tribes of Israel" (just published), next addressed the meeting on things which had come before his notice in connection with working order of the Church. Mr. Lawrence is sound and solid in theology, and his speech, while seasoned with salt, was very suggestive, and slightly tinged with a dash of good humour. Mr. T. Stringer appeared again for the second time during the day, and the people hung upon his lips as he uttered some sterling truths in harmony with the wonderful works of God, which were well and warmly received by most, if not all present. Mr. J. Hunt Lynn, followed closely with a string of suitable and well-timed words of a Christ-exalting nature, but was necessitated to be brief in order to allow brother Holland, of Willingham, to express a few thoughts on the spiritual prosperity of the Church. Mr. Holland is a firm and valiant servant of God. His remarks on the Holy Ghost breathing upon the Church did our hearts good. He is the author of a *brochure* on the much controverted subject of eternal punishment, a reading of which may be helpful to those who are led to question the Biblical nature of the solemn doctrine.

Other brethren present were prevented from speaking because of the lateness of the evening. The hymn 349, "Thy mercy, my God," terminated the very happy and profitable meeting. To God be all the praise.
Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

FLEET, HANTS. — Tuesday, Nov. 28, tea meeting was held in Fleet Pond Baptist chapel to commemorate the sixth anniversary of the settlement of pastor J. Young. Many from different Churches came. After tea, the choir gave "Christiana's" 2nd part of "Pilgrim's Progress." Every seat in the chapel was occupied, and the very interesting services closed with a vote of thanks to the choir and their conductors. T. YOUNG.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—It is gratifying to us at all times to hear of the cause here continuing in peace and usefulness. The month of December appears to have been a season of refreshing; the first Sabbath the pulpit was occupied by Mr. F. C. Holden, of College-park. Mr. Holden for many years "sat under" Mr. Wells, and we were, therefore, quite prepared to hear something of the phraseology of his late beloved pastor, if we found nothing of his mannerism. It is a considerable time since we last heard Mr. Holden, and we were gratified to find he has not been sitting idle; we could discern a growth in every way, and were confirmed in that opinion by many who heard the Word both with "joy and gladness." The second Sabbath, our deacon, Mr. John Mead, was the preacher; and we were instructed, edified, and comforted by his expositions of the Word. We are persuaded our brother has, should his life be spared, yet much work to do for the Lord; his Biblical knowledge is extensive; his experience useful to the tried in Zion; his language choice, and his delivery clear and fluent. The third Sabbath, the vicar of Scraftoft—William Lancelot Rolleston, B.A.—gave us "loving words," to which a large congregation listened; on which day the annual Christmas collection was made, to which the friends responded by giving the deacons near £100, which was distributed on the following week to "the poor of the flock." During the month, Mr. Crowhurst has been added to the staff of deacons; and on the 17th, our aged brother Thomas Edwards, who, for forty-two years had stood an honourable member at the tabernacle (and who was at the ordinance the first Sunday in December), went gently home to rest, at the advanced age of 78.

YEOVIL.—SIR,—It did me good to see a corroborative statement respecting the high esteem we have for our pastor, Mr. Varder. Knowing that the party suspected of sending the remarks was innocent, it affords me pleasure to exonerate them. The person from whom the remarks came I now know to be a friend to Mr. Varder. You know the letter was private. As the lot has fallen upon you, give us the correct statement of the matter. The remarks have caused a wide-spread inquiry, many inferring we wanted to part with him. This is painful to us, because time only deepens our affection for him. A living people and a living pastor are closer bound to each other with all the ties of Divine love as the spiritual source increases in the knowledge and experience of each. This we have proved in the six years' ministry of our dear pastor.

December 13th.

JOHN BARBER.

[Cross-examination: Now, Mr. Jonah, what have you to say? Jonah had not the slightest idea the note was private. Why did you quote the sentence? Simply because it appeared the writer wished to encourage those good men who came and supplied Yeovil tabernacle in Mr. Varder's absence. Had you no thought whatever of hurting

Mr. Varder's feelings? Not for one moment; we hold good ministers in too much esteem; many of them have done their utmost to drown Jonah, and down in the belly of hell he has been, but Mercy brought him up again. Jonah wishes Mr. Barber farewell, pleading "Not guilty."]

RITUALISM AND DISSENT.—We are told that Dissent is dying out in villages, to account for which various causes are assigned. Has the following revelation any bearing upon the matter in question? At a village which had long been dark and demoralised enough to justify the existence of a Baptist chapel, the old rector has latterly been succeeded by a new one, of course a good man and a good preacher; for beside his being "new," he has the merit of making himself agreeable to the chapel folks, and of giving them orders for boots, clothes, and such other articles as he may fancy or they require. In addition, he is "Low Church," which renders dissent "unnecessary," or rather, unsteady, and places the Baptist minister on sinking ground with his own people. This said Baptist recently offended his hearers by what they were afraid would get to the rector's ears, and offend him; namely, by referring to the Ritualists as a party of determined Romanisers of religion in this country, &c. Now, every one who is not an ignoramus knows perfectly well that these Romanisers, could they prevail, would not spare the Evangelical Churchman any more than the Dissenting minister, but put both down alike. When the Archbishop of Canterbury presented his Bill to the House of Lords, he described the "lawless" party as hostile to the Church of England; and when the same Bill came before the House of Commons, the Prime Minister said it was "a Bill to put down Ritualism." When a Dissenting minister offends his people by denouncing Ritualism, Dissent may well decline.—X. Y. Z.

BOW.—In this long-established Baptist Church we have now a pastor—one after God's own heart—not a tyro either in age or experience, having been a preacher for some years. The gravity and solemnity with which he enunciated religious truth, combined with a richness of illustration, make him a very acceptable preacher. While making appeals to the careless, he does not ignore the doctrines of Divine sovereignty. He has a great gift in prayer; it would well repay a journey of some miles, if no more than the prayers were heard. The late pastor expressed to the deacons his conviction that his work was here done. Happy, thrice happy, would it be always if a pastor would, under such circumstances, tender an honourable resignation. Mr. Edgley, the present pastor, has much to do; it is up-hill work. Some are crying,

"We long to see Thy Churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul
Sing Thy redeeming grace."

THE HAPPY HEARER.

NORWICH.—This Eastern cathedral city of 80,000 souls has more Strict Baptist Churches in it than can be found in many other cathedral cities. The oldest of these, I believe, is Pitt-street chapel, sometimes called Cherry-lane. This is a substantial place of worship, and has been a centre of usefulness. The venerable John Gowing was its minister over twenty-five years. Here he finished his course. He told his deacon, Mr. Clark, on his death-bed, he feared he had not sufficiently enforced the practical exhortations of the Gospel. A good man's dying words to this effect may be worth weighing by us all. Since Mr. Gowing's death, Pitt-street has had several ministers. Messrs. Horn, Hawkins, and William Trotman have all tried to raise up the cause, William, of Blackmore, was successful for a time, but since he left it the gatherings have been small. I have been there two evenings this week, Nov. 22 and 23. Last evening a bountiful tea was set out in excellent Norwich style. One hundred kind friends sat down, and with quiet demeanour enjoyed the refreshment. Tables being cleared, hymns were sung. Fervent supplications were carried to the throne of grace by the devout deacon Clark. Mr. William Tooke, the minister of Orford-hill, then delivered an address on the Psalmist's cry for the Lord to send prosperity. Nothing could have been more suitable. Mr. Tooke is a devout, consistent Christian minister, and is much beloved by his people at Orford-hill. He kindly closed his chapel on the occasion, and many of the Orford-hill people came to encourage Pitt-street cause. This is as it should be. For one hour I was favoured to preach to the assembled company, and with praise and prayer we closed these special services. Railing it home in an empty Great Eastern this cold winter's morning, Nov. 24, my poor heart would sigh to our Great High Priest, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity." Oh, Norwich! thou city of silks, how many of the ministers of the cross have cried unto thee! Charlwood and Muskett were men who meant well. Good Benjamin Flory, with his tenor-bell, John Corbitt, a giant, worked hard to expound the riches of grace so deep, so profound. John Brunt for some years was sowing with tears till, wasted his strength, he lay prostrate at length, some thinking his work was all done. Those experimental preachers, called "Standardites," have all come into this city in turns: they now meet in the Tabernacle, having young Mr. Dye for their minister. Why they have not become a stronger body, belongs not to my province to declare. They set me down as a letter man; and, as Mr. Langford told us, his wife said of me, so these judges say, "there is nothing much in him." After all, who can write down the diverse experiences of a Spirit-taught Christian? This is a chapter yet to be written, if the Book of Psalms does not contain it. Brother Tooke and his one of the best of wives gave me a lodging with every comfort while in that ancient city, where for so many years I have gone occa-

sionally; but now to the greatest of all the world's cities, I am seeking to return.

ISLINGTON.—Anniversary services were held at Providence chapel, Upper-street, on Sunday and Tuesday, Nov. 19 and 21. On Lord's-day afternoon a special sermon by Mr. Stringer. On the Tuesday afternoon a very clear and comprehensive discourse, delivered by Mr. Hazelton, from Heb. vii. 19, "For the law made nothing perfect," &c. After tea, served to a large company of friends, a public meeting was held. Mr. Styles gave out the hymn commencing, "Come, Holy Spirit, come;" Psalm xxiii. was read, and Mr. G. Webb sought the Lord's blessing. Mr. Styles said, during the year, two friends had joined them from other Churches, and two had died; five had been added to other Churches through his preaching. It had been a very trying year; the chapel being very dirty, a considerable amount was raised to cleanse it. Amongst the sums given was that of five guineas by some friends from Ramsgate who had heard the speaker with profit. He was not the pastor (though frequently called such), but a sort of stationary itinerant through the stress of circumstances. Mr. C. Wilson was then introduced as chairman, who after making a few kindly remarks, called upon Mr. Anderson, who simply expressed his good wishes for the cause, and then withdrew to a meeting at Mr. Flack's. Mr. J. Box followed with some excellent practical suggestions in relation to attendance upon the means of grace, &c. Mr. Brown spoke from the words, "With His stripes we are healed." Mr. S. Green dwelt on the words, "I am the Door." Mr. Wiley (one of the deacons) said they looked upon Mr. Styles as their pastor, they had not grown tired of him. Mr. Griffith uttered good words. Mr. Haydon discoursed on "Thy foot standeth in an even place." Mr. Meeres spoke sweetly from "The Lord is my Shepherd." Mr. Masterson closed with earnest words. Collection £6. W. B.

BIRMINGHAM.—We have lost that popular lecturer, George Dawson. At a rather early age he is called away. How he died, where he is gone, we know not. To all who deny the essential doctrines of the cross of Christ, we say, it is written, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission—no forgiveness of sins." The 6th of Hebrews comes before us here with awful fears for many.

MASBORO'.—It is pleasant to know that gentle and genuine prosperity continue with the cause here; young people are gathered in. Brethren Elam and Taylor still contend for the ancient faith; while Messrs. Roper, Maloney, and Lyons are as pillars, instrumentally, to hold up the cause of God in that busy part of the country. Of ministers who can deliberately slay those who have served them for years, we only add, "An awful day will that be when all that offend shall be cast away."

A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA ALL SHOULD READ.

My dear Brother in the Lord, C. W. Banks, —Love, mercy, and peace be unto you, from Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, that we should be to the praise of the glory of His grace. Everlasting love will keep its hold in every storm.

I have just received your appeal to me in your May number, by your letter dated, London, April 18, 1876, relative to some unwise and altogether unnecessary letters passing between our brother Cottam and brother McCure. These gratuitous letters affirm that you have offered an exchange with me for twelve months; and now you ask me to say whether that is true or not. I reply:—In your letter to me, dated August 3, 1876, amongst other very loving, brotherly things, you say, "I wish you and I could exchange. I want you in England. How to get you here for a few months, I cannot yet divine. What saith the Lord to thy heart?" About the same kind and brotherly, wise and just inquiry I received from you two years ago, also; and I have received from others the same—all of which have been most refreshing in the encouraging love of Jesus thus expressed to me by you and them. As I judged, and said to you, God must command us by His Spirit's voice in our souls before we could do as you suggested; and my people here must fully agree to it, as well as our dear relations in London. I, therefore, showed that part of your letter to our deacon, brother Cottam, who, it seems, unnecessarily wrote the letter to brother McCure, and he sent it to you. Of this I very much disapprove; but still, in brotherly love, I forgive such weakness, concluding that if I were to make the same use of private letters coming to the colonies I could set half Zion on fire.

Now, as we have ever in our loving correspondence had three things before us, namely: 1. God's inward command by His Spirit. 2. The call of the Churches in England. 3. The full consent of the Church here. What need or right has any one to interfere? My whole ministry of twenty-five years in the colonies has been stationery; why then attempt to interlere with me in a matter in which I have so entirely cast myself upon the Lord, wishing nothing but His glory and His dear people's welfare?

1. After a period of thirty-two years in the colonies, is it not natural that I should wish to see the land of my nativity?

2. After so much loving salutation of my dear relations in Jesus in England, is it not spiritual that I should wish to see them and embrace them?

3. After so many ministers going home for twelve months, without disturbing their positions here, why should it be strange for me to do so?

4. After so cordial an invitation, with an assurance of my expenses being paid, why should we not at least inquire of the Lord as to what His mind is in the matter?

5. After the kind and most brotherly communications you have sent me, being

backed up by others, why should I not conclude that a large number of influential brethren wish to see me?

6. After long sojourning in the colonies, and much acquaintance with all the Churches of our faith and order, why should I not inform the brethren in England about them?

7. Above all, after seeing the need of some standard-bearers of the banners of the Lord Jesus, why should I not seek them in Zion in England?

So far are your kind communications from being an occasion of reflection upon you, I am sure every wise and kind heart will love you and praise you for them. I do, and most sincerely thank you. Whatever has distressed you, or, as you say, "staggered you," you must forgive. Let us ever hold fast the two good bears, "bear and forbear." See how much our God puts up with from us. "Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you; even so do ye." I measure the greatness or littleness of grace in a man by this rule: If a man has but little grace he is snuffy, snappish, and long-burning. If he has great grace, he is forgiving, frank, and suffering long. Now, therefore, my brother, may the gentleness of God make you great in grace. The unforgiving spirit is one of the blackest marks in Zion in the present day, and demonstrates the littleness of grace in the hearts of the Lord's poor, dear, tempted and tried people. Another mark is the terrible self-importance which so much abounds, which leads persons of very small gifts and little grace to attach a world of importance to the little events of their own lives, and to depreciate the labours of others as comparatively insignificant. Thus we have swellings and much tumult.

"It puffs us glad,
Torments us sad,
Its holds we cannot break."

"Preach against it, it prompts the speech; pray against it, still 'tis there; nay, while I write I feel its power within; my heart is drawn to seek applause, and mixes all with sin." The Son of God, making Himself of no reputation, and taking upon Him the form of a servant, and dying under our awful load of sin, realized in the heart, is the great Antidote for self-importance.

"Thy garden is the place
Where pride cannot intrude;
For should it dare to enter there
It would be drowned in blood."

The same principle it is, now working in the breasts of the numerous worldlings inflamed by the horrible novel-reading of the day. They are not satisfied with the humble positions of common life. Oh, no! every one must be the hero of the tale, and all the rest of the world must be the mere subordinate surroundings of their glorious heroism.

Do we not, too, in Zion see the same restless contempt of humble place and remote position into which the Lord Himself puts His saints and servants? Is there not an aspiration to be the hero of Zion? the man of the day? How much more dignified to

serve our day and generation in all meekness and humility, in the humble positions in which our dear God has placed us. God's order is, "A man's gifts shall make way for him;" but now men make way for their supposed gifts, hence they go up like a rocket and come down a mere stick.

And now, my dear brother, the Lord bless us with humility, faith, hope, and love. Yes—

"Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest."

Let us show that "it beareth all things" in you and me. In its fervency, I remain
Your affectionate brother in Jesus,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, June 20, 1876.

NORWICH.—WITHOUT HOPE, YET STILL HOPING.—Dear Sir,—The deacons and members meeting at Pitt-street chapel beg to tender their warmest thanks to you for your kindness in coming from London to Norwich to try to revive the cause of God in the above place, and that without any charge whatever to us. We hope the Great Master for whom you labour, will reward you as you would not take one farthing from us, either for preaching or travelling. We hope great good will come out of it. Several friends inquire if you will come to Norwich again. One who never was in our chapel before seems very anxious to know if you will come again. May the seeds sown bring forth fruit to the honour and glory of the great Husbandman. We speak of the New Year, but who will live to see it? I often tremble when I think of death and judgment; when I look within I find "a cage of unclean birds." I have often thought that there never was one with such hard thoughts of the Lord; envying the prosperity of the wicked, I have tried hard to grasp a little of this world's goods; and when I have expected to have gained my end, it has passed away like a shadow. What a mercy when the soul can say, "Thy will be done;" and, with patience, wait the Lord's own time for deliverance. I have had many dark days for four or five years; so much so that I have often thought I had no part nor lot in the matter. Without hope, and yet hoping. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" I have sometimes thought I should like to say something about these things that I have felt; then I shrink from it, lest I should be wrong in the end; so I go on, full of trouble.—**YOUR COMPANION IN TRIBULATION.**

CLERKENWELL.—Twenty-third anniversary of Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell-street, was celebrated December 12. Tea and public meeting. Mr. Hazelton, the pastor, presided. W. Webb prayed. Mr. John Hazelton gave brief history of their existence as a Church. His friends heard of this chapel being in the market; they had no means, but they had strong faith; they bought it by faith, and paid for it by works. Twenty-five years ago there were 36 members; now they were over 300. During his stay of 25 years, he had not been absent once on the first

Lord's-day in the month; not more than 15 Sundays during the whole of the time. The chapel had been enlarged twice. Peace was enjoyed the entire period of their union. Mr. G. Burrell, of Watford, spoke of "The Tree of Life." His address has been turned into a sweetly-truthful poem, which we purpose giving next month; Mr. Griffith, of Bethnal-green, discoursed upon the "Hidden manna;" Mr. Waterer opened up "the pillar in the temple of God;" Mr. George Webb, with solemn words, addressed us from "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down with My Father in His throne." The people were interested and instructed.—W. B. [For many years this has been one of the happiest Churches in London.—Ed.]

A YORKSHIREMAN'S COUNSEL TO CONTROVERSIALISTS.

MY DEAR BROTHER, MR. BANKS,—In one of your contributions to the *VESSEL*, you referred to the controversies which were continually springing up and bringing disquiet among peaceful Christians. Your strictures I quite endorsed, and think it is truly lamentable that so soon as any knotty point is mooted, no matter by whom, ministers rush to the conflict, and seem more anxious to make manifest their call to the unseemly fray than they do their call to the ministry. Would they, my dear brother, leave these bickerings and disputings alone, and leave those alone who cannot see eye to eye with themselves. I am confident it would redound more to their own benefit and the spiritual advancement of the Church of God, and would contribute more to the glory of God; instead of which they throw down the apple of discord, and Satan stands smiling by. The unseemly squabble over the Gospel invitations might with profit be dispensed with. If they for one moment think they will convince their opponents they are greatly mistaken, for my experience warrants me in saying, few people are convinced in heated argument. Let those who feel called upon to give these invitations pursue their course. For who will be bold enough to deny that a long array of illustrious names have preached these invitations and the doctrines of God's discriminating grace, and God has blessed their ministry; they are names the disputants delight to honour. On the other hand, what a gallery of eminent servants of God have thought it wrong to do so; and who will dare to say they were not servants of the living God?

I am quite convinced all these disputings are of the promotion of Satan, so that the Church of God may suffer loss, and his own kingdom triumph. Let our men of mark stand by the blood and righteousness of Christ, and their attendant doctrines (and throw disputation to the winds), and zealously strive to promote God's glory; and I fear not the result. I am, my dear brother, yours
D. VERNON.
Middlesboro, 'Dec., 1876.

HACKNEY—TRINITY CHAPEL, Devonshire-road. The newly-established Sunday-school, and the cause altogether, under the ministry of Mr. John Vaughan (for many years of Mount Zion, Devonport) has flourished greatly. The Church in Trinity chapel is now a thorough working institution. In less than two years, between one and two hundred members have been added, while the Bible classes, the schools, and other auxiliaries are all working good to many hundreds in every way. We desire to praise the Lord that, after so many years of solitary sorrow; after so many thousands of petitions offered up, the Lord has again turned their captivity, and poured out upon His people showers of blessings. Who, after this, should despair, though with weeping they are going forth?

PECKHAM RYE—HEATON-ROAD. DEAR MR. BANKS,—Friend Mead has now been supplying at the above cause of truth occasionally for some time, with much acceptance, and to large congregations. As an inhabitant of Peckham, I have heard him with pleasure and profit. He will (God willing) preach two Lord's-days, I understand, in each month for the first three months in the new year; and, after that, the friends of Heaton-road have solicited him for three months after—April, May, and June. They appear very much attached to him. I am pleased to see it in these days of so much error. Some think it will be a Baptist cause. All I have to say is, if the Lord should permit him to come, I shall cast my lot with them. Yours in the Gospel,—ALFRED BROWN, Queen's-road, Peckham, December 18, 1876.

RYARSH.—We still abide by the principles and practices of the Strict Baptists, because we find them in the Bible; the Holy Spirit has written them in our hearts. We had thanksgiving meeting in October; several poured out their hearts in prayer; songs of praise were sung. Tea was provided, given by the ladies of the Church and congregation; the proceeds went to building fund. In the evening, Mr. May took the chair; he did his work to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Peplow, with a warm and stirring speech, spoke of the Lord's mindfulness of His people in the past, and the certainty of His blessing them in the future. There was warmth, sweetness, and savor in his remarks. Brother Huxham, on the goodness of God; quite at home upon his theme. The Chairman expressed pleasure in listening to the speeches; there was something he was not satisfied with; he wanted the chapel free of debt; £75 must be paid; he would give £5, if we raised the other by next October. We hope, by God's blessing, to clear it this year. We are favoured with some tokens of the Lord's blessing. We added four by baptism in July. Our prayer is to see souls quickened by God the Holy Ghost, and united to the Lamb. Bless the Lord, we have a few places yet in Kent where the dove finds a settled rest. E. WOOD.

A VOICE FROM THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

Our brother John Bolton say:—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have had the pleasure of seeing your ever faithful friend and brother, John Thomas. He is living near Merthyr-Tydvil. We hope the Lord will bring him to speak to us at Bargoed; he is as full of love to the Lord, the truth, and the brethren as ever. We parted last Lord's-day evening on the side of a mountain, where the dear man kneeled on a rock and implored the Divine blessing upon me, my Church, and the whole household of faith. Like myself, John Thomas is not reckoned among the nations, neither of us caring for "popular entertainments." "O clap your hands, all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph; for the Lord Most High is terrible; He is a great King over all the earth." We are moving on quietly at Bargoed; shall baptize within a Sabbath or two.

The following lines from brother John Bolton, will, with the Lord's blessing, carry up the souls of happy saints to the highest part of Divine worship:—

ADORE, MY SOUL ADORE!

"I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

On Christ, my Lord, my sins were laid,
My load of guilt He bore;
For me the ransom price He paid;
Adore, my soul, adore!

My soul shall make her boast in Him,
Now and for evermore;
He gave His life mine to redeem;
Adore, my soul, adore!

When Satan's slave in fetters bound,
And conscience often tore,
He sent to me the Gospel sound;
Adore, my soul, adore!

I saw myself a sinner lost,
As never seen before;
He gave me grace in Him to trust;
Adore, my soul, adore!

But, O! my fears and unbelief,
These oft-times grieve me sore;
Again He sends me sweet relief;
Adore, my soul, adore!

When Satan, self, the world, and sin
Are striving more and more
My soul from Christ my Lord to win;
Adore, my soul, adore!

For He who stills the angry wave,
And makes it cease to roar,
My soul in darkness will not leave;
Adore, my soul, adore!

Far down in dark and gloomy mines,
I've often found rich ore,
And there eternal wisdom shines;
Adore, my soul, adore!

J. BOLTON.

In another note our correspondent adds:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—On Lord's-day, the 10th, in a stream of water, at Bargoed, near Cardiff, I was favoured to baptize two sisters in the name of the adorable Trinity. We were favoured with a fine day. A blind brother from the Welsh Baptist led the singing. The well-conducted audience appeared deeply interested throughout the meeting.

NOTTING HILL.—Recently, special services were held at Silver-street chapel in aid of Building Fund. R. C. Bardens and T. Stringer gave the sermons. A bountiful tea was provided. The evening service commenced; Henry Lee, Esq., presided. This gentleman kindly gave a donation of £5 to the Fund. The Church is in need of help. The smallest donation sent to the pastor, R. G. Edwards, 103, Oxford-street, Stepney, E., will be highly esteemed. Mr. W. Webb offered prayer. C. W. Banks was the first to address the meeting on "The Cool of the Day" (Gen. iii. 8), which he illustrated in his own quaint and original style, analogous to the Word of God and real Christian experience. W. Winters followed with some remarks on "Moses' Rod" (Exod. iv. 2). I.—The character spoken of—Moses. II.—The Rod, its typology, and the miracles performed by it. C. Cornwell made good observations on "Strange Fire." The "Cluster of Grapes," by R. A. Lawrence. R. C. Bardens came with a "Basket of First Ripe Fruits." Henry Hall was ushered to the front, fully equipped for the passage for "The Passage of Jordan," following the priests and the ark he landed safe, and praised the God of Israel. T. Stringer, with strength and judgment equal to the occasion, sounded "trumpets," broke "pitchers," and testified to the power of that light which suddenly sprang from from the "lamps" of Gideon's army (Judges vii. 16). R. G. Edwards gave an account of the Church to the present day, and its future prospects. G. Pung, on "Handful of Purpose" (Ruth ii. 16). Mr. Beazley exhibited "The Pillars of the Earth" (1 Sam. ii. 8), with fervour and clearness of expression. G. Baldwin on "The Rock of my Salvation" (2 Sam. xxii. 47). The service terminated in a very satisfactory manner. W. WINTERS.

SUDBURY.—**EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL.** A meeting was held on Monday, the 4th December, for the purpose of making a vigorous effort to liquidate the heavy debt of £375, which has been for many years almost an intolerable burden to the cause; but the little flock have not wandered, and the heavier their trials, the more united they have been, and rallied round the mercy-seat, beseeching the Lord with humble and earnest prayer that He who holds the gold and silver at His disposal would appear for them in His time and way. The writer has often heard their broken accents unintelligible to the worldly-wise, but very intelligible and telling to the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth; and on this memorable day it was clear and evident that the Lord had heard their cry and appeared for them. Mr. McCure preached in the afternoon a very interesting and Christ-exalting discourse from Rev. iv. 5. Tea was provided in the chapel which was partaken of with social pleasure and gratitude, after which a public meeting was held; the chair was to have been taken by our beloved brother W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, but was prevented through the irreparable loss of his much-loved wife, our precious

Jesus having called her to Himself. This cast a gloom over the meeting, and a resolution embodying expressions of the deepest sympathy was passed; the meeting sustained no loss in a pecuniary way by his absence, as a letter was received from him expressing his deep interest in the cause, and with the promise of a liberal donation. Our brother McCure ably filled the chair in his place, and conducted the meeting very pleasantly, which was addressed by brethren Cock, Whorlow, J. Wheeler, Brown, Bontell, and Dennison, who were listened to with marked attention and pleasure, their Master being the Alpha and Omega of the addresses. Well may we say, "What hath God wrought?" when we communicate to your readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** the pleasing intelligence that, by collections and donations, there was obtained the sum £275; the chapel is now to be put in trust at once; it is expected that the remaining £100 will die out at the end of the new year of 1877, the two cyphers being left without a figure prefixed to them. Yes, the Lord has yet His faithful ones in the wilderness who will not suffer His land-marks to be removed; and when the enquiry is made of the watchmen, what of the night? they shall shout aloud, "All's well, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." G. G. WHORLOW.

HAYES TABERNACLE

Is still the scene of useful labour. The fifth anniversary of its large and prosperous Sunday school was on Nov. 28. Our brother Mr. R. Minton, the esteemed precentor in Mr. Hazleton's Church, opened the service by singing, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" Mr. J. L. Meeres gave the sermon from, "All Thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of Thy children." The School-hall presented a pleasant sight, the tables bearing fruits, flowers, tea, and plenty of provisions, which the cheerful visitors much enjoyed. Mr. Newby, a twin-brother of Mr. Minton, in Church fellowship, presided over the evening meeting, in a sacred and edifying spirit. Mr. R. C. Bardens read the report, showing a large work in the school. John Wild, Esq., the deacon, then, on behalf of the teachers, and in a quiet but appropriate speech, informed Mr. Bardens the teachers—knowing how incessantly and zealously he laboured—wished that evening to present him with a new easy chair. At that moment Mr. Richard Wheatley placed a large handsome easy chair on the platform, and Mr. Wild placed Mr. Bardens in it, which drew forth happy expressions of gladness from all the audience. Christian kindness shines forth most gracefully in all the movements of the friends in the Hayes Tabernacle. Mr. J. Griffith, of Hope chapel, moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by C. W. Banks, and supported by the brethren W. Winters, R. A. Lawrence, E. Beazley, and S. Ponsford. May great blessings follow every good effort in Hayes Tabernacle!

HISTORY OF YEOVIL TABERNACLE,
AND MR. VARDER'S ANNIVERSARY.

WE had some holy and happy meetings this month to celebrate Mr. Varder's sixth anniversary. I hope I shall avoid offence in sending you the report. Yeovil tabernal is quite renovated, and seasons of pure and praiseful worship are anticipated. At our anniversary R. A. Huxham preached the sermon. Near 300 friends took tea in the Town hall. An evening meeting was held in the same place. Mr. J. Milborne presided. After singing and prayer, Mr. Milborne (whom we all highly esteem) told us how pleased he was in witnessing the rise and progress of the work of God in Yeovil, and went on to give a brief *resume* of the ministry as carried on in the Yeovil tabernacle since its erection by Mr. Hookins, a banker of that town, who himself occupied its pulpit for a considerable space of time. After him came Mr. Lane and Mr. Hawkins, whose labours were much blessed; and, after the latter became too feeble to continue in the ministry, his duties were continued by Mr. Pashen, who, with a Mr. Baker, carried on the ministry for several years. Mr. Bidder came next, and to him was due the credit of instituting a series of prayer meetings, which had resulted in much good. Reference was next made to the ministry of Messrs. Comfort, Fowler, Morris, and Day, and finally that of Mr. Varder was referred to, the speaker expressing great hopes of a blessed result from Mr. Varder's labours.

IPSWICH—BETHESDA CHAPEL, Fonnereau-road. DEAR SIR,—As mention has been made of the spiritual and temporal condition of this large Suffolk Church of the Strict Baptist order, allow me to say it has been, as is well known, for many years nurtured up under the pastoral care of venerable Thomas Pooch, who (if titles were of any worth) might be called Bishop of Ipswich; but it is not for me to give flattering titles to men. This aged servant of God has been unable for some time to perform the requisite duties of a pastor, the loss of which the Church and people painfully realize, and which has necessitated the worthy deacons to seek the aid of other brethren to supply. It is marvellous how God has continued to link the people together in bonds of filial affection. Lord's-day, Dec. 10, it was highly gratifying to see large and attentive audiences listening to the unworthy writer, while he feebly spake of the glory of Him whom Isaiah in vision saw "upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple" (vi. 1). The deacons and members of the Church have been exercised about a new pastor, and are very desirous of celebrating the nuptial tie while the aged pastor yet survives. They have moved in the right direction, and having "cast lots," the lot has fallen upon Mr. Kern, of Guildford, to become their future pastor, they having shewn their appreciation of his ministry during the brief time he has served them by giving him the largest number of votes. Whether Mr. Kern will consider it expedient to move, must be left to God and his own

soul to decide. The Church at Bethesda having now done all in their power for their future well-being, are compelled prayerfully to wait the movements of Divine Providence. And may God smile with approbation upon the course they have adopted, and eternally bless them all for Christ's sake, is the hearty prayer of

W. WINTERS.
Churchyard, Waltham Abbey,
Dec. 12, 1876.

WEST OF ENGLAND.

Friend Good sight says:— "Ebenezer, Stonehouse, is now the only Strict Baptist cause in all the three towns." IS THIS CORRECT? Furthermore, our friend asketh for outline of address by "Village Preacher" at last school anniversary. Here is the sketch:—

Ebenezer may be thus described—

1. Its name should be "*Perseverance Place*." It has,

2. *A Patient Pulpit*, in which I have known,

Rowlands, the blind man;
Webster, the gentleman;
Westlake, the quiet man;
Cudlip, the honest man;
Flory, the fruitful man;
Carter, the clever man;
Margerum, the quick man;
Clase, the devout man.

Besides all the Vaughans and Collins's, Easterbrooks and Bardens', and hosts beside, who that pulpit has patiently endured.

3. The *pews* have been most *penitential* in grief, waiting for pleasant friends to fill them.

4. *Peculiar people* meet here, with pure practices and a plentitude of prayers.

5. Profitable portions to the Sunday scholars have been given.

"*What should be our course of action now?*" Friend Good sight says: "If the Strict Baptists in the three towns were wise, and if Mr. Trego desires to see Christ's true Church lift her head up in prosperity and power, then let Mr. Francis Collins, and the friends with him, the Howe-street Church and her friends—all unite together in Ebenezer, Stonehouse. There might be prosperity if God would bless the union."

BANGOR.—Our brother W. H. Bishop, of Upper Bangor, says:—How few there are that know the truth, and value and practice it. If ever there was a time when some brethren needed to be firm it is now, for there are all sorts of false notions held as though they were true. Now is the time for us to speak out, and to be faithful to our charge.

SHEFFIELD.—A correspondent informs us of two "brethren" who have been doing as Psalm l. 20 describes; we pity them. For many years the "accuser of the brethren" has stirred up enough to destroy us. Has any one of them ever dared to meet us? Not one. Has any one of them ever had half the work which has been given us? Nay. What awful times are these with ministers!

RICHMOND.—Our anniversary (Nov. 7th) was one of our best meetings at Rehoboth; the brethren, with myself, feel it our duty to acknowledge through the VESSEL the kind assistance yourself, brethren Bardens, Woodrow, Bonney, Stringer, and Hand rendered us. The collection was £5 Os. 6d., with brother Bonney's donation of £2 5s. So we were able to pay off all debts, and are again clear. I hope you will in your VESSEL express our thankfulness for the kindness of the several ministers and friends from other Churches for the timely assistance we received from them in aid of the Redeemer's cause. All praise to His dear name. Last Sunday, in the evening, the Church met to hear two believers relate to us the work of grace in their hearts; through my ministry they were both received for baptism. I felt cheered because these evidences of the power of God accompanying my ministry was an evident proof that the hand of the Lord is seen in my coming to Richmond. It was stated another person who was called under my ministry at the lecture hall, was not able to come that evening, but would the next Lord's-day. I said we will sing the doxology, for surely we ought to praise the Lord for his grace and mercy—the Father for electing love, the Son for His atoning blood, and the Holy Spirit for His omnipotent power in our regeneration—love, blood, and power. And these have been my theme, "And shall be till I die."

W. J. GOODING.

DALSTON—BLOMFIELD-STREET. On Lord's-day, 26th November, 1876, special services were held to commemorate fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Langford, who himself, though extremely unwell, preached in the morning from Deuteronomy vii. 2, "Remembrance of the way." Mr. Box favoured us in the afternoon from Heb. vi. 19, "Hope, the Anchor." Mr. Alderson in evening from 1 John i., "The Advocate." On following Wednesday, good tea provided by the ladies. Public meeting, J. Bonney, Esq., presided in a most genial manner. Mr. Flack spoke from "They shall go from strength to strength;" Mr. Griffith, "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever;" Mr. Wheeler, "The river that could not be passed over;" Mr. Cooler, "The royal law of liberty." During the evening a token of the friends' goodwill to our pastor was presented him in the shape of a purse, containing £16. This pleasant episode naturally gave a warmth to the proceedings, which throughout may be characterised as having been hearty and, consequently, successful. J. S. D.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Travelling through some parts of this Midland county, we sorrowfully conclude that there are not many Churches in a flourishing state. It is famous for its health-giving climate, specially in some parts; also for horned cattle, and for bone-lace. It has been distinguished as the native county of some remarkable men in the ministry—yes, some extraordinary men in their time. What the

present "enlightened," zealous, active, nineteenth century would think of them, is not to be written here. We find in this county some sound-hearted men even now. But, of all we heard of the state of Zion, we only now note the Ringstead Church has been exercised in a singular way. This cause is 150 years old, and is not dead yet. In fact it has a young family of much promise if a blessed, godly, gifted minister might be sent to it. Its last pastor has left [W H E R R S H E ?] Some London people sent them a man who almost frightened them. Then came that devout William Beddow, who was well received [Will he not do?]. At Raunds Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Deptford, gave us two Biblical expositions on the 7th of December. It was a high day. Poor, poor Oundle! What can we do for thee?

WILLINGHAM.—December 6, 1876, was a time of curious enterprizes in our place. We find solemn and truthful Gospel will not gather in much people; moderate and mixed Calvinism does not increase us; but three gipsies singing, fiddling, and narrating their conversions they had effected, drew in a numerous company. Some of us stand amazed; some weep with sorrow; others wonder what religious profession is coming to. Master John Wry says: "Why would you not convert gipsies? And cannot God use gipsies to convert others?" "Oh, yes," saith Dame the Ancient, "But these musical semi-dramas are all strange to us old folks." Strange indeed!

PLYMOUTH.—We have sorrow at Howstreet indeed. The loss of dear William Bardens, and of brother Northcott's long-afflicted daughter, with other trials, bring a cloud over us. At Devonport, in Mount Zion, a friend says:—Large congregations assemble to hear Mr. Dickson. Death and changes every way have altered the prospects of Truth in the Western Metropolis, but we are not forsaken.

HULL.—DEAR BANKS.—We are looking forward most anxiously to the time when the Lord will come to favour Zion; we must wait his time. Zion is now under a cloud; we are hoping for brighter days; and will not be satisfied until God appears as the God of hope. You know more of these things; you have seen the visible Church in all its phases and aspects, you know its sorrows and its joys. The Lord help us to abide by the stuff, and to contend earnestly for all those blessed precepts and ordinances of His Word which are now so much despised. I may tell you your ministrations were well and profitably received in Hull; the clergyman told Mr. S. he enjoyed it much.

SLEAFORD.—Our letters are painful. If the people are willing things should be so, we will wait. Whether the Society would sanction the course, we cannot tell as yet. We may be in Sleaford before long. Can prayer meetings be still sincerely sustained?

Notes of the Month.

BAPTISTS FEW? No! they are growing fast. But what kind of Baptists are they? It is said the members connected with German Baptist Churches, last report, numbered 22,504; Churches, 110. The seed sown in 1834 in Hamburg, has now grown to a tree, spreading its branches far and wide. Sweden, with four millions of people, numbers nearly 12,000 Baptist members; Germany, with its forty millions, less than twice that number.

THE SAVIOUR'S WORDS.—"Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Monday, November 20, when we were assembled for prayer and praise, that rich and benevolent merchant-prince, Mr. George Moore, was walking in Carlisle; a wild kind of horse ran against him, threw him down, and in a few hours he died. Surely, "in the midst of life we are in death." But "Blest are they the Word doth cry,—Who in the Lord do live and die."

THE PREACHER'S PRAYER BEFORE SERMON.—Dear Friend,—The following were the lines bubbling up in my heart before I began,—

Almighty and eternal God,
Come, shine upon my soul,
Let Aaron's budding, fruitful rod
Make bruised spirits whole.

[Out of the depths of my heart have I cried this cry, but no answer do I see. Am I to despair?—C. W. B.]

FULBOURN, NEAR CAMBS.—We require funds specially to help to send good ministers to this cause, until it is built up. Freehold chapel, freehold cemetery, freehold land in abundance. With God's blessing, a good freehold minister might soon establish a good cause.

"THE KINGDOM."—In Augustine's time there were men who fully believed "the kingdom of Christ was close at hand. Augustine doubted it. During the last fifty years men have been writing and preaching upon the speedy second coming of our Lord; and at this time it is with some almost the only theme of their ministrations. We firmly hold the great Bible-truth of Christ's glorious Advent, but we dare not predict the when nor the where. That we are in the parable of "the wise and foolish virgins" there is abundant evidence; and if we have any little work left unto us yet to carry forth, it is that of watching, and of warning; for, truly, many are called, but how few appear to be anointed and filled with the Holy Spirit! Let us all take heed that we be not deceived.

CAMDEN TOWN.—To all the letters we have received, we only say, at present, it requires great grace in aged ministers, deacons, and singers to know how to retire quietly when they are no longer wanted. Then respectfully to bow to those you have long and faithfully served, and to leave them with a kind farewell, without murmuring or repining, is most manly and graceful. So, on the part of the rising generation—who,

of course, are much more clever than the worn-outs—for them to get rid of the old folks without wounding them unduly, requires also much grace. As we expect to be old some day, if we should live long enough, we have much sympathy with the aged and the cast off. No minister can preach on for ever; his last sermon must come. No deacon can serve for a hundred years or more in this fast age. And as regards the blessed preceptors, the organs and harmoniums will certainly relieve them of much of their work. Oh, there are a million volumes of divinity and of experience in that one compound sentence, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Let us all most sincerely, by grace Divine, say the Lord's prayer; that short, that heavenly one, we mean, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Brethren, all, let us of each other remember, as our Father God doth, "He remembereth that we are dust." And soon to dust shall we return. How humbling to proud nature is that fact!

HULL.—Poor Dr. Brown feels compelled to leave his beautiful chapel in South-street. Mr. Wilcockson has left his little parlour chapel, and the George-street people not long since lost their pastor. Rough winds appear to be blowing all the lights out. We hope friend McDonald and his people will arise and build; and that Gospel truth in them will burn brighter than ever. Mr. O'Dell, the new pastor, is hopeful.

LITTLE ALIE-STREET.—Our Sunday school anniversary was a pleasing event. We long for more success.

DEPTFORD.—Mr. J. S. Anderson's pastorate is most prosperous. At school anniversary, November 19, it was shown over 250 children are taught; and in their educational status, and charitable bestowments, they are higher in the scale than any of our schools in London.

PADDINGTON.—In late John Foreman's Zion we have a Band of Hope, and we hope to help thereby to stem the torrent of intemperance so awfully on the increase.

ROCHDALE.—We understand Mr. James Hand leaves here next March. How painful it often is, a new chapel requires a new minister. We are asked, "How is this?" We are not yet prepared to answer; we may by-and-bye.

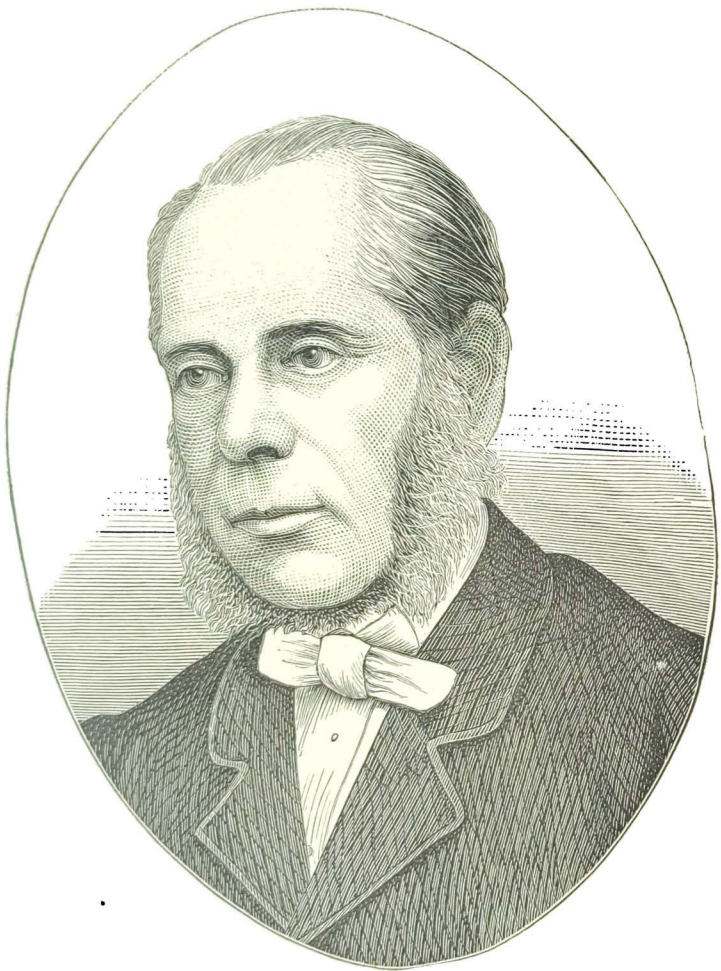
THE JEWS say, "The seal of the blessed God is truth." Have you the truth of the Gospel sealed home in your heart? That is God's seal of your salvation.

THE ARABIC says, "He that receiveth Christ's testimony he is already sealed, because God is true."

THE ETHIOPIC says, "He that receiveth Christ's testimony, God hath sealed him because He is true." Meaning the Holy Spirit seals home good truth, according to God's promise.—C. W. B.

Death.

In affectionate remembrance of Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Mr. William Beach (of Chelmsford), who departed this life Dec. 3, 1876, after a long affliction, borne with Christian fortitude, in her 66th year.



Mr. John Hazelton,

MINISTER OF MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, CHADWELL STREET, CLERKENWELL.

THE idea of giving Pen-and-Pencil Sketches of some of our faithful ministers of the Gospel originated not with ourselves at all. In our once favourite journal—the *Christian Cabinet*—(which was the first penny weekly Christian paper ever published; which did originate with us, and which might have continued with us until this time but for some of those untoward circumstances which, like the waves of the sea, have ever and anon rolled over us—in the production of that much-esteemed *Christian Cabinet*) we suffered on account of the difficulty of correctly representing living ministers from wood engravings. We have, therefore, approached this new feature of THE EARTHEN VESSEL with some timidity and fear.

We venture, however, to commence our series by giving a representation of MR. JOHN HAZELTON, and we are prepared to find that much contempt is poured upon the picture we give, because all his friends who are favoured to see and hear him in his pulpit, where he often grows warm and lively, will not find in our view that illuminated countenance or that animated expression which is visible when the love of God fires his soul, and when the Spirit of Christ lights up every power of his inner man. Nevertheless, our engraving is like Mr. Hazelton, when his deep-seated and natural gravity give solemnity and sternness to every feature of his frontispiece.

There are thousands of Baptists in North and South Wales, in the United States, and in different parts of the Colonies, who wish to know who we have now in London, to whom our Churches look as God's appointed leaders for His people in this the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some of them will say—"George Coombe we knew, John Stevens we heard, John Foreman and James Wells we loved exceedingly. But who have you now to fill up the serious vacancies Death has made in all the truthful Gospel valleys where we were often refreshed? Who has followed the fathers who have gone to rest?"

We answer—God has not left Himself without witnesses. The brethren we knew in London and in all the Provinces thirty years ago, for whom, and with whom we laboured in the Gospel, are all gone, with a very few exceptions. Very many of our Churches are pastorless; and of the present generation of pastors we know, comparatively speaking, but very little indeed; yet, if the great God and Saviour of the chosen tribes will spare and help us, we will give the best representations of the ministers of this age, with some brief notes of their call, conversion, theological views, and ministerial successes, or otherwise.

Of MR. JOHN HAZELTON'S history, experience, or particular views, we cannot give any elaborate definition. He has been publishing the Gospel over thirty years. He has been with one Church in London twenty-five years, and from the first day until now the sun of prosperity has shone upon him. The South wind has blown upon the garden

where he has laboured; his hands have been held up by the prayers and pious devotions of some of the most godly men in London. His heart has been fixed intently upon his work; he has walked with straight feet in an even path. The prophet's wail—"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"—has never really fallen to the lot of JOHN HAZELTON. He can set to his seal that that holy Scripture is eternally true—"The righteous shall hold on his way; and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger!"

We write not these lines hoping thereby to provoke Mr. HAZELTON to remember us in his will; we shall, doubtless, be carried to the grave many, many years before he is removed from the Church militant; neither are we hereby courting the smiles either of the pastor of Chadwell-street, or of any of his people. Of Mr. JOHN HAZELTON we never asked nor received a favour in all the years he has been in the ministry, nor should we ever dare to think of such a thing. All we write, therefore, is simply from a conviction that he is one of the Lord's most devoted stewards, and one of the Strict Baptists' most able ministers in these times. And we can, without any guile, earnestly pray that three blessings may attend him. First, that the Lord may spare him in health and strength for many years yet to come. Secondly, that his people may arise and build him a new and much larger tabernacle; for they tell us they have long wanted much more room; and, lastly, we pray that Mr. HAZELTON may go on, as God's mouth, calling in and leading to the Lord Jesus hundreds of precious, redeemed, and immortal souls. Such are our pure desires for the good man whose likeness we this month present unto our readers.

No autobiography of this quietly-persevering, this gifted and honoured servant of Christ has ever been in print. Nearly forty of his sermons have been published; and we diligently sought out the printing-office of Messrs. Briscoe, in Banner-street, and purchased some of his printed discourses, in order to glean a few items descriptive of the exercises of his own heart. But, as far as we can gather, Mr. HAZELTON practically and persistently abides by Paul's ancient rule—"We preach not ourselves, but CHRIST JESUS the LORD, and ourselves your servants, for Jesus' sake." A preacher of the truth as it is IN JESUS! An expounder of the truth in love! A pleader for ALL God's revealed will—THE truth, the WHOLE truth, and NOTHING but THE TRUTH—is JOHN HAZELTON; and that the Lord consecrated him from his youth, ordained, qualified, and hath preserved him these many years, demands the grateful and united thanksgivings of all who know and value the Gospel of the grace of God.

"NATIVE PLACE AND TIME."

We may add that Mr. HAZELTON was born in Magdalene-street, in the town of Colchester, in Essex, in the year 1822—so that he is only about fifty-five now; almost in the zenith of his prime. It is a coincidence one must record that the county of Essex provided for this immense metropolis two mighty men of intellectual stature in the persons of JOHN HAZELTON and CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. The first commenced his London career in 1852; the last in 1854. Momentous events have flowed forth in a Gospel sense during the last twenty-five years. Bless the LORD, TRUTH HAS BEEN MAINTAINED, and JOHN HAZELTON has been no mean workman in its defence. A fond mother

told us that a few days after we began to breathe in this world, her pastor came and prayed for mother and child, and then said, "Take this boy and nurse him for God." In JOHN HAZELTON'S case we think the LORD nursed him for Himself, for no human instrumentality had anything to do with either his conviction, conversion, or going forth into the ministry. And an angel seems to whisper in our ear, "The Lord ordained him, and this was the Scripture upon which the charge was based: '*Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head lack no ointment.*'"

Verily, the charge appears to us to have been studiously carried out, and the two verses following the text have not been very far left behind.

HIS CALL BY GRACE.

When young JOHN HAZELTON was about sixteen years of age, the LORD visited him in the night season in a dream, wherein he saw THE LAST DAY, and the FINAL JUDGMENT. This was no fleeting shadow; no excitement of a disordered brain; it was the way the Lord was pleased to take to lay in his soul those awful and eternal realities which gave not only temporary convictions of sin, but a deep-toned sense of those weighty matters which, in the great day, will throw a halo of majesty, of inexpressible horror, or of an exceeding weight of glory, over the whole universe of God.

For several months that dream sunk him in the deepest woe, being terribly persuaded he was A LOST SINNER! Who of us know what it is thus to have the sentence of death in ourselves? Death, the grave, the judgment, and an eternal hell, are alarming powers, when, in the new-born soul, they are revealed by the silent, the secret, the solemn work of the HOLY GHOST.

But, the LORD was very pitiful; He was ready to save; and from the SPIRIT of the living God came these words into the very heart of the trembling lad, "Be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee!" How gladly would we write out the exact experiences resulting from this precious discharge, this acquittal, this deliverance from all condemnation; but we cannot. Thomas Stringer, in his "Voice of Melody," says:—

"'Tis only God can sins forgive!
This is His own prerogative.
He loves the objects of His choice,
And they shall hear His pard'ning voice.

How sweet to hear a voice from heaven!
My son! thy sins are all forgiven!
'Tis through what I endur'd for thee:
From sin and death thou art set free!"

BAPTIZED AND UNITED TO THE CHURCH.

Now, walking on in holy freedom, our friend—then master John Hazelton—offered himself to the Church at Colchester, and was baptized when only between sixteen and seventeen years of age; was there and then received into the communion of the saints, and remained in membership with the Colchester Church until he was dismissed to the Church at Bungay, in Suffolk, having accepted the invitation to become the pastor of the said Bungay Church. Thus he learned, in the highest degree, Paul's climax to the Ephesians, "No more a

stranger, but a fellow-citizen of the saints, and of the household of faith, experimentally built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone." Who can fully express the amazing mercy in being thus early called to know, and fear, and serve the Lord?

INAUGURATION OF HIS MINISTRY.

It may be justly said that, in the commencement of **MR. HAZELTON'S** Christian career, the Lord made a short work of it. In the space of two years he was convinced of sin, converted to God, baptized, received into the Church, and began to preach the Gospel. He was but eighteen years of age when he preached his first sermon, which was delivered at Wivenhoe, a village four miles out of Colchester. We should be pleased if we could furnish a correct view of the young preacher, and give a verbatim report of that maiden exposition; it would be interesting to his friends. Knowing a little of **MR. HAZELTON'S** diffidence, we are persuaded no influence could have carried him into that sacred work had not the love of Christ constrained him. If any human eye could have searched and watched him, it would have discovered a hidden desire—

"To tell to sinners all around
What a dear Saviour he had found."

That desire would have been seen to be severely tried by fearful conflicts and anxieties; and with that desire burning on the one hand, and the trembling fear resisting on the other, he might have been seen on his knees, waiting upon, and wrestling with, his sin-pardoning and precious **LORD**, to guide him in all his future course. This the Lord has done in a merciful, powerful, and honourable way.

About the year 1840—then—his ministry commenced, and which, without interruption, has been continued for six or seven-and-thirty years. May his ministerial jubilee in 1890 be a glorious Gospel day, although we do not anticipate witnessing that auspicious time.

Having put his hand to the Gospel plough, this youthful preacher was not permitted to look back. He was immediately called to preach and to serve the Churches in Ipswich, Clare, and several other places. Then, for nearly three years he ministered stately to the Church at Mount Bures. The venerable Samuel Collins, of Grundisburgh, was the means of his settling in his first pastorate over the Church in Bungay, where **MR. BRAND** now labours. In that town he continued for two years, from whence he removed to Guyhirn, in Cambridgeshire. Here his ministry was continued for four years in the midst of great prosperity, until he removed to London. Of this last remove, and of the rise and growth of the Church in Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell, we expect next month to furnish a little history from the pen of one who has prayerfully and joyfully watched its onward and steady course from the first day until now.

When **Richard Minton**, the elder, and **George Burrell**, the younger, deacons of little Mount Zion, saw and heard their beloved pastor, **MR. HAZELTON**, in the pulpit, they mutually agreed that **Cowper's** written portrait of "**THE GOOD PREACHER**" was then realised, where he says :—

“Would I describe a preacher—such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own.
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes; and draw from his designs.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
 In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain;
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste;
 And natural in jesture; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge;
 And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.”

That many such young men as Mr. Hazelton was; such useful ministers as he has proved to be, may, by the Lord, be yet given to our Churches, is the secret prayer of
 C. W. B.

HOW DID THIS NEW YEAR COME IN?

THE moon shone bright, all the heavens appeared calm, giving 1877 a quiet and cheerful welcome. But, when the day began to break; when the morning was fully come; when we set out for Chatham, where we were engaged to speak, we found the wind terribly strong; it blew us back, sent hat flying, umbrella trembling, all nature quaking. Yet, while the storm was tearing up terraces, rending piers, working destruction dreadful, a merciful Providence preserved us, in going and in returning, safe and sound. When we read of the desolations effected hither and thither, we seriously considered those words in Psalm cvii. 25:—

“*He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind.*”

Gill says, “Winds are not raised by men, nor by devils, nor by angels, but by the Lord Himself. He that created them holds them in His fist, brings them out of His treasures, and

“SENDS THEM FORTH TO DO HIS WILL.”

The stormy wind fulfils His Word.

The new year of 1877 came in with awful tokens of the Almighty power of God. At Dover, the sea threatened to sweep the whole town into ruin and dismay. What a display of the arm of Omnipotence on the one hand, and of mortal weakness and frailty on the other. My reader, art thou preserved? Is thine habitation in safety? Is thine house and hope built upon the Rock? Does thy soul fly for shelter to the only “HOPE SET BEFORE US?” Art thou, in earnest soul-breathing, pouring out those precious words:—

“Jesus! Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly;
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh!
 Hide me! Oh, my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last?”

During the many, many years of this pilgrimage through the world of dangers and of deaths, how suited, how sublimely-expressive are the above lines of our faith, of our fears, and of our fervent cries unto “the Rock that is higher than” the oft-much-humbled writer.

THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE—THE MISTAKE—AND
THE ANGELS.

LAST month we reiterated these blessed words—"In these is continuance, and we shall be saved." There is continuance in the Scriptures. Much as they are held back, or denied, it is still true, "The Word of God abideth for ever!"

The wonderful works of God's providence without, and the witness of the HOLY SPIRIT within, strongly and repeatedly strengthen our faith in the inspiration, Divine authenticity, and eternal truthfulness of "THE HOLY BIBLE."

When, week after week, the clouds emptied themselves so freely on the earth; when inundations, wrecks and destructions were heard of on every hand, the ancient cry of the Church of old—that prophetic lamentation of the Psalmist (xciii. 3, 4)—came up in my soul speaking loudly and powerfully too. The complaint of the Psalmist, and the answer of the Lord, were exceedingly confirming to my faith that there is nothing coming to pass in the world, or in the Church, but the true Word of God doth fully express it. That Word of God has a hand in all, and a voice for all that can come to pass in any part of the universe of God. Hence, saith the Psalmist, as though he was now standing on the earth, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves." When, immediately, heaven answers to her cry, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." There is our hope, and our safe anchorage,

"When tempests rise and billows roll."

One dark night, when sleep for a season stayed away, the thought arose, "Three sermons at New Brompton presently." What will be their theme? John's words came up without weeping or wrestling, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God, and every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth Him also that is begotten of Him." In a moment the kingdom of heaven, the economy of grace in the present dispensation, stood open to my view.

There is the "door" which the Gospel flings wide open, in that one large word, "WHOSOEVER." The Gospel of the grace of God is not limited to any tribe, nation, denomination, section, or party. The Churches of Rome, of England, of Scotland, or of any other name, are nothing here. Away with your idolatrous vaunting:—"The temple of the Lord! the temple of the Lord! the temple of the Lord are we!" These, saith the Lord, are "lying words;" and He bids us not to trust in them. A wise and worthy brother, who has had much affliction, and has watched closely the bitter animosities in the divisions of Reuben, says, "Cruel party-spirits are driving the young ones into infidelity." I will not torment myself, nor my readers, with reflections upon these people,

"Who separate themselves."

I will solemnly proclaim the fact that, on that glorious Sunday morning, when the Lord Himself called me out of a sound sleep, out of bed, out of darkness, out of myself; when He said, "CHRIST shall give thee LIGHT"—on that sacred morning, after the first rapture of

surprise was over, and when, as I walked on the Dare John-terrace, I said, in the simplicity of my soul, "Lord! if that blessed light and voice did come from Thee, then do confirm it! Do speak to my soul again;" and immediately the words came, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." And I exclaimed, "I do believe that Jesus Christ is the anointed Messiah of the Father, therefore I know that I am born of God."

That "*Whosoever*" so entered into my heart, and has been so confirmed in my experience and knowledge of the salvation of others, that I never could be of that exclusive, of that ignorantly-bigotted spirit, of that censorious and hyper-critical tone which has awfully rent our Churches into shreds and fractions.

Not that I can be one with the family of Arminius, or run pleasantly with Baxter or Bunyan, with Andrew Fuller, or any man who departeth from, or mangles any part of, THE TRUTH. No! Grace led my roving feed to tread the heavenly road from the first, and from God's revealed will I cannot depart. Still, this "*Whosoever*" has a large meaning as regards the various minor differences existing among the called family of God, who dwell on the earth. From that high and holy-walking Enoch down to Manasseh; from that beloved disciple John down to Mary Magdalene, there is a wide range of character, condition, and of experience too. But the Scripture mark is this—

"Even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Whosoever, whensoever, or from whatsoever, God shall call a sinner, unto that called sinner spiritual and eternal life has been given in *Christ*, and JESUS declares the fact, such an one shall never be plucked out of His hands. Connected with that "WHOSOEVER" there are many adversaries. When a full CHRIST, a finished salvation, and a free-grace way to God and glory, are all opened up in a sinner's soul, then he findeth many adversaries. The Gospel of Christ is a great door and effectual, but there are many adversaries. Satan brings up a cloud of sins. Unbelief produceth a crop of fears, and it may appear impossible to enter in by the door. I think it was near four years after I saw the Lord, and loved Him, before I could enter in by the door. For more than fifty years have I found there are many adversaries, and they still rise up in all directions; they fire their false shots with determination to destroy.

The essential and testimonial PASSPORT is this, "*believeth*"—that is, a continual faith that Jesus is the CHRIST, the anointed Messiah to preach the Gospel to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to give sight to the blind, and to set at liberty the bruised. In all these works of grace by our Lord "there is continuance," therefore, true believers will be saved.

The birth-right lays in this, he is born of God, he has a new creation. There are in Christendom at least three Religions:—

A Ceremonial Religion!

A Theoretical Religion!

A Vital and an Experimental Religion!

The generality of easy-going professors have the ceremonial, and, we fear, that is all they have.

The learned collegians, and well-trained scholastics, have a

theoretical ; but who among us has that vital union to Christ so that they live with Him, for Him, and in Him ? Who has that ?

The Family Likeness

is finely drawn in John's text, "And every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth Him also that is begotten of Him."

It was a time of love when the Lord passed by, and said unto the soul, "LIVE!" Love begat the soul anew ; love has trained, nursed and comforted the soul ; and wherever any one is seen who is thus, by love Divine, created in Jesus Christ unto good works, love uniteth their hearts together, and in the Lord they become one.

The five-fold bond of unity between the power of the Spirit and the promise of the Lord, is declared to be unto eternal glory. See its lines :—

"Because He has set His love upon Me" (there is the power),
"therefore will I deliver Him" (there is the promise). So again—

"I will set Him on high, because He hath known My Name."

"He shall call upon Me, and I will answer Him."

"I will be with Him in trouble ; I will deliver Him and honour Him."

"With long life will I satisfy Him, and shew Him My salvation."

In the highest sense, these promises belong to the dear Son of God ; they are, also, spoken to, and fulfilled in, the savingly-called of God ; I know them, in measure, true in my own soul.

But I cannot get into the sepulchre, nor among the angels. I must be off (D.V.) to New Brompton. Let us try and go next month and see the place where the Lord lay. I have been reproached for my kindly-intended criticism of Mr. Hazelton. But these reproaches are so numerous, I must seek for grace to leave them where Abraham left the young men and the ass, at the foot of the mount, while we ascend up to worship the Lord. That all our friends will come and spend Friday, February 9, with us in Speldhurst-road chapel, is the prayer of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

"HEAVEN."

THERE is a God of boundless love,
Who rules the spacious heav'n's
above,

Who guides the planets as they shine,
A God, omnipotent, divine!

In realms of paradise His throne
Is founded on celestial stone,
And kings submissive bow before
His mighty presence, and adore.

There angels and archangels raise
A sacred anthem to His praise,

And twice ten thousand voices sing,
The glory of their Saviour King.

From space to space the echoes fly,
In one grand peal of majesty,
Till heaven's resounding arches swell
The ceaseless strain of festival.

"There" sorrow finds no kindred heart ;
"There" friends meet friends, no more
to part ;

"There" death is conquer'd, time is o'er,
And joy supreme reigns evermore!

J. T. EMERY.

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT
AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,
NOW A PREACHER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

(Continued from page 18.)

CHAPTER IV.

ALONE in the World—Crying Bitterly to the Lord to take His Life from Him—Finds Himself in a Village of Roman Catholics—Hungry, but Refuses to Eat at the Hands of the Gentiles—Determines to Destroy Himself—The Lord's Voice is Heard—Deliverance from the Sore Temptation is Granted—Finds some Kind Jews at Wittemberg—Rabbi Blesses Him, and He Proceeds—A Perilous Journey in Rain and Darkness—Sleeps in a Cemetery—Loses His Coat—Has to Travel on in Misery.

I CANNOT express the great trouble that I was in, when finding myself solitary in the woods. I then cried bitterly unto the God of my fathers, if He would be gracious unto me, and take my life from me; for I began to think that all my undertakings were only the folly of my wicked heart; especially thinking of the sweet comforts I enjoyed at my beloved parents' home, and now to be alone in the world. I sat in the forest for about one hour, weeping, lamenting, and praying unto the Lord to be merciful unto me; but the more I prayed and lamented the more darkness, fear, and misery came into my soul; and in that misery I fell asleep again, under the tree, in the silent forest.

Whilst asleep, I had very painful dreams. I saw my dearly-beloved mother walking about, seeking after me; and when I got up I found myself again in darkness; and through the terrors of darkness I was compelled to proceed on my journey. I walked about in the great forest for some time, but when the light of the day began to appear my heart then began to be comforted; and I walked on for a few hours, until I came to a small village. When I got to the village, I entered a house, and inquired if any Jews lived there. I was informed that all the inhabitants of the village were Christians, most of them Roman Catholics. I told them I was a poor Jew boy, travelling to a far country, had been robbed of my money, and all the clothes I had with me; had been travelling for some time, and was very hungry, I had not eaten anything for many hours. On hearing that, the people offered me some meat and bread, which I accepted with many thanks. But as I held the provisions in my hand, I reasoned with myself, "Would I be justified in eating the meat and bread given me by Gentiles?" Then, thinking of the instructions I received from my Rabbi and beloved parents, I determined not to eat it. I then begged of the people to pardon me for returning to them the very kind gift they just gave me. I said, As I was a Jew, and believed in Jehovah the God of Abraham, I must not eat thereof. After I returned the gift of the bread and meat, the master of the house, being very grieved for me to do so, felt very much insulted; he got up, and pushed me out through the door of his house.

The reader may well imagine the painful position I was in. As I left that house I was filled with misery. I determined to put an end to my own life; and with that determination I left that village. As I went on my journey, I inquired the way to Wittemberg, which was ten miles. As I was walking along, being determined to put an

end to my life, on the way to Wittemberg, I beheld a beautiful large tree. Seeing that tree, and looking at it from afar off, I resolved to hang myself on it; and I went on, expecting that my life would soon be over, and that I should soon be out of my misery. Such were my inclinations; yet I began to think again of my beloved parents; what will become of them if they should hear that I have put an end to my own life? Then those words in Deuteronomy came, "He that is hanged is accursed." I began to think of the awful state in which I should be if I should hang myself. I lifted up my voice in prayer unto the Lord to be gracious unto me, and to save me from all my troubles and misery. The Lord heard my cry; the words came with power to my soul, "I will never leave you nor forsake you;" also the words of Isa. lix. 1, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that He cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that He cannot hear." With this word I was much encouraged, and went on my way, rejoicing that my God listened to my prayers. As I came near the town of Wittemberg, I felt that my strength was all gone, not having had anything to eat since the previous day; but by God's help, I entered the town of Wittemberg, and inquired where any Jews resided. Having found that there lived a good number of Jews, I visited the Rabbi. He very kindly gave me food, for which I had longed for many hours. He then sent me to several Jews, whom I visited, and they very kindly helped me. I remained in Wittemberg for a few days; and before I left the town I visited the Rabbi, asking him to bless me. I explained to him my circumstances; he asked me several questions; on hearing my answers, he put his hands on my head, and pronounced the blessing, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," &c. Being very pleased to receive a blessing, I then left the Rabbi, and went on my journey.

I left Wittemberg rejoicing, having the blessing from the Rabbi, and sincerely trusting that it would sure to be fulfilled. So I went on my way to a town about three days' journey. I walked a whole day, and in the evening I arrived at a small village, where I applied for a night's lodging; but as I had no passport my application was not accepted. I left the village at once; the rain was pouring down the most part of the night. The whole of the night I was walking through the fields. My clothes on me were wet through; I was weary and hungry; I burst out in bitter crying and prayer unto the Lord to have mercy on me, and deliver me from my trouble or take my life, for life was misery and woe to me. I thus went on in wretchedness the whole night, all my clothes on me wet with the rain. In the morning I still proceeded on my way, till I came near a cemetery, but could see no village nor town near. I went into the cemetery, and, being so weary, I laid down on a tomb, took off my coat, and hung it on a stone, next to the grave I rested on; in the pockets of the coat I had left a few thalers I had given me by the Wittemberg Jews and Rabbi. I then went to sleep on the tombstone. Whilst asleep, I dreamed about my beloved mother; she saw me sleeping on the stone, and, crying, said, "My child! my child! come to me, see, I have a very good and soft bed!" I then awoke, being so excited to find that I had slept the whole day, and it was night then, and very dark. I then tried to find my coat which I had left on the stone next the grave I rested on, but could not find it; and I walked about in the cemetery, trying to find it, but without success; I therefore laid down

again on another tombstone, so that I might rest a little more, and sat on that stone the whole night; in the morning I again walked about the cemetery to find my coat, but, to my sorrow, I could only come to the conclusion that some one had stolen it while I slept in the day. I then journeyed on, having lost the only coat I had, and the little money given me by the Wittemberg Jews.

I was much ashamed to go on without a coat, and the rest of the clothes I had on were rather shabby, from wearing them day and night, and in all sorts of weather. I called to mind the comforts I had when I was in my father's house; and, looking on my ragged clothes, I brought to my remembrance the good clothes I had to wear at home; and now to be almost naked, also hungry, weary, yea, altogether wretched and miserable.

CHAPTER V.

FINDS a Jew who Knew His Father; His Father had been the Means of Saving this Jew's Life—Remarkable Letter from His Father—His Reply to the Same.

Going on in that wretchedness, I was delighted to see a small town; and in that small town I inquired after Jews, as I would have nothing to do with Christians. I was directed to a certain Jew in the town, whom I went to see, to ask for some help. On arriving at his house, the servant would not let me step into the house, because of my poverty. The master of the house came out and called me in, asking me what I wanted. I then burst out in bitter cries, for thinking of my mother and father, and that their son should be so ragged, and also a beggar. I then asked the good man if he could give me something to eat; and he said nothing to me for a few moments; then he left me for a few minutes, and brought out his wife also to see me, and when they both looked at me, he asked me if my father's name was Lion Levinsohn. I answered, "Yes!" "Then is your mother's name *Brainah*?" "Yes." Many questions he asked me about my family, and then his wife burst out crying, and brought out their children to see me, and they all wept. He then said to me, "I know your father and mother; your father was the means of saving my life in the year 1863, when in the Polish revolution." I then found that the whole of that family were natives of Poland, and in the time of the revolution they were persecuted and imprisoned; but my father having much acquaintance with the governors of the prisons in Kovno, and with the chief police master, and others, redeemed the whole family from prison, on bail; after which, my father induced them to leave the country at once; and after some time, when the prisoners escaped, and were wanted, my father had then a great deal of trouble; but my father did not mind all the trouble, as long as he could redeem a Jewish family. He then said to me, "You shall have good clothes on you at once, and be made happy as my own son." Clothes were brought in the course of very little time, and I felt very thankful.

It was on the eve of the Sabbath day. I dressed myself in the good clothes, and went with the whole family to the Jewish synagogue to worship. After service we returned home, and supper was provided very nice and comfortable. I was asked to offer the prayer and thanks, which I did according to the Jewish Prayer Book. I stayed in that house a few days. I then said that I would take my journey, and Mr. A., the master of the house, wished me to stay a few days longer. Being

asked by him so much, I was persuaded to do so. I then wrote a letter to my father, and informed him of all the circumstances which I had been in since I left home. The answer I received from my dear parents was as follows:—

“TO MY DEAR AND SOUL-BELOVED CHILD ISAAC,—We received your letter on the eve of the Sabbath. I assure you we did not enjoy any rest on that day of rest. As we came from the synagogne, instead of sitting down at the table, and celebrating the Sabbath, we all sat down and read your letter. We all cried very bitterly; your beloved mother fainted several times as we were speaking about our beloved child. My beloved son, since you left us all things seem to be against us. In fact, whatever your mother and I attempt to do we fail, for our hearts are overwhelmed with trouble, to think that you should suffer so much from poverty, hunger, &c., whilst we have good houses and our servants never want anything, and yet our beloved Isaac is in wretchedness. My darling child, I shall be happy indeed if you would think of me, your father, and your mother, sisters, and brothers, and come back home. Then you will make us happy, and you will be happy too. You know how I longed to have you remain in Russia, and be perfectly trained and educated, and also with a determination for you to become a Rabbi when you would be old enough; and yet all my hopes have gone. Your sister Meitta Esther asks me to beg of you to return, and also your little brother continually cries and asks when his good and sweet brother Isaac will return. Indeed, my child, when they all cry bitterly for your return, I often wish that you may come, and if not, I should like you to stay in Hamburg, when you get there; and we will take our holidays, and visit you, and spend a few days with you. But I hope that you will have compassion on your beloved father and mother, sisters and brothers, and come home.

“I remain, dear and beloved child,

“Your most affectionate father,

“LION LEVINSOHN.”

When I received this letter my heart was filled with trouble, and I did not know what to do; I thought of the trouble that I should have to pass through in order to get to England, and also of the comforts that I could have if I returned home, yet I felt that I must go on till the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would visit me. I then wrote to my beloved parents:—

“TO MY MOST BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER,—I cannot express the gratitude of my heart for your sympathising letter, and I would also tell you that I never spend a minute without thinking of you. Since I left you I was nearer death than life, for once I was determined to hang myself, because of the misery and wretchedness I was in; yet the God of our fathers has brought me out of many troubles. I should very much like to return home, but I feel I must travel much more, till I can find that satisfaction that my soul longs for. I know that the religion of our's is the only religion that saves a soul, but yet I also know that the great God is too holy to look upon me, who am so great a sinner. Although I don't read the Bible very often, yet I pray every day three times, and repeat the whole of the *Tehillim* (Psalms), which I know by heart. My dear parents, I trust that the Lord will be with

me, and especially if you will pray for me. I shall be glad if you would kindly ask my old Rabbi to pray for me. Dear father, please don't write to me any more till you hear from me. I am sorry I feel that I cannot take your advice and return home. I am determined, even if I travel through the whole world, that I must find satisfaction for my soul.

"I remain, dear parents,

"Your ever-affectionate son,

"ISAAC LEVINSOHN."

CHAPTER VI.

HIS Soul-agonising Question to another Rabbi—What He Must Do to be Saved; and the Rabbi's Instruction—Resumes His Journey—Walking Through Forests, Fields, &c.—Still in Great Distress of Mind—A Dangerous Gang of Rough Fellows Assail, Threaten, and Rob Him—Bitten by a Dog—Tempted to Infidelity—Bitterly Wailing, Solemnly Determines to Hang Himself, and Fully Prepares for it.

After the correspondence with my dear parents, I resolved to commence my travels again. Mr. A., who was so kind to me, asked me to stay longer. I thanked him, but refused; seeing that a great journey was before me, I would not stay at any place too long. Mr. A. then asked me to go with him to the Rabbi who lived in that town, to bless me, which he did. The Rabbi asked me what inducement I had to leave my native land, and, on hearing my answer, asked me if I would stay with him for some time; he hoped that by my doing so I would find full satisfaction to me; but I had no desire to do so. I asked the Rabbi the same question that I asked my father and mother, and my Rabbi, when in Russia, "What must I do in order to be saved?" and also told him of the great fears of death, hell, and judgment, that I possessed; and I also told the Rabbi if he could do anything to drive away my fears I should feel happy indeed, in fact, I should feel happier than the greatest king on the throne. In reply to what I asked, the Rabbi said, "You must obey the holy law given unto us by God, through his servant, our lord Moses; and if I would observe all the precepts of the law, it would save me." I then said, "Dear Rabbi, all this I have done with all my heart and power, but the more I do all that, the more fears and terrors of death I have, and something tells me in my heart all that will never justify me before God." When the Rabbi found he could not persuade me to stay, he said to Mr. A., he thought that through the hard study I had in Russia, and especially as I was so young, I was getting mad. As I heard that saying, I said, "Very likely it may be so, I will, therefore, travel all over the world, until I find a cure for my soul." I had no thought then that I should find a Good Physician in Jesus Christ, whose name was an abomination to me, or that Jesus would graciously reveal Himself unto me, and heal my leprous soul, and give me that satisfaction I longed for.

The Rabbi then put his hands on my head, and pronounced a blessing very silently that I could not hear. I then took my departure from the Rabbi, and returned to the house of Mr. A., to wish the whole family good-bye. Mrs. A. then gave me a purse full of thalers, and Mr. A. gave a present of a few thalers. I then left the house of Mr. A., with money and good clothes. Mr. A. also requested me to write to him at any time; if I wanted any money, he would be pleased to send to me. He also expressed that nothing would be too hard for him to do

for me, whilst remembering the kindness of my beloved father towards him in years gone by.

I then left that town by rail, and when I finished the journey, I would not spend any money in travelling, but kept it by me, so that when I got to Hamburg, I might have enough to live upon for a little time, and also have enough money to secure my passage to England. So commenced walking again through the fields, and woods, and villages. As I had money with me, I thought that I should not suffer so much as when in great poverty; but I found, by bitter experience, that money is not sufficient; for often I walked in darkness, through forests and fields, with the money in my pockets, yet could not get anything to eat.

No one can imagine the great trials I had; only those who know what it is to be in a strange land, and have passed through a similar path of trials and troubles. Several days, whilst walking on, I came into villages, but, finding no Jews there, would not stay anywhere. Oftentimes I lived whole days long upon some fruits I found on trees on my way. One morning, being very weary of walking the whole night, I came near a village, and before I entered therein, I sat down under a very nice plum-tree, which was on the side of the road I walked. Being very weary and hungry, I took off some of its fruit, and eat it; and whilst sitting under the tree, there came four very rough, great fellows, and told me I had no business there, and that the tree was their own private property; they then seized me with force, all four of them, and said that they would have me imprisoned. They asked me where I came from, and as they found that I was from a foreign land, concluded that I had some money; one of the four then took out a knife from his pocket, and said, if I would not give him all the money I had with me, he would kill me. I then gave them all the money I had given me by Mr. and Mrs. A., that I might save my life; and as they took away my money they ran away, and I wept bitterly: and then began to reason with myself: Can there be a God, who sees all this my troubles and be silent? I really thought for a little while, "*There is no God*, for else how could he be so far from me, and let me sink in such misery and wretchedness?" In this state I arrived at the little village, which was not far off, where I inquired if any Jews lived there, and, to my sorrow, was informed that there were none. I then entered into a public house, and begged of them to give me a piece of bread, which was kindly given me, and then went my way to a town which was about eight hours' walk, where I was informed I could find many Jews.

On leaving the village, I was bitten by a dog, which frightened me very much, it also gave me great pain. I would have returned to the village again, but there were no Jews living there. I then looked up heavenward, crying, and asking God if He would be merciful unto me, and take my life from me altogether, and charging God that He was too severe to me. I then walked for about three hours, bleeding through the bite of the dog, and also very hungry. I was then perfectly determined to hang myself on the first tree I came near. I then tore my waistcoat in twain, so that I might bind it partly around my neck, and partly on a branch of the tree, making every preparation for destroying my life, and longing to see a tree, where I could put an end to my wretched life.

Suddenly I saw a nice large tree; looking towards the tree, I said

my prayers, as usual, in accordance to the Jewish Prayer Book, and then I was ready to destroy my life. On coming to the tree that I looked forward to hang myself on, I beheld on it beautiful apples, which was indeed a pleasant sight. I then, forgetting that I wanted to hang myself on that tree, climbed up and got some apples, which I ate, and then laid down under its shadow, and rested. I thought of the words of Solomon, who said, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." I slept under that tree the whole day. When I awoke I was surprised to find that it was night. I did not feel strong enough to walk that night, for losing so much blood through the bite of the dog weakened me much. I remained under the tree the whole night.

In the morning I started; walked for some time, till I came to the town that I was told some Jews lived in, and went to the synagogue, where, being so hungry and weary, I fainted. Many Jews then came around me, who called me to life again, and asked me who I was. Being very much exhausted, I said, "Please ask me no questions, but give me something to eat, for I am starved." I was then taken to the house of a Jew, where every comfort was granted to me. After staying at the house for some little time, I fell very ill, but the Jews, who were so kind, did all in their power to restore me to perfect health. As I was confined to a bed of affliction, I thought of my beloved mother, and I wished I had died in my native land, and be in my father's house. I cannot tell the great and painful position I was in. To be away from my native land, from father, mother, sisters, brothers, and to be in a strange land, amongst people that were strange to me in their manners and customs.

(To be continued.)

"THE FIRST ADAM" 6,000 YEARS OLD IN 1881.

READ THIS! DENY IT YOU CANNOT.

LUTHER, in his *Table Talk*, makes the remark that "the Pope and Turk both began almost at one time, under the Emperor Phocas." This is true so far that, within a few years after the Pope's 1,260 years began, by his assumption of the title of *Universal Bishop*; the Mahomedan 1,260 may be said to have commenced with the well-known era of the Hejira, A.D. 622, and which, therefore, brings us to the year 1881-2, by which time we have reason to expect that its power over Christians will terminate and come to an end. And it is worthy of note that the year 1881—according to some chronologers—synchronizes with the year 6000 A.M.—or, more correctly speaking, the 6,000th year since the creation of Adam.

The Turkish recent onslaught was the result of the great power which Satan now has on the earth, knowing that his time is short. From a Scriptural stand-point, there can be no question but that the Mahomedan power is perishing. The following utterances of the Earl of Shaftesbury are significant. Last July, he said publicly:—

"I confess, looking at the present state of things, I believe the future will be much more terrible than the present, and I am deeply convinced that the Turkish Government is beyond remedy and utterly incorrigible, and not in accord with the views of humanity. Looking at the interests

of the commonwealth of mankind, I, for one, would rather see the Russians on the Bosphorus than the Turks in Europe."

"OLD TIME" is approaching a terrible climax, or a marvellous change. When the head of a family is supposed to be near death, what efforts to drive back the enemy! So, now, the Antichristian powers are tottering! What convulsive throes! What goings forth of endeavour to save them! But they are doomed! Look, also, at the universal increase of music, of services of song, of merry-making in nearly all our churches and chapels—as though the adversary would drown all the sounds of approaching horrors, by clergymen and ministers of every sort, setting up choirs for glees, solos, songs, and laughable lectures, to lull their audiences into the slumbers of unconsciousness! Those who cannot heartily unite in these, are dividing and falling into weakness. Walk through "*our Churches*," either in London or in the Provinces. *What do you see?* Except in a very few instances, you behold the struggles of a little handful to hold up THE TRUTH—which, for the time being, is fallen in our streets! Generally speaking, it will be found that *errors* in the ministry prosper; but the proclamation of God's holy truth is almost powerless. "*Light Literature*" is called a curse to the nation. It is so. But all our people, more or less, like the light literature in sermons, in speeches, and in nearly all our services. My soul weeps, my heart bleeds, my spirit cries to God, over this almost universal incoming of Satan as an angel of light; but from over thirty years' bitter reflection upon it, I fear the day is far spent, the sorrowful night for Zion is at hand.

C. W. BANKS.

THE LATE MR. E. J. OLIVER.

"**F**RRIEND after friend departs," and while we mourn the frequent gaps in the Church below, the many mansions of our Father's house are receiving daily those for whom they were prepared from everlasting. Our aged friend, Mr. E. J. Oliver, whose name for more than thirty years, has been inseparably associated with the Baptist Tract Society, has entered his eternal rest, at the age of nearly ninety years. Mr. Oliver was pre-eminently a man of activity; for him, to live was to work, and his often expressed desire, that he might not be left to experience the feebleness and incapacity of old age, was granted in a remarkable manner; for he was permitted to labour in the service that he best loved, almost to the very hour of his death.

On the evening of Monday, January 8th, he attended a prayer meeting of the Church in East-street, Walworth, of which he was a member, when he prayed in a manner which will not be soon forgotten by those who heard it; before 8 o'clock on the following morning he had gone home to be with Him whose commandments he held so dear. His departure, long delayed, was sudden at the last; and is severely felt by those, who seeing his zeal for work, were apt to forget that he had attained an age at which few men are capable of either mental or physical exertion. Of course we could not expect but that one who, having passed the appointed limit of man's life, had added thereto twenty years of activity borrowed from eternity, should remain with us much longer; but while we cannot expect to feel surprise, we may be permitted to drop a tear of regret over the grave of one, who in these days of laxity, was to the last an inflexible champion of Strict Communion. Our friend, moreover, was one of the few who are able to read the signs of the times; and was ever ready to sound a warning note against the advance of Popery and Ritualism, believing that he foresaw great danger to our country from these systems of falsehood.

Not many weeks before his death, he expressed to an intimate friend his conviction that England had not at present a man capable of grappling with the evil.

"My friend," said he, "we shall want a man like Bismarck." It would be well we think, if such feelings as his were more common. Mr. Oliver did not confine himself to talking against Popery, but worked energetically to combat the enemy by means of his connection with the Baptist Tract Society. He long maintained an active correspondence with the Waldensian Christians, and those who knew him best, can well remember the lively pleasure he took in the accounts of the Lord's work that he received from these descendants of Rome's victims of the dark ages. By the death of our friend, Dr. Wall, of Rome, and many other labourers against Popery on the continent, have lost a firm and sympathising supporter. We pray that many of our young brethren may feel impelled to take up the still unfinished work, and carry forward the struggle against the man of sin.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, January 16th, at Nunhead cemetery, when touching addresses were delivered Mr. W. Alderson (our departed friend's pastor), and Mr. Briscoe. A sermon, having reference to the death of our aged brother, was preached on the evening of Sunday, January 21st, by Mr. W. Alderson at East-street chapel. The text was Rev. xiv. 13, from which Mr. Alderson, drew many useful lessons in connection with Mr. Oliver's life. He described our late friend as a firm Trinitarian, believing in one Lord, one faith, and one baptism; a man, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, fearing the Lord. Mr. Oliver, he said, "from his consciousness of his own sinnership, could not desire that his works should precede him; while his sense of indebtedness to the Lord who had redeemed him, caused him to labour so, that it is now true of him that his works do follow him." The whole service was a fitting tribute to the memory of one whose constant wish was to be employed about his Master's business.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"This is not honest." With these words, *The Gospel Standard* closes its brief notice of *The Baptist Almanack for 1877*. The reviewer says, "We have heard that this Baptist almanack has been advertised in the *Christian World* under the head of 'Congregational Handbook';" and then adds, "this is not honest;" thereby implying that a fraudulent effort has been made to palm the *Baptist Almanack* off upon the Congregationalists; which conclusion is cruel, false, and calculated to fan the flame of reproach which has been kindled and kept burning throughout the country for many years. We say the *Gospel Standard* reaches a conclusion most ungenerous, when it says, "This is not honest." Now what is the truth of this matter, as before God and man? It is this—Our son, Mr. Robert Banks, publishes an annual, entitled, the *Congregational Almanack*, a work quite distinct from the *Baptist Almanack*. The latter has never been advertised in the *Christian World*, as described by the *Gospel Standard*. Although we have laboured hard for more than sixty years, and have been deceived and defrauded to an extent unknown to any but the great Searcher of hearts, yet this "We have heard," &c., &c., has been promulgating against us such unfounded assertions that, but for the mercy of the Lord, we must have been driven to destruction. In whatever part of the

country we are called to labour, we hear of the defamer's poison. We have cast our burden upon the Lord thousands of times, and hitherto He has sustained us. We may yet say more.

"Rome's Hidden Springs." In the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which has safely reached us, there is a lecture by pastor Daniel Allen, which occupies nearly six columns of that large Australian daily paper. The lecture was delivered in Pitt-street Temperance hall, October 24th, 1876, on "Rome's Hidden Springs." The immense halls, which were made one, were crowded, hundreds could not get in. We are delighted to find our friend, Daniel Allen, is become so deservedly popular all through the Australian colonies. His lectures comprehend a gigantic grasp of knowledge in every department of literature, and they are working an amount of good in the public mind that cannot be fully measured. We would be glad to re-issue the two last grand orations from Mr. Allen, if we could.

Trinity Hymns. Such is the leading title of a comprehensive selection of hymns, by Mr. John Vaughan, the minister of Trinity chapel, Hackney. We are perfectly at a loss how to describe this fruitful production of indescribable labour. Fifteen hundred hymns and sixty-five doxologies, carefully culled from most of the best sacred poets of the last century and a half, all arranged under

their proper heads, with a full alphabetical index, table of subjects, explanatory and dedicatory preface, &c.; neatly printed and bound in a handy size, which is, to us, an extraordinary enterprise. Other compilers of hymns have done well, but will not impartial and grateful Christians exclaim, "John Vaughan has excelled them all"? No publisher's name is given. Trinity people keep themselves very much to themselves; hence, we suppose, the *Trinity Hymn Book* will not be available for other persons or places.

"These awful days of departure from the truth in Jesus." Such is the first sentence in the preface to a *New Year's Pastoral Address*, by Rev. E. Wilkinson, M.A., Ph.D., rector of Snargate, wherein the doctrines of grace are defended with courage and with conclusive evidence. The address is published by Shaw & Co. There are yet in the Church of England some most determined and powerful advocates of the new covenant order of salvation. But they are scattered thinly over the provinces. Have we any in or near this awfully crowded metropolis?

The Best Wish, and Other Sunday Readings for the Home. By Rev. C. Bullock. Published at *Hand and Heart* office, 75, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street. "The Gospel of the Holy Ghost" is one large feature of this richly-adorned volume. The great requirement of the Church in this age, is "the quickening energy of spiritual life and power by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost." We have long feared that our Churches are flooded with the Arminian heresy; man's power to assent to the Word of God is set up, and this free-will idol is now almost universally worshipped; accompanied, as it is, with other errors, and ceremonial celebrations. No one can denounce heresy and idolatry, or more pertinently insist upon the absolute necessity of the Holy Ghost in the salvation of sinners, than does Mr. Bullock. Hundreds of thousands read his weekly and monthly issues, and blessings flow therefrom.

"The Arch-rival of the Christ of God." Such is the title given by Mr. Ormiston (in his volume, *The Satan of Scripture*) to "the god of this age," "the angel of light," the great "prince of the power of the air." How far Satan's influence now extends no finite mind can judge. How many are simply Satan's agents, who profess to be the ministers of Christ? Necessity compels us to fear they are many, and they are mightily deceiving the souls of millions. As it is a fact beyond all controversy, that the people are ignorant of Satan's devices, we

boldly declare Mr. Ormiston has accomplished a task of no mean order in collecting and editing this extraordinary volume; and ministers, school-men, and laymen, will do good service by urging on its extensive circulation. It is published at 15, Waterloo-place, London, by Smith, Elder & Co.

Memorial Hymns and Poems. By Joseph Warren. Mr. E. C. Sayer, Warrington House, Ipswich, is disposing of these hymns, as noticed last month. The volume contains a faithful picture of that singular minister of Zoar, in Maldon, called "Joseph Warren;" also an outline of his experience; and over 300 original melodies. Truth, in a plain dress, is here exhibited. The wayfaring man may run and read here, without stumbling, if grace reigns in his heart.

"Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society." *The Report for 1876* shows about £1,200 has been paid for sickness and death during the past twelve months. In invested capital, in membership, in management, this long-established and essentially valuable Society is prospering; but there are many hundreds of good young men in our Churches who have not yet obtained admission therein. If they determine to be single all their life they may provide for that rainy day which overtakes every man in his turn; but if they enter upon the responsibilities of a married life before they secure the helps which "The Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society" offers to them, we consider they act imprudently and unwise.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes, &c. By Rev. G. Reynolds. It makes us tremble. We wait.—*Twelve Realistic Sketches of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, &c.* Full of incident; illustrative and astonishing.—Mr. Shepherd's sermon on *The Object of Ritual*, is excellent in truthfulness and clever in style.—*The Righteousness of Faith, &c.* A sermon at Providence chapel, Brighton, by Mr. Thomas Lawson. This subject of faith is the one upon which now almost everybody—parsons, authors, and peoples of all denominations—appear quite blind. We daily weep in our souls over the dark and death-like condition of professors, on this one essential link in the chain of a salvation which, in every department, is alone "of the Lord." Mr. Lawson's sermons on "Faith" prove him a man taught of the Spirit.

The Cup of Salvation. A sermon as full of Scriptural quotation and experimental application as it can hold. Truly Mr. Battersby obeys the injunction, "Preach the Word." It is published by Fisher & Stidstone.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PREACHING TO SINNERS.

MR. W. WINTERS' REPLY TO MR. G. HEARSON.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR,—Were it not that your correspondent, Mr. G. Hearson, has so ungraciously charged me with a want of candour with regard to my views of "what the Strict Baptists believe and preach," I certainly would not trouble to reply to his pert enquiry. It is, however, to be hoped that by the grace of God my candour in the truth is as much known and appreciated in the Churches where the *whole truth* is preached, as that of the pastor of Vauxhall. I think no more than right that firmness of expression originating from purity of motive—though probably not exempt from some error of judgment—*humanum est errare*—should be accepted with all charity for what it is worth, especially when it is seen that in determining hard questions "great men are not always wise." It is questionable from whence comes Mr. Hearson's censure, whether from judgment or passion; but that we leave, as observes a learned writer, "We ought no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help!"

Mr. Hearson, after wittingly reiterating my arguments, and examining them as through the filmy lens of generalism, very wisely leaves them where he found them, and seeks other well-worn arguments of the Sankey and Moody type, in order to find "a foeman worthy of his steel." On turning to the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for August, 1875, agreeable to his wish, I find the "former challenge" which "has never been answered" (?). Here Mr. Hearson seems to require a solution of Acts viii. 22, analagous to the sentiments of the Hyper Calvinist, or high doctrine men, not doubting but that it is in its highest aspect fully endorsed by the Moody party. In this verse Simon the sorcerer is exhorted by Peter to "REPENT," i.e., "of this thy wickedness," in offering to purchase the gift of God with money, that he might, as it is to be feared, thousands do in the present day, make merchandize of it. Now, before going further, it is necessary to know the nature of the repentance here urged by the apostle, as well as the thing to be repented of. It will, I think, be readily admitted by Mr. Hearson, that the sacred Scriptures treat of spiritual and natural repentance, and the repentance spoken of, supra, I hesitate not in saying, is *natural*, which every Gospel preacher may with propriety enforce, and which is as distinct from the spiritual repentance which Christ is exalted to give, as the swimmer is from the water. I, therefore, contend that it is not according to sound doctrine to exhort (dead) sinners to *spiritually* repent and yield "obedience of" [faith], that which they do not in reality possess. For the apostles declare "All men have not faith" (2 Thess. iii. 2). The late Mr.

Parks has an admirable note on this point; he says natural repentance "consists in a change of mind with regard to God, or iniquity, or deportment, and is producible by argument, or threatening, or affliction." Spiritual repentance "consists in a change of mind with regard to God, and sin as sin, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and is producible by the Holy Spirit enlightening the understanding and softening the heart. We see (says Mr. Parks) instances of the first every day of our lives in the case of reformed drunkards and reclaimed felons. We see instances of the second in regenerated Pharisees, who, though highly moral, and respectable before repentance, are now constrained to confess the sins and iniquities of their best works in the sight of God" (see sermon on "Good News for Poor Sinners," p. 2; also Toplady's works, vol. iii. p. 251).

In Acts viii. 13, we find Simon was baptized and made a visible member of the Church of Christ; but was he in truth a child of God? I trow not. Nor is there any Scripture to prove that he was anything else than a reprobate down to his death. Consequently Peter's exhortation did not effect a radical change in him. Peter exhorts him to pray for the forgiveness of that one particular crime, and on Simon's hearing of the severe words of Peter, was moved—not as a godly, sorrow-stricken man, to pray for himself, but to request Peter to do it for him, in order that he might escape the punishment due to him on account of that heinous crime. The very same kind of repentance is exhibited in Judas—i.e., when he saw that he was condemned repented himself, &c. (Matt. xxvii. 3). Was he saved? This same repentance was known to Antiochus Epiphanes, to Pharaoh, to Ahab, to Saul, and to others. Antiochus had no sincere contrition; Pharaoh and Saul were terrified, but not moved to true repentance. This *natural* repentance is seen in the history of the Ninevites, and is mentioned in Luke xi. 32. In this, and similar cases, it may be called a *natural* repentance. Jesus there tells the Jews that the Ninevites would rise up in judgment against them because they repented at the preaching of Jonah, whereas the Jews would not at the preaching of Jesus, because they did not believe in Him as the Messiah, and were consequently rejected for their judicial blindness. The Israel of old *repented* that they had lost one of their tribes (see Judges xxi. 6, 15). The Hebrew meaning representing repentance is "*return*," and in the Greek it is two-fold—*metameleia* (*penitencia*) signifying the contritional, and *metanoia* (*resipiscentia*) expressing the conversive power of repentance (*vide* Blunt's Theological Dict.). Alford states that Acts viii. 22, taken in connection with John xx. 23, shows "how completely the apostles themselves referred the forgiveness of sins to, and left it in the sovereign power of, God, and

not to their own delegated power of absolution." *Gar* gives reasons why Simon had need of repentance, on the account of the enormity of the crime, he then being tied by the chain of his sin. In this crime, some have thought (see Webster and Wilkinson's Greek Test.) Simon committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, which may account in some measure for the expression of uncertainty with regard to forgiveness—"If perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee;" *ara* being a syllogistical particle, admits of some doubt as to his being forgiven. Simon was then in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, and consequently had no part either in the gift or grace of the Spirit, for it is proved by the highest authority that he afterwards became an enemy of God and the apostles by practising his pernicious sentiments. Methinks how obviously different is that repentance pressed by Peter upon Simon to that mentioned in Acts v. 31, xi. 15. The former, as seen in Simon, is a legal repentance, which is only temporary, and often proceeds from unbelief, aversion to God and His law, and ends in desperation. It is that which needs to be repented of; while the latter is spiritual and Divine, and proceeds as a special gift from God, attended with other holy graces of the Spirit. It may be called evangelical repentance, because it effects the heart and life (see 2 Cor. vii. 11). This difference is seen in Peter himself, under the term *conversion* (Luke xxii. 32), "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Peter was already a saved man, for the Lord Jesus had previously prayed for him. Hence the same difference exists between *conversion* and *regeneration* as between spiritual and natural, or legal repentance. And there is as much cause to believe that Simon perished with his money as there is that he repented after a godly sort. There is no question that he legally repented, and in that state of mind the apostle left him. The effect of Peter's preaching is seen in its two-fold aspect—a savour of life to some, and a savour of death to others. In Acts ii. 37, we find, after Peter's memorable sermon on the day of Pentecost, three thousand were PRICKED to the heart; *katenugesan te kardia*—they were pierced to the heart, as the word *katanussesthai* signifies. These persons we have reason to believe spiritually repented. But how diverse is the effect of the same apostle's ministry on another occasion (Acts v. 33). The apostle had been preaching, as all true ministers do, that Christ is exalted to give (spiritual) repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins (verse 31), and he himself, with others, was a witness of it. Then they that heard it were CUT (*dieprionto*) to the heart, and the result is, as we believe in the case of Simon the magician, they proved enemies to the truths of the Gospel. This is confirmed by the same word being expressed after the dying but eloquent oration of Stephen in Acts vii. 54.

In Acts iii. 19, the apostles Peter and John exhort the Jews to change their minds with regard to the true Messiah (many of

whom doubtless Jesus prayed for while on the cross, "Father, forgive them," &c.), that their judicial hardness might give way when the refreshing from the presence of the Lord should come. This refreshing may be looked at as a time of respite (*anapsuxis*) which was given them to repent of their sin in killing the Saviour. Have they yet believed, or changed their opinion in this matter? Nay, because their hearts are not regenerated by the Holy Ghost.

Acts xvii. 30, I am exhorted by Mr. H. to solve. But I fear I have occupied too much of your valuable space already. However, just a word or two on this head, and on John iii. 18, and I have done. At the former "ignorance" spoken of by Paul, God winked at, because it came under the sin of ignorance, for which a sacrifice was—under the law—to be made; while for the sin of presumption, no sacrifice was to be offered. The Light of the World had come, and His Divine lustre was shed abroad; hence, their idolatry was inexcusable although not unpardonable. The doctrine of repentance was to be preached to the Jews as well as to the Gentiles (Luke xxiv. 47); and though it appears in the form of a command, as Gill observes, it is not supposed to be in the power of men, or to contradict evangelical repentance being the free-grace gift of God, but only shows the need men stand in of it. It is the Spirit of the Word that makes wise unto salvation, and by comparing Scripture with Scripture we rightly comprehend the meaning and the harmony of the Word of God. But to take an isolated portion from the Bible, and demand a solution of that alone, is to render the fairness of that demand questionable. John iii. 18, is given by Mr. H. also for interpretation, and by the italicized word "*because*," it is not to be supposed that the weight of man's salvation hinges upon his *willingness* to believe in the name of Jesus; for no man is naturally willing to seek God till he is made so by the Holy Ghost (see Psalm cx. 3; 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4). The covenant of grace is not based upon the condition of faith and repentance, but is "established in the blood of Jesus." The new covenant proves man's natural inability to perform spiritual acts, and yet makes a glorious provision for such as are ordained to eternal life (Acts xiii. 48). And however distasteful the blessed doctrine of election, predestination, and final perseverance may be to him whose neck has never bowed to sovereign grace, it is far better for the child of God to abide by than the universal system, that rests on creature probabilities, and that may effect the salvation of everybody or nobody.

Should Mr. Hearson deem these few remarks as insufficient, or wide of the enquiry he makes—let him show us wherein he differs, and put before us something more Scriptural, tangible, and logical; for no one is more eager to learn sound doctrine than yours, as ever, in the best of bonds, W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey, Nov. 9, 1876.

P.S.—I thank my dear friend, Mr. B. Taylor, of Pulham-St.-Mary, for his kind Christian suggestion on the wrapper of last month's *EARTHEN VESSEL*, which I heartily endorse.

THE LATE MR. JAMES SYKES, OF READING.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—It falls to my lot once more to send you a few lines in relation to the life and last days of our beloved brother, James Sykes, who fell asleep in Jesus on Saturday night, November 24th, 1876.

While I muse, those words fall fresh upon my mind, believing them strictly applicable to our departed brother, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

His mind became impressed about his eternal estate quite early in life, while meeting with the Wesleyans; but not finding that his soul needed, he subsequently was led to hear the truth amongst the denomination of Strict Baptists. It was his favoured lot to attend the ministry of Mr. Allen, of Irthingborough. His mind became more enlightened, he was baptized, and added to the Church fifty years since. During his last days of sickness, he was blessed with a fresh remembrance of the way the Lord had led him, and referred to an especial season where his mind was beclouded and dark; so that he could not see his signs of a saving change of heart. He arose very early one morning to attend to his horses, when he experienced a sweet revelation to his soul of heaven, and the words came powerfully to his heart, "This beam is for you; and when you die, I will receive you to Myself." The place appeared lighted up, and he felt overwhelmed with joy. This remained with him that day, and as he pursued his calling, he felt lost in wonder and astonishment at the goodness and love of God to him.

On another occasion, he was wending his way to the house of God longing to feel the sensible presence of the Lord, but mourning over his condition, he felt his soul exceedingly cast down within him. He passed a company of young people full of mirth and pleasure, so-called, which appeared only to aggravate his woe, whilst Satan taunted him; but these words were applied to his heart, "Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours." In a moment the scene was changed; humility possessed his breast, and love flamed out to his Divine Lord. Many times has he spoken of his early life, the marriage state, the uphill rugged path of providence, but studded with marvellous deliverances; so that he could heartily join Cowper in that well-known hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c.

In the order of God's providence, his steps were directed to Reading about thirty-five years since. Here he again narrated one especial circumstance of the Lord's help. His occupation was the oversight of a number of workmen in forming the railway to Reading. He was requested by the contractors, in order to compete with the time stipulated, to work on the Sunday. This caused him great conflict; he knew not how to conform, and his discharge appeared certain. On the other hand, in conforming to their request, would be to break God's most holy day. At length he resolved rather to fall into the hands of God, than to obey man. He left the works

not expecting to return again, when those words were given him, "I know whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." Yes, He, who is the author of faith, has said, "Them that honour Me I will honour;" He makes all things work for good. In one short week, his employers sent repeatedly to him to go and fill his post; they must have him, and he should have his Sundays to himself. Here he proved in the trial, one of those providences made to yield him greater pecuniary advantages; and he had the assurance of a good conscience towards God. Notwithstanding, he was not blessed with the joys of faith so much as some Christians, and often mourned over gloomy doubts perplexing his mind.

For some months prior to his illness, he had been reminded he was mortal. He met for the last time to break bread with us in September, and shortly after he entered his dwelling to go out no more. His sufferings were great; but the Lord was very gracious unto him; his bitter cup was sweetened by His Divine presence; and those who attended on him were often refreshed by the sweet words that fell from his lips. As he drew near his journey's end, he was blessed with a very sweet manifestation of his personal interest in the love of God. He had been severely tempted and harassed with infidelity, questioning the existence of a God, and of the reality of religion, and he would exclaim, "O that cursed infidelity! I know better, but I cannot help it." At length, the Lord broke the snare, deliverance came; then flamed into his soul peace and joy in contemplation upon the love and purposes of God; the blood and righteousness of Jesus; the power and teachings of the Holy Spirit; and said "These are no fables, but solemn realities." He felt, through the grace given, he could feed upon these truths, and was led to say with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." Blessedly did he speak of the crown laid up for him! No one could take it; "If there is a crown, I must go there to wear it; the righteous Judge shall give it me." In this sweet confidence he lived and rested, until he closed his mortal career.

A short time before he departed, as a number of friends surrounded his bed, a brother said, "Are you happy? do you feel Jesus still precious?" He replied in a firm voice, "Very." This was his last expression on earth. I have lived in close union with him for about twenty-seven years; and most part of that period, we have worked together in the sacred office as deacons with others. He possessed a matured experience and sound judgment, was calm in his deliberation, but firm in the faith once delivered to the saints, and could give good counsel.

It is a great loss to the Church in these days of declension from truth and New Testament order; but our loss is his eternal gain; he has put off the armour, no more warfare,

laid down the sword and cross for the crown, exchanged grace for glory, and entered for ever into rest. His mortal remains were interred in the Reading cemetery, December 1st, 1876. Brother Vinden officiated, who, from his long acquaintance and personal knowledge of him, was able to speak in confident terms of his blessed state. He made some very appropriate and solemn remarks upon the occasion. Brother W. Ward, late of Pimlico, stood engaged to preach at Providence, on Sunday, December 3. He read as a text in the evening (by request) the portion in Timothy, and gave us a very able and suitable discourse upon the same. I trust it was blessed to many present.

Dear Banks, how sweet to reflect that amid the changes of man and things around us, and the reproaches cast upon the glorious doctrines we believe in and hold, here is a brother who has just passed his fiftieth year in the visible Church of Christ, lived in and upon these truths, and bore his dying testimony to the faithfulness of our God. Thus, while we mourn, on the other hand we rejoice, being confirmed in the belief of the truth, knowing he had the smile and approbation of God, rejoicing in the possession of vital godliness, constantly saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, take me home, that I may praise Thee for Thy grace as I would." Much more might be added, but must forbear.

Yours in the truth, A. MARTIN.
Reading, December 11, 1876.

HOW THE YEAR BEGAN AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

"Ebenezer: hitherto the Lord hath helped us," was an appropriate text to close the year with. The discourse was not delivered at the tabernacle; but it was preached by one of the tabernacle deacons on the eve of the New Year. It was a stone of memorial: a retrospective and prospective argument in favour of the Lord's goodness to His children while journeying through this wilderness; with the assurance of His faithfulness in the final issue of bringing "the whole election of grace" to that eternal home where years have neither beginning nor ending, and where time is unknown. Thus we closed 1876.

On New Year's evening, there was a special meeting for prayer held in the Surrey tabernacle. The deacons occupied the platform, Mr. Mead taking the centre seat usually appropriated for the chairman. The several brethren who were called on to offer prayer were lead to ask specially that the Church might soon be blessed with a pastor,—"a man after God's own heart,"—who should go in and out before the people, leading them into "green pastures," and "feeding them with the finest of the wheat." There was a calmness, a simplicity, a sincerity, yet an earnestness, with an unanimity in the several appeals to the heavenly throne on this special subject, that it was felt the brethren had been lead in spirit to ask "this blessing at the Lord's hand." There was an apparent quietness and calmness pervading the gathering. It

was a season of repose in spirit—when in praise and prayer, we acknowledge the many mercies undeservedly received, coupled with an expression of faith that "no good thing" would be found lacking in the untrodden future. To our mind, there appeared an harmonious leading on, step by step, in the verses sung between the prayers offered that was solemn and comforting. Mr. Pells read the lines—

"Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew:
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name."

Here "former mercies" were acknowledged, and a blessing on "our waiting hearts" sought. After prayer, our cheerful deacon Thomas Carr gave out the choice lines of Conder's—

"Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie:
Through the desert, where I stay,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.
All I ask for is enough;
Only when the way is rough
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart."

Here was recognised the Lord's omniscience; next "counsel" sought to guide us in our future "way;" and "strength" and "courage" to press on when "the way is rough." We sang the verses not boisterously, but with a quietness and calmness suited to the words. Mr. Edwards offered prayer, and the 115th Psalm was read to us by Mr. Stundell. Then Mr. John Beach asked us to sing—

"Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide."

Thus asking for providential mercies for the time we are treading the "perplexing path of life." Prayer was again offered, when Mr. Boulden lead us in our last song of praise—

"He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God command thee home."

Here we had an assurance that with us all should go well till the Lord gave the command for us to go "home." Mr. Mead made a few suitable remarks, and the meeting was closed in the usual way.

CAMBS.—We have heard Mr. George Holland intends leaving Willingham. We believe other doors of usefulness will be opened for him. Whoever may faithfully write the history of the Baptist Churches in Willingham during the last half century, will find rich stores of incidents, rendering such record of varied interest. Young John Stevens, as they termed him, was largely successful, but death soon removed him. Our brother S. says, "No man was ever more blessed to my soul than was young Alderson." But the chapter about the rich deacon and his heirs (heirs is meant, we suppose) is laid with other papers. Several ministers, with Mr. Holland, have had their work to do and they have done it. But what real good has the new cause effected?

A PRAYING, BUT AFFLICTED, SAINT.

The late Mrs. Blanch Mary Handford died on Sept. 26, 1876, aged sixty-four; was for about forty years a member of the Church under the pastoral care of the late Mr. James Wells. My dear mother was brought to a knowledge of her condition as a sinner when among the Wesleys, although by what instrumentality I do not remember to have heard her distinctly state; but the late Mr. Wells was the first to be the means of conveying spiritual joy and peace to her soul; and she frequently referred to the feelings she experienced when she first heard a free-grace Gospel from his lips. She attended, however, more frequently with me at Gower-street during the latter part of her life.

I think, from what I have heard my dear mother relate, that in her case the work of grace was not very deep at the first. The Lord gradually led her on by a series of afflictive dispensations, instructing her with "line upon line, and precept upon precept," until He received her to Himself, as a shock of corn fully ripe in its season.

My mother was greatly tried because she had not the gift and ability to tell out as some are enabled to do what she felt within. She frequently through life lamented her deficiency in this respect; and it is a source of regret to me likewise that she could not do so, as I believe she was highly favoured at times, and had most blessed sensible nearness to and communion with her covenant God in Christ.

Hers was indeed a chequered path, for she seems to have had a taste of almost every kind of affliction. Left a widow with a young family, she was exposed to great straits in circumstances, but the Lord mercifully appeared for her in every time of need. She also suffered the loss of children, being bereft of all except myself. In addition, she had a large share of bodily afflictions; for, apart from severe attacks of illness, she for years scarcely knew what it was to enjoy one day's good health. And, as a climax to all, she suffered much from spiritual darkness, which was no doubt greatly enhanced by a peculiarly sensitive and nervous temperament.

A few months before her death, she was deeply tried as to her state and standing for eternity. One night in particular, she scarcely had any rest, as she felt hell must be her eternal portion. With uplifted hands in her bed she implored mercy, when the Lord graciously condescended to whisper peace to her soul.

She appeared for some months to have a presentiment of her approaching end; and, indeed, I could not help feeling myself, from the expressions that she from time to time dropped of her desire to see face to face her beloved Lord, and of what she anticipated it would be to gaze for the first time, after her spirit quitted the body, upon His blessed face, that the Lord was fitting her for the mansions above. And, although I had en-

deavoured to hope she might be spared a few years longer, yet it was but too evident from daily observation that her tabernacle was being gradually taken down.

The following verses, which she was constantly repeating as she went about the house, will convey an idea of the state of her mind at about this time:—

"Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought."

And,

"Ah, Lord! with tardy steps I creep;
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep,
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they."

Her blood-bought soul, "stript of the house of clay," is now ravished with the beatific vision of her adorable Redeemer, and she enjoys in full fruition what she had sighed and panted for so long.

Her complaint was heart disease, and she suffered greatly therefrom in her last illness, in which she was attended by Dr. Corie, whom she found to be not only a physician to the body but also a spiritual physician to the soul, for she often expressed what a comfort his visits had been made to her.

Although her bodily sufferings were great, the Lord graciously supported her and cheered her as she passed through the dark valley. She frequently exclaimed, in her paroxysms of agony, "What should I do if I had to seek the Lord now?" The Lord mercifully granted her request in maintaining her reason to the last, so that she was enabled to testify, only a short time before her departure, of the happiness and peace she felt. Her beloved Lord was thus better to her than all her fears, as she experienced that when heart and flesh failed, He was the strength of her heart, and that He would be her portion for ever.

Her mortal remains were interred at Nunhead cemetery, a few yards behind the resting-place of her beloved pastor, on Sept. 30, Mr. Pells, one of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, who visited her in her illness, officiating. Her tombstone bears the inscription so characteristic of her life-long experience, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

My beloved mother was a woman of much prayer. As an instance I may mention that even before I was born she had great wrestlings with the Lord on my behalf, that I might be "sanctified unto God from the womb;" and as I grew up, I believe I was instrumentally upheld in every path in which I was called to walk by her petitions to a throne of grace on my behalf; for she has frequently told me that I scarcely ever left the house without her heart being uplifted for me that the Lord might be with me during the day, as well as for my spiritual and eternal welfare. The Lord grant that her prayers may be abundantly answered, and that when my mortal race is run, I "may find mercy of the Lord in that day."

T. J. HANDFORD

MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON'S ADDRESS
TO MR. JOHN HUNT LYNN,
ON HIS SETTLEMENT AT STRATFORD.
[The following is but an outline of Mr.
Atkinson's charge.]

Mr. Israel Atkinson, in addressing the pastor, said, He was not aware that this duty would devolve upon him; but I may say you have entered upon an important work. I gather from your statement that you have not taken it up lightly; this matter has cost you much thoughtfulness, heart-searching and prayerfulness to God. My call to the ministry cost me more heart-searching than my call by grace. In comparison to the importance of the work of a Gospel minister, all others are trifling and dwindle down to insignificance. You are God's messenger, and His interests transcend all others; temporal interests are comparatively as nothing. We are witnesses for God, His representatives; we do not assume to be, as the primitive apostles were, His ambassadors. It has been my endeavour to make as full a representation as I could according to the Scriptures, being ever anxious not to make a misrepresentation. I quote a remark of good John Stevens, "Preach the truth, all the truth you can, and take good heed that you preach nothing but the truth, otherwise you dishonour Him you love, and mislead hearers." Be careful of your moral character. I speak this from no fear of yours; but a greater than either of us had to bring his body into subjection lest after having preached to others himself should prove a castaway. Hazael, when forewarned of the iniquities he would commit, said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?" You know in some measure your own heart. I know not of any immorality that has cursed the race of man that I am not competent to commit but for restraining grace. We expect in a man in whom the Spirit of Christ is, there will be morality, a righteous, sober living in the world,—i.e., legitimately using the gifts of God's providence, and living righteously as between man and man. You will require to pay a deal of regard to your spiritual life; for your well doing in the ministry will depend on the vitality of your own religion, and the living effects of those principles which you purpose to preach, for you will hardly speak with any power if the thing is wanting in your own heart. Watch unto private prayer, but stand in awe of desultory, formal petitions, or two or three words to satisfy the feelings of the mind. There is a tendency to spiritual declension in all of us! This should be watched by the minister. God could give us blessings apart from prayer, but he has been pleased to institute this order, To knock, seek, and ask! He loves this wrestling business, and to be put to terms. Take care of your reading the Scriptures; let it not be desultory, or cease to have the claim it ought; how often we would prefer a newspaper or reading the letter of a friend; but, remember, it is the living Word. Try to get in that position with the Psalmist, when he said, "I will

hear what God the Lord will speak." Your texts in order to profit must be spiritually assimilated and opened with unction from on high. I would suggest that you carry a little book to note down any text laid on the mind, with such thoughts as suggest themselves; it may not be required on the next time of speaking, or the next; but an opportunity may occur when it will serve; pay attention to exercises of mind about texts. "Preach the Word."

When I went to hear the late John Foreman, his preaching was blessed to my broken heart, and I received all he said with the greatest confidence; but, as time went on, I had to lay all down, and take each part up, and test it for myself. Preach the Word in all its attributes. It is the Word of His grace, the Word of reconciliation, the Word of peace, the Word of salvation, &c. Study these attributes, for in them the cases of the people are provided for. You are engaged in a secular calling; it has its temptations; you have to mix much with the world. I hope you will be concerned to do the work of an evangelist; preach to every creature; talk to them as your fellow-men. There seems to be a difficulty in some as to the method of addressing the unconverted. I have never found a difficulty in speaking plainly to all men without departing from those views which we hold as the vital truths of the Gospel.

I wish you great success; the Lord bless you and make you a blessing. Do not be discouraged at the apparent non-success of your labours.

I followed a man at Brighton who had laboured there for 29 years, and the effect of his work cropped up years after his labours had ceased. We have had great excitement of late, and numerous conversions, but we are sure of this, that if conversion takes place before regeneration it is not worth much. BY A LONDON SPARROW.

ILFORD DORCAS SOCIETY.—The annual meeting at Old Chapel, Tuesday, January 2nd. Tea was provided. Mr. Tompkins presided. Mr. Cook, of Bow, led our devotion. Mr. Allard, the secretary, read report. Mrs. Hints is superintendent. 136 garments had been made, and £13 3s. had been subscribed; the sick were relieved; the bags for poor women had been lent eighteen times; warm blankets had been distributed. More work had been done, and more money given this year than any previous one. Mrs. Baker is the collector. The chairman called upon his old friend, whom he had known and worked with previous to either of them being called by grace, W. Biddow, who spoke from the sentence, "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." He showed that work proceeded from life, which life was given on the ground of the Saviour's great and gigantic labour. Addresses were given by brethren Debyshire and Graham. Mr. Cook spoke of the report, and of the awful errors of the Roman and Ritualistic Churches. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Allard encouraged the Society.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

The water came down freely as I walked to the Sunday-school anniversary, January 17, 1877. Nicely wetted, I sat down in Mr. Cornwell's neat chapel in the Russell-street, a centre, I think, between those two grand roads, the Brixton and the Clapham—where the harvest of souls is thick and mighty. Mr. Cornwell ought surely to have one thousand, at least. As a preacher, no one can laugh at him. He is a student—a clever, Bible-taught, and self-made man. He smiles kindly, behaves respectfully, and speaks intelligently—when, in his pulpit, he discourses on the deep things of God. If his deacons—Messrs. Fleet and McDonald—and other of his friends were to well work the neighbourhood, they might quickly require to fill up the two side galleries. Alas! on my way, I passed through Ann-street, and looked sorrowfully at No. 9, where James Wells resided for several years. There I conversed with him when, in his prime, he swam ministerially in the midst of the floating masses. "Ah," says Grand Mother Bradley, "they were glorious days with us Strict Baptists before Master Spargun came to Lunnun. Why I heard my John say 'he put the extinguisher upon us all!'" No such thing! We have now a host of good preachers, chapels increasing, and people full of life and energy. When I entered Brixton Tabernacle on Jan. 17, although the weather was bad, I found a large audience intently listening to John Hazelton, while he—with both mental and physical force—defended the doctrine of God's good pleasure that not one of the little ones should perish. Mrs. Cornwell, and her staff of workers, served up a rich cup of tea. At public meeting, R. C. Bardens spoke beautifully; C. W. Banks was distinguishing between spiritual worshippers and idolaters, when the chairman rose to stop him, because he had gone over the time. R. A. Lawrence, R. G. Edwards, T. Stringer, and F. Wheeler all did their part well. The children delighted us with their singing; and we left hoping that the debt on the schools would soon be swept away.

PECKHAM.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Kindly grant a space in your monthly for the account of the death of Mr. Samuel Baker, which took place at Camberwell, on the 30th of December, 1876. He was born in the county of Suffolk; was early brought to know himself as a sinner; and was led into the liberty of the Gospel and baptized by Mr. Elven, at the age of 22. He commenced preaching in various places in Suffolk, and eventually was chosen pastor of Chelmondiston, where he laboured successfully for some time: but having lost his beloved wife by death, he was brought into great darkness; and for three years he could not realise his interest in the Lord. Being brought to sit under the ministry of the late James Wells, it pleased the Lord to bless the ministry to his soul; and being once more delivered from bonds, felt desirous again to be found proclaiming the Word. He supplied at Dorking, Streatham, and other

places; but did not settle with any of these Churches. Having removed to Camberwell, was invited to supply the New Cross meeting, at the corner of Choumert-road, Rye-lane. Having been heard during December with great approval, he was further engaged for January. But how soon our hopes were blighted! He took a violent cold through getting wet, which brought on fever and death. The writer had the pleasure, with another brother, of witnessing his last moments. Having attended him all night, he spoke most sweetly of the hope he had in a complex Christ; and thus died our brother, who will be remembered through the Lord having blessed his testimony to them. His remains were interred on January 3rd, at Tooting, by Mr. F. C. Holden (of Lewisham) and Mr. Stanbrock, accompanied by friends from Peckham and Streatham. The funeral expenses are being subscribed by a few of his Peckham friends, who would be glad if others would help who knew him; if any more than needed for the same, it would be put for the benefit of his two children. P.O.O. to John Choat, Post office, High-street, Peckham.

7, Marlborough-road,
High-street, Peckham.

COGGESHALL, ESSEX.—Death of Mr. Edmund Crosby, many years deacon of the Baptist Church, Coggeshall, Essex, at the good old age of eighty-six, full of days and full of the blessings of the Lord. Our dear brother Crosby came to his journey's end to enter into that rest which God hath prepared for them He hath chosen in His dear Son, whom the Son redeemed by His precious blood, and whom the Spirit quickens at the appointed time. This our brother was called to know in very early life, and was constrained by the love of God to follow his dear Redeemer in His appointed ways. He loved the truth, and was favoured to contend for it. He was not one that was often upon the mount, but feared he was not one of the Lord's children. Many times I have heard him say, "I would, but cannot love! I want to feel Jesus loves me!" When asked, if never he had felt the love of God in his heart? he would say, "Yes, many times, and I want it now. My feeling is this,—

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

Lord, help me!" His way was a trying one. He had much to contend with, both from within and without, yet he was favoured to cast his care upon the God of his salvation, trusting alone in his Lord to help him onward to the rest remaining for his people. On the 2nd of March, I called to see him; found him comfortable in mind, more so than ever I saw him before. He appeared to have no fear as to his interest in a precious Christ. He stood firm on the Rock, and enjoyed sweet assurance that Christ was his. When speaking of Him as able to save, "Yes," he said, "He hath saved me with an everlasting salvation. I am going home to be for ever with Him, where no sin, no sorrow, no affliction, no death can ever enter." That was a

happy time. When I look back to the time, it brings a sweetness with it, to see a saint of God so blessed within a few days of his departure to the better land. The last evening he spent with the family was on the 7th of March, with a dear brother, who read and prayed, and read a sermon to him. His soul was blessed with the means. That evening he was favoured at the last to rejoice in the God of his salvation. He returned to his chamber, and early in the morning he was taken worse, only spake a few words, sunk into a heavy sleep to speak no more here below. We may say of him, he came to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. May my end be like unto his, happy in the Lord, resting only upon the finished work of the Redeemer.—A LITTLE ONE AT CHELMSFORD. [We are pained to acknowledge this has been a long time delayed. We knew and loved this firm Christian for many years.—ED.]

THE HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CAUSES IN BODDICOIT AND BANBURY, OXON:

[To stimulate our friends to help in raising up the walls of our Zion here and there, we here present the following chapter, which is the substance of Mr. Joseph Osborn's address when the memorial stones of Dashwood-road chapel were laid in Banbury last October.]

The Church of God met in an inconvenient room in this village, till a substantial stone and slated building was erected, at a cost of £860, capable of accommodating between two and three hundred people, and consecrated to Divine worship in the year 1818, Mr. Shenstone, from London, and Mr. Holmes, from Wantage, officiating on that occasion. This chapel has a good gallery, a pew for deaf persons on a level with the pulpit, an excellent baptistery in front, with a small garden, and out-offices convenient.

The first pastor of the newly-organised Church, was a Mr. Herbert, who, in connection with his ministerial duties, conducted a classical and commercial school. A scholar of his is one of the present trustees of the chapel, and met with us on the 15th of October, at West-street.

This cause flourished for several years, under succeeding pastorates and supplies, including Messrs. Hopgood, Fowler, Allen, &c., until, under the ministry of Mr. R. Radford (whose name should always be mentioned with reverence), a division took place, which ultimated in the room called West-street chapel, Banbury, being fitted up for Mr. Radford and his friends, in the year 1829, and in which the privilege of a preached Gospel has been continued till this day, and is now bearing fruit in the building of the new chapel in Dashwood-road, which you and I had the honour of helping forward a few days ago.

To return to Boddicott, which pulpit was then occupied by Mr. J. Bloodworth, an able minister; and, after a time, as some of the principal hearers lived at Banbury, it was determined to open a branch there in connection with the mother Church at

Boddicott. This being done, led to Mr. R. Austin building a commodious chapel at Banbury, opened for worship by Mr. J. Smith, of Cheltenham, in the year 1834.

From this we may date the decline of the interest at Boddicott, as shortly the majority of the services were conducted at Banbury, and there was collected a good congregation, Church, and Sabbath school here. Mr. Bloodworth shortly resigned the pastorate, and went to Leicester. He was succeeded by Mr. Clarke, as permanent pastor, and for a time apparent prosperity existed; but being an amalgamation, there was a lack of Christian sympathy, which soon broke out into dissatisfaction. Another division follows, the seceders building the present Bridge-street Baptist chapel, opened for worship in the year 1841.

Worship was still continued in connection with Boddicott (under Messrs. Galpine, Hewlitt, Lodge, Smith and others, with varying aspects), in Mr. Austin's chapel, at Banbury (singular, that should be adjoining our present Dashwood-road site), which chapel, coming into the possession of Mr. Austin's son, it was soon sold as private property.

The Church and congregation were now dispersed, the most part making their home with the West-street people, and may the Lord's blessing attend them in their removal to Dashwood-road.

The original good free chapel at Boddicott has sometimes been open, sometimes closed. A home missionary is now supplying it in the afternoon, assisted by our friend, Mr. Kent, and others; the Almighty's future purposes concerning it we know not.

This is as succinct a statement as Joseph Osborn can give according to your request.

MR. T. J. MESSER AND SOLEMN WORDS.

The third half-yearly meeting of Excelsior Temperance Association, in York-street, Walworth, Monday, Dec. 18, 1876 G. Johnson, Esq., presided. The report showed 81 pledges were taken during the six months, 36 good working members in society. The Band of Hope is in excellent condition, and numbers about 160 children. Mr. Messer said he had worked for the cause nearly half a century; if he lived to be as old as Methuselah, he hoped to continue in the good work. He spoke of the evil prevented, and the positive good accomplished. The wonderful energy thrown into the speech of our aged friend, indicated that he was nothing like worn out yet, and that total abstinence for 50 years had done him no harm. Mr. R. G. Edwards gave a warm-hearted speech. Mr. Vale said he was one of a deputation which recently waited upon the hangman, and learned from him that during his time he had executed over 600 persons; of these some had been ministers, members of Churches, &c.; but could not remember he had ever once executed a teetotaler. Messrs. Cheshire and W. Beddow gave earnest words. Brethren pray for us. Come and help us. Meetings every Monday evening.

CAMBERWELL.—We had the pleasure recently of visiting the Grove, and were glad to find that the spot where, for many years, the late Joseph Irons laboured successfully in the Gospel, had once more become a "house of bread" to a large number of the "household of faith." There is a peculiar satisfaction in visiting a spot where a genuine revival appears to have taken place, especially so when we know that it is by the proclamation of the free, full and sovereign grace of God. We can go back in recollection near a quarter of a century, when in our youth we have known it to be a privilege to obtain a seat at the "Grove;" and we have also a very lively recollection of a visit during the latter period of the late pastor's labours, when a very different state existed. That was on a glorious spring morning, the birds were sending forth their joyful notes, the noble trees lining each side of the Grove were just putting on their fresh and beautiful dress, the sun was shing forth with its welcome and genial warmth, and all outside was cheerful, bright and full of praise to their Maker. But how different was the aspect inside the "house of prayer" on that morning; the pastor was down in heavy affliction, the chapel was nearly empty, and all appeared dull, lifeless and sorrowful. Well, we had the reverse of this on our recent visit, the second Sunday in January. As is well-known, both London and all the country has for months past been subject to a continuous down-pour of rain; floods have brought sorrow to thousands, and deep grief has filled men's hearts. It was on one of these Sundays, we set our face for the Grove once more; but no bright sun, no birds warbled their merry song, no breaking forth of bud or leaf; all outwardly appeared dreary, dull, and cheerless. But on entering the spacious chapel, we were agreeably surprised to find that already, although wanting some minutes to the time for commencing the service, a goodly number were gathered, which gradually increased till the place was comfortably filled. Thus we had the two opposites: at our first visit all was bright and cheerful outwardly, but dull, and cold, and lifeless inside; but on this second visit, dreariness reigned in the outer world; but in the house of God, life, light, joy and cheerfulness. The pastor ascends the pulpit, and having read the hymn, the service was opened by the congregation rising and singing beautifully the opening song; the Word was read, prayer offered, and a glorious Gospel feast provided for the saints. It was with gratitude we saw the prosperity attending the work of Thomas Bradbury at the Grove; and also to witness the loving union existing between pastor, deacons, Church and congregation. The Lord appears to be blessing the labours of His servant here to the edification and comforting of His people; and to the ingathering of the redeemed. At the close of the service, we were sorry to learn from Mr. Bradbury that his health was not so well established as could be

desired, and that he found it necessary to take a short relaxation from his labours. Very kindly the pastor and deacons made a collection on this occasion in aid of the Protestant Blind Pension Society, when some £24 were the result. We understand that it is proposed to revive the *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, to be issued weekly, containing sermons by Mr. Bradbury.

MR. THOS. STRINGER'S ANNUAL ADDRESS
TO HIS FRIEND, R. M. FANCOURT, ESQ.

JANUARY 1ST, 1877.

Dear friend, another year we're spared,
What, for us, is in this prepared.

Each day will bring to view,
Though troubles may oppress us sore,
Of this one thing we still are sure,
We shall get safely through.

On every side the world's in arms;
At home, abroad, we hear alarms,
And mighty foes arise.

But what of that, if on our side
The God of peace doth still abide,
We shall the whole despise.

We'll welcome all their spite and rage,
In strength divine we will engage,

To boldly face the foe;
The infidel and scarlet beast,
The bishop, card'nal, Pope and priest,
Await their overthrow.

You cannot stay much longer here;
I trust for heaven your prospect's clear:
Your mansion, harp, and crown in view,
Reserved on high awaiting you.

O what a fleeting life is this!
No solid joys, nor lasting peace,
But thorns, and briars, and carping cares
Attend us in this vale of tears.

'Tis all vexation, pain and grief,
The heart sometimes all unbelief:
A world brim full of sin and woe:
This we all witness here below.

You soon must bid farewell
To this vile world below;

With Jesus Christ to dwell,
Where peace and pleasures flow:
Your harp to sound, your palms to bear,
And wear your crowns of glory there.

There raptures all divine
Shall charm the ransom'd soul,
In holiness to shine

While endless ages roll,
To be like Christ, and seek His face,
And swell the song of sovereign grace.

In joyful hope of this
May you prepared stand,

Till call'd to endless bliss,
In that triumphant laud:
Where saints shall shine in bright array,
No night, but one eternal day.

How mean this world appears,
Compared with that above:
We fain could wish our fleeting years
Would still more swifter move.

Since millions yearly die,
And pass the boundry line;
The solemn moment must be nigh
To call us out of time.

Thou vast eternity!
We soon shall reach thy shore;
But O, the thought, "Where shall we be,
And that for evermore?"

I hope you all are blest with health,
If not with earthly pomp and wealth;
The grace that in you lives and reigns,
Will land you in those blissful plains.

As time rolls on, and strength decays,
We hear a voice, and thus it says,
"This tabernacle soon must fall!
Watch, wait, expect your Father's call."

The longest life while here below
Is as a tale that's told;
Sad scenes of sorrow, grief and woe,
We constantly behold.

For earthly riches thousands crave,
And hoard their glittering ore;
Contented not with what they have,
But panting still for more.

We envy not their panting mind,
Nor want their mammon god;
They soon must leave it all behind,
And lay beneath the sod.

The Lord be with, and bless thee, too,
And daily in thee strength renew;
Abundantly may you be blest,
Till' call'd to your eternal rest!

With Christian love to Mr. and Miss Fancourt,
by Thomas Stringer.

CAMBRIDGE.—EDEN CHAPEL. On our annual gathering at the commencement of the new year, a very pleasing testimony was afforded, of the unanimity and love of the people towards each other, and of their mutual love and esteem for their pastor. The tea meeting, held in the schoolroom on Thursday evening, the 4th instant, was numerously attended; and the public meeting held directly afterwards, was a pleasing and successful one. It was opened by singing and prayer, with an address from the pastor, in which he first took a cursory survey of the Lord's dealings with himself, in giving him needful help and strength to bring through the press his "Forty Years' Reminiscences in England and Australia;" he had received many testimonies that the Lord had blessed the work in different parts of this country, and in the colonies; it was a work of much labour, and it had been done without curtailing his ministerial labours; as during the year he had preached 205 sermons, besides other onerous and sometimes painful duties. He spoke of his visits amongst the sister Churches, which have during the year been numerous, arduous, and sometimes self-sacrificing; and from his own experience, he detailed to us the poverty in which he found some of them; to these he had not only been made a spiritual blessing, but a pecuniary blessing. After speaking of the encouragement it gave him, he being thus surrounded by his friends at the commencement of another year, he said it was with a heart full of gratitude he could "thank God and take courage." Brother Deeks (whose praise is in the Churches, especially those surrounding Cambridge) had a very pleasing duty to perform on behalf of the Church and congregation: it was to present the pastor, Mr. McCure, with some proof of their love in a tangible form, consisting of a silver-plated teapot, sugar basin, and ewer; upon which was inscribed, "Presented to Mr. J. B. McCure by Mr. C. E. Deeks, as a mark of affection, from the Church and congregation worshipping at Eden chapel, Cambridge, January 4th, 1877," to which was added a handsome purse containing £10 10s. After a suitable reply from Mr. McCure, each of

the five deacons respectively had a few words to say respecting the unanimity of feeling between them, and their encouraging position and prospects as a people; and the meeting, which was a protracted and a happy one, was closed with prayer by our brother Harris.

MR. R. A. LAWRENCE ON "THE SABBATH" AND THE NATIVITY OF OUR MOTHER.

[We reserve "The Sabbath" for another number.—Ed.]

With regard to my kind critic, J. D., of Clapham, he states that the woman was "created" before the Sabbath. Well, I agree with him, only I still maintain that it was *IN* the man, and not *APART* from him, that she then existed; and I think Genesis v. 2, bears this out, for "God called *THEIR* name *Adam in the day* (sixth day) when they were created."

But the woman was not *BUILD*ED (margin, chapter ii. 22), until after God had put the man in the garden to till it, until after God had given him the command "not to eat of the tree," and until after Adam had slept his deep sleep. Now, when the woman was brought to Adam, he called her "Isha," because she was taken out of "Ish;" and if she was taken out of "Ish," she must have been in "Ish." But God called *THEIR* name *Adam in the day* (i.e., the sixth day) when they were created. On the seventh day Jehovah rested. God evidently approved of the name woman given by Adam to his wife, and so it may be safely affirmed that "He called her name woman in the day that she was *build*ed," though "He called her name Adam in the day she was created." She got her life in Adam, her dignity in Adam, even before she had a separate existence apart from him. The Hebrew word rendered "build," in the margin of Genesis ii. 22, is (I am told) translated in the Septuagint by a Greek verb, of which verb the original for "built" and "build" in Ephesians ii. 22, are only inflexions. So that in "God's Book (Gen. i. last few verses), all the members" of Adam's bride were "written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." And God's eyes did see *her* substance, yet being *un*-perfect (not *im*-perfect). And God blessed *them*, and spake unto *them*, though He called *their* name *Adam* in the day when they were *created*. So He *blessed them* (i.e., His people) in the Head, Christ Jesus, before they had a separate being in the earth, and before the deep sleep fell upon our Antitypical Adam at Calvary, and before the Sabbath's antitype was brought in by the completeness of redemption's work. Literally there would not have been much time for Adam's tillage and Adam's deep sleep, if man was created on the sixth day, and Jehovah rested on the seventh.

I believe fully that my friend J. D., whoever he may be, desires in what he has written to extol that Jesus whom I love; and I sincerely thank him for his brotherly way of trying to elicit truth. And believing it is the *truth* he wants to elicit, and not merely

to support *his own particular views* (as such), I would simply ask your readers to take our respective notes, and with prayer and open Bibles in their hands, to seek to know for themselves, and if their verdict goes against me, even so let it be.

Very sincerely yours, R. A. LAWRENCE.

P.S.—I ought to correct one error in my sermon. The word "Parascene," all through should have been "Parasceue." This was my blunder.

NEW YEAR'S MEETINGS (From our Reporter's long notes).—Eleventh anniversary of commencement of Strict Baptist Church, now in Silver-street, Kensington-place, close to Notting-hill-gate railway station, was signalized by sermons given with affectionate freedom by brethren Thomas Steed, R. G. Edwards (the pastor), and W. Carpenter. J. Bonny, E-q., presided over public assembly in evening of January 2, 1877, and Christian exhortations from a platform of sound brethren followed. We noticed John Fell (who spoke first unto the Lord), T. J. Messer, W. Adams, Preston Davies, W. Carpenter, H. Myerson, C. W. Banks, T. Steed, and others. Peace and steady prosperity attend this cause. Pastor Edwards has around him a band of godly men as deacons and members, who have been in the furnace; through floods and flames they have followed the Lord—with a prospective hope of being found in the wealthy place. Same evening, after a sermon by J. Hunt, of Norbiton, in Zion, Matilda-street, Old Bethnal Green-road, brother Branch and friends held their annual commemorative services. Gospel discourses were given in brief by brethren Joiner, Hunt, George Reynolds, C. W. Banks, and Matthew Branch. We wish, if it were the Lord's will, our sincerely esteemed neighbour, Mr. Branch, had a new chapel. He is evidently one of those disciples beloved and honoured of Jesus.

WOLLASTON, NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE.—Our Christmas eve, Sunday, Dec. 24, 1876, was a pleasant verification of the desert blossoming as the rose. I do not mean that Zion chapel at Wollaston is a desert. No, no. Our venerable brother Knighton has been largely favoured; but we had special seasons on the Sunday referred to; and, for the glory of our Lord, it should be recorded, that in England there are spots where "He does come down, like rain upon the mown grass." It was so with us. Snow was deep on the ground. But by 10.30 in the morning, our chapel was filled; and up came those two brothers, Frederick and Joseph Fountain. Frederick gave us three Gospel-flowing discourses; Joseph addressed our Sunday-school lads and lasses in a sweet, truthful spirit. Our choir stirred our hearts to the deepest; congregations were devout in the worship; and we shall remember the day with grateful pleasure. Although brother Knighton is 82, and ripe for glory, he gave us a hearty welcome. Our Lord will bless him and the Wollaston cause; so believe!th

A VILLAGE MISSIONARY.

NEW BROMPTON, KENT.—A few friends in connection with the Enon Church, Chatham, have long desired to establish a New Testament Baptist Church, in the extensively populated district of New Brompton, in the large parish of Gillingham, with its 20,000 people, and not one Baptist cause nearer than Chatham. We hope the Lord, in His Providence, directed brother Jabez Price, to obtain the Workman's hall, wherein to have the Gospel preached. On Sunday, January 14, 1877, the said hall was opened. C. W. Banks was enabled to give us three sermons out of the Bible—out of his heart—and, we trust, in accordance with the faith and experience of all God's living family. Large numbers assembled at each service; brethren Norton, Price, and Rayner, of Halling, assisted. O Lord, help us!

WOOBURN, BUCKS.—Mrs. Eliza Dulley, of Woburn, died January 8, 1877, age seventy-eight. We may add, for about fifty-six years, she was a quiet, consistent, and faithful follower of the Lord; and He did not forsake her in passing away. At her request, her funeral sermon was preached at Woburn-green, on the 21st inst. Of her life and experience, we hope to give a few notes, as so many knew and esteemed her.

CHATHAM.—ENON. New Year's tea meeting was held Monday, January 1, 1877. We were favoured with the company of brethren C. W. Banks and J. Bonny, of London, and W. Peplow, of Sidecup, who addressed us in the name of the Lord, on those things which are savingly known and experienced by all who are taught of God, reviewing the distinguishing mercies of the Lord in time past, and the blessedness of those who are resting on that firm foundation which God has laid in Zion.

"Now through another year,
Supported by His care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord hath help'd thus far."

DOWNE, KENT.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—After the usual service on Lord's-day evening, Dec. 24, Mr. Town, the deacon, on behalf of the Church and congregation, presented their minister, Mr. James Clinch, with a purse containing £10 15s. 6d., with a few kind and earnest words expressive of their esteem and sympathy with him in his continued family affliction, thus giving a practical proof of their adherence to the apostolic exhortation, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Yours truly, J. CLINCH.

PADDINGTON.—"What is the matter?" It is a mystery we cannot make plain. The anniversary "S. L. F." refers to was many years since. The sermons were by Tydeman, C. W. Banks, and W. Allen. Why, of Blackmore we never heard after; with its subsequent movements, we leave. It is called "Blackmore Green." Its membership has never been but few. Why are many of our Churches so small? Churches planted for scores of years never rise to any degree of usefulness.

KING'S CROSS.—Special services at Caledonian-road, Tuesday, December 26. In the afternoon we had an excellent discourse by Mr. Davis, of Woodbridge chapel. A company of friends took tea. At public meeting, Mr. Beazley presided, and between the speeches gave suitable and suggestive thoughts. Good Benjamin Woodrow prayed. Mr. White, the pastor, told us the chapel had been built by faith, and was to be paid for by works. The Lord is blessing the Word. It cost £153, of which we owe £125 10s. Mr. Oakey then spoke on the words, "Glory be to God in the highest." Mr. Beddow on "A Brother born for adversity." Mr. Boulton on "The blood of Jesus." C. W. Banks on "We are to the margin come." Mr. Sack gave us his own experience. £6 collected. At the watch-night service, Mr. Perrett read John xvi. Brethren Beddow, Debnam, Rogers, and Martin engaged in prayer. Mr. White gave a solemn address. After silent prayer and a hymn, the service closed. W. B.

BOROUGH.— "A Weary Pilgrim" looked into Trinity chapel to hear if the Lord would speak through brother Backett. Pilgrim says, "He is a man of mind; had evidently studied his subject—'And Noah builded an ark.' To me it appeared original." "Pilgrim" may be sure of this. Friend Backett is no rocket, no steam-engine, no fiery-meteor. He is a careful ploughman, sowing good seed quietly. Let us all pray for him, that he may be like James v. 7, "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth; and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."

SURREY TABERNACLE.—**DEAR SIR,**—I feel grieved to think that a servant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ goes forth to be an under-shepherd to other Churches, from the Surrey Tabernacle, and we seem to be as far off as ever. Mr. Mead is a truth-loving man. He preaches "the truth." I love him as a servant of God. For five years I have enjoyed what he says at the Lord's table, and in the vestry, and at prayer-meetings. I was in hopes we should have had him. I am grieved at having no pastor. The Lord is often sought for to send us a pastor. I think we should be very careful whoever comes. Everybody won't be satisfied. I should be thankful to have Mr. Mead.—One that loves the house of God, and longs to see prosperity.

WALTHAMSTOW.—January 1, New Year's meeting at Zion Baptist chapel, Maynard-road. Mr. Pledger, the deacon, presided. Mr. Beddow prayed. The chairman sweetly endorsed the speeches. Mr. H. Brown dilated soundly on the "Mercy of God." Mr. Beddow on the words, "This year thou shalt die." Mr. Smith, another deacon, expressed good thoughts on the last verse of Psalm c. Mr. H. Stanley was eloquent on "Christ the Way of Peace and Plenty." It was a good meeting.

LEWISHAM.—**COLLEGE PARK.**—The work of the Lord is prospering in this place; the Church is increasing in numbers; congregations generally good. On Thursday, Dec. 21st, after the usual evening service, the pastor, F. C. Holden, was presented with a purse containing £20, which had been collected amongst the friends, as a token of their love to him and appreciation of his labours amongst them. On Tuesday, January 2nd, our brother Northover gave a tea to the members of the Church, nearly all of whom were present. A spiritually profitable evening was spent; peace and concord reigned; and earnest prayers ascended to our covenant God that His blessing may be continued throughout the year '77—not only upon us, but upon Zion at large. Brother Northover on this occasion presented the pastor with a beautiful English version of *Bagster's Polyglot Bible*. Yours, in hope of eternal life,
F. C. HOLDEN.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—**EBENEZER.** A midnight service was held in this house of God. The attendance was better than ever. Mr. W. Winters (the pastor) spoke on "Mizpah" (Gen. xxxi. 49). The Lord was present to bless the Word; peace and joy was realised. Several friends seem to be moving toward the New Testament ordinance of baptism. May God give them willing hearts to be obedient to His Divine command, and not confer with flesh and blood (Luke i. 6; Matt. xxviii. 19; 1 Peter iii. 21; Acts x. 47). One who desires to be in God's sight and before men,
SEMPER FIDELIS.

TWO WATERS.—Salem friends enjoyed New Year's service on Jan. 1, 1877. Brother George Burrell, of Watford, preached; "the Bread of Life" was dispensed, and souls were fed. "What can we do," asketh "Anticus" "to revive our Churches?" [When the Lord shall pour upon us the Spirit of Life and of holy love; when a quickening and heart-piercing power shall attend the Word preached, then shall there be a heaven-horn revival.]

TON BRIDGE.—Several years since, we found in Staffordshire a clever lad, called Little Johnny Turner. His heart was set on the ministry. We instrumentally gave him a start; but he saw the sunny side was the most comfortable. He has been some years successful in his line at Tonbridge. He is now leaving that sphere; we know not why, for his people wish him to stay.

CROYDON.—Correspondents say, Mr. Thurston's new chapel has been paid for—free of all debt. That work has been carried out manfully. He has his friends. He preaches the Gospel, and blessings flow therefrom. Mr. Covell has nearly all the people who steadfastly hold the truth. He is remarkably favoured. At Tamworth-road we are praying for a man in whom the Spirit of God is;

His Name.

SERMON PREACHED BY MR. HAND, SUNDAY EVENING, AUG. 6, 1876.

(The last of the opening sermons of Newbold chapel, Rochdale.)

“His Name shall endure for ever: His Name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed.”—Psa. lxxii.

THE last verse of this Psalm from whence we have read our text, reads thus: “The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended;” so that methinks we may safely arrive at this conclusion, that Jesse’s son, the ruddy youth who tended the sheep, was anointed by the prophet Samuel (1 Sam. xvi.), attended upon Saul in his wars, and was by the Lord elevated to the throne as king, to sway the sceptre over national Israel, is now near the end of his mortal day, about to lay down an earthly crown to resume a heavenly one. He pours forth those soul-utterances presented to us in the first verse of this Psalm, “Give the king Thy judgments (or wisdom and prudence to discern right from wrong), O God, and Thy righteousness unto the king’s son” (see 1 Kings i.). Though the Psalm is dedicated to Solomon, we must in strict truth say, a greater than Solomon is personified throughout this Psalm (see Luke xi. 31). Upon the words read for a text we offer the following paraphrase ere we enter more fully upon it. “His Name shall exist for ever; He that will be a Son shall be His Name before the face of the sun (through all nature, which the sun enlightens); and all nations shall be blessed in Him, and shall call Him blessed.” It is difficult to convey the full idea of this assumed name. It is a collective word, or noun of multitude, including the issue or progeny, as seed does the trunk and branches of a tree. Admirably it expresses the inclusion of the redeemed in Christ, as their great living head or seed, their derivation from and entire dependence upon Him (Ambrose Serle). The text says, “His Name shall be continued as long as the sun.” I conceive these words to be the utterances of the Father of mercies relative to the Son, in whom He hath blest the Church with all spiritual blessings (Eph. i. 3). The determinate will of God, as expressed in our text, appears to me to unfold itself thus: As long as the material sun in yonder firmament enlightens this dark earth, so shall the glorious Gospel exhibit Christ; and by the Spirit’s power shall the Sun of Righteousness, who is none other than Jesus Christ, become the life and the light of all those who are thus brought to believe in Him (2 Cor. iv. 6). God’s foreknowledge of His people (in Scripture called His sheep) is a secret wrapt up in His infinite self (2 Tim. ii. 19); but when calls effectual reach them they are then made manifest to the world; ah, and the world hateth them; they were blest in Him, and are now manifestly blest by Him (John xvii. 14, 15). Thus it is the words of our text are verified, “Men shall be blest in Him;” the sinner born of God, all who are taught of God, they who have felt the sorrows of death compass them, the pains of hell to get hold upon them; they who know that by the deeds of the law no

flesh can be justified; they who have felt the damning power of sin in its venomous, burning, withering effects, all such, like Abraham, the father of the faithful, will with Him see, feel, and glory in the substitutional work of the Lamb of God, and heartily ascribe salvation to the Lord alone, and sweetly chime in with the apostle's declaration, where he exultingly says, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7). Again, "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe;" in Him they find a righteousness that as far supercedes that of the Scribes and Pharisees as the heavens are higher than the earth, or as light transcends darkness; and when, like another Ruth, the humble suppliant's petition is, "I pray Thee spread Thy skirt over me," and hears the gracious words drop from the lips of their spiritual Boaz, who becomes their Strength and Righteousness, in accents sweet as steeped in the balm of Gilead, "Now, when I passed by thee and looked upon thee, behold thy time was the time of love, and I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness; yea, I swore unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest Mine" (Ezek. xvi. 8). These are they who understand the mystical utterances of the apostle that saith, "Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead, that ye should bring forth fruit unto God" (Rom. vii. 4). These soul-saving experimental truths are to a great extent, in the present age, exploded; and those who teach, and they that believe them, are by some considered visionary enthusiasts, and afflicted with an intellectual aberration. As it was in the days when Christ was upon earth, so will it be until the ponderous wheel of time throws off its last circling period; but "wisdom is justified of her children" (Matt. xi. 16—19). "Men shall be blest in Him."

A few words in conclusion. "All nations shall call Him blessed." The eighth verse of this Psalm, as applying to Solomon, is to be understood in a restrictive sense (so we believe); his dominion from sea to sea, as writers observe, probably means from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, from the river unto the ends of the earth; or, putting it in other words, from the river Euphrates to the shores of the Mediterranean. Great and illustrious though he was, as Israel's king, and extensive his dominion, he manifested the frailties of human nature, and all his pageantry (as to himself) was girted around with the narrow belt of *time*. But Christ's dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom that which shall never be destroyed (Dan. vii. 14). We read in Scripture that "all nations shall be gathered before Him" (Matt. xxv. 32). Now this paragraph that follows the verse quoted is too plain to be wrested; therefore, the all nations referred to in the text must be explained by other Scriptures. "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. viii. 11). Universality the Word of God teacheth NOT; we have no desire to mount up into the airy regions of speculation as to what the Lord of heaven and earth could do; we are to confine ourselves to the Scriptures of truth; in them He has informed us what He will do, and bids His servants cry aloud, "Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with him, for they shall

eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him" (Isa. iii. 10, 11). May the Lord of His infinite mercy avert this last dread sentence from falling upon any one individual in this assembly; and may that grace be given us to seek the Lord while He may be found, and that willing spirit imparted to call upon Him while He is near! May you be of those who knock at mercy's door, of those that seek and, in so doing, find the Saviour! for He hath said for our encouragement, "And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts ii. 21). May it be mine and your unspeakable felicity to be found amongst those that shall have been gathered out of all nations, clad in spotless robes of white, waving palms of victory, and crying with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb" (Rev. vii. 9, 10). May He command His blessing! Amen,

THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE—THE MISTAKE—AND THE ANGELS.

(Continued from page 46.)

LAST month my little scrap closed with a proposition to "Come and see the place where the Lord lay." Only a little ray of light can I now and then obtain, and of course this little ray of light is only seen when I am in the dark. I often wonder how some men can preach on so long as they do, and pray such very long prayers. I say to myself they must be good, and greatly gifted indeed. Yes! one would wish to think that in them is fulfilled that rich promise, or sacred prophecy of the blessed SAVIOUR, where (in John vii. 38) He said, "He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters." They pour out preaching, praying, talking at such length! Only to me, instead of being like *rivers* flowing in gentle and refreshing streams, their prayers seem like braying at the Almighty, and their preaching is like flinging stones at your head, instead of pouring little sweet streams of life and love into your heart. "The fault may be all in me," as some of the murmurers at ministers often say. But I think I know the difference between "sounding brass," and the pouring forth of the SPIRIT in soul-enlivening streams. I have thought I never shall forget Mr. Jones; the other day when talking to me—not being able at the moment to express himself to his own satisfaction, he said,

"Dear me, I cannot say what I meant to say; my affliction causeth the blood to flow to my tongue instead of flowing to my brain!"

There lies the secret of so much tongue-rattle, where neither sense nor intelligence can be discovered. Ah! proud parsons! with a little memory, and plenty of mouth, you drive a great trade, while some little souls, whose thoughts spring up in multitudes, can scarcely express one in a hundred. The other morning, Amos viii. 9 filled up my small soul with so many streams of thought that it appeared quite certain that text would last me all the day.

By the ancient herdman of Tekoa, the Lord directed the attention of the Church, to

THE TWO GREATEST DAYS THIS WORLD WILL EVER SEE !

The first was in the centre of Time, when the cruel ones nailed JESUS to the cross, and hung HIM up between the heavens and the earth. Then, the first part of Amos's prophecy was fulfilled,

"I will cause the sun to go down at noon."

The second will be at the end of Time, when it shall be as the LORD GOD saith,

"I will darken the earth in THE CLEAR DAY."

Since the fall came in, in the highest and most perfect sense,

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A CLEAR DAY YET ;

But when the SON OF GOD shall come the second time without sin unto salvation, then HE will bring "THE CLEAR DAY" with Him. And what a CLEAR DAY will that be, to be sure ! Oh ! believer in the glorious CHRIST of God, the consideration of that "CLEAR DAY," as variously and eloquently described by the HOLY GHOST, is worthy of your most prayerful consideration, while it may be affirmed that the *consummation* of that clear day of celestial brightness and beauty which will close up this *Old Time's existence*, will be a period of such supernatural excellence and glory, that no finite mind can now its smallest wonders half declare. I do wish to write a little chapter on that clear day promised to the saints—when, upon the reprobate sons of earth, a cloud of horrible darkness will come, which will sink them in that "*outer*" abyss, where JESUS so distinctly said, "There shall be weeping and GNASING of teeth."

Here I will only notice that the character of "THE CLEAR DAY" is set out in Scripture under a four-fold division,—

1. There were in olden times typical shadows and prospective promises of it.
2. There was an essential preparation for it.
3. There are experimental foretastes of it.
4. There will be the glorious consummation of it.

No wise watchman in this moon-light dispensation would be bold enough to say we are in the CLEAR DAY *now* ! Nay, nay ! And yet *Light Pink* sets himself up so pre-eminently wise, that he thrashes his neighbour most unmercifully. Jehu-like, he rides rough-shod over every one who bows not down at his shrine. And *Bright Yellow*, after a painful struggle, throws down his gauntlet, dreadfully dismayed. Men have been knocking their heads together fearfully, of late. But they only make the wounded spirits grieve, who long to behold the King in His beauty, and to be assured they shall dwell in the land which now seems so very far off.

Full with thoughts on these magnificent events connected with the clear day, I started for the sanctuary, fully believing the subject would occupy me the whole day. Illness in some, bad weather, people coming in late—a variety of things so shrivelled up my thoughts, that in less than one hour I had said all I could say, and all I said appeared mangled and spoiled. In the evening of that day it was quite the reverse. Come, then, to

"THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY."

It may be difficult to get there.

One Monday evening (Jan 29, '77) after driving the pen all day, just as we were moving off for our prayer-meeting, in steps young Mr. Joseph Wortley. He is a full-grown and well-formed man now. We talked of some of the best things, also of some singular representatives of the Gospel in the shape of Christians. I was glad to find Joseph was still preaching the Way of Life. If we had him in London, he would find plenty of work ; but Providence has fixed him for the present in a far-off provincial town. At the chapel door we parted. I may never see him more ! Well, as we sat in the prayer-meeting, with a melancholy spirit, those inexplicable words came rolling over my heart with painful wonderment :

“ *My GOD! My GOD, why hast THOU forsaken ME?* ”

How much my soul did sympathise with the Saviour. “ Forsaken of God ! ” for the moment I felt I was. My mind was absorbed in the question—“ *WHY* hast Thou forsaken Me ? ” No enlightened sinner need long to ask of God, “ *Why* ” He had forsaken *him*?—his own conscience, the remembrance of past transgressions, the little real fellowship he has with CHRIST, the many heart-wanderings, and soul-sinkings will so condemn the needy soul, that it will conclude God has forsaken him, because he is a sinner, and nothing but a sinner. But in the case of our perfectly-pure, our transcendently-pious, our eternally-devoted LORD JESUS CHRIST, HE might well cry, “ *WHY* hast THOU forsaken ME ? ”

Nevertheless, when the thought of His substitutionary Suretyship condition crossed my mind, questions arose in rapid succession like these: “ Did HE not know HE should be forsaken ? Had HE sunk lower than HE expected ? Or, was HE bereft of all recollection of the covenant HE had entered into ? Was HE now so totally sunken into abstract darkness that HE could realise nothing but His soul being poured out even unto death ? Had HE now, for the time being, no judgment in the matter—no recollection of His Church—no abiding conviction of the tremendous debt HE had bound Himself to pay ? Under what special influence was the suffering Immanuel when HE pressed up that bitter cry, “ *WHY* hast THOU *forsaken* ME ? ”

Was it not the two-fold voice of His complex Person ?

As the SON of GOD, His *Divine* nature claimed His oneness with the ALMIGHTY FATHER, saying, “ My God ! My God ! ” while His *human* nature, being sensibly and awfully left in the horrors of death, cries, “ *WHY* hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”

While buried in this deep mystery, our brother Thomas Austin commenced reading a part of Luke xxiv.; and as he so sedately read “ the journey to Emmaus,” my soul was lifted up in sweet freedom, and across my spirit rolled, with holy delight, the first lines of that soul-speaking hymn,

“ Talk with us, LORD, Thyself reveal.”

The sense of being forsaken had fled; I said, I am exactly like those two going to Emmaus ; how clear I saw my condition of soul in those two travellers. Believer, if thou art a wearied and almost worn-down one, look at the picture which the Holy Ghost has drawn of those two dispirited ones.

I. These were ready to give all up for lost; JESUS appeared gone for ever. So, with me, it has been many a time.

II. They did not know the LORD when He did come to them. No ! "Their eyes were holden that they should not know HIM." How strange ! Then,

III. He called them "fools, and slow of heart !" And what a deluded fool have I been in my time ! And how slow to believe the precious words which point to Him !

IV. If they did not know HIM, their hearts caught fire as He spake to them, and as He opened unto them the Scriptures. In like manner, when He, the precious SAVIOUR, draws near, and opens up His own glorious Word, my cold, hard, deceitful, wayward heart has melted into a loving contrition, into a weeping devotion, and into a longing to behold Him, and to be LIKE and WITH HIM for ever.

V. They pressed Him hard to abide with them, because He appeared as though He would go on beyond them, and leave them to themselves. What kindness in Him to go after these two lonely and desponding ones ; and, how wonderfully has HE stepped along beside of us many times ; and, although we have had no clear vision of His person, we have clung fast to the place and circumstances whereby our heart was made to burn. These journeys to Emmaus are but seldom realised by me. But,

VI. "He went in to tarry with them !" What a guest ! And as He sat at meat with them, He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave it them. A confirmation of the supper He had instituted before His death, and a sweet pattern of that saving grace whereby souls are truly and eternally saved. The bread was a figure of Himself, "THE BREAD OF LIFE !" This He brake, and blessed, and gave to them. *Then* their eyes were opened, they knew Him ; but He "ceased to be seen of them." In an instant He was gone. But, now they knew

"The Lord was risen indeed ;"

no more in the sepulchre ! He had left it for ever.

"There must be something in religion !" said I to myself that Monday evening. "I came in here with my soul as desolate as death itself ; I was as one forsaken of God in feeling ; but, in waiting upon the Lord, I found my soul, in some degree, in that state where I could have fellowship with the Lord in His sufferings, and where the experience of His poor disciples going to Emmaus became a hopeful testimony to prove that I am one with whom the LORD, by His SPIRIT and Word, His grace and presence, doth sometimes draw nigh unto—with whom blest converse we do hold.

That night we all sung so warmly,

"Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

Let this mine every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee."

All that week, the words never left me, " WHY hast Thou forsaken Me ? " Before breaking bread the next Sunday evening, I read for my text, Mark xv. 34, " And at the ninth hour, JESUS cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani ? which is, being interpreted, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? " I proposed four questions :—

1. Who is this crying ?
2. Where was it He so cried ?
3. How was it ?
4. What can it mean ?

Around His cross one week, in silent sorrow, I walked. But, the answers to the queries suggested, I must this month reserve.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, Feb. 8, 1877.

GRATEFUL BREATHINGS.

O MY brother, what a mercy to be kept right, and to be right in soul matters! My soul trembles within me, and cries out, " Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." " Leave me not, nor forsake me, O God of my salvation." To be a minister, and to be deceived at last, is the most awful condition conceivable. Oh, that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry committed unto us. But, Oh, blessed words,—

" Could He have taught me to trust in His Name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame ? "

No! that be far from Him. Oh, bless Him, I know that His promises are sometimes powerful, sweet, precious, and suitable in the grace of the Holy Ghost to my soul. I know He sometimes lets me into the light and meaning of His Holy Word.

Last Sabbath-day I had a blessed time when preaching from the words, " To Him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." First, the persons, " overcomers ; " second, the promise, " will I give to eat of the tree of life," &c.; the persons in the morning and the promise at night. My soul did enjoy it.

J. INWARDS.

WHEN first humbled at the sight of our sins, we think it such a mercy that our sins are forgiven. To help our unbelief, when we come to see our sins told out before us, and piled up as high as the heavens, and as low as hell, where is the wealth, the riches, the *that* which shall forgive us all these things? Here are the riches of grace told out before us; we do not need to bring a mite; God is rich enough, without our duties, or anything else, for the forgiveness of sins; there are multitudes of mercies for multitudes of sins. God will abundantly pardon.—*Goodwin's Marrow.*

SINS OF EVERY DEGREE—AND FORGIVENESS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—If we had no hope in Emmanuel, and experienced the same conflicts in the mind, in the world, and in circumstances, as we do now at times, what a life ours would be! True, the apostle said we (without hope) should be of all men most miserable. Then what a blessing must this hope be! For how could we endure this world with the knowledge we have, and which every quickened soul possesses, of the sinfulness, exceeding sinfulness, of sin in our own hearts? For unless we feel the plague there ourselves, we have cause to suspect there is something wrong, if not that we are quite dead; for how shall we sigh for all the abominations that are done in Jerusalem, unless we sigh for the abominations of sin in our own hearts? And see! it was only those who did sigh and cry that the man with the ink-horn set a mark on! Now, although sin is such a plague to a quickened soul, yet it is not so to one dead in trespasses and sins; that is, sin which they can hide from man. I know it is just possible man may possess such a degree of moral rectitude as to loathe the outward and more gross forms of sin, and so cry out against it. But there appears to me to be three degrees or kinds of sin—viz., *transgressions*, open breaches against the ten commands; then *sins*, all manner of outward sinful acts which do not come to the degree of criminal offences; and then iniquities, or all the abominable evil thoughts which crowd through our own hearts, and which are hid from the eyes of our fellow-creatures. And so in Isaiah you may read, “I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions as a cloud, and as a thick cloud thy sins.” And in Jeremiah you read, “And thy iniquities I will remember no more.” Now that is something like a clean sweep, and no man can do it for himself. But there is forgiveness with Him! With who? Emmanuel! for it was Emmanuel who was highly exalted to give repentance and remission of sins, and it can come to us through no other channel. Jesus is our High Priest under the Gospel dispensation, and is entered into the holiest of all, once. Under the Mosaic dispensation, there were many priests, but it was only the high priest that made the atonement. And Jesus only is the ground of hope, the foundation upon which we can build with safety; and it is Jesus formed in our hearts the hope of glory that enables us to endure the trials of this present life. But it is only as the Holy Comforter shines within us, that we are enabled to say, the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which awaits us. And according to the apostle to the Corinthians it seems that these exercises are needful, or how could we bless God for the comfort He gives us? or how comfort those who are in trouble unless we ourselves know what it is to be comforted of God? And so we read, “Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

Now, dear brother, you know much more, and have experienced much more both ways than I have. It is not necessary for me to write more; if it please God in any measure to bless it to the comfort of any soul, I shall be comforted too. May it be your blessed lot to enjoy much of the presence of the Holy Comforter! Amen.

JOHN WESLEY.

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT
AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,
NOW A PREACHER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.*(Continued from page 53.)*

CHAPTER VII.

SLEEPS in Cornfield—Loses His Phylacteries—Roman Catholics Abuse Him—
Stirring up His Jewish Enmity and Anger—Gets Imprisoned.

BY God's help, I was restored to perfect health, and after having rested a few days, I took my journey again. Although I was rather weak, yet I would persevere in proceeding on my journey. I walked a few hours, and then rested for a whole night in a cornfield, where I slept very comfortably. In the morning, farmers came into the field, to work. Finding me in the field, they asked me who I was; when I explained to them the position I occupied, they very kindly offered me help; and although I was very much in need of help, and thankful to them for their kindness, yet I refused to accept, because their help was in meat, bread, butter, cheese, &c., and as a Jew I would not accept such help. I, therefore, thanked all the good people very much for their kindness, and wished them adieu. When I was gone about a day's journey, I found that I had left my phylacteries in the cornfield, where I slept the previous night. I therefore returned to the place; walked all night; and when I came to the place where I thought I lost my phylacteries, I could not find them. I then asked the people who were at work in the field if they had found my phylacteries; and as they could not understand what phylacteries were, concluded I was mad, and did not know what I was about. Some of them were very rough and low people in religious principle—I found they were Roman Catholics—they swore and cursed at me, and said, "Run away, run away, or else we will hang you, as your mischievous brethren, the Jews, hung Jesus Christ." They sent their dogs after me, one, in particular, who jumped at me, and frightened me, so that I fell fainting to the ground; and then the farmers came and lifted me up, and brought me to life again, and I then determined not to go near a Christian, and determined, whenever I should have the opportunity, to blaspheme against the Christian religion; and even if I had power to shed the blood of the Christians nothing would have given me more pleasure. I prayed to God to deliver me out of my troubles, and bring me to a land where I could enjoy the religious liberty of the true religion of Judaism, and give me power to act against the Christians. My hatred against Christians increased in me more and more. Often I had not eaten anything for twenty-eight or thirty, and even more, hours, and passed several villages, and, finding that there were no Jews residing, did not stop, but went on further, till I came to a place where I could find Jews, and ask for help from them. Several days I travelled on in such a spirit, till I came to a small town, where many Jews resided. I made application to the Rabbi for help, and he was very kind to me, and gave me a little money, and then sent me to a rich Jew, a particular friend of his, where I stayed for a few days. I afterwards left the town, with the blessing of the good and kind Rabbi, and I was full of joy when I heard

that I was not very far from Hamburg—only about three days' journey. With much diligence I made haste, in order to get to Hamburg as soon as possible. When I reached a very small town, about twelve miles from Hamburg, about nine o'clock in the evening, rain was pouring for many hours, and I was also very hungry and tired. I entered a public-house, and inquired if any Jews lived there; but, to my sorrow, there were none. I then asked the publican if he would kindly let me sit in his house through the night, as I was so weary and hungry I could not undertake to walk any more that night; but the publican being a Roman Catholic, finding that I was a Jew, turned against me, and said that he would have no mercy upon Jews, the accursed nation, and commanded me to leave his house at once. I then went to a police-station, and asked if the police authority would be compassionate on me, and permit me to stay that night on their premises; when the inspector of the police-court commanded that I should be locked up in a cell, and have rest there. In the morning, when I awoke I found myself in a prison cell. I then tried to open the door, but found I could not. I knocked at the door for some time, but no answer was given me. At last the gaoler came, and asked me what I required. When I told him that I wanted to get out, he said, "You are imprisoned, and you must be confined in the place you now are in until the judge will give you freedom." I asked him what I did, that I deserved to be imprisoned. I could get no answer. Presently the gaoler brought me in some bread and gruel. I ate the bread, but not the gruel. By-and-bye prison clothes were given me to put on.

I then thought of all the happiness I had lost by leaving my beloved parents' house. But I thought, "Alas! alas! too late to repent!" When Sunday came, I was informed that I must go to church, which I refused, being a Jew; but the principal or governor, being a very rough man, smote me on my face several times, and said, "You must obey the orders you receive." I then answered him in the German language, "I shall not go to church by any one's orders; it is against my religion; I hate churches of Christians, and the Christian religion." I also informed him that I was a Russian subject, and would complain against him to the Russian ambassador in Berlin or Hamburg, and said, I was willing to suffer imprisonment if I deserved it, but as I was innocent I did not think he had any right to punish me. On hearing this, he said, "If you are a Jew you are not worthy of being in a Christian Church." I was kept in the cell eight days, and then I was set at liberty. I afterwards heard that the police-inspector of that small town had done all that to me, so that he might be amused with his household through that wicked course of action. As soon as I was liberated I prayed to God that He might be merciful unto me, and bring no more trouble as He did bring; and I then began to feel more and more enmity to the Christians—in fact, I took an oath (which I was soon compelled to break) never to speak to a Christian, and if I should ever see a Christian perish not to be merciful unto him. Such were then my feelings towards Christians, and to their religion.

When I arrived at a small village, very near Hamburg, I met a gendarme, who stopped me, and took me with him. When he brought me to a place where I found a few gendarmes, they all asked me who I was, and where I was going to. When I answered them I was a Russian,

and was going to England, they laughed at me; some of them were intoxicated, which made them behave very disrespectful to me. Several times one of them drew out his sword, and said, "I will kill you! you are a Frenchman." But I gave no answer, and suffered all the time. I left myself for them to do what they pleased; seeing that there was no one to help me, I even thought that my God had forgotten me, and I must perish in the hands of the cruel Gentiles. As I was standing before the gendarmes, I was in great trouble (although all of them seemed to amuse themselves for acting so unkindly to me), yea, I felt to be in great torment. I fell to the ground, and cried out very bitterly unto the Lord, "*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*" ("My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"), and also very fervently prayed that the Lord might be gracious unto me, and take away my life, or save me out of the hands of my enemies, and bring me out of all my troubles, and bring me to feel satisfied in my poor, lost, and ruined soul.

 CHAPTER VIII.

REACHES Hamburg in Sore Affliction—Having no Passport is Confounded—Addresses the Jews in Open Streets—Solemn Devotions in the Synagogue—Letter To and From His Father.

I was very thankful to God when the cruel gendarmes were satisfied by ill-treating me. They then turned me out of the house, and let me go. I then gladly, and in haste, went to Hamburg. When I arrived there, looking at the large multitudes of people walking hither and thither, I felt lost, not knowing where to go, nor what to do. I then stood in the street for sometime, thinking what to do. I looked at myself, and wished I had never been born; I cursed the day in which I was born, and brought to experience all this misery. I then walked about the streets of Hamburg, crying and lamenting, until I came to a railway station, which was near to a large field. I walked about in the field for some time, till I was exhausted. I laid down to rest in the field, and, being very hungry, I cried bitterly, till a lady with a little child came near, and asked me what was the matter with me. I answered, "I am very hungry, madam." The good lady then said, if I would wait a little while she would bring me something to eat. But I answered, "As I am a Jew, I am not permitted to eat anything from Christians." The good lady then presented me with a few *marks*, and gave me an address to the Jewish hotel of Madam Hochwald. I thanked the lady very much, and then went on, inquiring where the hotel was; fortunately I found it; and, as I wanted to enter in, I felt very much ashamed to go into a respectable hotel, so ragged and poor. But I went in, notwithstanding my poverty, and asked if I would be permitted to lodge there. The manager asked me if I could produce any papers or passport to prove that I was a respectable lad? Unfortunately, I could not produce anything except my phylacteries and fringes. The manager then examined my phylacteries and fringes, and, finding that they were perfect, according to the law of the Jews, trusted on this ground that I was a respectable Jewish lad. I then prepaid four schillings for a night's lodging. In the evening I inquired after the synagogue, in order to be in public prayer with the *minion* (a company of not less than ten men, which is very necessary for males after thirteen years of age). When I found the synagogue I was very thankful unto God, that He had enabled me to

come to Hamburg, and especially to incline my heart to go to His sanctuary.

Entering the synagogue, I found that the *mincha* service was over, and there was no minion for me. I was very much disappointed, but I would not despair. I went out into the open air, and addressed myself to several Jews who passed, asking if they had already prayed; and if not, I asked them kindly to come into the synagogue and conduct the service. I was successful; several Jews came in, about twenty-five, and we then had our service. After the *mincha* service, I stayed in the synagogue, and waited till the third service, *maarive*, would be celebrated. As I was sitting in solitude, my mind was solemnised as I looked Eastward, and saw the *Hoaron Hakodesh*, the holy ark, the beautiful veil hanging over it, and on it in letters of gold, "JEHOVAH." I then washed my hands, and came near the ark, with a very earnest desire to pray. I kissed the veil, and, closing my eyes, prayed unto the Lord to be merciful unto me; and then lifted up my voice with the following prayer, in the Hebrew language:—

"Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee; yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until my troubles be past. I will cry unto God most high, to God that performeth all things for me" (Psa. lvii.).

As I was repeating this Psalm, several times very earnestly, I began to think of ver. 10, "For Thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and Thy truth unto the clouds;" and then began to pray, especially that God's mercy and truth might be revealed unto me more and more, although I firmly believed that the Jewish religion was the only true religion; yet I felt there was something of which I was ignorant. Still I was fully convinced that God would hear my prayers, and satisfy my poor mourning soul. Presently people came to the synagogue to celebrate the third service of the day (*maarive*). I joined them; and, after service, went to my lodgings. I had something to eat, and then retired into a small room, very nicely provided for me. Entering the room, I observed that on the door-post was no *mesusah*,* which ought to be according to the Jewish law. I then requested the manager if he would kindly let me sleep in another room, where there was a *mesusah*, as I would by no means sleep in that room. The manager then very kindly gave me permission to sleep in another room; and I was very glad to find there was a very nice *mesusah*, for which I thanked him very much. Afterwards, I said my prayers and kissed the *mesusah* several times, and thanked God for His mercy and goodness towards me.

The next morning, when I got up, I felt unwell; darkness seemed to overwhelm my soul. I then wrote a letter to my father, of which the following is a copy:—

"TO MY MOST-BELOVED FATHER,—I am very thankful to inform you that I have arrived in Hamburg, and am quite well. I must tell you that I never forget the happiness I used to enjoy at home; I well remember when I used to think that I was the happiest lad in the world; but all that has passed away. Since I left you, my beloved father, I have never had one hour of happiness. Sorrow and bitter trials have been my portion; and I daresay that such will be my lot till I shall be

* A small box or case containing a piece of parchment, on which was written some passages of the law of Moses.

taken to the grave. I pray to God continually that He may satisfy my soul, but I never feel satisfied. The more I pray, more wretched and miserable I feel.

“Beloved father, I really do not know what to think of religion. You used to tell me that our God hears the prayers of those that call unto Him, and, I must say, I continually pray, but, to my sorrow, God has turned away His ear from hearing me. One thing, my dear father, that I should like you to do for me is, to ask my old Rabbi to pray, and I hope that if you, and the Rabbi, and my beloved mother will pray for me, the Lord may hear your prayers for the sake of your good merits.

“My dear father, I hope you will not be troubled in your mind about my trials, for I am determined to go all over the world till I find that which alone can satisfy me. I know you may think it strange of me to say such things, but I cannot help it. I hope to hear from you soon, for I don't expect to stay here very long.

“I remain, beloved father and mother,

“Your most affectionate son,

“ISAAC LEVINSOHN.”

A few days passed, and I received the following note from my father, in answer:—

“MY SOUL-BELOVED CHILD, ISAAC,—I assure you that your mother and I don't know what to do. I really cannot understand why the Lord should deal with us in so strange a way. I have had many troubles in life, but never did I think that I should have such troubles as I have now. Since you left us, to think that you, my flesh and blood, who was the comfort of my soul, whom I hoped to see happy, should suffer so much as you do. Your mother and myself have not enjoyed one complete night's sleep. Only last night, about 12 o'clock, I suddenly awoke, because of your mother crying and lamenting whilst she was dreaming in sleep about you. In a word, let me tell you that the whole of our family are continually lamenting because of your extraordinary troubles. I enclose a note, and if you take it to Herr Myers, the Gabbi* of the synagogue, he will give you some money; I have had some correspondence with him on business, and we have arranged it for him to do so. I hope, my dear child, that the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, will guide you, and satisfy your soul. Accept your father's and mother's love; your brothers, Joshua Hessel, Jonah Abel, and sister, Meitta Esther, send their love to you; even your little sister, Golda Tzipa, often repeats, “Isaac, Isaac,” and cries because you are not with us. Let me leave you in the hands of God. I hope that you will try and have always your phylacteries perfect, and also your fringes (tzizes). We remain, beloved Isaac,

“Your very affectionate parents,

“LION LEVINSOHN.

“I propose that your mother and brothers and sisters should sign their names for you to remember them:—

“Your beloved mother, BRAINAH LEVINSOHN.

“Your affectionate brother, JOSHUA HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

“Your affectionate sister, MEITTA ESTHER LEVINSOHN.

“Your brother, Jonah Abel, as he is too young to write, makes only a sign,

“Your little sister, Meitta Esther, the same, _____.”

* Chief or deacon.

When I received my father's letter, I was very grieved to hear of the trouble my dear parents had ; I therefore determined not to write to them any more about my circumstances, so that they might not know how I suffered. I paid a visit to Herr Myers, of the synagogue, and produced my father's letter. He asked me how much money I should like to have ; and I requested him to give me forty thalers, which he gave me. I then purchased some good clothes, and returned to the hotel of Madame Hochwald. When they observed the change of my dress, they were surprised ; but when they found out my real circumstances they then treated me with much respect, as if I was quite a different person altogether. However, I was satisfied so far ; still I had not that satisfaction my soul longed for.

One day, as I took my afternoon walk, I met a young man, walking about in the street, in a very poor state. I pitied him very much, having been in poverty myself a few days ago. I commenced a conversation with him, and asked who he was ? and what countryman he was ? I found that he was from Russia, the town of Kovno, the same town I came from. His family I did not know. I was moved with very much compassion towards him, and asked him to come home with me, to the hotel where I lived. I then ordered dinner for him, and asked the manager of the hotel to let him lodge there. He informed me that he had a desire to go to England. I was very pleased to hear that, and thought he would make a companion for me. I then gave him five thalers to buy better clothes ; for which he thanked me very much. I was very much attached to the poor young man, and we became quite affectionate friends. We went together to the synagogue, and I was very pleased to find him very earnest in his prayers, &c. I felt more and more attached to him, and I looked upon him as my own brother. I said to him one day, " My happiness shall be your happiness ; your trouble my trouble." Being so friendly with him, I requested the manager of the hotel to let my friend and myself live together in one room, which he granted me. The more I knew this young man the more my affection seemed to increase towards him. We stayed together a few days. One morning when I got up, about eight o'clock, when I wished to dress myself, to my surprise, I could not find any of my clothes, even my boots were gone. I then opened my box, and found that all I had in it was gone ; and I was left in a room, robbed of all my money, and almost naked. I began to cry very bitterly, and when the manager of the hotel came up, and found me robbed so cruelly, he was so amazed he did not know what to think. He told me that my friend had left the house about seven o'clock in the morning, with a large parcel. I could hardly believe that my young friend could treat me so cruelly ; but I found it was so, by bitter experience. The manager, who was moved with much compassion towards me, then got some old clothes for me, for which I thanked him, and he promised to help me as much as he possibly could. I then asked the manager if he would let me be a servant of his, to attend to him, and to all the gentlemen who lived there, to clean their boots, &c. I made myself very useful in the hotel ; attended to all the visitors, and served them very diligently. All this I did in order that I might earn my daily livelihood, and save a little money, to pay my passage to England ; but, unfortunately, I was not paid by any of the visitors, so that I found it very hard to live, as Madame Hoch-

wald did not pay me; only my lodgings were given me free for my services. Finding myself in such difficulties that I had not sufficient to eat, I then tried to find something else to do. I went to a railway station, and asked permission from the station-master to let me beg of passengers that arrived at the station with luggage to let me carry it for them. I was very thankful when he permitted me to do so.

The first passenger whom I asked to let me carry his luggage, spoke to me very kindly, and gave me two very large heavy parcels to carry for him. I carried them about two miles, and then he entered into a public-house, and asked me if I would have a glass of beer; but as the public-house belonged to Christians I would not partake of anything. As I refused, he took away the parcels from me, and told me to go. When I asked him to pay me for helping him to carry his goods, he said that he paid me at the station, which was a falsehood; and when I contradicted him he appeared as if I insulted him, and called a policeman to give me in charge for asking him for payment a second time, and also for insulting him. The policeman arrested me, and took me to the police-station, where I was kept a few hours. I was brought before the police-master with the charge against me.

(To be continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS.

THERE is a generally expressed feeling of regret that so few are convinced of sin under the ministration of the pure Gospel. If there is an effect there is also a cause, for the hand of God is not shortened, neither is His ear heavy, and His command is, "Go, teach all nations."

It has been allowed that most of our additions have been first awakened under Arminian or general professors; and then, after being awakened, they require spiritual food, and have to go to those places where the doctrines of grace are preached.

Now the doctrines of grace are dear, increasingly dear to us: we were educated under them, and could in early life argue strongly for them; but when the Lord convinced of sin, and then brought to Christ as a Saviour, the doctrines were then written on the fleshly tables of the heart, and we felt they were solid ground to rest on, and could rejoice in the lines of Toplady,—

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given,
More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven."

Now, we think there are two leading causes—the first, That in preaching the Gospel the discriminating doctrines of grace, and the blessed experience of them are dwelt upon, while the practical results of the Gospel, and the state of sinners under it, are passed by; because they consider that Bunyan, Wesley, Baxter, Fuller, and others exhorted the sinner to believe in language not warranted by the Bible, they go to the other extreme, and pass the sinner over.

The second we conceive to be the want of a missionary spirit in the Churches; Gospel ministers will go where there are good congregations, but dislike the small ones. We have known ministers who, at the

earlier stages of their ministry, went into villages around the places where they were stationed, and many were brought to a knowledge of God under them; but, after a time, becoming more known and sought after, old causes are supplied, the villages neglected, and they have been compelled to own that they have gone years to places without one sinner being convinced of sin, or one seeking soul being brought to the Saviour.

Returning to our first position, we have known individuals who have sat under the Gospel for years, and who maintain, "If I am elected I shall be saved, and if not I shall perish; therefore, why should I try?" And others, known in the days of our youth, who have excused themselves from going to places where Gospel truths are preached, by this, "They only preach to the elect, therefore they will not preach to us."

Now, without telling a sinner that he may repent and believe now, which we think may lull the sinner, because he might say, "If faith is in my hands, then I will exercise it at some future day;" and without representing Jesus as a sorrowful, disappointed God, at which we have shuddered, there is a preaching "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come," there is a marking out the road to heaven, and the path which leads to hell. This, we think, is a separating the precious from the vile, and the chaff from the wheat.

In Ezek. xxxiii., when treating of the duties of a watchman, the prophet says, in ver. 8, "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." But in the next verse we read, "Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul." Some may say that is only in the Old Testament, and alludes to the Jews nationally. To meet that, we only take one passage from the New Testament, as that will answer our purpose—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Here is a commission from the King in Zion, both to the saint and also to the sinner.

We earnestly wish that these remarks may cause some to arise from their dormant state, and to lay the axe to the root of the tree. When Paul went to Athens, and other places, he did not lay before his auditory the doctrines of the predestination, election, and the like, but he thundered, as it were, the broken law unto the conscience, and presented Jesus unto them as One mighty to save the vilest sinner who should come unto Him.

But after they were converted he kept back no doctrine from them, but declared them in all their fulness. We have no patience with parties who talk of "guarding God's truth," making themselves wiser than the Almighty. We say, let the sinner be warned, and let death, judgment, and eternity be placed before him, and the influence of the Holy Spirit implored to drive the Word right home to the heart. In the Bible we read, "Ye have not because ye ask not." Those of us who have attained our three-score, or three-score and ten years, and have sat under the Gospel from the cradle, know the truths of the matters we have been laying down.

As to our second position, we know that most of our Gospel ministers

are too ill-paid to volunteer in the missionary work, and when they have a spare Lord's-day are glad to go where they get a little addition to their scanty incomes (frequently not more than a mechanic or a labourer receives); but they have the week evenings; and if a Church has no missionary spirit it ceases to be a growing Church, and they should remember "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." But there are a great number of supplies, many of them well off in the world, and who do not need the aid of poor Churches for their maintenance. But, frequently, if a supply is written for, it is inquired, What ministers do you have? what line of things do you hold? and what are the views in other chapels in your place? and have you many hearers? Now our Lord had a needs be to go to Samaria, and there He preached, not to a great congregation, but to one poor woman, and she a sinner. After His resurrection He preached a glorious discourse to two disciples, when they journeyed to Emmaus, and warmed their hearts with holy fire. Philip was moved by the Spirit to go and give himself to the eunuch, and to preach Christ unto him; and the eunuch believed, was baptized, and, old writers tell us, became an ardent preacher of the Gospel.

We would mention an instance of how the Lord owns labours in His cause. A party known to us, who possesses no great gifts, and who goes out to these outlying stations, had God's sanction in warning the sinner. He had been out previously, and before going to preach was asked if he would go and visit a dying youth, on his road to the chapel, which he most willingly consented to do. On entering the chamber, he commenced a conversation. He found the youth, about eighteen, feeling himself a sinner, quite conscious that he was dying, and that judgment and condemnation were before him, but he had no assurance of his interest in the Redeemer's love, and was of course unhappy and tried; but while the Word was being read and expounded, and under prayer, the Lord shone graciously on him, and he was filled with joy and peace in believing, and died in a few hours, in the assurance of faith. Our friend, in going to a small place, in a few words, narrated this scene, and while narrating it, the Word took hold of a young woman, who felt an earnest desire to know the same Saviour, and felt no peace until she found Him to the joy of her soul. She was soon baptized, and added to a neighbouring Church. Soon after, at the same small place, he was preaching from Gen. xlix. 8, when a young man was deeply convicted of sin, and, to use his own language, could hardly forbear calling out in the chapel, "Lost, lost;" and when he left the place, felt that he must lie down and cry, "Lost, I am lost for ever;" in a few weeks he found mercy and peace, and was also baptized. A third case, also, in this little out-of-the-way place was a young female, married, who, while he was preaching from Matt. xxv. 46, was deeply convicted of sin, and this was increased by the hymn which the preacher read,—

"When Thou, my righteous Judge shall come."

She also found peace and joy, but has been hindered from publicly following the Redeemer.

These instances are mentioned to show the great importance of those whose means and time will allow to go to these isolated places. We remember years ago hearing an old Methodist lady say that fresh soil was the best, for in other places they became Gospel-hardened. We smiled at the remark at the time, but we now think there was much

truth in it. In conclusion, we add, some years ago we were asked by a puffed-up Antinomian, "What would you preach to sinners?" And we replied, "Reason with them on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Tell them there is death to the sinner who dies in his sin, death without hope, even death unto death; but that there is life unto the righteous, even life unto life. Tell them that Jesus is ready to save the coming sinner, that His own language is, "He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." We knew an aged Christian, a professed Huntingtontian, who conducted for many years a small cause in his own house, and he told us that he had been a long, long time under the law in darkness and misery, and that he went many miles to hear the late Mr. Oxenham; but when he got into the chapel, they sang that beautiful hymn of Hart's,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus, ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more."

And that at the singing of this hymn his chains fell off, and he was brought into full Gospel liberty.

My friends, look at the lost state of the sinner and the mercy and love of the Saviour—exalt the one and debase the other, and in doing this, mingle very earnest prayers unto God for a blessing, and trust Him, for you shall find, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

"SHED FOR MANY."

MATTHEW XXVI. 28.

"SHED for many;" how significant are these words, "He bare the sin of many." "He shall justify many, for He shall bear their iniquities" (Isa. liii. 1—12); but for how many you will ask? We answer, for all the Father hath given Him (John vi. 37). "For as many as have been ordained to eternal life" (Acts xiii. 48); "even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts ii. 39); ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands (Dan. vii. 9, 10); even a "multitude which no man can number, out of all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues" (Rev. vii. 9). Yes, Jesus died for all these; His death gave full satisfaction for all their sins (1 John i. 7); and He will be equally successful in His intercessory work to keep them (Heb. vii. 25; 1 Peter i. 5). As He could not die in vain, so neither will He plead in vain. He did not die for all, and plead for some; neither did He die for some, and plead for all; but He pleads for all for whom he died. All He purchased He will claim (John x. 28), and none of them will be lost (John vi. 39). If He died for mankind universally, then mankind, in that sense, will be saved. If He died for the Church only, then the Church only will be saved (Eph. v. 25). However extensive the work was which He undertook, the success of that work will be equally extensive. And however limited the work of redemption was, it never could be made more extensive. The work of redemption was equally complete and perfect as was the work of creation. Nothing could be added to that work of which it was said, "It was very good" (Gen. i. 31), neither can anything be added to that work of which it was said, "It is finished!" (John xix. 30).

JOHN RAYNES.

Sheffield.

BY THE HAND OF GOD I'M OVERTHROWN.

A Study for the Foes of God's Fallen Ones.

JOB'S NINETEENTH CHAPTER IN VERSE.

THE Shuhite ceasing, Job, without suspense,
Again assumed the language of defence.

How long, with words unfriendly and unkind, [mind?

Will you afflict my now most harassed
And my sad soul, o'erbudened with distress,

With bitter words continue to oppress?

Reproach and scorn have been the language paid
For every woe and ill upon me laid.

Ye sacrifice old friendship, e'en my name,
And strangely look on me, unmoved by shame.

And if my feet a devious path have trod,
'Tis I alone for this must meet my God.

And tho', with words high-sounding, you express

Your thoughts upon my ruined happiness,
I will that this one fact to you be known,
That by the hand of God I'm overthrown.

'Tis He alone, the fowler whom I've met,
Who caught me in the meshes of his net.

Despoiled of all, I cry, and cry in vain,
My loud appeals no hearing can obtain;
The judgment-court in vain with cries I fill, [and still.

The Judge presides, His voice is hushed
With dangers dire He has bestrewn my way, [day.

And hung my paths with dark inverted
What once shed glory round my manly form,

He tore away in one terrific storm.

Then, as a king, 'twas mine to claim renown, [crown.

But now deposed, I've lost my cherished
Where'er I look, on sons, on cattle, land.

The Lord has laid the same distressing wand; [to be,

And though still here, I soon must cease
My hope He hath removed like a tree,

His kindled wrath descends in many blows,

He numbers me amongst His bitter foes.

His ordered troops, drawn up in close array,

Pursue me near, and press upon my way.
Around my house encamped, His hostile band

Cause terror and dismay on every hand.

To kindred ties has brought a sudden end,
And made a widening breach twixt friend
and friend.

Cambridge.

My friends have failed, my friends of closest tie, [deny.

And less attached, their friendship now

And those who dwell beneath my very roof [aloof,

Withdraw from me, and hold themselves
And deem me there to have no real right,
And count me as a stranger in their sight.

Intreating low, I called my servant nigh,
But he, disdainingly, gave me no reply.

My wife became a stranger to my speech,
Though, for our children's sake, I warm beseech.

And children, too, where'er my foot-steps led, [head.

Would pour contempt upon my wretched

Those friends to whom my secrets were revealed, [cealed;

Kept not their horror, or their hate con-
And those whom love entwined around my heart, [part.

Without disguise, assumed the traitor's

My wretched life is mine, and that alone,
Poor tenant of a form of skin and bone.

With pity gaze upon my fearful state,
The hand of God has sealed my wretched fate.

Why raise the arm to strike me with the rod,

Or persecute as doth the avenging God?
Cannot my abject state, this loathsome scourge, [pity urge?

From out your hardened hearts some

My heart is swayed by one prolonged desire, [aspire,

My thoughts, unbound, to that one wish
That I could now record what I express,

That I could print the language I confess.

That I could grave the sacred words I've said,

With iron pen upon enduring lead,
And place the same within the binding rock,

That I might give decay and time a shock.

These are the words, what fervour warms my heart, [start,

As from my tongue like living fire they
"I know that my Redeemer liveth," and
In latter day upon the earth shall stand.

And this I know, when death shall claim his own, [bone,

And worms shall feast upon my wasting
That I again renewed in flesh shall rise,

And meet my God in yonder distant skies. C. O.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Life and Explorations of Dr. Livingstone. London: J. G. Murdock, Castle-street, Holborn. A magnificent volume, shewing by plates and a well-written history, the determination, dangers, discoveries, and many deaths of an extraordinary man. Pioneers in any enterprise are certain to be sufferers.

Picturesque Europe: the British Isles. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. All that every kind of art can produce has been employed to illustrate and reveal the antiquities and natural beauties of the little islands where we dwell.

The Satan of Scripture. By a Clergyman. London: Smith, Elder & Co. The source and subtlety of the second great deep, "the mystery of iniquity," is here unfolded in measure; and, as far as our time-circumstances are concerned, the mischiefs, the maladies, the miseries flowing from that tremendous power, "the god of this world" are shewn to be sufficient to frighten us into madness—but for that safety-valve of the Church, "I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Take this promise with you while you contemplate the fact that wherever God has set up a useful man, Satan has aimed a deadly blow at him. From Adam, Job, David, Peter, Paul, the martyrs—to our own times, see how men, how Churches, how believers have been hurt! and then ask, "Where does God keep His Church?" In Himself, in His covenant, in His Son! But what is meant by that word "hurt?" A being cut off from the Living Head, or plucked out of the Eternal Hands. Such fatal hurt cannot befall the redeemed of the Lord, although here some may suffer the loss of all things. Mr. Ormiston, in this volume, has given us a valuable testimony.

The Gardeners' Magazine for Feb. is a lordly dish of nature's beauties, of heaven's indulgencies, and of the rare improvements art and industry are accomplishing. Vol. XIX. may be had of E. W. Allen, in Ave Marie-iane.

The Fireside brings truth in tales, and persons in pictures, quite entertaining to those who have true peace with God, and plenty at home.

Humorous Parson, &c., has long waited for our verdict. We say, between what Daniel Smart used to be, and what J. E. Silvertown appears to be—there is an immense distance. Forty years ago, Daniel would frighten us down to eternal woe, while Silvertown makes merry. Our pas-

sage has been over rough and dangerous seas: we are afraid of playing with those things which cost the Saviour so dear! We feel inclined to have a word on this Mr. Silvertown another day.

Augustus A. Daly's *Warning Cry to Russia*, is a bold witness against the iniquities which, like a black river of idolatrous selfishness, runs through the so-called Eastern Question. W. H. Guest, of Paternoster-row, will supply copies of this astonishing work.

The Rock reports Canon Ryle's exposition of the fearfully dangerous tendency of the last half-century. He says:—"We stand face to face with an immense amount of evil." He says there are seven dreadful foes against the progress of the Gospel—infidelity, immorality, lawlessness, drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, scepticism, and superstition. These all have assumed gigantic proportions. We have seen all this, and may we ask, may not another foe be named? Were the delusive dogmas of duty-faith, free-will, offering Christ to all, &c.; were these anti-Scriptural theories ever so wide-spreading as now? Is not Christ's pure Gospel almost universally denied? We know it is. While our population is growing thicker and faster every day, the Churches where the glorious Trinity in Unity, the eternal covenant of love and mercy, and the ancient and unalterable truths of heaven are maintained, these Churches are almost deserted, and the ministers despised. How true the Saviour's prophecy (read Matt. xxiv.), "Many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." Where is universal redemption now?

The Step I have Taken, Mr. Bradbury's Sermons, the Church of the Period, and a heap of books wait.

HOXNE.—"An Old Traveller in Divine Truth" says—"James Lock preached his farewell sermons here, on Jan. 28, 1877. He is not a little man by any means. His heart is in the work of preaching Christ to needy sinners, and he tells us the way home in homely terms. He appears set to be a bachelor, and many Churches might be glad of him. But our Hoxne rising folk wish to have a young man from the college, so s'pose we shall see changes. The Gospel Churches in these parts are very quiet. I have found there is no prospect for us old men. We must retire." [Has "Old Traveller" left off? What does he mean?—Ed.]

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE HISTORY OF OUR CHURCHES.

"I love her gates, I love the road:
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God.
To shew His milder face."

"OUR CHURCHES" is a term of frequency in use with us who hold steadfastly to the teachings and ordinances of the New Testament; but even the oneness of a profession of faith in the principles and practices revealed and recorded in the New Testament, is no certain test of unity, as is proved by the party-spirit and endless divisions found to exist in the different circles of the so-called Strict and Particular Baptists. Some time since, we commenced a review of the seven distinctly-different sections of the Baptist Churches; and in the varied phases of their faith, in the written experiences of some of their members, in the memorials of their ministers, and in the risings, rollings, revolvings, occasional sinkings, scatterings, and ultimate destruction of many of them, we found an immense variety of interesting matter. We saw how every portion of God's Holy Word is ever and anon being fulfilled, and we gathered material for erecting, not only many an "EBENEZER," but also for setting up many a danger-signal; for there was, there is, there will be, a solemn necessity for the careful reading and the powerful proclamation of that CAUTION which JESUS uttered for the good of us poor, silly, weak, betrayed, soul-sinking, and heart-heaving pilgrims, when in the garden He cried:—

"WATCH AND PRAY THAT YE ENTER
NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

For the present, we leave our review in the study, and simply relate a few things connected with

THE COMMENCEMENT AND THE CONTINUANCE OF THE CHADWELL-STREET CHURCH IN CLERKENWELL.

We at first sight thought Mr. John Hazelton was the only Strict Baptist pastor in London who had laboured uninterruptedly with one Church for more than twenty-five years. But we remember that excellent and faithful servant of Christ, J. L. Meeres, in Church-street, Bermondsey, who has been steadily, quietly, and happily working on with his people more than thirty years. William Flack, Henry Hanks, and others are nearly of the same duration; but we leave them until we have the honour of giving their history in full.

The chronicles of Chadwell-street Church have been published in a separate form. We will only give a brief digest under three heads: a Painful Breach, a Mysterious Bond of Union, and a Peaceful and Powerful Stream of Blessedness.

First,—*A Painful Breach.* Of course, the Chadwell-street Church did not spring out of the earth, in the abstract; it did not

tumble down out of the clouds; it was not the offspring of mere chance; nor was it the poor little child of some zealous godly man, who, not being able to sit profitably under any then existing minister, determined to take a place for himself, occupy a pulpit instead of a pew, and try to do his best to preach the Gospel of Christ for the benefit of all who might be led to come and hear him. And some good men have done that before to-day. Mr. Hazelton never did that. He was *sent* out, *called* about, and followed where his Master led him.

But the pamphlet referred to tells us, there were several brethren and sisters "Who had been *separated* from Church fellowship and were *scattered* abroad." This implies, *There had been a breach* somewhere. Where? And what was it?

The brethren and sisters who were separated and scattered were sufferers from the breach. They contended for faithfulness, and were driven from their home. We have suffered from the same source since the year 1839, and shall to the end. But on reading Psalm lxxxix. 31, 32, we saw our work was to put our hand upon our mouth, and our mouth in the dust, and not despise the chastening of the Lord, nor the rod He might be pleased to use. The brethren and sisters who formed the germ of Chadwell-street Church suffered patiently, ultimately proving that two-fold work ascribed to the Lord in Isaiah lviii. 12, "Thou shalt be called, THE REPAIRER OF THE BREACH, THE RESTORER OF PATHS TO DWELL IN."

Bless the Lord! there is no "*Breach*" which Satan, sin, or the fallen nature may make, but HE is able to "*REPAIR*" it, and to give to the wandering tribes of Israel precious and profitable paths to dwell in. No people have realized those lines more fully than the friends who first formed the Church now meeting in Chadwell-street.

Our second note in the original formation of this Church, is under the head of "*A MYSTERIOUS BOND OF UNION.*" The separated and scattered brethren and sisters were wandering about for a time; some went here, others went there, but to them, all was like the troubled waters of the flood, and these little doves could find no place for the soles of their feet.

They must have been *Particular* Baptists in deed! In those days there weresuch holy men of God as Richard Luckin, George Abrahams, James Wells, John Foreman, and others. Ah! but the *fellowship of the saints* is as strong a bond of unity as is a fruitful ministry, and sometimes much more so. A devout child of God can worship more

happily when he has a spiritual home, when he is "put among the children," when God giveth him to find Gospel ordinances to be like a pleasant land, springing up with good desires, having the prospect of a heritage of glory and of beauty. When a child of God can live and worship in a homely, loving unity, then he is about as happy as he can be in this world.

The Lord had a purpose of mercy toward these scattered sheep. He had a pastor in store for them. He had a place provided for them; therefore they shall come together; they shall meet and plead; wait and pray, and gradually enter into the possession of all His promises concerning them.

Accidentally, as we might think, two of the brethren met in the street; this led to their meeting in the house of our esteemed brother, Mr. Richard Minton's, for prayer. Between thirty and forty of these scattered sheep came together; and on Monday, Aug. 17, 1851, they assembled in a schoolroom, near King's-square, and unitedly cried to the Lord to guide and help them. In Corporation-row, Clerkenwell, they found a larger place; they invited C. W. Banks to preach to them on Lord's-day afternoons and Monday evenings. They still wanted a larger place, and on Oct. 5, 1851, they entered into Mount Zion chapel, Nelson-place, in the City-road; here they continued to increase; here they were formed into a Church; here they obtained their pastor; and from hence they removed into the larger Mount Zion, in Chadwell-street, where—

Thirdly—A Peaceful and Powerful Stream of Blessedness has followed them for more than twenty-five years. Like Cowper, the breathless listeners within their souls do say,—

"Those sweet and sacred tidings,
What bliss it is to hear!"

We have given two sections out of three, which form this institution; the pastor we gave last month; the birth and bringing up of the Church we give this month; the pulpit and what it proclaims may come next.

With the following note, we must close this chapter:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The pamphlet gives a good account of the Lord's gracious dealings with the Church at Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, from the commencement until the present time. We are constrained to say, "What hath God wrought?" The whole twenty-five years, peace! truth! prosperity!!! "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake." Our beloved pastor has laboured hard, indeed, in the vineyard. His hair was black when he first came amongst us, it is now white. He has lived in the affections of the people, and his hands have been held up by their prayers. I consider our prosperity is greatly owing to his constant attendance among his own people, presiding at the Monday evening prayer meetings—indeed, at all the services. Would that every Church was blest as we are and have been. I consider it must be a pleasing reflection to you that you were the

honoured instrument in the Lord's hand to bring to pass the happy union that has and still exists among the Church. If we have any cause of regret, it is that we have not more room for numbers that apply for sittings that we cannot accommodate. May the Lord continue to bless you and your labours of love, for His glory and the benefit of the Church, is the prayer of yours in a precious Jesus.

R. MINTON.

BEDMOND—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, —You are requested to insert the following verses; they were composed by our brother and predecessor, the late Mr. Henry Hutchinson, pastor, Bedmond:—

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

When Jesus Christ was on the earth
Among the sons of meaner birth,
He told His servants very plain,
They truly must be born again.

Although they did not clearly scan
The way, the Lord laid down the plan;
Still to His own He did explain
How they must here be born again.

Not by the will of man He said;
By Me, the great, the living Head;
I am the Lamb that once was slain,
Who says, "Ye must be born again."

And this is why this change must be
That you may ever be with Me!
In bliss and joy for ever reign,
Yet you must first be born again.

And why, dear Lord, must this take place
I feel I am in much distress;
I have a load of guilt and sin:
Can I then say, "I'm born again?"

'Tis you, He cries, who feel the smart,
And know the plague of your own heart;
Come here and wash away thy stain,
For truly you are born again.

Lord, I'll presume to come to Thee,
Since Thou hast bled and died for me;
On Calvary's cross for me was slain,
And tells me I am born again.

Two Waters.

H. HUTCHINSON.

From yours in Jesus, WILLIAM WOOD.

LIVERPOOL—Mission, 121, Kensington. On the first evening of February, the few friends meeting here at a social gathering, presented their respected minister (B. V. Scott) with a quarto edition of Brown's Bible, in which was the following inscription, in gold, on purple lettering-piece—"Presented to Benjamin V. Scott, by the friends meeting for worship at 121, Kensington, Liverpool, as a token of esteem and appreciation of his services in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. February 1st, 1877. "Thy Word is truth." The evening was spent in prayer and praise, and we trust that each heart could truly re-echo the desire expressed by our brother Scott, in returning thanks that we might each be kept humble and waiting before God for His blessing upon His own truth in this neighbourhood. Also that this might be only an expression of that unity which he trusted would reign amongst them and cement them together, each one esteeming his brethren better than himself. "As ye have received Christ, so walk ye in Him." Amen.

J. C.

THE ORIGIN OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH AT BANGOR IN NORTH WALES.

William Henry Bishop was born at Pontesbury, near Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop, in the year 1839. He had a good Christian mother, and it was her death that aroused him to a sense of his condition as a sinner, and caused him to think of a future state. He was converted to God in the Baptist chapel, Whitechurch, Salop, in the year 1866, while attending the ministry of that holy man of God, James Edward Yeadon. He was baptized the same year, on July 24, by Mr. Yeadon. The Church saw he had some gifts, and called him to exercise them in preaching the everlasting Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He did so with good results. Some time after, he was asked by Mr. Yeadon to become a co-pastor. This he refused, and has regretted having done so ever since. After the death of Mrs. Yeadon, he left Whitechurch and went to reside at Rhyl, North Wales. His attention was now called to the fact that there were one or two English Baptists in the city of Bangor. He went to look for them, and found some good men and true. They were meeting in a small room, over a bellhanger's shop, up a great number of steps, very difficult to come at.

After some conversation, he was asked if he would preach for them; he consented, although living thirty miles away. The room was soon too small. A plot of ground was bought by Mr. W. O. Roberts (now senior deacon), and sold to the trustees. Some thought it would be better to defer building, but Mr. Bishop said, *nil desperandum*, now or never. The friends said, "What good will the chapel be; we have no funds to pay for supplies?" He said, "If the chapel is commenced, I will preach twelve months without fee or reward."

The chapel was commenced forthwith; it was opened on the 19th of September, 1875. Mr. Bishop was ordained to the pastorate, Sept 21, ministers from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Llandudno, and Rhyl, taking part in the service. He preached the first year 102 sermons, and travelled 2,500 miles to do this. The Lord has blessed both Church and pastor. They have now a membership of over twenty baptized persons, with fifty children in Sunday-school, and several good teachers, with our good brother Mr. Beck for superintendent. Should any friends from the large towns be in the neighbourhood, they will find a hearty welcome at the English chapel, Bangor. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

[We expect soon to give correct photograph of our brother W. H. Bishop, and, God willing, to announce where, for some Sundays he will preach in London.—Ed.]

A NOTE FROM THE HEART
 DEAR BROTHER,—Weary with "heart-sickness" (Prov. xiii. 12), "low" (1 Sam. ii. 7; Ps. cxvi. 6), "very low" (Ps. cxlii. 6), yet "hoping" (Lam. iii. 26), and "waiting,"

though not with that quietness that becomes a beggar and a criminal, whose mouth should be in the dust if so be there may be hope, I dropped into your thirty-third anniversary services on Monday, Nov. 26, 1876. As I entered during the afternoon service, I heard your voice giving out those words of the hymn,—

"Lord, at Thy threshold I would wait,
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than fill a throne of state,
 Or dwell in tents of sin."

As I sat and listened while that and the following verse (which was the last) were being sung, I thanked God I arrived at the moment I did.

Mr. Anderson's sermon was worth walking a mile or two to hear.

Brother G. Webb said to me after the sermon, in his genial and brotherly way, "You are a pretty sort of a fellow to run away from home." But I felt that I had not done so, for I was among the Lord's people, and I was at home.

I was fairly broken down in the evening when you opened the meeting by announcing that sweet hymn of Kent's,—

"Great Rock for weary sinners made,
 When storms of sin infest the soul,
 Here let me rest my aching head,
 While lightnings blaze and thunders roll."

I saw you you quietly wipe away a tear, and that made me weep the more. I am not ashamed of my tears, yet somehow we like to weep in secret, and to pour them out before God. If I could, without notice, have retired into the lobby, my heart would have been relieved there. I returned home, saying,—

"Lord, at Thy threshold I would wait,"
 "Great Rock for weary sinners made."

O for more of such seasons.

Yours in Jesus,

G. R.

To C. W. Banks.

IN THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.

An Important Testimony to the Faithfulness of Jehovah, and to the Preciousness of the Promises.

BY MR. ISAAC CHARLES JOHNSON,
 OF GRAVESEND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR SIR,—Comparatively, I am an obscure member of that section of the Church of Jesus Christ to which I have the honour to belong, denominated Particular Baptist; yet it is my privilege to be known by you, and to enjoy the respect and Christian affection of a considerable number of good people in different parts of the kingdom. I cannot privately correspond with them all. Will you allow me, therefore, through the medium of your periodical—which is read by a great number of my friends—to say a few words to you and them respecting myself and the goodness of God to me and mine.

My first intimation is, that I have recently been in the furnace of affliction, relatively and personally.

The angel of disease and death has been for some time past brooding with dark and

noisome wings over this particular locality, issuing mephitic breath on all around.

The virus, in the form of scarlet fever, has entered many a dwelling, carrying off, in some cases, nearly all the children in some families.

On each side of my residence, in front, behind, and all around, many, both old and young, have been prostrated by it.

On the 9th ultimo it entered my otherwise healthful abode:—

January 9th,	Henry,	aged 16 months
" 10th,	Willie,	" 3 years
" 11th,	Charlie,	" 7 "
" 11th,	Mabel,	" 9 "
" 17th,	Lily,	" 11 "
" 19th,	Katie,	" 5 "
" 21st,	Rosie,	" 10 "
" 24th,	A Valued Servant;	
" 27th,	Myself.	

Now this was a severe trial; a chastisement from the Lord; I accept it as such, and pray for submission to the Divine will, knowing that, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

"Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in sensual vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Cannot, would not, if he might."

It is under afflictive dispensations that one's religion is put to the test; when health and temporal prosperity are enjoyed, religion of the right kind is a great blessing, but it is in the furnace where its reality is put to the trial. My friends will ask, perhaps, Well, how did and do you get on? I will reply by saying that my experience was more of faith than pleasurable feeling. "No affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous." There was, however, a solid resting upon Divine purposes of mercy made known by exceeding great and precious promises.

Two Scriptures came to my mind at the commencement of the trial, and have remained with me daily and hourly ever since. First, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

I have realised the power of these shalls and wills. The Lord has been with me, not indeed in a way of sensible enjoyment of the Divine presence, but in a way of physical, mental, and spiritual support. The rivers, though up to the chin, did not destructively overflow. The fire, though hot, has not destroyed me, but I trust it has made me more and more to feel my need of a Saviour that saves, of an atonement that atones, of a fountain that cleanses from all sin, and of a sanctification that makes us "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." I feel more and more the inutility of all systems of religion that have not God in the Trinity of His Persons for their origin, progress, and consummation. Romaism, Rationalism, and Ritualism, I feel to be a

trinity of Antichrist, and am thankful to be delivered and preserved from their baneful influence.

The other Scripture on which I have been enabled to rest, is this, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." I have called upon Him. I am waiting for the promised deliverance, and desire to glorify His Name. "When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

With such a contagious and infectious disease in the house, it is not to be wondered at that help from without was difficult to obtain; and having one servant disabled, it necessarily put great strain upon my dear wife, who, with nimble feet, skilful hands, and a sanctified judgment, attended night and day to the thousand wants of each, urged on by that wondrous principle, maternal love. The Lord's Name be praised for His gracious goodness in granting her the required strength in the time of need. I am thankful to say that some of the children have recovered without after effects. One is deaf, only temporarily, I trust; two are still suffering, but will, I sincerely hope, be brought through in the Lord's own time. As for myself, I am convalescent; but as the disorder killed the epidermis, I dare not venture out until I get a new one. I know many prayers have been offered up to God for me and mine by the Church to which I have the privilege to belong. I do esteem it a great blessing to be connected with the Church militant in holy fellowship and communion, to have dear friends to think of me and care for me. The good Lord abundantly bless them.

I will not trespass further on your space (but would apologise for so much detail), and would ask you, dear Sir, and all my friends, to join me in praising Him who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, but hath done all things well.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Gravesend,

January 18, 1877.

I. C. J.

BLACKMORE, ESSEX.—Not a few were asking, "What was the matter?" We are decidedly grieved to find Mr. Trotman has been laid down in severe illness; but he has preached in Cambridge recently for Mr. McCure, and we hope he will recover. J. H.'s letter tells us his absence at the Hall has caused pain. "S. L. F." either did not mean Backmore, or he has made some mistake.

IVINGHOE.—One of Deborah's daughters was in the Baptist chapel, Ivinghoe, Feb. 4, 1877. The ancient patriarchal pastor, William Collyer, preached and broke bread to the Church. He is beyond eighty years of age. He has been fifty-five years in the ministry. The Church at Ivinghoe is over seventy years old. A good school, a faithful pastor, a tried people. Deborah says, "Come and help us!" God willing, we mean to.

ZION CHAPEL, NEW-CROSS ROAD.

The thirteenth anniversary of Mr. J. S. Anderson's pastorate was celebrated on February 6th.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Mr. J. Hazelton, of Clerkenwell, after which about 200 friends partook of tea together in the schoolroom.

A public meeting was held in the evening, which was well attended, the pastor presiding. After singing, prayer was offered by the venerable Mr. W. Flack, who, though evidently greatly afflicted, yet in his approaches to the throne of grace was so simple and childlike, that his words must have found an echo in many hearts present.

The chairman said, "Thirteen years ago, on the first Lord's-day in January, I stood for the first time as pastor of this Church.

'Many days have past since then,
Many changes we have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now;'

and I am sure we can all unanimously exclaim,—

'Who could hold us up but Thou?'

I have been highly favoured during these thirteen years. I have never been laid aside for a day; indeed it is now nearly thirty years since I have had to forego a preaching engagement in consequence of illness. It is a great mercy to myself personally, and also to the Church relatively, who has thus been spared the expense and anxiety attendant upon having to find supplies, &c. The cause during these years has prospered. There was a little parenthesis of nearly two years, when I was away at Bradford. It turned out a great mercy to me, although it was a great mistake on my part when I left Zion, and it was a great mistake on the part of the Church at Bradford when they asked me to leave. But it has given me the opportunity of seeing that God overrules even our mistakes for good. He has overruled that for good in many ways. In one particular, I formed, through the blessing of God, friendships there which I trust will be everlasting in duration. They were angry with me for coming back, but they did not cease to love me. They said, If you must you must, but if we can do anything for you at any time we will. Well, when we wanted to enlarge our place of meeting, I did not forget to tell them; and when I went down there last summer, I brought back with me £240 towards paying for our improvements. Since my return, eight years ago, we have gone on as usual; there has been no puffing in the magazines, no flaming reports of wonderful things, for my brethren in office are entirely at one with me in disliking religious puff. I have tried to preach the Gospel as best I could, and there has never been a year during my pastorate that some have not been added to the Church by baptism, sometimes a goodly number. The past year, as you may easily imagine, when you contrast the building in which we meet to-night with that in which we met some thirteen months ago, has been one of labour and anxiety; but the Lord has

led us through it. I am surrounded by good men and true. We have seven deacons to attend to the business of the Church; but there is one dear face we miss to-night we cannot think of but with feelings of sadness and sorrow. I have no difficulty in trying to suit the services to meet the pleasure of one or another. I go on preaching what I believe, and I feel sure the members of the Church and those in office believe as I do. They don't believe it because I do, nor do I believe as they, for the same reason; but having been taught by the same Spirit, we love the same grand truths, and stand by the same doctrines. The work we have had in hand has been a very important one, but we have the happiness of declaring to you to-night, the Lord has fulfilled the promise of His Word, and as our day so has our strength been. Notwithstanding the very exceptional weather we have had since our re-opening, the attendance has thoroughly justified our enlargement. The pool has been opened once, and I have had the pleasure of baptizing six into the name of the Triune Jehovah. As God has given us enlarged premises and, in proportion, an enlarged congregation, I cannot but feel He will continue to give a larger blessing with His Word. We expect the blessing and we shall have it. I do not think we have increased in number during the past year, for death has been busy amongst us, and others have been removed to distant places; at the present time we have about sixty members scattered over the different counties at home, and many abroad. It is no small mercy, as a pastor, to be able to make these remarks, and to tell you that pastor and deacons and people are working lovingly and harmoniously together, seeking, with one heart and one mind, the honour and glory of our God, in the ingathering of His elect."

Mr. Holden spoke on "the Design of the Christian Ministry." He said, "It was most essential that every Christian minister should have considerable acquaintance with such a subject, for if a man be engaged in a work, and he has no idea of its design, he is likely to fall into a great many errors. We are agreed that the Christian ministry is Divinely appointed; and as God has a design in every appointment He has made, in everything that He permits, as well as in everything that He decrees, therefore, we believe He has a design in the Christian ministry. First, negatively, the Christian ministry was never instituted by God in order that a certain class of men might be invested with what they are pleased to call evangelical authority, to exercise priestly rule over their fellow-men. The apostle recognised this truth, when he said, 'not that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers together of your joy.' It was never designed that creature works, or will, or righteousness, or holiness, should be substituted for the work of the Holy Spirit, the design of the grace of God from the all-sufficiency of the righteousness and holiness of the Lord Jesus. The design of the Christian ministry is the ingathering of the whole election of grace, and engaged in

this work as I am, I feel that while I cannot indiscriminately invite sinners to the Gospel, firstly, it should be the desire and design of the Christian minister so to speak that, under God's blessing, he may arrest the attention of the careless, the prayerless, and the indifferent among his hearers. I cannot understand those ministers who go on year after year without making some kind of an appeal. Every appeal should be in strict accordance with the doctrines of sovereign grace; but there should be an earnestness of soul manifested by the minister, that it should be evident to his hearers that the burning desire of his heart is that sinners might be gathered unto Christ. Secondly, being gathered in, the design of the ministry is to feed, comfort, and edify those who are thus gathered in. We have the commission given by our Lord to His servant Peter, 'Feed My sheep.' Then the apostle gives directions to those who feed the flock of God, which He has purchased with His own blood. In Isaiah we have the express command, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people.' Our God knew that His people would stand in need of comfort, and the comfort they need is contained in the Gospel; we have in a few words set before us the substance of that Gospel, 'Cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished.' Another design is the perpetuation of the name and the fame of Jesus. That minister who does not make it his constant aim to exalt the person and work of the Lord Jesus, gives no evidence that he understands the design of the Christian ministry. But perhaps the grandest design of the ministry is the glory of a Triune Jehorah. God had His own glory in view in the salvation of His Church. The Gospel, with all its precepts, promises, and blessings, is committed to the trust of those whom God has judged faithful by putting them into the ministry, and that Gospel will never cease to be a power in the world until the last elect vessel of mercy is gathered in."

Mr. Box, jun., spoke on "The Certainty of the Success of the Gospel," as shown in Isa. lv. 10. 11. He said, "The character of the Gospel was set forth by one word, Revelation. The revelation of what was in the eternal mind and heart from all eternity; a description of the method of salvation, not only the revelation that God would save sinners, but by His Son, and through the power of His Holy Spirit. The Gospel came as the light bringing conviction into the soul, and laying the sinner low at the feet of his Saviour, crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' All other hopes are cut off when we become convinced that we are sinners, but that conviction is a proof that we are born again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth for ever. The Gospel is the declaration of God's thoughts about us, and it is also the outcome of the Divine relationship subsisting between His people and Himself. We were chosen in Christ Jesus, but we should never have known it if it were not for the Gospel."

Mr. Masters followed with an eloquent address on "The Work of the Holy Spirit"

Mr. John Webb spoke on "The Weapons of our Warfare," not being carnal, but mighty through God. Sometimes carnal weapons were used for spiritual purposes and failed, and sometimes spiritual weapons were used in a carnal manner, and likewise failed, as when Rowland Hill, noticing a person asleep, threw the Bible at him, exclaiming, "If you won't hear the Gospel, you shall feel it." Ministers were not responsible for the success of their preaching, but they were responsible as to what and how they preached. Let us study to please the Master, and we shall be sure to please some of His people. We can say with Paul, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ;" and God grant that we may never bring any shame upon it.

Mr. Meeres gave a few choice ideas on the "Open Fountain," and the closing prayer was offered by Mr. Brittain, of Woolwich.

The proceedings were varied by the singing of several hymns, under the leadership of Mr. W. J. Nash; and collections were made on behalf of the Aged Ministers' Fund.

T. G. C. A.

DEATH OF MR. J. CRAMPIN.

This devoted minister of Christ passed away to his rest, on Friday morning, Feb. 2, 1877, and his outer tabernacle was committed to the grave at Waddesdon Hill, by Mr. Meekins. He had preached at Ake-man-street chapel, Tring, but a very few days before his call homeward came. He had laboured in the Gospel ministry for forty years at Streatham, Aston Clinton, Leicester, Waddesdon Hill, Tring, and in many other parts. He was once editor of a little monthly, was a student of the Word of God, and a very honourable man, of a quick and cheerful spirit, transparent and truthful. We highly esteemed him; all who really knew him respected and valued him for his devotion, uprightness, and willingness to serve the Churches of our Lord. He was not an old man, but his pathway of late had severely troubled his spirit. No doubt, a memoir of him will be published.

COBHAM.—Mr. Cornforth says, "There are no Baptist ministers here; there are a few Baptists who worship by themselves; they have no pastor; they are ultras, are content to go to heaven alone." Is this true? It made us feel a desire to have the opportunity of telling the Ritualists and Methodists of Cobham that all Baptists are not like the Cobham Baptists. Cannot the Cobham Baptists get a preacher who would go out into the highways and lovingly proclaim the full Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ? Can a man be a true and faithful Christian and have no concern, use no Bible means, to—

"Tell to sinners all around,
What a dear Saviour he has found?"

Has Mr. C. spoken the truth of you Cobham Baptists?

A PRECIOUS MEMOIR OF A GOOD MAN.

Mr. Peter Pearson, of Hallfields, Bilston, departed hence to the better land, Dec. 20, 1876. The deceased was for many years a very active and useful deacon of the Broad-street Baptist Church, Bilston. The week-night services were generally conducted by him, and his experimental expositions were very comforting and establishing to the tried children of God, and his loss is much felt by the widowed Church. He was also up to a short period before his death, a zealous and devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and some of his class are treading in the narrow way, and own their change, under God, to his warning counsels and earnest prayers. He was interred at Dark-house chapel, Cosby. On Sunday evening, January 7th, a funeral sermon was preached in Broad-street chapel to a large congregation of mourning relations and friends by his old and esteemed friend, Mr. S. Cozens, of Willenhall, from the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." After a lengthened exposition of the text under the following heads— I. The dying place of the believer—"In the Lord." II. The paradoxical fact—"The dead which die." III. The blessedness of the dead, &c.

Mr. Cozens said, My old friend and brother, Mr. Peter Pearson, was no ordinary man. He was proud of belonging to an ancient sect that was of old time everywhere spoken against. He was a priest in that royal priesthood who offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ. His "grace" before meat, often seasoned with the salt of gratitude, made the refreshments we partook of all the more refreshing. His earnest and eloquent prayers have been to us as eagles' wings, carrying up our spirits from the valley of Baca to the mount of God. In days that are past we have sometimes asked ourselves, Is it a man or an angel talking with God? The language was so sublime, and the access so near to the throne, and the familiarity so heavenly, that we have listened as though a Divine child was in converse with a Divine Father. Never have we heard such prayers, not even from a bishop's lips. We have dwindled into insignificance, and earnestly coveted his wondrous gift. His prayers have brought salvation to him in some most imminent perils.* His forcible and emphatic manner of reading the Scriptures has carried solemn conviction to our heart that we were listening, not to the words of man, but to the utterances of a God. But few men could read out and express the spirit of the text of truth as our beloved brother Peter. As I never heard a man pray as he could pray, so I never heard a man read the Bible as he could read it.

He was an honourable man; and if an

* How much his family and relations are indebted to his prayers, or rather how many benefits they have received in answer to his supplications, God Himself, the Auswerer of prayer, only knows.

"honest man is the noblest work of God," then he was one of God's noble men, for he was as honest as the day. He was not only a thoroughly honest man, but he was pre-eminently a good man, actuated by the strongest motive-power that could ever influence the life of man—viz., the good work of God in the soul. He worked out his own salvation, because God worked in him both to will and to do do. And of him it might be said, "Behold the perfect man, for the end of that man is peace." And the memory of such good men is blessed to those who know them best.

I visited our dear brother twice in his last illness, and the first interview was so pleasant and profitable that it was painful to say Good-bye to him. My last visit was on December the 14th. He knew me, and after a very sensible squeeze of the hand, he closed his eyes. I said,

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

He echoed, "All other ground is sinking sand." Thereupon he closed his eyes and fell into a doze. I spoke into his ear, "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," and remarked, "You see them sometimes." He suddenly opened his eyes, and put up both his hands, as in astonishment, and said, "Yes, I was just looking at them this moment. Yes, 'stand dressed in living green.'" That was a most singular coincidence, and to me the more striking, because just before, Mrs. Pearson, his wife, said, "Here is Mr. Cozens come to see you, and you don't talk to him." I remarked, "I will speak to him presently." I do not like boring dying believers with a multitude of words, or disturbing those sacred thoughts that may possess the soul at the door of eternity, at the opening door of the holiest of all. I wait and watch, and look up to God to impress me with some word that shall be helpful to the soul treading the verge of Jordan. And therefore it was more than coincidence to me that I should speak with my tongue of that upon which the eyes of his hope and faith were steadfastly gazing.

After praying with him, which exercise to me was divinely sweet, I said, "We have had many happy hours together." He replied, "We have—we have—we have—we have." I answered, "And by-and-bye we'll meet again, and then loudest of the crowd we'll sing." "I have said that many times," was the reply. And then he kissed me again and again, as I had never been kissed by saintly lips before. When I said "We have spent many happy hours together," I referred to the time when, a quarter of a century ago, I used to visit him weekly, for the sole purpose of spiritual intercourse, which was always very profitable, edifying, and greatly assisted me in my service for the saints. I cannot tell you how many subjects his conversations have suggested to my mind. He was one of God's helps, for which the gratitude of memory is profoundly thankful. Peace to his memory. His memory is embalmed in the unforgotten days

and years of the happiest portion of our ministerial life.

What is our consolation in these afflicting bereavements? This—"Them that sleep in Jesus (literally, "Them that are laid to sleep by Jesus") will God bring with Him." It is the nurse hushing her infant to sleep in its night cradle, to rise again in the morning light of immortality.

"It matters not at what hour o' day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To those untimely who are fit to die.
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

A STRAY NOTE ON ADAM AND EVE.

It has been wisely said with regard to the formation of Eve, that "she was not made out of the *head* of Adam to top him, not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him; under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved." It is also considered that she was "*built*" not only of Adam's bone, but with a large lump of his flesh (Gen. ii. 23), singularly indicative of the Church's union to Christ; "*built up in Him*" (Col. ii. 7), partakers of His flesh and blood. And, as a rib is not *straight* in itself, neither is the body perfect without the head. I cannot quite see with my brother R. A. Lawrence (and I know his love is so great that he will not hesitate to forgive me if I am wrong) respecting the "*building*" of the mother of all living after the Sabbath day, without doing violence to the words in Gen. ii. 3, where it is expressed that He (God) *rested from all his works*; and Eve, I think, must be considered among the *all*, as she is distinctly mentioned as being the work of the sixth day (Gen. i. 27, 31). She was doubtless *in* him (Adam) and *out* of him both in the same day. It is thought by some that Adam was created of *both sexes*, because it is said "in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." Adam was a name not strictly confined to himself as the father of the human race, but, like *homo*, was applicable to woman (man-ess) as well as man. He was made the "*roof and crown*" of the whole fabric of the human race, and God named him Adam [*Adamah*, ground or red earth], in all probability to keep before him the real nature of his mortal state. Adam was the image of God—an intelligent being, possessing reason, understanding, imagination, volition, &c. In short, he was created a spirit, to reflect God's righteousness and love, and in his pristine glory capable of holding fellowship with Him. But how far we have fallen from our first standing is only seen in the sufferings of Christ the Second Adam.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—We hear a good work is on the wheels in Ebenezer. Brother William Winters is preaching successfully, and baptizing frequently. The cause at Ebenezer, like Aaron's rod, in more senses than one, will prevail. To have the Lord on our side is better than all the wealth this world can give.

MR. JOHN MEAD.

To the *Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."*

MY DEAR SIR,—It is gratifying to find that one and another are giving vent to their feelings respecting the state of affairs at the Surrey tabernacle, and that you so kindly permit the insertion of their letters in the *Earthen Vessel*.

These are not the times (nor indeed are any others) to extol our fellow-creatures as creatures, or to puff up a man by way of advertisement; but there are occasions when we are called upon to speak of a man as we find him, and as the Lord has made him.

There are very many of your readers who of course are not members at the Surrey tabernacle, nor do they ever attend there; but there are some who have been regular attendants there for years, and who love the truth from necessity, who are *not* members; and the *Earthen Vessel* being so largely circulated among them (as evidenced by the numbers sold every month at the door) is the surest medium through which we can address them.

Your correspondent in the February number very justly suggests that it is grievous that a man who has been so blessed to many, and who is so signally favoured with preaching abilities as our brother John Mead, should go to be an under-shepherd to another Church. It is patent to all, both Church and congregation, that we need a minister, and that the present state of things is, to say the least, unsatisfactory. The Surrey tabernacle pulpit is a large pulpit in more senses than one; and it requires a man somewhat above the average calibre to fill it. Now, what kind of man do we require? He must be a man naturally intelligent, and a good speaker; this we have in John Mead. He must be an educated man, a well-read and a deeply-thinking man; if not a learned, a *learning* man*; this we have, as all will admit, in John Mead. He must be a man who is well established in the truth, from a personal knowledge of his need of it, and able to deal out that truth doctrinally and experimentally; this, it cannot be denied, we have in John Mead. He must be a man who can bring us a great variety without any contrariety, who can bring forth out of the good treasure of his heart good things to feed the hungry, satiate the thirsty, encourage the fearful, strengthen the weak, comfort the tried, and set forth the Saviour in His suitability to a sensible sinner in whatever state he is; this we have had ample proof of late that we have in John Mead. We want a man who will not read a long chapter in a monotone without any comment, but who will, as he goes along, give utterance to his thoughts upon it, and thereby throw a considerable light upon God's Holy Word; much good has been effected by these running comments upon the portion read (as those who for so many years heard our late pastor can testify). This we also have in our

* Although one of our members at the prayer-meeting some time back, when praying for a minister, told the Lord, "We don't want no grammar in the pulpit."

brother John Mead; and lastly, not to take up your space unnecessarily, we want a man who is evidently intended by God to be the bearer of His Word to the souls of men; who has their good, and that of Zion generally, at heart; and who is willing to consecrate all his talent, time, and energy to the cause of the blessed God; this we evidently have in John Mead.

It is admitted on all sides that we need a pastor, and can we point to any one of the supplies that we have had for the last six years, who answers better to the above requirements than John Mead?

That the Church and congregation may be led to take the right step in this matter is the wish of us all, and of none more so than Yours in the Gospel of Christ.

J. C. L.

[There is evidently a growing desire for a settled pastor at the Surrey tabernacle; and we know the hearts of some are warmly set upon Mr. John Mead. We cannot this month say more than express our conviction, that if this spiritual child of the late beloved pastor is ordained by heaven to be his spiritual father's successor, God will certainly bring it to pass.—ED.]

A NOTE ON

"THE EARTHEN VESSEL,"
BY THOMAS STRINGER,
Minister of Earl-street Chapel, London-road.

This remarkable *Vessel* has been afloat on the world's tumultuous waves nearly thirty-three years. It has been well laden with glorious Gospel truth in its doctrinal, experimental, and practical departments—together with the conversions, experiences, trials, triumphs, lives, and deaths of the saints of the Most High. It has, also, carried valuable and useful intelligence relative to the Churches in very many parts of the universe, and has conveyed much comfort, edification, and instruction to the people of God in localities where the Gospel is scarcely heard or known. It has nobly pleaded the cause of the poor and needy. The honourable conductor (or editor) has laboured hard for thirty-three years to store the *Vessel* with solid, sound, substantial commodities—such as real Christians love, must and will have; and the editor has thereby subjected himself to calumny and contempt from evil-disposed persons in all quarters. "But none of these things move him." He still remains undaunted, unhurt, calm, and composed amidst the violence of the waves. At his last public meeting I desired him, if I should outlive him, not to bequeath (in his will) to me the editorial office of the *Earthen Vessel*, as I feared that, like a policeman, I should draw my truncheon, and make use of it. We are not all as mild as cucumbers. I am pleased to see the well-constructed *Vessel* sail on against wind and tide, with the Bible-freight of uncompromising, immutable, infallible, and eternal truth. Little-minded religious pedlars have endeavoured to stop its progress; but in vain. Two great guns, cast in the infernal foundry, have been mounted against

it on the *Standard* ramparts—one of these destructive weapons is called "Enmity," and the other "Prejudice;" and, although volleys of ill-feeling, hard speeches, and cruel misrepresentations have been fired at it, not so much as a flaw or a scratch has defaced the noble *Vessel*. Surely it must be Divinely protected! or it must have been shattered to atoms, and sunk in the deep of envious joy long before now! And, as for the editor, he is so blest with self-command, that in the heat of the battle he cheerfully sings,

"With Christ in the *Vessel*,
I smile at the storm."

The Lord spare and preserve him for many years, and his *Vessel* too; and may it sail the world around with heavy cargoes of glad tidings of great joy to all people—well filled with the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which shall stand firm and fast when the world is in a blaze. And may its staple commodities still be the Father's eternal and undiminishable love, the Son's obedient life and atoning death, the Spirit's regenerating grace and invincible tuition—with all the Gospel order and ordinances for the household of faith—the *Church of the living God*.

God speed the *Earthen Vessel*, and keep it clear from all unprofitable controversies, and make its truthful contents a perpetual blessing to the souls of tens of thousands of Adam's fallen race—to the everlasting honour, praise, and glory of His great, holy, and exalted Majesty. So prays one of its advocates for truth's sake,

T. STRINGER.

February 6, 1877.

HOXTON.—Special services were held at Bethel chapel, Newton-street, Hoxton, on Lord's-day, Jan. 28th, when three sermons were preached; that in the morning by our pastor, Mr. Osmond; in the afternoon, by Mr. Vaughan, of Hackney; in the evening, by Mr. Styles, of Islington. On the following Tuesday, Jan. 30th, a tea and public meeting was held, at which brethren Woodward, Evans, Brown, Dearsly, Phillips, and Dallimore were present. The chair was taken by E. Bland, Esq. Mr. Miller implored the Divine blessing. The chairman expressed how happy he felt in being present on such an occasion; having known our beloved pastor for a great many years, he felt a deep interest in everything that concerned him. He then informed the friends that the special object of the meeting was to liquidate the debt of £290 on the chapel. Our brethren gave us addresses upon Psalm xxiii., which caused our souls to rejoice and be glad. It was indeed a time of refreshing from the Lord. The Church is struggling to clear off the debt on the chapel; we shall feel deeply thankful if our kind friends will assist us to do so by way of donation or subscription, which will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. J. Jolly, treasurer, 69, Shepperton-road, New North-road, Islington. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." May He dispose the hearts of all who love His truth to come and help us.

H. M.

CAMBERWELL. — **DEAR MR. EDITOR,**—I was very much pleased, and I believe many of God's dear saint-will rejoice to see the piece from one of your correspondents, in *FEBRUARY VESSEL*, respecting his visit to that highly-favoured spot, Grove chapel, Camberwell, as there are many of God's dear aged saints scattered in all parts where your *VESSEL* sails, who were blessed in years gone by within those walls, under that bold champion for truth, Joseph Irons. I can bear testimony to the truth of every statement of your correspondent, as I was favoured to sit under the ministry the last few years of dear Mr. Irons' life; heard him deliver his last sermon, and was present at his burial. I have seen the chapel when it was a great favour to get a seat, or even standing room. But after his death I was moved in the providence of God to hear the late Jesse Gwinnell; and, after his death, I returned to the Grove. But what gloom, what desolation years had made; old faces gone, pews empty, divisions, and wars and tumults; the enemies of God and His Christ rejoicing and saying, "Ah, ah, so would we have it." And many of God's dear saints were grieving, fearing that the once-favoured spot would become a wilderness. But our God, according to the sovereignty of His purpose, places His ministers where He will and when He will. He heard the cries of His saints, to send unto us one of His own servants; and in His never-failing providence He sent us Thomas Bradbury, one who, out of an exercised heart, boldly and most unflinchingly declares the whole counsel of God, and God the Holy Ghost most blessedly carries the Word home with sovereign power, so that the Church at Grove say, under a feeling sense of the same, "The Lord (not man) hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." And, blessed be God, union, communion, and sweet peace of God's own giving, rules and reigns with pastor, deacons, Church and congregation. It is truly gratifying to hear some of the dear old saints speak of the faithfulness of their covenant God in thus blessing their souls under the ministry, many having proved that faithfulness in that spot forty or fifty years. I might also mention that, through the kindness of some of our friends, *Grove Chapel Pulpit* is now printed weekly, containing a sermon by our pastor; and O that God, ever our own God, may, if His sovereign will, bless the circulation of the same to the comfort and encouragement of His tried family. So prays
JOSIAH CRUTCHER, New Cross, February 17, 1877.

WALTHAM ABBEY. — **EBENEZER.** Three believers in the Lord were immersed by W. Winters on Lord's-day, January 28, before a good number of spectators. The Church is steadily increasing, and signs following the Word spoken are manifest. May God long continue to smile upon this small section of the one great Church,

PRAYS AN OBSERVER.

BERMONDSEY.—Services to commemorate the eighth anniversary of the settlement of Mr. R. A. Lawrence, were held on Lord's-day, 4th, and Tuesday, 6th February. The pastor preached morning and evening, on the 4th, when good collections were realised for the building fund. On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. T. J. Messer opened the services by reading and prayer, while Mr. Myerson followed with a sermon upon the words, "It is well." Tea (kindly given by Mr. Philcox, producing £3 5s. 9d.) followed this service. The evening meeting was well attended, and was presided over by William Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford. On the platform were Messrs. Messer, Stringer, Cornwell, Myerson, together with Messrs. Beach, Rundell, Boulden, Fowler, and Mr. Lawrence's three well-trying deacons, Kennett, Stringer, and Knott, and Mr. Lawrence himself. Mr. Messer delivered a perfect oration, chaining the attention of his audience, dwelling much upon the apostle's words, "Brethren, pray for us." Mr. Stringer spoke well upon "the golden bottom" of Solomon's chariot; Mr. Cornwell on the "purple covering;" while Mr. Henry Myerson followed with a warm-hearted little speech; and Mr. Boulden expressed the most kindly feelings towards Mr. Lawrence and his Church. During the evening, collecting cards, donations given, and the collections, brought in £120. This makes the amount now collected, £1,750; and as the building, &c., cost £1,950, this leaves £200 still to be raised before this neat and commodious place of worship can be called free of debt. The Chairman, in the course of the evening, promised the last £50 to close the affair when the other £150 had been raised. This handsome offer seemed to fire every one with fresh zeal and energy; and we hope soon to hear that this noble gift has been applied for, so that the grave has for ever closed over the Lynton-road debt: Still the £150 have to be raised, and if our readers would be kind enough to send Mr. Lawrence, 2, Marlborough-road, Old Kent-road; or the treasurer, Mr. J. Knott, 198, Bermondsey-street, a few stamps or a P.O. Order for one shilling, the debt would be quite covered by their meeting in May next. Will our readers kindly think over this suggestion, and thus enable the Church to claim the fulfilment of the noble offer of Mr. William Beach, a Christian gentleman and preacher of the Gospel, to whom many of our small free-grace Churches stand lastingly indebted? The Lord is blessing His own Word at Lynton-road, and the mottoes of the Church are—for the past, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;" and for the future, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

BLACKPOOL. — Are there no New Testament disciples of our Lord in this pretty, though ill-named, place? One friend says, "Blackpool has a great deal of profession." But, are there any seekers after a full and free-grace salvation, and lovers of the ancient Gospel? Let us hear from them?

PLUMSTEAD.—Feb. 15th, 1877. Afflicted brother Samuel Foster, of Sturry, —I have been preaching here; must wait one hour for train. I wish to make extracts from your letters, for they are precious. But I am hunted hard, pressed down; of letters, papers, books, appeals, and enquiries, I have heaps, with heavy afflictions around. Nevertheless, in Speldhurst-road, on Feb. 4 and 9, we had solemn seasons; of these I may write you; but I am engaged, if God will, to go into North and South Wales, into Oxen and Bucks, and other places. So when you will see or hear from me is only known to the Lord. This evening at Plumstead, I enjoyed the Lord's presence; but, as the artist says, there is so much sham, so much money-grasping, so much hypocrisy, so much false Pharisaism, so much pride, so much deceit and wickedness, under the guise of a so-called religion, it makes me often wish to fly away where I know nothing of it. If any one dared to expose one tittle of the deceptions now practised by assuming pleaders, he would be dragged into prison, and killed as quickly as possible. Honest, furnace-tried Samuel Foster, can you, will you pray that the eternal God will preserve and, in His set time, will save your
OLD FRIEND?

BOROUGH ROAD.—Trinity chapel, Trinity-street. A tea and public service of an ordinary but interesting kind, was held in this place of worship on February 13. From the signs of the times we are glad to learn that "Ichabod" is not inscribed upon the walls of this excellent, though somewhat dilapidated building. Yet one might have justly supposed until recently that the place was characteristic of "Lodebar" instead of a "house of bread." Our much-esteemed brother Beckett is serving the Church here with much acceptance, and the number of attendance is, we understand, gradually increasing. Mr. Henry Hall presided at the meeting and greatly encouraged the friends to strive earnestly together for the faith. Speeches were also made by brethren Lynn, Benzley, Winters, Nugent, Lawrence, Levinsolin, and others, and the souls of many present appeared to be much refreshed. A collection was made in order to meet the current expenses; and, although the amount realised was good, it was not equal to the present demand. If any of the wealthier brethren have means at their command, they cannot do better than relieve the deacon of their pecuniary burden. That Trinity may yet see better days, and the honorary labours of our beloved brother I. Beckett be abundantly blest, is the best wish and hearty prayer of
W. WINTERS.

HULL.—Anniversary of Strict Baptist Sunday school, in connection with brother McDonald's Church, was held in February. Sermons by the pastor; addresses by the deacons; recitations by the children; cousin John Hill sung cheerfully, and gave all the children copies of *Cheering Words*. It was a pleasant and profitable season.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Dear brother Joseph Taylor,—I thank you for your notes. I published your name sake's experience nearly forty years since. It was a deep testimony. Of that another day. On the first Sunday morning in this year, after preaching in Matthew Branch's Meeting, a man stepped up to me, and, after introducing himself, he told me that for twenty years he opposed me with all his power. Since then he had been much afflicted, but the Lord had had mercy upon him; his persecution of me had ceased, and now he wished me God-speed. Well, dear friend, that I should have been raised up out of such dark distress, and held up in the service of the Lord for full fifty years, during the whole of which time associations and editors, priests, parsons, and preachers of every kind, in every form, secretly doing their utmost to slay me, is often most marvellous to your obedient servant, C. W. B. Cowards indeed are they, who seek to kill a poor fellow, yet never have honesty enough to face him.

CITY ROAD.—Jireh chapel, East-road. On January 30, services were held to clear the debt that remained from building above place, which was erected in 1860, for late J. A. Jones. Mr. Lodge preached excellent sermon. Tea was given by a friend. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Whittaker, presided over evening meeting. We have been favoured with many happy gatherings at Jireh; but we must ever look back to this one with feelings of gratitude and pleasurable satisfaction. Messrs. Langford, W. Webb, Steed, Hall and Brindle delivered good words. The chairman gave good counsel, stated the object of the meeting, told us several members of the Church had already given him £20 toward the collection, and he would give ten guineas. This, with the cards and donations from present and absent contributors, realised the amount needed, £75. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was heartily sung. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Whittaker: Mr. J. S. Linsell then presented Mr. Lodge with a purse containing £5, as a New Year's token of esteem. The chairman pronounced the benediction.

PIMLICO.—**CARMEL.** Brother Banks —I am advised to ask you to contradict a correspondent in November, 1876. It is true our minister, Mr. W. Ward, resigned. It was his own act, absolutely. It is not true efforts are made to get Mr. Wise to be pastor at Carmel; no, we should be unkind both to brother Wise and the Church at Margate, and they with us will feel very grieved until they see the report contradicted. —**EDWARD HAYNES.** [Another correspondent says, some blessed seasons have been enjoyed under the ministry of T. J. Messer, whose ministerial powers are wonderfully strong and interesting. But, some Carmel friends have said, if the Pimlico Churches would unite under Mr. Wise, it would be well. We are glad Mr. Wise resolves to abide at Margate.—**ED.**]

LONDON ROAD. — EARL STREET. Our brother T. J. Messer gave us an excellent and eloquent address on "Sowing and Reaping." His magnanimous mind and sanctified memory has a wonderful grasp both of sacred and profane history; and his fluent tongue sounds it forth in most able and melodious strains. He related some awful scenes of God's heavy judgments on some that had sown bad seed; and some interesting accounts of God's mercy and goodness on others that had sown good seed. His powerful address was highly appreciated, and afforded us much mental edification and temporal help. We sincerely thank Mr. Messer, and praise the Lord our God for His goodness to us.

T. STRINGER.

DEATH OF JOHN PLANT MILLER.

—This quiet, faithful, and afflicted servant of Christ passed away from this little planet into the "land of far distances" on Tuesday morning, February 13, 1877. He had been in the ministry over forty years; had been the settled pastor of the Baptist Church at Penn, on Beacon-hill, near High Wycombe, since 1838. His many walks and trying works on earth are over. We hope he realised God's promise to the end.

MR. W. WINTERS' NOTES ON A DAY OF PRAYER AND PRAISE

In commemoration of the seventy-first birthday of C. W. Banks, Editor of *EARTHEN VESSEL* and *Cheering Words*, on February 9th, in Speldhurst-road chapel. As the Lord had so graciously spared his life it was his desire to spend the day with a few friends in prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God; and, indeed, God granted him on this occasion much more than he could have desired, or in the least expected.

At eleven in the morning some members of the Church, and a few ministerial brethren gathered in the school-hall, which is as large and convenient as many of our little chapels. Mr. Banks gave out a hymn, and, after prayer, spoke of the purport of the meeting, &c.

At morning service, about half-a-dozen brethren addressed the throne of grace, and truly it was a sacred season; the sweet spirit of prayer and holy unction seemed to pervade the breast of every humble pleader; and the realisation of the immortal lines of Watts was unmistakably evinced

"How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores."

The generosity of the deacons was surprisingly manifested in their providing gratuitously an excellent dinner for a goodly company.

In the afternoon the meeting was continued, when several encouraging addresses were delivered. M. Branch opened the meeting with prayer; W. Winters read I Sam. vii., and spoke on the twelfth verse of the chapter, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." C. W. Banks spoke on James v. 15, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick." He enumerated several instances of Christians being restored to health (after his prayers) which had before been given up for death by doctors and physicians. Mr. Banks spoke freely of God's mysterious providence towards him, referring with deep feelings of sorrow that many whom he had helped in a variety of ways unknown to the public, continued to thrust their poisonous darts at him.

This cruel work ought not to be in progress among professing Christians; it grievously clashes against the true spirit of the Gospel; it is lamentable to hear some at public meetings reiterating the shortcomings of a fallible brother, as though God had forsaken him. It is to be hoped that from this time forth and for ever the mind of our brother O. W. Banks will not be again wounded in the house of his friends; and that his holy life, walk, and conversation will put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. Having expressed freely *en passant* our animadversion against the unkind acts of some, we resume the subject of the meeting.

Mr. Bardens, of Hayes, spoke many firm and faithful words which tended greatly to encourage the pastor.

Mr. Stringer warmly endeavoured to heal the heart of the chairman with a superabundance of good wishes.

Mr. Symonds, with a few kind remarks, terminated the meeting.

After a comfortable and refreshing tea the friends removed into the chapel, where the evening service was convened. After singing and prayer, Mr. Chas. Longley, of Canterbury, spoke of his knowledge of the very useful career, ministerially and editorially, of his brother C. W. Banks.

Mr. D. Stanton, a faithful and loving deacon of the Church, then stepped suddenly forward, and in a very warm and suitable speech, expressed his great attachment to his pastor, C. W. Banks, presenting him with a purse of money as an affectionate tribute of the Church's love to him for the spiritual blessings received through his ministrations. Mr. Banks, with surprised looks, and a full heart, accepted the gift with the humility of a child, and the feelings of a father in Christ.

At this pleasing juncture a truly Christian brother, Benjamin Woodrow, of Rehoboth chapel, Pimlico, came forward with appropriate words, handed over to C. W. Banks a large Album, as a token of his love to him and with the hope that all the living friends to whom Mr. Banks had been made a blessing, would send him their portrait, that he might be able to look at them in days to come, and see what great things the Lord had done in him and by him.

B. G. Edwards expressed his attachment to the chairman in a firm and lucid manner.

T. J. Messer followed with a speech full of power, interspersed with such pleasing incidents of public life, that one rarely ever grows tired of hearing.

W. Winters was again called to speak, and after briefly dilating on "the prayer of faith,"

Mr. Young favoured the audience with a few words; also Mr. Mayhew, Mr. Myerson, and Mr. Levineohn, who spoke with considerable freedom, and the service ended with satisfaction and profit to all present. To the Lord Jesus be all the praise.

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

Marriage.

On February 1st, 1877, at the Congregational Church, Eltham, Kent, by Mr. Thomas Jones, Morris William, second son of T. W. Brown, Esq., of Isleham, Cambs, to Emily Ann, only daughter of T. M. Whittaker, Esq., of Blackheath.

Deaths.

On Feb. 22nd, at her residence, Coldharbour-lane, Camberwell, Harriet, the affectionate wife of William Lovegrove, and sister of the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*. Her end was a calm and sweet falling asleep in Jesus.

Charlotta, the beloved wife of S. Kevan, late of Wandsworth, on January 28th, aged 46. "Clinging to Jesus."

The Sore Temptations and the Triumphant Deliberance

OF

MRS. HARRIET LOVEGROVE,

OF CAMBERWELL.

[Mrs. Harriet Lovegrove, who departed this life, February 22, 1877, aged sixty-three, was one of the seven children which Thomas and Kitty Banks (once members of the Baptist Church in Canterbury) left behind, many, many years since. Of the three daughters, one is married to a Baptist minister in Queensland; the eldest daughter, Caroline, remains; Harriet is gone. The first link in the seven-fold family chain is taken; how soon all the others may follow, our Lord only knoweth. Of the four sons, the youngest is a Baptist minister in Ireland, greatly beloved; the third son is, and has been for several years, pastor of the Baptist Church at Egerton Forstall, in Kent, known as Mr. Robert Young Banks, a minister of deep devotion, and deservedly esteemed; the second son, John Waters Banks, is the rector of Nuttall, in Notts., a spiritual and most affectionate follower of Christ; the first of the family, the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, who esteems himself as less than the least of all the rest, can witness to the truth of the following recollections of one of the holiest of saints he ever knew; she was his mother over again; and it has been in answer to the God-wrought prayers of our most blessed mother, we have been all, more or less, led to the Saviour's feet. So believeth C. W. B.]

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DYING SAYINGS OF A BELOVED MOTHER.

BY ONE OF HER SORROWING CHILDREN.

HOW vast and varied are the Lord's dealings with His people! Without doubt none of their experiences are for their benefit alone, but for the mutual encouragement and teaching of others, that their faith may be strengthened, and that they may be enabled to hold on their way, seeing that our God, who has promised, is faithful; and, as in our case, in His own wise time He brings to pass the fulfilment of His most precious promise; and He will in all things establish His word. To impress this truth upon the minds of our dear ones, I thought I would try to revive in our memories some of His dealings with our precious mother, who, after much suffering and many sore and bitter conflicts with the great enemy of souls, is now safe landed on the eternal shore where sin, pain, and death are for ever past; hoping that to some of the many who knew (and to know was to love), and are interested enough to read this the account of her conflicts, and of her rejoicing, may be a means of building them up in their most holy faith.

I believe our beloved mother was early called by grace, and that her conversion was a very happy one. Many a time I have heard her speak

of the peace and joy she felt when first she knew the Lord; and through many years, with much trial, she lived a most consistent Christian life; her unselfishness, her gentleness, her humility, her deep and earnest love, were some of the most prominent traits in her character, and will be remembered as long as life shall last by all who knew her intimately. But Satan seemed specially at enmity with her, and to assail her faith on all points, so that she was constantly subject to doubts and fears about her own interest in the precious blood; especially was this the case during the last two years of her life. So terrible were the temptations, so fiery the darts of that wicked one, that life was a burden to her; night and day she battled with him, and spent nearly all her time in prayer to her precious Saviour to come and help her. He did help her, for she was never permitted to give way in the least to his base insinuations, but abhorred them from the bottom of her heart. But it was not the Lord's will then to deliver her; but for some wise purpose, as yet unknown to us, He permitted the tempter to harass and distress her. Often have I seen her with the tears streaming down her face, her whole body convulsed with agitation, because of some temptation which troubled her. But, Oh! as I write, I remember all the agony she endured for so long a time, and my spirit leaps for joy to know it is all over now, and that she has escaped the snare of the fowler. Now Satan has lost his prey, he cannot reach her with his darts, never again shall her soul be riven, but she rests for evermore in the embrace of her Lord.

On December 25th, 1876, she was taken dangerously ill with hæmorrhage, and from that time Satan seemed to redouble his attacks; knowing, I suppose, how soon she would be beyond his reach; but she had some bright and peaceful times. On one occasion, after a long sleep, she awoke, and looking at one of us, she said, "I have found Him! Jesus is mine and I am His! I have been a great sinner, but Jesus has washed my sins all away, He has cast them all behind His back, and He will never, never remember them any more, and now I am going to be with Him for ever,—

‘Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.’

Give my love to father," she continued, "and tell him to follow me; I am going to be with Jesus! victory, victory, victory, through the blood. Unto Him that washed me be glory for evermore! glory, glory, glory! I will praise Him, for He has done great things for me, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him." For some hours she continued in this triumphant strain, and said further, "I thought Jesus had come for me, and was going to take me at once to Himself; what a pity I have come back again." I said, "You do not want to go until it is His will to take you, do you, darling?" She said, "Oh, no, I want Him to do as He wills; I am quite willing to go or stay, I only want Him to be glorified." Again the tempter came, and again she was convulsed with terror, but with the temptation Jesus made a way of escape, and was again present, enabling her, in full confidence of faith, to express her longing to be with Him, and her earnest, intense desire to testify to "all around what a dear Saviour she had found." At another time she said,

“You can all go to bed to-night.” We said, “And leave you alone, darling?” She answered, “I shall not be alone, Jesus has promised to stay with me, and He never breaks His word; I want you all to go away, because I want to talk to Him about you all. I have so much to say to Him, because I have not seen Him for so long. Oh, He is so precious, precious, precious Saviour!” To my brother John, she said, “Jesus has said, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,’ and His word can never be broken.” He said to her, “You will soon join the song of the angels, mother.” She said, “No, not just yet, I want to testify for Him.” Then again the darkness came. But on the Sunday before she died we were anxiously watching her, and in answer to a question I put, she said, “I am very, very happy!” Not quite sure of her reply, I said, “Did you say happy, darling?” She said, “Yes, yes!”

On the next day, we heard her talking about shouting. I went to her, and said, “Are you going to shout, darling?” “I will shout when I get over, but I would like to now; lift me up, and I will try.” I lifted her up, and, leaning her head on my shoulder, waving her right hand, she said, “Shout victory through the blood of the Lamb.” She continued through that day and night in a peaceful, happy state of mind, longing to be gone, to be with Jesus, and yet quite willing to wait His time.

Tuesday was a glorious day. In the morning, my sister said to her, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil.” She said, “No.” Harriet further repeated, “Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” Our dear one answered, “They do.” Then she said, “You must get me ready, Jesus is waiting for me, I must go.” She continued, “Cannot you see the bright lights, and the angels all around about?” She said the ceiling was opening and she could see the glory. Then again she said, the chariot was waiting for her, but she did not know how this poor thing would get in. Another time she was talking in a low tone; I asked if she wanted anything; she answered, “Hush! Jesus is talking to me, you must not interrupt Him.” All day long she was saying, “Praise Him, bless Him, Jesus is mine, and I am His.” Oh! how she longed to go to Him: “How long, Lord? why does He tarry?” were her frequent exclamations. The chariot and horses, she said, were waiting for her, and a bright, glorious light filled the room. Once, with a look of ecstatic joy, she said, “I see Him!” and so she continued full of peace and joy. Once or twice the enemy was again permitted to approach her, and we heard such words as “Hide me, shelter me till the storm of life is past.” In the evening she was evidently much in prayer for some one, probably our dear father; for quietly she said, “Keep him, keep him, keep him every moment.” “Safe, saved now,” were almost her last words, and then she gently sank into a state of unconsciousness, from which she never again roused, but passed away from earth to heaven, to the mansion prepared for her, without the least struggle or even sigh. Thus passed away one of the sweetest, best, and holiest of women, leaving a husband and large family to mourn her irreparable loss. But Oh, how great the change for her! No human language can describe her joy now; all we can say is, she has gone to be—

“For ever with the Lord.”

But what that means in its fulness, as she knows it, we cannot even

guess. If Jesus comes not first we too must die like her, to find out what her bliss is. May the same grace which enabled her to shine so brightly in this dark world, so that all who knew her saw the beauty of Christ in her, be vouchsafed to us, so that we may follow the Master as closely as she did, and at last, like her, inherit a crown of righteousness which fadeth not away, which, together with her, will we gladly cast at His feet, who has loved and given Himself for us.

February 22nd, 1877.

CHRIST'S MESSENGER GOING THROUGH FIRE AND WATER INTO THE WEALTHY PLACE.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am glad you are going to Norwich. May the Lord make you instrumental in building up His cause. O what a poor weak and frail body, and what a poor lean soul I have! Dr. Watts may well say,

“Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.”

All the foregoing part of Sunday, I was the subject of darkness of mind, hardness of heart, and even doubts, as to whether I ever really knew the Lord's secret vitally and feelingly for myself. Ah, my brother, I felt cold within, and cold without. My head was bad—as is often the case—and in addition to this, I had a coldness all over my frame. At the noon hour, I was sorely distressed in my mind, wondering whether I should be able to say anything to my people in the afternoon; for I find, let me study ever so hard, I can retain scarcely anything in my memory; head bad, body cold, heart bad, and spirit cold. O what a trial! what temptations I am subject to, through my increasing infirmities. How I have to combat with Satan, and it seems with the very powers of darkness as well. Ah, said Satan, your preaching is all useless, it is just wound up, your bodily powers are wearing out, and your mind will get weaker and weaker, and by-and-bye you will have nothing to say to the people—besides, all will come to nothing in the end—the Church will fail, the congregation will fail, you yourself will fail, and all will come to nought. I went up into the pulpit with fear and trembling, ashamed of myself, and grieved for the people—believing they would have to go away disappointed and empty. Bless the Lord, however, to my surprise, and no small comfort, I found a little liberty in prayer, and seemed as though I certainly was favoured to draw nigh to God. This gave me a little confidence, and helped me to believe the Lord would give me liberty in preaching His Word. I really begged hard for what I most needed, that is, liberty, and the Lord gave it me. I felt my heart grow warm, my head got warm, my feet got warm, my hands got warm, and I got warm all over me. I do believe the Lord sent the Word home to some; surely this could not be all in vain. You know what I mean: when I get warm, I want others to get warm; when I feel well, I want others to feel well; when I am made glad in God's house, I want others to be made glad;

and when I am blessed with the spirit of liberty, I want others to be made free by the Master of assemblies. I certainly have proved that a warm heart will make a warm head; and I have ever proved that without spiritual heat, all is dull and dead within, and I cannot get the vessel to sail at all.

“ At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, sweet Spirit, come !
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.
Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, Thou must breathe the auspicious gale.”

At the Lord's Table, I felt a crumbling and melting down in my soul, under a sense of the grace, goodness, love, and mercy of Him, who, I believe, was present, and who has graciously said, “ As oft as ye do this in remembrance of Me.” I told my people I was cold and miserable in both body and soul all the morning, but that I had felt some heat in the afternoon ; I asked them if they felt any heat of the Holy Spirit in the public service and ordinances of God; I told them I believed that if they felt nothing of this vital heat in their souls, all their religion was good for nothing. I have wondered since what they thought of this, and whether they were led to search for this inward warmth, occasioned by the Spirit of God brooding over the waters, and the Word of God which is the vital spark from Him who is life and light. Even yesterday week, I was greatly tried about my preaching ; about whether I am real, whether my ministry is real, whether what I call my experience is real, and whether I preach as directed by the Spirit of God. What good comes of my preaching ? What conversions are there under it ? Again, I look at the sad, sad state of things in general; I look at the decay of vital godliness, of the falling away of many, of fables, fun, lightness, and empty tales, and flesh-pleasing anecdotes, and a host of other things, substituted for real Gospel truths, and all to seek to please the carnal mind. Then I look at the fearful desecration of the Lord's-day, and how it is made the chief day of amusements and pleasures, and by thousands who are in the habit of saying, Lord, Lord. Then I look at how drunkenness is prevailing throughout our so-called enlightened land ; and then I look at the pride which so awfully prevails, even among the lowest order of the people. Then again, I look at the numerous phases and forms in which the man of sin is making rapid strides from one end of our nation to the other, and of the swarms that are favouring this dreadful state of things, and are even ready to fall down and worship anything and everything rather than the humble Nazarene in His few faithful and much hated servants ; and then again, what is worse than all, the people seem to be at peace, undisturbed, and in a sound sleep. Is not the time at hand when the solemn sound shall be heard, “ Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.” I say, O England, awake, awake ! Awake from thy pride and drunkenness, awake from thy presumption and carnal security, awake from thy idolatry, and love of ease ; repent of thy doings, and humble thyself before God, lest thy day soon be over. I say to the lean and barren, and gold-dim Church of Christ, “ Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion ; put on thy beautiful garments O Jerusalem : shake

thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." Little did I think my pen was going to run faster than I could fairly keep up with it when I sat down only to write two or three lines. Why, I feel sweetly like what Solomon says, "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadab." I was going to tell you all so fast about how I was tried last Lord's-day week, about going to preach the Word in the evening at Dickleburgh. I was so tired after the afternoon service, that I did not feel at all able to walk four miles, and there did not appear to be a conveyance for me that day. A time ago, I could preach twice at Pulham, and walk miles, and preach in the evening; but some how or other, the old thatched cottage appears to be giving way, the walls are out of repair, the windows are gone bad, the doors are thin and weak, and the old habitation seems to be coming down fast. Ah, said Satan, here is a fix you are in! The people have had notice that you are to preach to-night at Dickleburgh, and you don't feel fit to go. If you were right, and your preaching was of God, do you think you would be put to all this trouble and inconvenience? Just now, a friend came up to me and said that if I would go home with him to tea, he would drive me to Dickleburgh in the evening. This is just what I wanted. Well, but this did not fully repulse Satan, for when I was at that friend's house he came in upon me thus, Do you think there is any sense or reason in your going four miles to say a few words to a few people after working as hard as you have done? Do you think it is right to take this friend out of a warm room, and run him and his pony a whole eight miles on the Lord's-day evening, after the man and his pony had been working hard all the week? Do you think there is reason in all this? Then again, what good do you think of doing? Will it really answer the purpose to run all that long way to speak a few words, and home again? I was greatly cast down in my mind, in leaning, as I did, to these Satanic suggestions. Well, myself, the man, his wife and child, all went; one large room was full, and several in another room; and though I was in an agony of soul to know what text I should fix on (for I had none) and what I should say, I found the Lord again all-sufficient; my soul certainly was blessed that night, the people were blessed with a most attentive hearing ear, and my obliging friends, who carried me there and brought me home, declared how glad they were that they were under the Word that evening. O that God's living family may never neglect the courts of God's house, when it is in their power to be there. These, my brother, are some few of my temptations, trials, mercies, and deliverances; and as my pen has gone far beyond all intended bounds, I must leave the trespass in your hands, to do as you please with it, either to cast it to the dogs or give it to the children, which you think it is most suitable for.

Your strange, yet, I hope,

True brother in Christ,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk, Nov., 1876.

CHRIST was present at the pricking down our names, and foreknew all God's choice. He stood at God's elbow and consulted with Him whose names to put in.—*Goodwin's Marrow.*

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT
AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,
NOW A PREACHER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

(Continued from page 83.)

[DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I find by your number of the E. V. for March, I omitted to mention that, on reaching Hamburg, I obtained a pair of phylacteries from a Jew. This oversight of mine carries some little incongruity, as on the page 77, I say I lost my phylacteries, and on page 79, I handed them over to the manager of the hotel of Madam Hochwald. Knowing the importance attached to possessing the sacred articles, on the very first opportunity, I endeavoured to replace my loss. Kindly bring the above lines before the attention of the readers, and oblige, very truly yours, ISAAC LEVINSOHN.]

CHAPTER IX.

Is Tried before a Judge and Honourably Acquitted—Serves as Milk Boy—In Great Wretchedness—Reads His Bible, &c.

I WAS very carefully examined ; afterwards my prosecutor appeared, and was asked several questions. The judge expressed his opinion that I was not guilty. He then asked me if I knew any one in Hamburg that could testify of my good character ? I referred to Madam Hochwald and the manager. A policeman was at once sent for them, and when they came forward, the manager of Madam Hochwald's hotel spoke on my behalf before the judge, and said that he could testify that I was an honest and respectable youth ; he also stated that very often he tried me, by placing money in different parts of the house where I often passed, but I was never found guilty of taking anything ; and very often when I found money and different articles in the house, I gave them to Madam Hochwald or to himself. When the learned judge found that I was innocent, he pronounced sentence upon my accuser as guilty, and sentenced him to four months' hard labour for falsely accusing me. I then went forth, thanking God for revealing the truth to the judge.

After this, I did not go any more to the railway station, but sought some other work. Unfortunately, I could find no employment for some time. I shall never forget one day, when I was walking about the streets of Hamburg, very hungry ; I cried bitterly, and lifted up my heart in prayer unto God for help. As I was walking along, I saw some papers on the ground. On lifting them up, I found the papers were of some importance to those whom they belonged. Seeing the address thereon, I went to find out the place, and returned the papers to the rightful owner, who rewarded me very kindly for my trouble. I then thanked God very heartily, for I firmly believed that He had graciously answered my earnest prayer. I returned to my lodgings rejoicing, and thanking God that I was able once more to purchase a meal.

When I went to the synagogue to pray, a Jewish gentleman who met me near the synagogue asked me if I was a pious Jew ? I answered, that I always tried to be pious, and continually wished to be more pious. After a little conversation, he said that if I was willing to work he would be glad to help me by giving me something to do. I was very thankful to God for that, and especially so on finding that the gentleman was a very pious Jew. I entered his house as a porter, to be with him through the day, but lodge at the place where I had been. The good man gave me his address, and I left him for a little while, as I wanted to be in the

synagogue first to pray. Whilst I was in prayer, my heart was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude to God for all His lovingkindness towards me in a strange land. After service, I went to work; he treated me kindly, so did the whole household. I was there a few days, but finding that I could not save enough money to pay my passage to England, I asked the man if he could pay me a little more? Finding he would not, I therefore left him, and tried to get something else to do. I persevered till I found a Jew who asked me if I was willing to go about selling milk from house to house. I answered that I was willing to do anything which was honourable, and earn an honest livelihood. I then commenced as a milk-boy, and succeeded for a few days. One day, having left the milk in the street while I purchased some bread at a baker's shop, being very hungry, some mischievous boy threw a rat into it. When I looked into the milk, it disgusted me, and I poured out the milk in the street, and went home, and informed the master about the unfortunate event. He then angrily said I ought to have thrown the rat out of the can, and gone on selling the milk all the same; but I said I would not do such a thing, especially as it is not permitted according to the Jewish law. The milk-master said that I must pay for the milk; but as I had no money he discharged me, and did not pay me for a few days' services which he owed me.

After being treated so unkindly, I felt very downcast, and began to look out for something else to do, but failed in finding any work. I then cried unto the Lord for help, but no help came. I went to the synagogue to pray, and also prayed in solitude; but the more I devoted my time to this, the more misery and wretchedness seemed to fill my heart and soul. I went about the streets of Hamburg, my eyes filled with tears, because of my bitter circumstances.

I thought of my beloved parents, and the happiness which I had enjoyed when at home.

When I went to my lodgings I entered my bedroom, and then took out my Hebrew Bible from my box, and read some portions. I read Gen. xii., and the words of the first verse were very familiar to me, and I thought to myself that I believed this commandment and obeyed it, and then consoled myself with the history of Abraham and his calling, and considered that Abraham had had trials and troubles till he came to Canaan. I therefore burst out in weeping and prayer to God to help me to obey His voice, and go wherever He wished me to go; but I must confess I could hardly realize that I had truly obeyed the Divine command, although nothing in the world could induce me to return to Russia. To me it was death before going home; and although I had to pass through painful trials, I was resolved to suffer; but go on and on till I should find true satisfaction. I did not know the blessed truth which the Gospel reveals, that all things work together for good; neither had I any knowledge of the sweet and melodious words which the Gospel whispers, "Through much tribulation shall ye enter the kingdom."

Whilst thinking of my unhappy condition I adopted the language of Jeremiah, which I thought was the exact experience of my soul: "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger."

CHAPTER X.

BITTER Reflections in Hamburg—All But in Despair—Looking Upon God Only as An Angry Judge—A Lady From Russia Strongly Urges Him to Return Home—Is Employed By a Flax Merchant—Then Fails—He Compares Himself to Elijah When His Brook Dried Up—Could Not Rest in Germany.

Several days rolled on, and I still was in this low and tried state. I then felt that my position in Hamburg was worse than in the woods and fields; for then I had something to cheer me on my way whilst anticipating to get to Hamburg; but when I was in that large town, to experience such bitter trials as I have already brought before the reader, and which is only a very slight description to what I really had to go through—indeed my position in Hamburg was like the position of the children of Israel before the Red Sea—back I could not go, and forward there was no passage for me. I read the history of Israel, and thought that I was still in much greater trouble, for they could cry unto Moses; and the great commander could address the Divine Majesty of God. I read the words spoken to Israel, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord;" but I thought this did not apply to me. I said the Lord of Israel has turned away from me, and I must perish. I was weary of praying; I thought all was in vain; but yet my moral responsibility to God was always before me, that I felt compelled to observe all the observances of the Jewish ritual, &c. I looked upon God no more as upon a God of love, but as a God of justice; indeed, I looked upon Him as an executioner, instead of a God most merciful and gracious.

As I went on in such a miserable state in the streets of Hamburg, one day, I met a lady,* who recognised me as from Russia. As soon as she saw me, she began to speak to me; and as she found my poor position in Hamburg, she requested me to return to Russia with her. She promised to pay the passage for me; but as my feelings would not permit me to return, I thanked her very much for her great kindness, and informed her that I was determined to travel all over the world before I would return home. She then besought me, with all her power, to return home. I said that I would rather die than return home, for I had not found that which my soul longed for.

I then left the lady, and went to the synagogue, where a gentleman addressed himself to me, asking if I was willing to work hard; and when he found me willing, he took me to his house, about two or three miles from Hamburg. As I entered his house, he said that I was to make myself perfectly at home; he also informed me that he would require my services chiefly in the night. He was a flax merchant, and my work was to pack the flax. I worked several nights from eight o'clock in the evening till eight the next morning. My readers will be able to imagine how hard this was to me, if they consider that I was only a lad sixteen years of age. Notwithstanding the hard and wearying work, I was satisfied to do anything, so that I might earn a honest livelihood. Several days passed away; then the good man informed me that he did not require my services any longer. Again my trials became very hard. Whilst at his house at work, I felt something like the good old prophet at the brook Cherith; I was away from all who knew me. No father! no mother! no sisters! no brothers!

* The lady was well acquainted with our family.

no friends! Quite alone; almost in solitude. The only comfort I had was that I could occupy my time at work, and earn my humble livelihood. But it was very bitter to me. When I beheld even this brook dried up, I could then enter into the experience of Elijah when his brook dried up; still I felt I had a greater trial than Elijah had when his brook Cherith dried up. The word of the Lord came unto him; but I thought the word of the Lord will never come unto me. With such feelings I sat quietly and wept, as no one was in the room (for I had not left then). The good man, the master, came in, and finding me in such a low state, asked me what was the matter with me? When I told him, he said that he would be glad for me to stay at his house as a house-servant, as long as I liked; and also told me that I was to be quite at home. My heart then was overwhelmed with joy. Seeing the kindness of the good man towards me, I wept for joy, and kissed his hand; and said to him, in the words of Ruth, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am quite a stranger?" He answered, that he always delighted to be gracious to his brethren the Jews, especially those who once were in good circumstances, and, through the providential hand of God, had come poor. I then thanked God for what He had done for me, and I was full of joy.

I thought, when the brook Cherith dries up, Zarephath is prepared. Indeed, I feel it is impossible for me to tell the feelings I possessed of gratitude unto God, and also to the good man. I stayed at this place some time; but something would not let me settle in Germany.

CHAPTER XI.

LONGS to Get to England—Writes to His Father—Translation of His Father's Most Extraordinary and Deeply Affectionate Letter—This Almost Rends His Heart in Twain.

I began to think what I could do in order to get to England. I then wrote to my beloved father, and told him that I was comfortable in the house of a Jew, who was very pious, very good, and very rich. I also informed him that I wished to make haste and go to England, and also requested my beloved father to send me some money to pay for my passage, which he did very kindly, and also wrote to me a letter, of which the following is a translation:—

TO MY DEAR AND WELL-BELOVED SON ISAAC,—I received your letter, and was glad to find you do not suffer so much as you did. I am also glad that you have found favour in the sight of a good man. My beloved child Isaac, I would again intreat you to think of me your father who has always manifested a very affectionate, fatherly love. You know very well that I have done all in my power to bring you up and educate you as well as possible. Not every Jewish father in Kovno gives his son such privileges as I gave you. You have been taught the Hebrew, German, and Russian languages. I never felt that there was anything too hard for me to do for my dear child Isaac; and I also possess the same fatherly love to you now, and always will, as long as you continue in the way you have been brought up; even the last drop of blood in my heart is not too precious to me but I could shed it any time for my beloved child Isaac. And now, my son, you are away, our trials and perseverance seem to be all in vain. Once more, my dear

son, allow me to say, that we shall have no rest until you return home. Whenever I look in the neighbourhood and see lads your own age who are at their homes nice and comfortable, my heart aches and my soul is cast down; for I do not know why my son, upon whom I have looked to be the joy of my old age and comfort to me in the valley of death, should be torn from me in such an extraordinary manner. No man can understand why; but I suppose the Lord has dealt with me justly, and I hope it will be an atonement for sin, for I cannot help feeling that the Lord has punished me for my sins. Believe me, my dear Isaac, this paper is wet with the tears I shed whilst writing; mine eyes are almost sightless, that I can hardly write; for my heart is overwhelmed with bitter sorrow, that you should be far away from us; and God only knows if we shall ever see you alive. Dear Isaac, have mercy on me, your beloved father, and your tender-hearted mother, and grant our request, and return home. Then our souls shall rejoice and be glad all our days, and you will be happy too; but should I not be able to persuade you to come home again, then I would earnestly ask you to try and stay in Hamburg, if you possibly can; because I cannot bear the idea of my child being away even further than Germany. I send you a note, and if you take it to the bank you will get roubles, and you will be able to pay your expenses to return to Russia. All our friends wish to be very kindly remembered to you. They hope that they will soon see you again, and, now, I wish you a very happy New Year. I hope you will find a good synagogue where you will be able to worship on (*Rosh Hoshanah*) the New Year; and also on *Yom Kipur*, a great day of atonement. May our prayers be answered on your behalf. Your Rabbi sends his kind love to you.*

I remain, my beloved Isaac,

Your ever-affectionate father,

LION LEVINSOHN.

To my dear son Isaac Levinsohn.

When I received this letter I did not know what to do. Not to take my beloved father's advice, I felt would be unkind of me; and yet to return back to Russia, I COULD NOT. Oh! I wished that the Lord would take my life before I commenced my journey back. I remained in Germany over the Feast of the New Year, and I made special matters of prayer when in the synagogue, although it was quite unusual to me to pray such prayers that were not in the Jewish Prayer Book; but yet I poured out my heart to God, and asked Him to lead me in His truth, and to teach me His ways.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS Answer to His Father's Letter.

The two New Years' days passed; I yet felt that I could not return. I then wrote to my father in answer to the letter I received from him:—

TO MY DEAR FATHER,—Since I received your letter, I have spent a great deal of time in considering, and examining my feelings, if I could comfortably return home; but I am very sorry to inform you, my dear father, that I feel that nothing in the world can draw me back

* *Leshonah Habaa Berusholaem*—next year in Jerusalem.

to Russia. Ever since I left home, I felt, and I still feel, that there is something for me somewhere, which will make me happy (of course, this may be only my fancy), but yet such feelings are mine; and I also feel constrained that I must go all over the world. I intend to sail for England this week, and will try and stay in England for a little while, and then will go to America, Australia, New Zealand, Queensland, and then find out different parts where to go to.* I must say again, dear father, that I feel sorry that I cannot return, but I hope you will pardon me. Please do not write to me until you hear from me from England; I hope to be in London next week, and spend the great day of atonement amongst our brethren, the Jews, in London, and sincerely trust that the Lord will be merciful unto me and to you. My dear father, I hope to be in your mind on the great day of atonement, so that the Lord may hear your prayers on my behalf if my prayers should not be acceptable. I would also inform you, my beloved father, that the feeling of fear that I used to have when at home, about my sinnership before God, and afraid for the hour of death with awful dread, is still the same. I assure you that, if I was the richest person in the world, I would not mind to sacrifice all the riches of the world, in order to have a realisation that the God of our fathers Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, is my God, and that I am His pardoned servant; but I am afraid that there is no hope for me, unless something very extraordinary should happen, which I do not think will ever take place; but, however, as long as I have my strength I will not rest, and will go on; and even if I cannot get any satisfaction for my soul, then I will occupy my youthful days in travelling, and see something of the world and the life of men, about which the great and royal preacher said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." My dear father, I hope when I get to England I will persevere, and try to make my special business to visit the foreign (*Rabbonim*) Rabbis, and ask them to teach me the holy law, not so much the Gemarah, as the Torôh, Nobüm, and Cethabim,† and wish that you, and my dear old Rabbi, and beloved mother, will earnestly pray that the God of our brethren Israel will enlighten my mind, and that I may learn much about his wonders unto Israel. Oh, dear father, I feel if I had satisfaction in my own soul, I would go all over the world and tell all the (Goem) or Gentiles of the great God JEHOVAH, who is the only true and Almighty God. I must close this letter, beloved father, and hope soon to write to you again.

Accept my deepest affection to yourself, and mother, and all.

I am, my beloved father,

Your affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

Hamburg, 1871.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent the idea taking root, that a roving spirit had induced Mr. Isaac Levinsohn to leave his home, we personally put the question to him, to ascertain if now, in the least degree, he desired to travel to Australia, America, &c. Most emphatically, he answered "No." He had not the slightest desire to leave England now his soul was satisfied in the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

† The law, the prophets, and the Hagiographa.

MISTAKES!

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

THEN she thought He was still in the sepulchre! she had no idea that He was risen from the dead. As soon as she saw the stone was rolled away, she ran back to the disciples—and, with a painful surprise, she cried out, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err!"

Why, she had more faith in the threatenings and cruel designs of the chief priests than she had in her Lord's declaration, "I will see you again!" On her part it was a mistake altogether. "They," had not "taken Him away!" He had risen, a beautiful and victorious Conqueror over death and the grave, and He was speedily manifesting Himself unto His disciples in different places, and in various ways—that they might be led exultingly to exclaim:

"THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED,
AND HATH APPEARED UNTO SIMON!"

Like unto Mary, we poor weak ones are often making the same mistake. We run off hither and thither expecting to find the LORD; but He is not there. Then we charge the cause of our disappointment upon some persons or circumstances which have no more to do with it than the chief priests or the guards had to do with Christ's removal from the grave.

The four questions with which my notes closed last month, on page 75, must remain in abeyance this month, for my mind is loaded with serious thoughts upon even much greater mistakes than Mary made on the morning of the resurrection. I cannot hold back a terrible lesson which I learned the other morning respecting the "MISTAKES" which even the most popular ministers frequently make when they are preaching to the people. How many poor souls are hereby deceived, deluded, and led to build upon a bank of sand, instead of building upon THE ROCK OF AGES, eternity alone will reveal.

My readers! whether you are young or old—whether you are in the ministry or not; in the Church or out of it—let me most intensely beseech of you to take heed of being led away by the many false and fatal mistakes which are now being made in connection with what passes for religion on every hand.

If, like Mary, you can, in the confidence of a holy love, say of JESUS, He is "MY LORD," no awful destruction can ever finally overwhelm you; but even then, unless you have taken "the shield of faith," you may be pierced with many a "fiery dart"—and, with a bruised spirit, you may in much silent sorrow have to walk a thorny path almost to the end of your days.

The other day I asked an aged servant of Christ (who has preached the Gospel in a provincial district for more than half-a-century), if he would give the people a discourse upon the secret harmony existing between a Divine predestination, and an ever-ruling and ever-reigning providence?

He shook his head, he groaned in himself, and he said: "I never could do it!"

There is a "deep that coucheth beneath," and it may be pregnant with ultimate blessedness ; but while with the eye of sense you only see THE SURFACE, the hidden treasures of darkness must be unknown to you ; and if the eye of faith is not steadfastly fixed upon the promise ; if there is not a secret persuasion that God's providence will make way for His promise in its fulfilment, you may plunge into many mistakes, and be filled with sore, with gloomy dismay ; for to me it appears quite beyond the reach of any finite mind to open up the volumes of mysterious meaning in that one verse of Cowper's :

"In deep, unfathomable mines
Of NEVER-FAILING skill,
HE treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will."

My lesson, to which I have referred, came to me on Saturday morning, March 17, 1877. Taking the precious Bible to read a portion before we bowed down at the mercy-seat, I opened at once on the twentieth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy—and, without pre-meditation, I read on. The prophet is careful to tell us the exact time when the event occurred. It was when they had been seven years in the Babylonish captivity ; it was when they had fallen away into an inclination to conform to the idolatries of the heathen ; it was when their hearts had in some measure departed from the Lord ; then, with a species of hypocrisy in their minds, "Certain of the elders of Israel came and sat before the prophet to enquire of the Lord."

They did not wish to continue in their connected Jewish order and worship. No ! They wanted to have their freedom, to be disbanded, to be at liberty to mingle with the heathen—and, like them, "TO SERVE WOOD AND STONE."

The Lord knew their hearts ; He saw their hypocritical tendencies ; and *He* comes peremptorily and positively to the prophet Ezekiel, saying, "Son of man, speak unto the elders of Israel, and say unto them, Thus saith the LORD GOD" (*What !*), "Are ye come to enquire of Me ? As I live, saith the LORD GOD, I will not be enquired of by you !"

Here is the lesson. Almost universally now, PRAYER is spoken of as an act, as an exercise, as a dealing with GOD, which any man, at any time, under any circumstances, may go about, may enter into with a certainty of success.

It is a common thing to speak of coming to God as though He had thrown the reins of His sovereignty and of His holy government to the winds ; as though He had thrown the doors leading up to His mercy-seat wide open—so that any, and all, under any circumstances, might rush into His presence, just as the fit might take them. But, saith the LORD GOD to the prophet, "As I live, saith the LORD God, I will not be enquired of by you."

Here, they found out their mistake.

So to speak of prayer—or, of coming to enquire of the Lord, as though it were a matter, or work, within any man's reach, is grievously to deceive the soul.

Is it not contrary to the whole of God's Holy Word ? Is it not painfully contradicted by the experience of all the tried family of God ? Yea, does not the conduct of the whole world put a negative upon such a theory ?

Men may be naturally and scholastically qualified to preach, or lecture, or write, or hold any office in the visible, in the professing Church; printed prayers, or forms of petitions may be rolled out in abundance; but God-inspired, Spirit-taught prayer—no man, no human being can, of himself, put forth. I fear that in this part of the public profession of worship, there is more “*mockage*,” more hypocrisy, more trifling with the Almighty, than thousands ever thought of. Oh, ministers! deacons! superintendents of schools! naturally-gifted talkers! if ye make a mistake here, it may be serious, it may bring you eternal sorrow. We are, our professing Churches are, all in excitement now. But, do we know this great mystery, this chiefest of all spiritual blessings, this family favour, so fully expressed by John, “Truly our fellowship is with the FATHER, and with His Son JESUS CHRIST?”

There are other mistakes. When I have briefly answered the four questions in my last (my Lord permitting), the matter of prayer may be urged upon you by

Your servant in the Gospel,
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, March, 1877.

RESTORATION DESIRED.

“Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness.”—Job. xxix. 2, 3.

THOU art the Husbandman, and I
A worthless plot of husbandry,
Whom special love did ne'ertheless
Divide from Nature's wilderness:
Then did the sunshine of Thy face
And sweet illapses of Thy grace,
Like April showers, and warming gleams,
Distil its dews, reflect its beams.
My dead affections then were green,
And hopeful buds on these were seen;
These into labours soon were turn'd
In which my heart within me burn'd:
O! halcyon day! thrice happy state!
Each place was Bethel—heaven's gate!
What sweet discourse! what heavenly talk!
Whilst with Thee I did daily walk.
Mine eyes o'erflow—my heart doth sink
As oft as on those days I think:
For strangeness now has got between
My God and me, as may be seen
By what is now, and what was then:
'Tis just as if I were two men.

My fragrant branches blasted be,
No fruit like those that I can see.
Some canker-worm lies at my root,
Which fades my leaves, destroys my fruit.
My soul is banished from Thy sight—
For this it mourneth day and night.
Yet why does thou desponding lie?
With Jonah cast a backward eye;
Sure in thy God help may be had,
There's precious balm in Gilead.
That God that made me spring at first.
When I was barren and accurst,
Can much more easily restore
My soul to what it was before.
'Twas Heman's, Job's, and David's case,
Yet all recover'd were by grace.
A word, a smile, on my poor soul,
Will make it perfect, sound, and whole.
A glance of Thine hath soon dissolv'd
A soul in sin, and grief involv'd.

“O FOR the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seem'd amiss
Shall melt with earth away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye
Fill'd with each other's company
Shall spend in love the eternal day!”

ONLY AN HIRELING.

A LITTLE ESSAY FOR HYPER-CRITICAL HEARERS.

“THE hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, whose own the sheep are not,” is the language of One who spake as never man spake, and whose words are worthy our deepest attention, as expressing a great and solemn truth; but while this language has an important application—which the minister of the Gospel should always bear in mind—he is painfully conscious, with all his efforts to be faithful to the Church of the living God, that he is treated as such by many of its members.

Our allusion is obvious, and refers exclusively to those good and gracious men, who are called by the Master to preach to Churches without pastors, who at all times and seasons obey the call of their Divine Master, and, wet or dry, hot or cold, go where His voice calls them to preach the Word.

It is by no means unusual to hear on the Sabbath evening a dialogue similar to the following take place:—

A.—And who have we coming next Lord’s-day?

B.—Oh, Mr. C., of such a place.

D.—Then I shall certainly make myself scarce.

E.—Why? I thought (and have always understood) he was a faithful man, and, as times go, well up to his work.

D.—Yes, I have nothing to say against him; but he has peculiarities which are disagreeable to me.

E.—Well, every man has them, I suppose; but surely that is scarcely a justifiable reason for absenting yourself from the house of God?

D.—Justifiable or not, I shall do so; and I believe (and here D looks round enquiringly amongst a little knot of people who are listening) there are plenty of others who will do the same.

E.—Well, no doubt there are some who will stay away if they feel no more interest in the Church than you do, and who do not sympathise with the deacons who are doing their best to fill the pulpit with men of God, in these trying times. (Here D, who looks a little scared at this homely way of putting truth, shrugs his shoulders, but convinced by a small band of admirers that he is not without sympathy, he ventures to ridicule the expected Mr. C.; and ends by bouncing out of the chapel, as if he was the sole pillar of the place, and, of course, is absent on the next Lord’s-day.)

His example is followed by others, who look upon him as the sole repository of wisdom and knowledge in the place; and the hireling enters the pulpit with the depressing conviction, that there is something to be laid to his own account as he looks upon the vacant places, and though conscious his object has been to abase the sinner and exalt the Saviour, and that he is seeking not to please the fancies, but to profit the souls of his hearers, he oftentimes finishes his Sabbath labour with the painful conviction that he has been considered by some as a mere preaching machine; and with the words of the prophet forcibly recurring to his mind: “Then said I, I have laboured in vain and spent my strength for nought and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.”

“What shall we say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?” But he who bears his Master’s commission, has a right to expect the sympathy of his Master’s friends. And we feel persuaded, that were there more earnest prayer and less criticism, more desire for soul profit than mere gratification of the intellect, the Churches who are dependent upon the services of these men, who are regarded as hirelings, would be in a state of greater prosperity than most of them are; and we should not so frequently hear the cry of “Ichabod,” resounding from year to year.

I am no advocate of ignorance, or would, in any way, palliate want of intelligence, or care in preparation for a work so serious; but observation and experience convinces me that more than ordinary qualifications are expected in our time; in fact, man is expected to be more than man, and something extraordinary is looked for by most of our Churches. They expect to derive from dying men that influence which can only come from the living God; and more dependence is placed upon human agency than upon the operations of God the Holy Spirit; and while it would be unfair to state that many of our Churches do not plead in earnest prayer for God’s blessing upon His servants’ ministry, it is to be more than feared that the majority do not, and are indifferent to the welfare and prosperity of others if their individual tastes are not gratified, and their prejudices and eccentricities ministered to, by

AN HIRELING.

[This is no overdrawn sketch! No doubt the deacons of some causes suffer much from the mental and spiritual poverty of many who will preach; perhaps, if the deacons always consulted the Churches in the choice of their supplies, much of which Barnabas complains, might be avoided.—ED.]

“UP! YE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS!”

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Up! ye soldiers of the cross,
True followers of the Lamb,
Braving martyrdom and loss
For love of Jesu’s name.
Grasp the Spirit’s two-edged sword
And fight as fought your sires of yore,
Champion of your risen Lord,
Alive for evermore.

To the rescue! see the land,
Once wrested from the foe—
Now o’erspread on every hand
And threatening overthrow.
Like the Midianites of old
So the Popish locusts come;
Wolves have crept in ev’ry fold,
And Oxford kneels to Rome.

Sion’s courts are all defiled,
And priestly knaves prevail;
Where our martyrs preached and toiled,
The alien band assail.
Bowing at God’s holy shrine
Perjurers by thousands kneel;
There the surpliced traitors join
The sacrilege to scal.

Altars flame with Roman lights,
And clouds of incense rise;
Judas with blasphemous rites
Profanes the sacrifice.
Lips of falsehood publish lies,
And, fearless of the penal rod,
Conjuring priests their arts devise,
And make an idol-god.

Where is Gideon and his sword?
And where his conquering host?
Luther’s thunder—or the word
Of Knox, whom Britons boast?
Who is on the Lord’s side—who?
Rise and fight in Jesu’s name!
Rend and rout the Romish crew,
Old England’s curse and shame.

Up! ye soldiers of the cross—
Like Phinehas of old,
Zealous in the righteous cause.
In judgment prompt and bold.
Stand for Jesus!—do or die,
Shiver the vile gods of Rome;
Never shall the Popish lie
In England find a home.

A POOR ISOLATED PRISONER.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Glad to hear of you, through the VESSEL, still trotting about your Master's business. I was thinking this morning, as I was reading Psa. cvii., what a good thing if we all felt the same desire as David did! He begins, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever." Watts catches this feeling, and sings,—

"Give thanks to God, He reigns above,
Kind are His thoughts, His Name is 'Love!'
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own."

Then there is another old song of his, little sung now-a-days,—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

Sweet old song to me, seldom hear the like spoken of. I say, with David, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness," instead of so much murmuring; how good it would be! Some one says,—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

I find but few that are satisfied with little. If we come to Paul, he says, "Having food and raiment, let us herewith be content." In those things I can adopt this language, and say, the dear Lord has always given me more than I expected, but I dare not say I was always satisfied; but I would desire to be so, for He hath done great things for me, and I can sometimes rejoice and be glad. See how I have run away from Him, and how He hath fetched me back; like Jonah, I have tried to flee from His presence, but He knew where I was. It seems a great mystery, the Lord should have prepared a fish to swallow Jonah and take him safe to land; but is it not a greater mystery our dear Lord should have carried us in the bowels of His love and compassion from all eternity, and most assuredly will bring us safe to those heavenly shores where we shall sigh nor fret no more?

This is badly written, I fear you cannot make anything of it, my hand shakes, and other infirmities come in the way. May the Lord be pleased to give you your health and strength to pen and preach for the good of such poor isolated prisoners as I am! Its nice to get a bit of truth when confined indoors, and to hear the whispers of His love. I wish I could get the book of the twelve tribes.

Yours in the love of truth,

S. HARRIS.

20. Brunswick-street, Swansea, South Wales.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

ISAIAH XL. 25.

To whom, then, will ye liken Me?
To whom shall I as equal be?
Thus saith the Holy One, the Lord:
And who can contradict His Word?

Is there yet any power or love
Liken'd to that of God above?
Is there yet any wisdom found,
As what there doth in Him abound

Tottenham.

Is any like His righteousness?
Or any grace, or faithfulness?
Or such compassion to be known,
Or goodness, as in God alone?

No promises can equal be,
As what we in the Scriptures see;
O Thou the Root of Verity,
None can be likened unto Thee.

W. HOUSE.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Meditations on the Loving Words of our Loving Lord and Saviour. By James Grant, author of "God is Love," &c., &c. (London: W.H. Guest, 29, Paternoster-row). Over sixty volumes have issued from the prolific pen of that well-known and—by the Christian family—almost universally beloved "defender of the faith," James Grant, Esq., so many years the chief editor of one of our leading London morning journals. His brain must be strong, elastic, ever-active, enduring, and amazingly fruitful in reviewing every phase of this world's history, as well as diving down into the holy mysteries of that truth and grace which came by Jesus Christ. Without the least thought of unduly honouring our Mr. James Grant (for there is another author bearing the same name; but not of the same *spiritual* nature), we are bound to thank God for giving to this age a man in whose constitution and complex character any one, with half an eye of true discernment, will long have seen those four-fold qualifications of a leading spirit, which Ezekiel saw in "*the living creatures*," when he was by the river of Chebar. Millions of men have only one face; that is, a self-exalting, a self-possessing face; the mark of the beast is on their forehead, which is "*Idolatry*;" the mark of the beast is in their hand, which is "*Covetousness*," and these are the two twin demons which almost fill the world with misery. Such men as James Grant—like the *living creatures*—have the four faces; in the front is the MAN, significant of a good understanding, an extensive knowledge, with a deep under-current of human sympathy; the second is the face of a LION, denoting boldness, courage, and a fearless effort to expose and overcome every evil thing; the face of the OX represents the patient and the persevering labour of every one worthy to be called a man. The schoolmen said, a horse may fly off and deceive you, but a *real ox* never will. We have seen, in the pen and pulpit circles, many like young race-horses, slim, slender, and saucy; but they soon run themselves to death. Where are those fiery flying meteors now, which for a time shot through the air? Alas! the echo answers "Where?" The living creature, like the sturdy ox, is known by his "*patient*" *continance* in well-doing. Last of all, there is the piercing, the perspicacious, the swift, the sun-daring face of the EAGLE. Stand aside, ye lazy libellers,

while, for one moment, we render our small meed of honour to a man whom God hath delighted to honour. With his manly mental powers, his lion-like boldness and courage, his onward continuance in hard work, and with his eagle eye, our Mr. James Grant has never flinched in facing a foe to truth, or in doing good service to a genuine Biblical Christianity. We have never marvelled at his criticisms on Lynch, the Bible Society, and scores of other defective pleaders; but when the lion-like penman came down upon Charles Haddon Spurgeon for allowing Dale to preach on his platform, we said, his eagle eye is as clear, and his lion-like heart, is as bold as ever. Where he has discovered an enemy to God's Word, out has come his bow, off has fled his arrow, and seldom, if ever, has he missed his mark.

How humbling the thought the best of men must leave off work here. How delightful the fact, their reward in the Redeemer's kingdom is certain. Mr. Grant, after having given to the world many thousands upon thousands of richly laden volumes has sat down in the cool of the evening of his life, and has put the crown of sterling value upon all his previous works by writing a most precious commentary upon *The Loving Words of our Loving Lord and Saviour*. We are quite satisfied this sweet little volume will be extensively read, and as largely appreciated. God bless the author when called to lay down his pen for ever; although if there is any writing in heaven, we know for certain James Grant will be up and at it even there.

Gospel Magazine for March, with John Barber's reminiscences, and other spices, render our old friend pleasant and good.—*Old Jonathan* with his pictures and prose papers cheer many heavy hearts.—*Salvation: Its Two Extremes*. A sermon by Mr. Hazelton, wherein that expression, "He died unto sin once," is opened up with terrible correctness. John Hazelton's *forte* is the cross of Christ, and all its consequences.—"The Two Priestly Babylons, Eastern and Western," in Mr. Frith's *Voice of Warning*, is timely, and tells of what is yet to come. Bachelor Barnett has a long head and a clear eye. How is it so many clever writers are now driving their pens into the very vitals of Rome, and yet she steams on with increasing speed in this country? Is England again to be scourged with her infernal persecutions? We ask our-

selves one solemn question : Are not the professed enemies to England's Ritual, and to Rome's Confessional, hiding in their hearts the God-dishonouring doctrines of universal redemption, and of man's free-will? To be sure they are. Hence they make no progress. They obtain the poor deluded people's money under the pretence of saving England from the dominant reign of Popery. But Manning and the cardinal crew laugh at them. Cardinal Manning fears no one but such hearty fellows as Battersby, Bradbury, and a few like them, who send their cannons roaring right against Rome, whether it is Papal Rome, Ritualistic Rome, free-will Rome, Congregational Rome, or any other scheme of men's devising. We have been on the walls, behind the scenes, in the conferences, and on the committees, now for over thirty years, and we have caught the feverish fear, that to get hold of money under the guise of beating back error is the one common aim of nearly all the zealots of our day. The time will come when God will shew them that in His sight one lie is as bad as another.

The Baptist Handbook for 1877 contains some curious items. Poor friend Row seems left out in the cold, all alone; and Mr. Cuff is altogether in the wrong place; as to brother R. G. Edwards, we must try and set him right, for, after his several notes, it seems they will not correct him. If we are to have a handbook we vote for having one to be relied upon.

Grove Chapel Pulpit, a weekly penny issue of Mr. Thomas Bradbury's sermons, printed and published by Robert Banks, in good Small Pica type, on substantial paper, each number containing twelve large octavo pages. Joseph Irons, James Wells, J. C. Philpot, and a few others, have supplied the Churches of truth with an immense number of Gospel discourses, but as those gracious men were called home, the weekly streams of experimental and of pure evangelical expositions dried up. When we found the Grove chapel deacons and friends had arranged to publish some of Mr. Thomas Bradbury's sermons, we rejoiced in the hope that, all through this country and the colonies, these strong testimonies may be, in the Lord's hands, the means of comfort to the comfortless, and of stimulating the zeal of the lukewarm in a laborious contention for what is true and good.

Harmony Between Moses and Christ. By Dr. Thomson. Reply to Wm. Birch (Manchester: Tubbs and Brook). Wm. Birch, like most of the Universalists, appears to be going farther from truth than ever. Moses, the man of God, is

considered as one acting without authority, a kind of semi-pagan. We consider Dr. Thomson has come forth in defence of the Mosaic economy in a spirit which the Lord will honour. In the Old Testament the glory, the love, the majesty, and the distinguishing grace of Jehovah shines forth between the dark clouds of Sinai, and the dismal smokes of sin, so brilliantly, and clothed in such beautiful robes of sovereign mercy and inflexible justice, that the natural mind is overwhelmed; but having no anointing from the Holy One it becomes hardened, and, like the ancient and modern philosophers, turns to idolatry, blasphemy, and open rebellion. May the Lord have mercy upon William Birch.

Jennett Cragg, the Quakeress, is a tale by Maria Wright, in which the persecutions of Christians, and the horrors of the London plagues in by-gone days, are vividly contrasted with our comparatively pleasant and prosperous times. S. W. Partridge & Co. have put Miss Wright's tear-drawing narratives in a comely dress; the printing and binding are good, while in every page the heroic faith of God's poor afflicted saints is revealed in such homely and self-evident sketches and scenes of town and country life, as to enchain the reader's attention until the curtain suddenly drops with a little gleam of hope that "liberty of conscience" may still remain "the charter of our land."

Christ's Glorious Achievements, set forth in seven sermons by C. H. Spurgeon (London: Passmore and Alabaster). Here are seven discourses, bound in green cloth and lettered, for one shilling. A consecutive series on the triumphs of our Lord, "Christ the End of the Law," "Christ the Conqueror of Satan," "Christ the Overcomer of the Word," "Christ the Maker of all things new," "Christ the Spoiler of principalities and powers," "Christ the Destroyer of death," "Christ the Seeker and Saviour of the lost." Now, we have looked into these pages to see if Truth maintained her throne supreme. Indeed, to us it so appears. Here are a few lines as one sample:—"If Jesus did direct His mission of salvation to the lost, to whom else could He have come? For, truth to say, there are none but the lost on the face of this whole earth. The proudest Pharisee is but a sinner, and all the more a sinner for his pride; and the moralist, who thinks himself so clean, is filthy in the sight of God. Though he labours to conceal the spots, the self-righteous man is a leper, and will for ever remain so, unless Jesus cleanses him."

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

AN EDITORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THROUGH the kindness of W. H. Collingridge, Esq., we had the pleasure of spending a very happy hour, on March 8th, with Dr. Doudney, and about 100 of his warmest friends. It was the sixty-sixth birthday of the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, and the opportunity was taken to present Dr. Doudney with a very substantial mark of the love and esteem in which the readers of that old and valuable magazine hold him. The meeting was convened in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate-street, London. Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk, M.P., presided on the occasion, and after prayer, the chairman called on Mr. W. H. Collingridge, the treasurer, to report the result of his labours. In a very interesting and pleasing manner Mr. Collingridge told us of the many hundreds of letters his wallet (which he had brought with him) contained, all of which he would read to the meeting, if they desired it; but two or three were read as specimens of the bulk. At the request of some friends, he had undertaken the task of bringing the subscriptions together; no pressing appeal had been made; one circular had been sent to rich and poor; the rich man had sent his £20, while the widow had sent her 2d. One letter containing £13s. 6d. was stated to be contributed by seventy-three persons; another with £1 13s. was collected from children all under twelve years of age, as a token of love to "dear *Old Jonathan*."

Sir Alderman Lusk followed in a speech which showed he had a very accurate knowledge of the history of Dr. Doudney, mentioning the principal traits in the Doctor's career:—his labours as a printer in London; his desire to enter the Church of England; his ministerial, benevolent, and industrial work in Ireland; the issuing of *Dr. Gill's Commentary* from his industrial press at Bonmahon, composed by the Irish boys; his successful endeavours to relieve the fearful distress that prevailed in Ireland during the famine; his removal to Bedminster, Bristol, the erection of St. Luke's church there, and the establishment of various agencies connected therewith for the benefit of the poor. "He," said the Alderman, "has shown himself able to wield the power of both press and pulpit; thirty-five years as Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, and twenty-one years as the originator and successful conductor of *Old Jonathan*; it is thus clear why so many have subscribed to this testimonial." Turning to Dr. Doudney (who sat on his left) the Alderman concluded by presenting to him a pocket-book containing a cheque for £500, which was accompanied by a very handsomely-framed and illuminated address, which read as follows:—

"Presented at a meeting, held in the City of London, to the Rev. David Alfred Doudney, D.D., Vicar of St. Luke's, Bed-

minster, Bristol, on his sixty-sixth birthday, March 8th, 1877, together with a purse containing the sum of Five Hundred Pounds, contributed by nearly One Thousand readers of the *Gospel Magazine* and *Old Jonathan*, in token of their appreciation of his labours as Editor of the *Gospel Magazine* during a period of nearly thirty-seven years, and as projector, and for twenty-one years Editor, of *Old Jonathan* with earnest prayers that he may long be spared to continue his useful efforts. (Signed) ANDREW LUSK, chairman; W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, treasurer.

After the surprise evidently manifested at the amount of the testimonial, Dr. Doudney acknowledged the testimonial, and after alluding to some minor matters, said: My connection with the *Gospel Magazine* has now extended to seven-and-thirty years. The turning point in my history was the giving heed to the oft-repeated request of a now long sainted mother. In her every letter she would say: "Read your Bible; if it be but a few verses, read it every day." The wish, so frequently and so affectionately expressed, I thought could be so easily complied with, that I sought to carry it out. To that simple fact, under God, I have entirely to ascribe any little success that may have attended a course which has this day extended to its sixty-sixth anniversary. Disputed or despised as God's most sacred Word may be in the days in which we live, the very stones beneath my feet might well cry out did I fail—however feebly and imperfectly—to speak well of it. To the BIBLE I have to attribute every temporal and every spiritual blessing with which I have been indulged. It is not for anything in me inherently or intrinsically that I have ever been able to undertake or to accomplish what may have, in some little measure, redounded to the glory of God and to the good of my fellow-men. It is to GOD'S GRACE, and to THAT ALONE, that I am indebted. None have more cause than I to exclaim, and that most emphatically, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and Thy truth's sake." Seven-and-thirty years is certainly a long time to be permitted to occupy the same post—to conduct the same work; but, in proof that there is no credit whatever due to me, and that, as I have said, all the glory is due to God, allow me to state a fact. The title of my second leading article—that for July, 1840—was, "Faint, yet Pursuing;" so, that, within a few weeks of my undertaking the editorship of the *Gospel Magazine*, my hands waxed faint. Moreover, I tried to the utmost to relinquish the work; and to this day I contemplate with amazement the patience, forbearance, and long-suffering of my God, in regard to the rebellious thoughts and feelings of which I was the subject in connection with editorship. At the commencement of both my ministerial and editorial career, I thought that the little barrel of meal would soon waste, and the

cruse of oil fail; but, thank God! I have found it far, far otherwise. Although—as in the case of the blessed John Newton—I have, as a rule, had but one text at a time upon which either to write or to preach, there has *always* been *that one*. And now—so far from the fund being exhausted, or the storehouse emptied—I feel but, as it were, just inserting the key into the lock of the great Gospel treasury, in which I shall find ample provision for meditation and praise through a never-ending eternity. And why? Because Christ, in His own Divine and most glorious Person, is the sum and substance of His own blessed Word. “It is of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.” And now, what shall I say with respect to the object for which we are called together this evening? How can I acknowledge in anything like adequate terms your kindness, and the munificent gift with which you have recognised my protracted, but at the same time, very humble labours? I might dwell upon my deep, deep sense of their faultiness and frailty, but I will not. The great Searcher of hearts knows what I feel in this respect. I thank each and every subscriber; I thank my dear friend and successor, Mr. W. H. Collingridge, for the very successful manner in which he has carried out an object which stamps my present birthday as the most remarkable, encouraging, and eventful of the whole threescore-and-six! In conclusion, I earnestly pray that the special blessing of a covenant God may rest upon all; and, in the last great day of account, may it be found that all have rendered some little service in the promotion of the Redeemer’s glory and the spiritual and eternal well-being of immortal souls.

Mr. Goodridge (from Bristol), gave a few words of congratulation to “his dear pastor;” not in an official capacity, but desired to bear a personal testimony to the faithful preaching of “the Word” at St. Luke’s; the high regard in which Dr. Doudney was held by his Church and congregation there; and the pleasure they would realise when they heard of these proceedings.

Mr. James Grant (late editor of *Morning Advertiser*) spoke of his long and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Doudney; and was followed by the Rev. G. W. Straton, who, in his usual kind and loving manner, related the part he had taken in getting the Doctor to enter the Church.

A vote of thanks was given to the Chairman; and a similar vote was tendered to Mr. W. H. Collingridge, both of which were suitably acknowledged. Most cheerfully then our friend, the Rev. W. Lush, gave out Toplady’s hymn,

“A debtor to mercy alone,” &c.,

which we tried to sing; and, prayer being offered, the proceedings closed.

It is seldom we have attended a gathering where greater kindness and Christian love and regard have been manifest; and we must congratulate Dr. Doudney on the happy circumstances which surrounded him on his

sixty-sixth birthday, and wish him “many happy returns of the day;” for it is but very seldom that any editor is so highly valued and so suitably rewarded in his life-time as in this case. We could devoutly wish that it were otherwise. R.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Annual meetings of this Association were held at Mount Zion, Hill-street, Dorset-square, on Tuesday, March 13th. At the morning prayer meeting, Mr. Meeres presided. Psalm lxxxiv. was read. Brethren Woodward, Young, Sears (of Laxfield), West (of Erith), Teall (of Woolwich), Hody, Griffith, and Barrat prayed. In the afternoon, Mr. Hazelton read Ephesians iv., and delivered an excellent and elaborate discourse from chap. iii. 19, “That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.” The words were first viewed as indicating a Gospel doctrine, then as a petition, and finally as a phrase of Christian experience. On the last branch of this subject, a slight attack was made—and that very justly—on those who regard full assurance and confidence as presumption. At the evening meeting, Mr. Anderson, the president, of the Association, presided. After the friends had heartily sung the well-known hymn, commencing,—

“Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise,” &c.,

Mr. J. Hall (of Richmond) prayed. John xv. was read. Mr. Auderson observed that this Association had already lasted longer than any previous one. It had lived six years, and struggled through difficulties; though little had been done, yet more had been accomplished by it than by any previous one. Little Churches had been helped, and brethren encouraged. The members generally had hearty good will one towards the other. It was growing. Most saw the evil of spending time in abusing others who differ from them; and while their own views were firmly maintained and advocated, others were allowed the same privilege claimed by them—namely, that of being entitled to their own opinions. J. Box, the secretary, then gave a report. This was the sixth anniversary, the society being formed in March, 1871. Twenty-five brethren composed the committee. During the year seven meetings had been held; the attendance at which averaged two-thirds of the number of members. Six special services for united prayer with encouraging results. It had been thought well to hold these prayer-meetings on Monday evenings in future, and it is hoped that chapels in the neighbourhood will be closed these evenings, in order to secure a good attendance. The effort made to give educational help to young ministers has been unsuccessful, and last May the class was discontinued, on account of the smallness of the attendance. During the year only one application for help has been made, which was from Bethel chapel, Poplar. It was immediately responded to in the shape of a gift, to extinguish a debt on their school building,

of £10. Two Churches have withdrawn from the Association—namely, one meeting in Milton hall, under the pastorate of Mr. D. Gander; and the other at Clapham—Mr. H. Hall being the under-shepherd. Twenty-eight Churches comprised the Association, and twenty of these had sent letters, which showed spiritual and numerical prosperity—most of them, also, having good Sunday schools. The additions here recorded are all by baptism: Hope chapel, Bethnal-green, baptized 6, members 117; Camden lecture hall, 3 added, membership 88; Avenue chapel, College-st., with an increase of 9, members 74; Chadwell-st., Clerkenwell, membership 324; Tamworth-road, Croydon, 8 added, with a membership of 65; Zion, Deptford, 6 added, members 244; Mr. Dearsly, at Dalston, 1 baptized, members 45; Providence, Erith, baptized 7, members 28; Mount Zion, Hill-street, members 338, baptized 21: 60 members have been dismissed from this cause to form another; Bethel, Hoxton, baptized 2, 61 members; Hornsey-rise, 1 added, members 55; Bermondsey (Mr. Meeres'), baptized 4, 125 members; Silver-street, Notting-hill, baptized 3, members 90; Bethel, Poplar, added 4; Pimlico—Carmel, baptized 1, 70 members; Salem, Richmond, members 54; Soho—Oxford-street, baptized 9, 128 members; Wandsworth, baptized 1, 87 members; West Ham, 7 added, 78 members; Jireh, East-road, baptized 1, 89 members. In all, 94 baptized, making on an average 5 for each Church.

The subject for the evening was the unity of the Church. Mr. Dearsly spoke on the vital nature of the union; Mr. Langford followed on the sweet bond; Mr. Masterson dwelt on its great variety; Mr. Shepherd on the co-operation arising from it; Mr. G. Webb, its final perfection. The speeches were instructive and encouraging. After Mr. Langford's speech, Mr. Box gave a financial statement. There were two funds. The general fund. Balance in hand, £30 10s. which was augmented by the subscriptions of several Churches; and the collection of the day together amounting to £41 11s. 1d., giving a total of £72 1s. 1d. The special fund, for granting loans without interest. They had £141 in hand; in all about £240, with what was out. They wished to increase this to £1,000. A gentleman had promised a guinea annually if nineteen others would promise the same. This was done, when another promised the same amount if nineteen more agreed to the same; and in all, with promises of guineas and half-guineas, over forty guineas annually was secured; and a donation of £5 from a friend at Kepple-street.

The morning attendance was good, but afternoon and evening the chapel was comfortably full. W. B.

SURREY TABERNACLE.

MR. EDITOR,—I happen to know that the friends of truth, the country throughout, look to your pages to learn how the cause

at the tabernacle moves on. It will interest such to learn that the ordinance of believers' baptism has again been attended to. The service was held on Wednesday evening, March 14. Previous to the administration of the ordinance, a masterly discourse was delivered by Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersal. The sermon was an unanswerable argument, not in defence, but in positive proof drawn from Scripture, of the authority, the mode, and the subjects for, believers' baptism. No minister that I know is better qualified to deal with such a subject than Mr. Crowther. The whole argument was substantiated by chapter and verse, and was listened to by a large congregation with great interest—the mis-called "Bond of Unity" company being shown, not only to have misconstrued Scripture, but to have made some very illogical and simple remarks in their attempt to make their own statement good. At the close of the sermon Mr. Crowther, after making some suitable remarks at the head of the pool, administered the ordinance to the candidates; and, after singing and prayer, the interesting service was brought to a close. During March, we have had Mr. Jull again. He is quite a favourite with some of the people, who love him for his evident earnestness in his Master's work. Then Mr. Forman came from the Isle of Ely to minister unto us "in Word and doctrine;" we look upon him as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" and the people hear him with joy and gladness, and with pleasure and profit; and his visits are anticipated with delight by most of the congregation. Then we have had Mr. Crowther, Mr. Wise, and Mr. Mead. Might I be allowed a word about the last-named, in reference to a letter which appeared in your March number, signed "J. C. L.?" I really think Mr. Mead might say, in reference to that letter, "Deliver me from my friends." I think, sir, your editorial note at the end contains more Gospel truth than all your correspondent's eulogistic letter. What I wish more particularly to notice is the footnote of your correspondent's letter, in which he states that one of the members of the tabernacle told the Lord, "We don't want no grammar in the pulpit." This is not, I understand, a fair quotation of the idea expressed by the member. The thought was that the pure truth of the Gospel was more to be desired than any fine display of ability or of rhetoric; learning was not despised, but put in its proper place. The truth was to be first and foremost, and the other things could follow. But, if my information is correct, I think "J. C. L." need not further trouble as regards Mr. Mead and the tabernacle; for the Lord appears to be so blessing his labours at Heaton-road, Peckham, that I have good authority for saying the probability is the Church there will be made a Baptist Church, and Mr. Mead will be asked to take the oversight of the same.

Yours truly,

Nobody.

"I AM FULL OF CHRIST."

A Little Record of the Life of Faith, and Happy Death of Mrs. John Elam, late of Sheffield.

[We knew this quiet, consistent, and genuine disciple of our Lord Jesus, this true child of God. We ask our friends to read this memorial (by brother Joseph Taylor) to all who are afflicted with unbelief and slavish fear.—ED.]

At the request of brother Elam, I forward to you a brief memoir of the life and death of his beloved wife, Ann Elam, who departed this life in peace and triumph, December 21, 1876. Her maiden name was Ann Craig, was born at Dungeon, February 6, 1824.

In the days of her youth she was fond of solitude; to be alone gathering flowers, or to be reading a book, was her delight. Her parents attended Lockwood Church; she had the privilege of sitting under that man of God, Mr. Hewlett, who was there about six years. Like Timothy, she knew the Holy Scriptures from a child; therefore, as gentle refreshing rains mellow the earth, and return not again without accomplishing the end for which they are sent, so it was with the word of grace on her heart, under the blessing of the Spirit of our God. Fond of reading the Word, her reading was not in vain, the fruit appeared in after days, in faith and spiritual excellence in the service of her God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

When speaking at times with others on soul matters, she would put the question very pointedly, "Do you know you are a sinner?" and then she would add, "You know Christ came to save sinners." She could say for herself, "I know He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Her faith was stedfast in the doing, dying, and suffering of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in His rising again for her justification. She would speak of Him as her Sun of Righteousness, her bright and Morning Star, and would express her deep feeling at times, by saying, "I am full of Christ."

Her illness commenced near four years ago. Her conversation and demeanour throughout, bore testimony to the matchless power of the doctrines of free-grace, under the sanctifying power of the Spirit of God to sustain, comfort, uphold, and enable the soul to triumph in Christ, under the keenest afflictions and most trying dispensations.

In the summer of 1876, she was confined to her bed, became so weak, that the doctor said she could not continue long. In anticipation of her end, she called her family around her, that she might give them counsel, and impart to them her last kiss of blessing. Through the goodness of God, she was raised up again for a while, as one from the dead, for all had watched her for dying, and she had given charge concerning her funeral, &c. She was troubled with a very severe cough; in our visits, Mrs. Taylor would say, "Aye! that cough!" "Well," she would reply, "It's all right, it is the will of God, it is all right." Her patience and endurance under the severest pain, and changes from worse to worse, were astonishing. I never heard anything

like a murmuring word proceed out of her mouth. She was cheerful at all times, industrious with her needle to the last. I was conversing with her on one occasion, and referred to that excellent promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." She replied, "This is not a day of trouble to me, I have no trouble." I replied, "It is not a day of trouble, because the Lord hath given you the promise, He hath taken the trouble away." At another time she said, "I have rather need to ask the Lord to withhold His hand, than to bestow more upon me." Again, she said, "Do you think that He who has stood by me so long, will leave me now? Not likely!" she said, with great emphasis. She would invariably ask for prayer before we parted. Many of us were more edified and instructed by her heavenly conversation, and more ready to listen to her triumphs of faith and grace—expressed continually—than we were to give counsel unto her. Such was the majesty and glory of the grace of God, that one seemed almost struck dumb for an answer to her sayings. I confess, I never saw the like, and scarcely expect to see one like her again.

In the early part of last December, she took to her bed again, and lay ten days without being moved. On Tuesday, December 19, she called her husband to her side, and said, "My dear, it is hard for me to leave a happy family like mine, but the Lord's will be done." Speaking of Luther, the eldest son, who was away from home, she said, "I shall see him no more; but you be kind to him." To her husband she said, "You have been a kind and faithful husband to me; the Lord will reward you, and be with you."

On Tuesday, Dec. 21, the nurse called her husband at four o'clock in the morning; he came to her bedside, she breathed heavy; he took her hand—it was cold; she looked up and said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" She bowed her head, and fell asleep in her Saviour's arms.

Thus died this good and gracious woman, of whom not one thing here declared is carried too far; but very much more might be added, upon which I will not enlarge; but conclude by expressing my own admiration of the excellent power and tendencies of those gracious truths, and that glorious Gospel of the grace of God in which by His Spirit we are called to believe and hope. Two lines appear on her funeral cards, which, when quoted to her by her sister, called forth her joy and gratitude in a most wonderful manner.

"On Christ, the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Sheffield.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

LIMEHOUSE.—COVERDALE-ROOMS. We have now worshipped in these rooms seven years. Our anniversary, on the 13th of March, was a warm and useful celebration. Our friends F. Green, G. Elven, and others opened up the Word of God. We have some blessed men as elders, deacons, and supporters.

THE LATE JAMES WELLER, HIS SON, AND THE WIDCOMBE BAPTIST CHURCH.

It fell out so by mere chance, as some might say, we sat down the other evening to catch a glimpse of the experience, life, ministry, and death of that afflicted but faithful servant of Christ the late Mr. James Weller, once the blessed pastor of the true Baptist Church at Robertsbridge, in Sussex. His travail of soul, his deliverance from bondage by the voice of Jesus, his call to the ministry, his painful yet peaceful death, did so clearly shew forth the work and way of the Holy Spirit in conversion and in calling by grace, that we resolved, if the Lord would permit, to give the most important parts of it in the future pages of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

Secretly to ourselves we thought, James Weller's testimony was clear and conclusive, and appeared certainly to throw us into the shade altogether. Shortly after this a letter fell into our hands, which had long been hidden with heaps of other valuable papers, which said letter had been written to us by the son of the late Mr. Weller, formerly of Robertsbridge; and in that letter the son assures us the Lord did, in the year 1864, make us the means of his crying for mercy; and the following lines from Mr. James Weller, of Bath, the son of the minister to whom we have referred, will prove that cry for God's mercy was not in vain. We give the son's letter first, and hope in future numbers to give his father's experience, which may the Lord bless unto the souls of many. Amen. Here is, first, the letter sent to us by the son of the late James Weller, of blessed memory:—

MY VERY DEAR C. W. BANKS,—And may I not say, father, for you were made the instrument, in God's hand, on May 14th, 1864, in causing me to cry for mercy, in quickening my soul from death? and I must now say, it was of the Lord's mercy I was not consumed, because His compassions fail not. I have ever since been a reader of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, and can say many a time has my soul been refreshed; and I trust you may be spared many years to go on in the work of the Lord, for surely you must know, ere this, "ye shall reap if ye faint not." What a mercy! He giveth strength to the weak; many times have I been ready to give all up, but, thanks be to His dear Name, He is faithful to His Word, He changeth not, therefore we are not consumed. Your enemies have been many, yet He upholdeth you with His hand; and I do believe it will be said when you have finished the work ordained for you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The Lord bless you more and more. So prays your well-wishing son in the Lord,
JAMES WELLER.
6, Hatfield-buildings, Bath.

I have to ask you to say in the *VESSEL* as follows:—Ebenezer chapel, Widcombe, Bath.—The anniversary of our much-loved and esteemed pastor, Mr. John Huntley, was held—the day commencing by prayer meet-

ing, at 7. After a most impressive sermon by Mr. Huntley, eight were baptized; amongst them our pastor had the honour and pleasure of taking his eldest son down into the water; baptizing them all on a profession of their faith in the name of the Holy Trinity. In the evening, after the sermon, the eight and two others were added to the Church; then the emblems were partaken of, in remembrance of our risen and exalted Lord. We can say, as a Church, it was a rejoicing time. We feel thankful there are others bleating around, and we do pray the dear Lord will add unto us many who are made alive, being redeemed by His precious blood.

On the following day, at our tea meeting, near 300 sat down very happily. We had a large audience in the evening; on the platform with our dear pastor, were several Baptist ministers and friends, who rejoiced over the gradual growth and success attending Mr. Huntley's ministrations. It was a pleasing sight to see one of our deacons stand up and present our dear pastor with a purse containing gold, from the Church, to shew, as far as we can, our love and esteem. If any Church on earth has cause to rejoice, it is Ebenezer Church, Widcombe. "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." I long to see your face once more. Hoping the Lord will bless you abundantly,
J. W.

[We are ashamed to find this note has been so long hidden. We had the honour of taking part in Mr. Huntley's recognition; we have never forgotten it, nor have we ever ceased to love him as a brother in the Lord.—C. W. B.]

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

To the Editor of the "*Earthen Vessel*."

As reference has been made in your pages to the Suffolk and Norfolk Particular Baptist Association, that twenty-five out of thirty of the associated Churches have opened their table to baptized persons not members of other Churches, as the Church at Yarmouth is one of the associated Churches, and has not opened her table, I wish to say we believe it contrary to Scripture to do so.

I.—By shewing the Scripture does not support it, take the first Gospel Church. Peter, acting upon his Lord's commission, 1. Preaches the Word (Acts ii. 14); the Holy Ghost blesses his preaching by pricking his hearers in the heart (*i.e.*, making disciples). 2. He baptized them. 3. They were added to the Church, and continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship (*i.e.*, Church communion), and in breaking of bread (the Lord's Supper), and assembling themselves together for the worship of God. Also in the Church at Samaria, we see the same order; in no case do we find that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to any but members of Churches (*i.e.*, those formed together according to the preceding order).

II.—The Scripture forbids it. It is asked,

"Am I to be excluded from the Supper because I cannot unite with you in Church fellowship? why make it so important?" We do not; it is the Word of God. We know the Lord's order; and are not at liberty to allow that order to be disturbed; on the contrary, we are commanded to withdraw from every brother who walketh disorderly (2 Thes. iii. 6). Surely this is walking disorderly, to trample upon the order of the Church, seeking to share her privileges without obeying the commandments. Then they plead their hindrances, which I believe, nine times out of ten, are nothing but obstinacy. Are we, therefore, to break the King's order to accommodate pride or obstinacy? God forbid! We might as well say, Because David listened to the tempter's voice, we ought to do the same; but the Scripture says, "Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of the least of these commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in kingdom of heaven" (Matt. v. 19). Surely this is not quite one of the least of the commandments. It is asked, "Do we recognise Christian brotherhood?" We answer, Yes, there are many outside the Church we love as Christians, but at the Lord's table we can only recognise them according to the order of the Word of God.

Excuse this letter; I wish to make myself plain. It has been said to me, "You have no authority from the Word of God to maintain strict order." This I have proved to be false.

I remain yours in truth,

F. S. REYNOLDS.

Great Yarmouth.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—A meeting of a very interesting character took place on Monday, March 12th, at Providence chapel, Speke-road, Clapham junction, for the purpose of acknowledging the great assistance rendered by our brother Mr. E. Mitchel, member of Mr. Atkinson's, Brighton. The meeting was conducted by Mr. S. Stiles, one of the deacons. After singing, several brethren engaged in prayer; some also gave testimony of the high esteem they felt for our brother Mitchel, who had laboured so heartily with us for upwards of four years, without any remuneration, many being blessed under his ministry, and sinners converted to God. Brother Clarke, another deacon, after giving a short address, presented Mr. Mitchel with a purse containing £5 16s. 6d., the willing offerings of those who so highly appreciated him; and a pencil-case also, from one who said, "Gold and silver have I none, but such as I have give I thee." Brother Mitchel, in acknowledging the kindness of the friends, said, "I have done my best, and would have done more if I could; my earnest desire is, and always has been, that God would bless and prosper this little cause, for it has laid very near my heart." Brother Mitchel is an earnest, sincere man of truth, who, while he has a portion for the saint, does not leave the sinner without a warning. I feel that our brother will be a blessing to any cause where the great Head of the Church may think fit to place him.—S. B.

KING'S CROSS.—THE LATE MR. TURNER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You have rendered essential help to the cause of Christ at Little Bethel, Lavina-grove, King's-cross, through your notice of the difficulties we were placed in through the departure of our late pastor. One of your readers felt his mind so impressed that he offered to supply for us; he is now our pastor. We have great reason to be thankful he has come amongst us. Our friends are anxious for you to notice the departure of our aged, zealous, and much-esteemed brother Turner, who left our shores for his final home in those mansions promised by the dear Redeemer. His remains were brought, by his own request, from Hatfield to a friend's house. A funeral service was held in our chapel, conducted by Mr. Haydon, our pastor, and Mr. Bird, the minister of the chapel at Hatfield. There friend Turner had been living the last four years, and carried out the injunction of the God of heaven to His ancient people, that wherever they should be scattered they should seek the welfare of those with whom they dwell. A very pleasing and instructive paper has been forwarded by the minister and friends at Hatfield, showing how heartily and sincerely he united with them to exalt and honour Him who is the "Way, the Truth, and the Life." His remains were taken to St. Pancras Cemetery on February 2nd, and laid with his partner and fourth son. A number of friends met the remains of our brother. A short service was held over the grave, and an address given by Mr. Christian, who had known him over thirty years. Brother Turner felt a sincere affection for all that loved and feared God. He has for more than forty years been connected with this cause. During its location at Beulah chapel, Somers-town, some things caused him to leave for a short time; but when the troubled sea was a little calmer he returned, and brought with him Mr. Thrift, our late pastor, but for whom, under God, this little Church had long since been scattered. During its various changes, its removal to the schoolroom adjoining, its temporary occupation of the Temperance hall, and its ultimate settlement in its present position, our brother was our constant friend; he was the builder of our chapel, and presented £20 to help clear the building debt. His sincere and disinterested love for Bethel caused his counsel and advice to be valued by us. His illness was extremely painful. God enabled him to bear it without repining. We have lost in him a sincere friend, a wise counsellor, and one whose prayers are still recorded for our benefit at the throne of grace. Yours in desire for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom,

C. GREEN.

155, Hungersford-road, Camden-road,
March 14th.

L I N S L A D E Baptist Church is upheld. Mr. Marlow, Mr. Linsey, and others expound, and pray, and preach, but the harvest is not large.

THE LATE JAMES WELLS AND WILLIAM BIDDER.

[Six-and-twenty years ago Mr. James Wells wrote to Mr. W. Bidder, the following lines. Mrs. Sophia Hill, of Yeovil, the granddaughter of Mr. Bidder, sends this to us; and with sacred pleasure we insert them: they shew the influence grace had upon the writer's heart.—Ed.]

Tunbridge Wells, June 14, 1853.

Now, brother Bidder, why should you,
I ask the question plain,
Demand from me a line or two,
In a poetic strain?

Pray do you think that I can take
My pen at any time,
And pick up thoughts at railway rate,
And turn them into rhyme?

But since 'tis in a friendly way
The task you do impose,
With you I will begin to-day,
And now a word disclose.

It seems to me that Tonbridge Wells,
From all I see and hear,
Beyond your expectation swells,
And does your person cheer.

Yet mind, 'tis summer now, my friend,
And we have had our spring;
And soon the autumn, too, will end,
And winter will set in.

On earthly scenes it will not do
Too eagerly to gaze,
Or, brother, we shall quickly rue,
And get into a maze.

And while I write, methinks I hear
A good old brother cry,
"From vanity and all things here,
Turn off thy foolish eye."

I'll call another witness, too,*
To prove the truth of this;
He tried what earthly bliss would do;
But out of Christ 'twas miss.

His orchards, pools, and gardens, too,
With Jesus out of sight,
Brought no real happiness to view,
But vex'd him day and night.

Go home, my brother, then, I say,
And preach that blessed Him,
Who turns our darkness into day,
And winter into spring.

Go, tell the people of your charge,
Real happiness there's none,
Except through grace they walk at large,
In God's beloved Son.

All solids do in Jesus meet,
But vapours dwell below;
Fain would I sit at His dear feet,
And all beside let go.

But foolish I too often dare
To tread forbidden ground,
And oft my silly feet go where
They in the net are found.

Yet, notwithstanding this, I say,
My heart to Zion tends;
It thirsteth for the King's highway,
Where tribulation ends.

Oh, blessed place! Oh, blissful home!
Where sin no place shall find;
And all the saw'd before the throne,
Have left the flesh behind.

Now, brother Bidder, fare thee well,
May God be your delight,
Until you shall be called to dwell,
Where there can be no night.

Rohoboth. "TIMOTHY THE YOUNGER."
(J. Wells.)

* Solomon.

A PRECIOUS LETTER FROM WALES.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER in Him we love,—I, who am also your unworthy brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, drop you a line, by the which you will see I have not forgotten you. Indeed, I often call to mind the happy hours we did converse together of the precious things of heaven, the dew, and the deep that coucheth beneath. O! my dear friends in Jesus, how precious are such portions as these: "The deep that coucheth beneath;" "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" the river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God." Not forgetting Paul's, "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," &c.

You, my brother, know well that to speak of these precious things to our free-will, spelling bee, and concert professors, is casting pearls before swine. O, how it grieves me to think that if ever I venture to open my mind on these blessed truths, how I am persecuted for it! You know how they used to slander you as well as me, and though, during the three years you were here, no blemish was found in your moral character, yet you were branded with "Antinomian;" but alas! where are some of them now? The little popular Wesleyan, who the Rhymney folks were so anxious to make their pastor, has made a painful end; he has thrown off his mask at last; he violently opposed me for a long time. Surely, the triumphing of the hypocrite is but for a season.

My dear friends, I trust you still feel it is good for you to draw nigh unto God. I am fully convinced that much of God's Word can only be understood in the furnace. It is there and then that His words are found, and it is there and then that we eat them. They are then unto us the joy and rejoicing of our hearts, because we are called by His name. Of late I have been most sharply tried in a way of providence, owing to the slackness of our coal trade, during which time I had a truly dark and gloomy prospect before me; but here again His words were found, "Be still and know that I am God." O, my brother, what a blessed antidote is this against the accuser, against a murmuring spirit, a gloomy prospect, and a frowning world! In the above words I found a double portion—namely, food for my own soul, and matter for the pulpit. Thus I have room to hope that I am the right man in the right place, for my Bargoed friends are poor in this world, like myself.

I have succeeded in launching the *VESSEL* at Bargoed. One of my deacons is a stationer, and we mean to do our best to distribute the truth. We have many readers of the *Little Gleaner* amongst the young. Many thanks for the sermons you kindly sent me. Brother Jennings, who sends his love to you, travels to Bargoed with me on Lord's-day. This makes us near nine miles on Sunday, by time we arrive home at night. May the Lord's strength be perfected in our weakness. "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; to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

Yours truly,
JOHN BOLTON,
12, Garth-street, Pontlottyn,
Near Cardiff, Nov. 13, 1876,
Mr. and Mrs. Meadows.

[This is a worthy and useful—but severely exercised—servant of CHRIST.—ED.]

MR. THOS. STRINGER TO FRIENDS IN AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS in "the Prince of Peace."—After wondering many times about how matters were with you and your dear children, your welcome letter came to hand, Jan. 22. I need not say how pleased we were to read of the Lord's merciful kindness and preserving care in granting you a safe voyage across the rolling deep into a strange and foreign land, for which Divine favour we, with yourselves, bless and praise His great and blessed name. Glad we are also to hear that your dear husband and sons have obtained suitable employment, and that Christian friends have so willingly rendered their kind help and assistance towards you in a time of temporal necessity, for which may the Lord abundantly bless them. Though far away from your native shores, home, and old friends, you still prove our faithful God to be "Jehovah-Jireh."

Another thing which I am much pleased with is, to hear that you have found a Gospel home under the ministry of Mr. D. Allen, and now are honourable members of the Church under his pastoral care; and from what I have read of his productions, I am fully persuaded the Gospel he preaches is sixteen ounces to the pound. And I am quite sure that a short weight, mongrel-mixture, yea and nay, if and but, works and grace, duty-faith sort of Gospel will never suit my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Grice. You say Mr. Allen shews Popery no quarter. Bravo! Glad I am to hear it. Fire volleys of eternal truth at that soul-destroying system, but pray for its poor deluded votaries. I have known for many years that you, through God's grace, have been decided for, and devoted to, that truth which will maugre all opposition from earth and hell, and which will stand fast and firm amidst the wreck of nations and the crush of worlds. And God grant that under the certain sound of Mr. Allen's ministry, you may be led further and further into a soul-comforting, God-glorifying acquaintance with its vital realities, heart-cheering preciousness, perpetuity and power, feel blest and happy among the saints in Australia, until you are landed for ever with them in the regions of unclouded light. Here in England—especially in its metropolises—we are almost suffocated with the narcotic smoke of duty-faith and Ritualistic buffoonery. Still we have at certain places (bless the Lord) a pure, unadulterated, good Gospel atmosphere to breathe in, so that regenerated souls are preserved from

being entirely choked by the awful effluvia. I hope you are not plagued with such an erroneous pestilence in Australia. If so, may the Lord preserve you from its poisonous tendency, and grant you health of body and happiness of soul under the joyful sound of the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God, with much spiritual enjoyment of the Father's love, the Son's fulness, and the Spirit's rich anointings, that you may flourish like palm-trees, and grow like cedars of Lebanon, and joyfully anticipate that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," when time shall be no more.

We are moving on at Earl-street, London-road, on the main line of glorious Gospel truth, not at the rate of an express train, but at a steady pace, which we prefer, having a better opportunity to watch the danger signals (false teachers), and keep the terminus (dissolution) in view. Shortly we shall be there.

And now I commend you to God, and to His perpetual, protecting, preserving mercy; praying that temporal and spiritual success may be enjoyed by you.

My dear wife and family unite with me in kind regards and Christian love to yourselves and dear children.

Yours sincerely in the Lord,

THOMAS STRINGER:

Mr. and Mrs. Grice.

100, Cold Harbour-lane, Camberwell,
Feb. 1877.

I P S W I C H.—BETHESDA CHAPEL. Monday evening, Feb. 19th, Mr. W. Kern, of Guildford, preached to a large congregation from Heb. ii. 1. Wednesday, Feb. 21, being anniversary of the late pastor's birthday, it was celebrated in the usual way by a tea meeting, at which over 300 sat down to tea. After tea, public meeting, which was opened by Mr. Poock giving out Psalm cxvii., Watts, beginning,—

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise."

After singing and prayer by brother Churchyard, Mr. Poock expressed his thanks to the friends for their kind feeling shewn upon the occasion, also for their present of thirty pounds which had been presented privately, and hoped that the friends would forgive anything which he had said or done in the part that had in any way wounded their feelings. He also spoke very kindly of brother Kern, and expressed his desire for the Lord's blessing to rest upon Bethesda and upon brother Kern's ministry, whom we expect to take the pastorate in July, the Church at Guildford being willing to accept of three, instead of six months' notice, to which they were entitled. Mr. P. then asked brother Kern to preside over the meeting. Speeches were given by brethren Kern, Morling, Grimwood, Lack, and Mr. Poock's son, Thomas; apologies from brother Lambert and Houghton, absent through being unwell, and brother Whorlow from engagement to preach at Surrey tabernacle.

PENN, BEACON HILL, BUCKS.—The pastor of the Baptist Church at this place died on Tuesday, Feb. 12th. He had laboured there for thirty-nine years. When the writer first knew him thirty-seven years ago, the cause was comparatively in a flourishing state, but through various causes, removals, deaths, &c., for several years it has declined. The truths he preached were too humbling for many; too plain and faithful for others, who lived for themselves and the world, and did not seek first the kingdom of God. Mr. Miller still laboured on for many years in great bodily weakness and infirmity, with an eye single for the love of truth, the glory of God, and the good of souls. This was manifest to all, for he often paid his expenses to get there out of his own pocket. But God was with him, and made these days his happiest ones, and he never wanted in temporals. By this he put to shame many who, when invited to preach, ask, what do they give? or, I shall not go, they, I hear, are not very liberal, &c. This I have known. He could not go for more than a year, through deep afflictions increasing. He took to his bed, January 23, when he began to sink very fast, till his Master called, "Child, come home." Mr. Chivers, pastor of Zion chapel, Wycombe, called to see him, to whom he said, "Brother Chivers, I am on the Rock! the Rock!" Mr. Sears, of Laxfield, buried him at Penn chapel burying-ground, on Lord's-day, Feb. 19, and preached in the evening. A large number of persons were present, more than could get into the chapel; and to show their love to him, there were funeral sermons preached at other chapels in the neighbourhood. We feel we have lost a long-tried friend and brother in the truth. His work was done, and he is now at home with his Lord; yes, for ever,

"To see and hear and know,
All he desired or wished below;
And all his powers and sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

IVINGHOE.—(Note to a friend). **DEAR BROTHER** in the hope that is hoping against hope,—You know I have not been well, so came down here for some early spring breezes. Sunday went to grandfather Collyer's chapel, where three sermons were preached by C. W. Banks; and I heard them all. Then on Monday, there was a public tea; devotional services by friend Boarder. After the choir had rendered some sacred pieces, Mr. Banks gave a lecture, which was well received. The proceeds of these services are to relieve some families who have been sorely distressed. The congregations and services were pleasingly successful; in fact, Mrs. Collyer and her friends, like Deborah and Martha of old, have put forth great energy, and the cause and schools are reviving. Bless the Lord, truth still lives in Ivinghoe, where the people have too much good sense, and too much love for the Gospel of the grace of God to allow the trifles of a day to delude them. Mr. Collyer is going on for eighty-five years, still preaches occasionally; and we are anxious to see the

proposition of giving the venerable Baptist of Ivinghoe a testimonial crowned with an honourable victory. For more than fifty years he has been a faithful witness for Christ. Every Christian Church in the kingdom would gladly send a mite towards cheering the heart of the aged minister, if they knew the case. I am told that Mr. Frith started it; that the Editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** will try to further it. "O Lord, send now prosperity." You enquired if Christ's Gospel is at all spreading in these parts? At Eaton Bray, Long Marston, and in several villages, it is maintained. If I go on to Leighton, Luton, and Dunstable, you shall hear more. James Clark is the only settled pastor in these parts now. E. W.

MIDDLESEX.—Eighth anniversary of Hayes tabernacle was celebrated Thursday, March 8, 1877. Sermon in afternoon by E. Forman, of March; at evening meeting, Mr. Edward Harris, of Mount Zion, Hill-street, presided; and with much propriety, truly in a Christian spirit, He conducted the meeting. We have to thank the Lord for so many faithful and godly laymen who come forward when requested, to encourage ministers and to help causes of truth. Among such, evidently, is Mr. Edward Harris. Mr. Bennett, of Wilderness-row, spoke first on the ultimate triumphs of our Lord; Mr. Meeres on the absolute necessity of sin being punished, either in the person of the sinner, or in a Substitute for him. While brother Meeres expatiated so forcibly on the sufferings of the Son of God, we felt humbled at the little effect which these holy declarations seem to produce. Mr. S. Ponsford contends decidedly for the redemption of Christ as a finished work for all the Father's gave unto Him. C. W. Banks said a few words on Peter's question, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" The brethren Forman, Bardens, and E. Harris closed the services of another anniversary at Hayes tabernacle, where, we understand, there is a Sunday school of some 250 children. As we listened to those soul-stirring speakers, the brethren Forman and Bardens, we thought they were happy men above many.

NORWICH.—A GOOD WORD FOR ORFORD HILL.

MR. EDITOR.—In January number, speaking of Norwich, you say, "After a time of sowing in tears, I fell ill, and it was hardly expected I should again get well." Your remarks, as far as they relate to me, convey a wrong impression; my service at Orford-hill was, through mercy, one of success, consequently one that calls for thanksgiving. I went to a dilapidated Church, this was built up. I found it in debt, this was paid off. I was surrounded with many friends, and better deacons it does not often fall to the lot of ministers to have. That "the Lord sent me to Norwich" I have never doubted, nor am I aware that I should have left Orford-hill or my own accord; it pleased the Lord in His

sovereignty to afflict me with typhoid fever ; mine was what medical men call a heavy case, they ordered me off to Brighton immediately. After two years and a-half I am "a poor creature."

The Church did as they pleased ; by their wish I ceased to be their pastor, and I have no reflections to make upon the course they pursued. They soon obtained the services of the present pastor ; I trust the Lord's work may go on prosperously. In conclusion, it would be worth while to inquire what might be done for ministers of our denomination who, by disease or premature old age, are incapacitated from labour in the Master's vineyard. With much love, I am, yours truly,
JNO. BRUNT.

20, Clarendon-road, Hove, Brighton,
March 2nd.

[We feel the deepest grief for our deservedly esteemed brother. His real case should be known, and practically considered.—ED.]

BURGH, LINCOLNSHIRE. — Dear Mr. Banks,—I am a member of the Baptist cause at Burgh, and have been more than forty years, and have witnessed painful treatment from some towards our late pastor. I wish to correct the paragraph descriptive of Mr. Wright's farewell. I can assure you the heavy purse was presented by the congregation ; and many of the respectable inhabitants of the town liberally sent contributions through the esteem they had for him. With feelings of the deepest regret have we to deplore the loss of such a faithful minister. In the hands of God he had been the means of gathering large congregations ; yea, many of them, previous to Mr. Wright coming to Burgh, never went to hear at all. Many of us can say, blessedly has his preaching fed our souls. We can still realise its fragrance. Some members have not assembled since. We meet in a cottage for prayer and reading the Word, with hope and faith. The Lord has been, and will be with us. If the Lord had not blessed Mr. Wright in his own soul, and other souls by him, he would not have staid so long. We are looking for the Lord to send a minister to proclaim the Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus. We are a flock scattered without a shepherd. Our concern is more for so many of the congregation who go nowhere now. To a crowded congregation of all denominations did our late pastor preach a solemn farewell the last Sabbath in January. In an affectionate manner, he spoke of the kindness he had received from some.—J. FLETCHER.

[What can this mean? A blessed servant of Christ, and a large congregation driven away! How? For what? To us and to many it is a paradox.—ED.]

MAYFORD.—Mr. T. House, jun., writes on behalf of the Baptist Church in Mayford : Mr. Corbett, the managing deacon is doing his utmost to hold up the cause and the school ; but good ministerial and substantial help is required. Shall we let the little one perish? How few there are who do not despise the day of small things!

EXETER.—The South Chard pastor says: I am bound to say that, having obtained help from God, I have continued to this day ; although I had to contend with many difficulties, and fears, and doubts, and temptations, and have said like David, "In my distress I cried unto the Lord ; I showed before Him my trouble ; O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee. What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever." I know God will be sought unto by His people to do those things for them which He has promised, and that the oppression of the enemy furnishes us with arguments with which to come before God ; it makes us in earnest with Him. It is much better to be exercised in this way than to sink in a state of sloth and carnal ease ; also by these things the mind becomes stored with experimental matter to bring before God's tried people in the ministry. Surely there is no blessing on earth can possibly compare with the Gospel of the Son of God ; and when it is preached in love, and affection, and power of the Holy Spirit ; when the necessity of its being received into the heart in the power and warmth of the Holy Ghost, and the internal effects of it are described dividing between the empty professor, who is at war with these Divine realities, and the true child of God, sure we are there is no other system or doctrine so self-humbling and Christ-exalting as is the way of life opened up in the glorious Gospel of His grace ; nor is anything on earth so well calculated to wean us from the vanity of this sin-disordered world as a feeling sense of sovereign grace and boundless mercy. It is a blessed thing for the mind to be reconciled to the doctrines of the Gospel, how much soever they may cross the carnal mind and the depraved nature of fallen man. The blessing of heaven rest upon you.

W. SHEPHERD

HERTFORD.—EBENEZER CHAPEL. The annual meeting of the Church and congregation was held on the 24th. A goodly company partook of tea. At 6.30 the public meeting commenced ; the pastor, Mr. R. Bowles, in the chair. After singing and prayer, the pastor addressed the friends on the goodness and mercy of the Lord to them during the past year ; the peace that prevailed, and the prosperity enjoyed in their midst. The deacon (Mr. S. Marshall), on behalf of the Church and congregation, presented the pastor with a purse (including proceeds of tea) of £17 10s. 6d. Mr. B. suitably acknowledged the same, quoting at the same time the words of the poet :—

"The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from Thy gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Thee still for more."

(A voice : "Wait till next year.") Mr. Sampford, of Ware ; Mr. Winterton and Blackaby, of Stanstead, and others, addressed the friends. Singing and prayer brought this very happy meeting to a close. On the

following day, the Sunday scholars were invited to tea, when they were plentifully regaled with tea, cake, oranges and sweets. The evening was spent in recitations, dialogues, and appropriate pieces said and sung. The children elicited much applause by the efficient manner they each sustained their different parts. DELTA.

CHATHAM AND NEW BROMPTON.

BELOVED BROTHER in our highly-exalted Lord,—These words have occurred to my mind,—

"Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And He is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead."
"Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!"

Such He has proved to you again and again, and such He will prove the remainder of your life, and in death too, and in judgment likewise, also through a blissful long eternity. And now this question arises in my mind, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" This answer presents itself (Oh! for the heart-melting spirit, humbling and God-glorifying feeling to accompany the words),—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

At our Church meeting, it was carried unanimously, "That a vote of thanks be given to C. W. Banks for his kindness to us, as a people, at Enon; also for his kindness in the gift of the bills, and for coming down and preaching three sermons (all gratuitously) at the opening of the Workman's hall, High-street, New Brompton." I doubt not that you have the approbation of God in your own conscience. God's hand I must believe is in the work at New Brompton, and His blessing has been realised. Oh! what a blest day is approaching, when, I trust, we in glory shall meet one another. What singing! what shouting! what heavenly greeting will there be at that general triumphant Church meeting. How will they all sing the loud-sounding chorus, making heaven to ring with "Hallelujah to God and to the Lamb!"

We have lately had lectures at Enon by Dr. Hammond and Mr. Steele. We are looking forward to your lecture on behalf of our building fund. The blessed Lord be with you continually, and satisfy your soul with the marrow and fatness of His precious salvation. Yours affectionately in Jesus,

JOSEPH CASSE, SEN.

SCOTLAND. — We believe, from the testimony of a worthy Christian, that in "the lowlands" there are hosts of stern and truthful believers. "In the highlands" they go in for knowledge, says my friend, "but in the lowlands they go in for experience; and the first question they ask you is, 'Have you Life?'" We wish thousands in our English Churches could answer that in the affirmative. Long have we thought, some time with these lowlanders we must be found, for, in the lowlands we have been to school over sixty years.

BAPTIZING AT BARGOED, NEAR CARDIFF.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I told you the spectators at our baptizing service were deeply interested. I am thankful to say it was the means of adding many to our congregation; also a believing brother has come forward, expressing his desire to follow his beloved Lord in His appointed ways, and to unite with us. I baptized him in the same place, Lord's-day, Jan. 21. We were favoured with a lovely day. One blind Welsh brother came to lead our friends in singing the praises of our God; and my own little heart said:—

Assist me, Holy Dove, to trace
The footsteps of the Prince of grace
(The footsteps of my God).
He who will all the nations bless,
Now to fulfil all righteousness,
Descends into the flood.

Mid joy and wonder, here I see
The Friend who bore the cross for me
Immersed in Jordan's wave:
Whilst I with wonder see the sight,
With reverence let me view the rite,
Blest emblem of His grave.

O! may it be my chief concern,
My Lord to know, of Him to learn,
Who all my sorrows bore:
To live in fellowship with Him;
To drink of His pure crystal stream,
Till I shall thirst no more.

Bargoed J. BOLTON.
(Late Pontlottyn).

PECKHAM AND CAMBERWELL.— "A Kentish Visitor" has been interviewing some of what he calls "the ivory palaces" in the S.E. suburbs. That godly man, G. Moyle, has quite retired; it is but seldom he is seen in the chapel now in Rye-lane. Who will be his successor? Some hope Mr. Briscoe, others prefer Mr. Squirrel. Some have left; a new chapel is to be opened for them, and Mr. Margerum is preaching to them for a season. Heaton-road are hopefully expecting Mr. Mead will be their minister, especially if it should become a Baptist Church. Mr. Thomas Bradbury appears better; "The Grove" is favoured with the faithful testimony of salvation as the gift of a Triune Jehovah. Some express grief at so many causes so close together. But our "Visitor" believes all are zealously affected in their different circles; he rejoices to find so many who are determined to have the Gospel preached, the truth maintained, and the Scriptures disseminated in every section of the community. "After all," "K. V." says, "J. S. Anderson at Zion, Deptford, looks the most prosperous. The Lord be with them all."

NEW BROMPTON, KENT.—BROTHER BANKS,—I am thankful to say I believe the Lord is with us at Workman's hall, New Brompton. Brother Joiner preached last Sunday three times. Some strangers and friends said to me, "This has been a sweet day;" "I have never had such enjoyment, or heard anything so good before;" and another, "I should like to hear some more like that; the dear man seemed to be blessed with the Master's presence and great liberty." Some will hear loving truth yet. J. P.

IVINGHOE.—We hope the meeting to raise a testimonial to our brother Collyer, which (D.V.) is to be holden in London, will prove that the Strict Baptists can sympathise with a venerable and faithful servant of Christ. Mrs. Collyer says, in reply to our note to her on this subject:—"DEAR FRIEND,—You are kind; and the Lord bless you for it; my husband will be pleased if it is ever so small a token of respect, after serving so good a Master so long. The first time he preached was at Eaton Bray, August, 1822; he began to preach at Ivinghoe in 1832, and was ordained pastor here, April 3rd, 1834. He has never been laid up by illness more than two or three Sabbaths. Now his tabernacle shakes, he is as willing to preach as ever. The pulpit will be the last thing he will give up; he never seems so happy as when in the pulpit. Now, my dear friend, we will leave all in your hands. Yours respectfully, M. M. COLLYER." My husband's age was 84 in October, 1876."

OLD FORD.—On my way from the city, on Tuesday evening, March 13, I passed the New hall, where the Strict Baptists are seeking to plant an Old Ford New and True Testament Church. I heard Mr. W. Symonds deliver the opening address; then C. W. Banks reviewed the previous history of the Baptist Church in this rapidly-rising and wide-spreading suburb. William Carpenter gave a very precious sermon; and other friends brought the opening services to a hopeful termination. There is plenty of room here in Old Ford for a large cause; and if the Lord will render brother Carpenter's ministry powerful in quickening souls, gathering sinners, edifying saints, and, withal, extolling our glorious Redeemer; if the friends will work as redeemed saints ought to work, Old Ford will be a Gospel garrison for God's glory yet.

ARE THE BAPTISTS LOOKING ROMeward?—A faithful brother says: Here is a fashionable Baptist chapel (or "church," as it is termed at this delightful watering place). The exterior of the building is crowned with a Popish Maltese cross, and the interior is somewhat similar to the nave of a cathedral. The attendance is very fashionable, the sermons are historical, learned, and clever, but I pity the poor hungry soul that ventures there to find the bread or the water of life. On Lord's-day, March 11, I was present; public missionary meeting was held in the evening! Now, sir, this is what religion has come to, instead of proclaiming to the perishing sons of men the Gospel of the grace of God. Oh, may Israel's Shepherd defend His scattered flock! It is sickening to see such places.

"But soon the Archangel's trump shall sound,
To call the wanderers home."
May you and I be robed in the embroidery of Jehovah's love.

BANGOR.—Our English Baptist Church stands in Penralt-road. We hope visitors

into North Wales will find us out. Our pastor, Mr. W. H. Bishop, is much devoted to his work, and is clear and zealous in the truth of the Gospel. The Lord is in our midst. We saw our pastor the other Sunday afternoon surrounded with seven persons who were seeking after the Lord. He was speaking to and praying with them, and we are longing to see many living and loving converts added to us by the Lord Himself. Come and see us, and help us. So prays EPHRAIM.

CRANBROOK.—In the end of January, of this year, after several years of heavy affliction, the wife of Mr. Geo. Waters, the printer and publisher, departed this life. For nearly a century the Cranbrook printing works have been in the Waters' family. There we learned something of the mysteries of printing, of writing, of publishing, and of sorrowing over sins; and sighing after salvation. Generation after generation have we seen pass away. And soon we all shall depart. Then, "In Jesus' arms may we lose our breath."

NOTTING HILL.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Will you insert the death of our much beloved and lamented friend, the partner of Thomas Pickworth, Esq., 17, Notting-hill-terrace? She passed from earth to heaven, Feb. 3, 1877. Her illness was lingering, but her hope was based on the solid Rock Christ. Her end was triumphant; her last words were, "The eternal God is my Refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms." Mr. Varley, her son-in-law, improved her death. The Lord's poor have sustained a great loss, her family and husband a dear partner.

W. and E. SACK.
17, Devonshire-road, Chiswick.

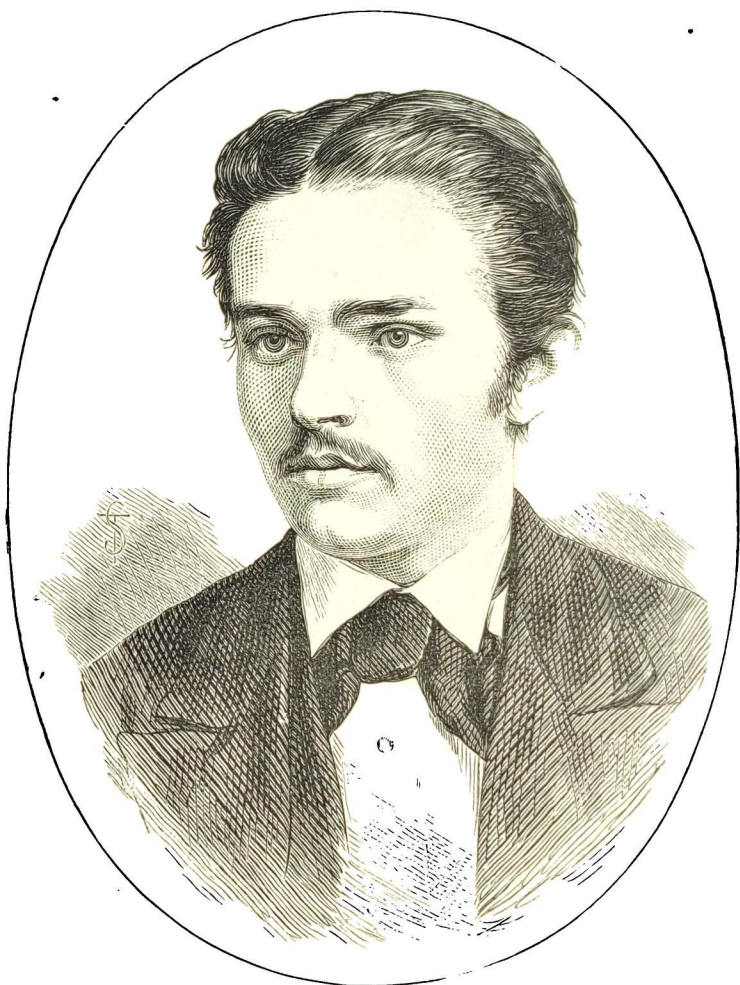
THE JEWS.—A lecture was recently delivered by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, at the Baptist chapel, Wellington-road, Stoke Newington. Chair was occupied by Mr. Rowlings. The lecturer shewed that since the Babylonish captivity, when the Jews found by bitter experience that the Lord dealt with them according to their disobedience, they then began to be more careful in their worship and obedience. He also explained the reason why the Jews had sunk so deep in ignorance of the truth. Certain articles used in the synagogue in worship were exhibited, such as phylacteries, *talet*; fringes, *luleb*, &c. The lecture was highly interesting.

Death.

On March 16, Mrs. Charity Crump, aged 70, many years a member at the Surrey tabernacle.

Marriage.

March 14, 1877, in Shalom chapel, Oval, Hackney-road (kindly lent), Mr. Frederick Green Baptist minister, to Miss Sophia Sarah Palmer, late of Walthamstow. Service conducted by C. W. Banks.



ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to *the Jew* first, and also to the Greek." This is the first text I preached from.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

"For I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

THESE THREE TEXTS ARE MY MOTTOES FOR LIFE, BY GOD'S GRACE.—I. L.

Who Was it that Cried out of such Deep Distress ?

THIS was the first of the four questions which I left unanswered, on page 75, to which I now return for one moment. As one comes toward the close of Time's existence here, nothing appears to be so desirable as a saving knowledge of the Son of God, the Redeemer, the Advocate before the Father's throne, the Intercessor,

"For all who come to God by Him."

The true knowledge of the Lord, which culminates in the purest, the holiest, the happiest of all friendships, is the only blessing my soul would crave at the throne of the Divine Majesty. Being for many years condenser and sub-editor I was compelled to read the world's history every day. It is a fleeting shadow, it leaves a deep-toned impression that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, short of the knowledge of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. For some fifty years and more I have been in the school of evangelical discipline, constantly reading the characters and the conduct of the men who have been, or are, Zion's leaders. I do not take rank with *them*. I see many of them have considerable natural powers for public oratory ; as I have often again and again listened to them, it has but seldom been my lot to find them labouring to shew forth the knowledge of HIM of whom the Church so peculiarly speaks, "Because of the savour of Thy good ointments, THY NAME is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love Thee" (*i.e.*, such virgin souls as are not joined to idols ; but whose new-born spirits only delight in the knowledge of the FATHER's well-beloved Son). This is

"A jewel of the purest flame,
Yea, 'tis a *constellation*."

Bones, brains, and wither'd buds
Have often disappointed
The living soul, who seeks to know
The *Father's* Great ANOINTED.

We have many good pitmen, some vine-dressers, not a few sharp swordsmen ; but how many of us are there whose one great concern is experimentally and ministerially to elucidate that tremendously awful Scripture, that inspired TEST of all that is evidently saving, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you ?" After all that the expositors have written upon faith, we must return to the testimony of the Great Preacher who came from God, who was anointed above all His fellows by God, and who repeated, in distinct and definite terms, "Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath ETERNAL LIFE ; and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed,

and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him."

This testimony from Christ brought forth the enmity of the multitude; even the disciples said, "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" How much more, in these days of novelty, philosophy, and learning, will men reject the ministry which contends for a personal, spiritual, saving knowledge of the Son of God—whom to know is life eternal?

If men will take the pains to notice, they will see that all God's promises unto His people bring CHRIST in their bosom; all the eyes of the prophets looked right on to, and up to, THE SON OF GOD. The prayers of the ancient saints were not like so many sermons preached unto the GREAT ETERNAL—they were the pourings forth of broken hearts who looked unto the blessed MESSIAH, beseeching Him to take up their cause, and present it unto His Father, that they might obtain forgiveness, acceptance, righteousness, and an abundant entrance into the glory-world through His substitutional sorrow, death, and resurrection.

Come you into the New Testament, is not JESUS CHRIST the grand *centre* of all the Gospel? When He is fairly set up in the centre of the sermon, with eternity—the eternity of God for its circumference; and when from every part of the circumference the Spirit points direct to JESUS CHRIST; no fatal error can then creep in. In olden time they said, "JESUS is a name of all sweetness; He is Reconciler, Redeemer, Saviour." Ancient Bernard said, "If thou writest to me, thy letter doth not please me unless I read of JESUS there. Other names are names of majesty, JESUS is a name of mercy." The Word of God, the Son of God, the Christ of God, are native and relative names of His glory: JESUS, a Saviour, is a title of grace, mercy, and redemption.

One night, recently, I saw the visible professing Church on earth, like one immense "*outer court*," wherein were millions of busy, bustling gospellers. Halls, stalls, colleges, churches, chapels, booths, and banners of every size and shape, were here attractive and crowded.

One whispered, "Four E's here pass for Divine power, but to find the fifth E you must pass through the whole, go through that narrow little wicket gate!"

"What four E's are here?" my soul inquired. They are all good in their place; but if they spring not from, if they lead not unto, something more heaven-born and vital, serious delusions may follow. Here is education, enthusiasm, earnestness, and eloquence—all beautiful as the adornments of the natural mind; but if that chiefest among ten thousand—EMMANUEL—is not the Alpha and the Omega of the whole, in a soul-saving sense, all the rest, Paul says, is but as sounding brass, and as the tinkling cymbal.

By some unseen and unknown hand, I was led through the crowds, through the little wicket-gate, out into a pleasant path, at the end of which stood a superbly elegant mansion, on the front of which was written—

"A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS, ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS."
As I approached, something said, "How could YOU venture here?" I

looked back on years past and gone, and feared it was presumption in me to approach.

"How could you venture here?" came again. In a moment the answer flowed in, "Because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

"What does that mean? Write down that answer in its different sections."

First of all, I said, there is the third new covenant gift of salvation, "the HOLY GHOST which is given unto us." The FATHER gave Himself, and His kingdom with Himself. The SON gave Himself, and eternal life in Himself. The HOLY GHOST gives Himself, and a new spiritual creation to every soul wherein He cometh. Oh, what amazing grace is here!

Secondly, Here is the fountain of all eternal blessedness, "THE LOVE OF GOD!" How delighted was my soul with the sight of this fountain flowing from the heart of the Lord God Almighty!

Thirdly, The chambers of realisation were full of consolation, "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost;" and, lastly, the evidence of our interest, the cause of our deliverance, the cure for all our sorrows—"Because;" and, Paul says, "We glory in tribulation also." How? "BECAUSE the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the HOLY GHOST which is given unto us." The love of God is the omnipotent conqueror over all sin, death, devils, hell, and every evil in the world.

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

So sometimes sings

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury road, South Hackney,
April 14th, 1877,

SUSTAINING GRACE.

"He shall sustain thee."

Lines written under felt supporting grace attending the above words in a time of affliction.

He shall sustain! Thou dearest Lord,
What promise could more strength afford!
No sweeter token could I ask,
To aid me through my painful task.

He shall sustain! Look up, my soul!
And now on Him thy burden roll,
Prove Him herewith, nor count the cost,
Since He must save or all is lost.

He shall sustain! tho' bitter be
The draught that now is mix'd for thee,
His own lov'd hand prepar'd the cup,
Shrink not, faint heart, but drink it up.

He shall sustain! His loving eye
Shall watch thy case so narrowly,

New Kent-road.

That nought shall add a mite thereto,
Beyond what He in purpose knew.

He shall sustain! Prescribe with care
To this same end His cordials rare;
E'en now I hear His lov'd "Fear not!"
My faithful God, He changeth not.

He shall sustain! It is enough,
The world may at my "folly" puff;
But here my soul shall rest her head,
Till all is o'er that now I dread.

He shall sustain! His Word is sure,
And though the trial long endure,
Grace shall be given to adore,
And praise His Name as heretofore.

ANNIE M.

TRUE RELIGION—NOT A SOURCE OF MISERY,
BUT OF JOY!

THE SUBSTANCE OF

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON,

On the Fifth Anniversary of Forest-lane Baptist Chapel, and Recognition of Mr. John Hunt Lynn as Pastor.

“Upon this Rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”—Matt. xvi. 18.

WE are living in what is called a Christian land, and there are, I am glad to feel convinced, a great many Christians in the land; but there are a great many who bear the Christian name that are not very much concerned about who Jesus Christ is, or what He has done, is doing, and will do. But while these things are matters of no moment at all to many bearing the Christian name, those who do so in reality feel it to be a thing of very great consequence who Jesus Christ is, what He has done, and what He has promised to do. He says here, “Upon this Rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

Real Christians who understand this Scripture will not only consider it of great moment to themselves, but to others, and this is the essence of benevolence. A Christian man or woman will be glad to learn that the day of salvation has not been brought to an end, that there is something yet more to do, and that there are stones yet to be added to the spiritual building.

You will observe that the Lord Jesus Christ speaks very positively when He says, “Upon this Rock I will build My Church.” When He speaks He speaks like Himself; He thought it no robbery to be equal with God, and so it was no dishonour for Him to speak like God Himself. And all this is a matter of exceeding great consequence to a thoughtful Christian; he will sometimes think to himself, Well, I have committed myself and the whole of my affairs, both for this world and the next, to the Lord Jesus Christ—is He able to receive this trust? If He receives it, is He competent to discharge it? St. Paul says, “I know whom I have believed;” and if the Christian believes this, he will also know that Christ is able to take care of what he has committed to Him.

How should we look at this on the present occasion? I thought it might be looked at as a teaching of Christ about Christianity. What is Christianity? Take this answer to it now: Jesus says, “Upon this Rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” We will therefore take it, dear friends, at once, that this Rock is Jesus Christ Himself, and will not stay to consider what the Papists’ notion of this text is, but will at once consider that Christianity is being built upon that Rock by the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, we may find when exercising any profound thought about it, among other elements, this distinction, and if you ask me again what Christianity is, I shall say if I take it, from this text, that it is a *distinction*. Every man and woman are not built on Christ, but some are, and those that are, are clearly distinguished from those who are not so. It may be that some here are bearing the Christian name by a right that cannot be disputed; but at the same time there are others who are not built upon

Christ, and although bearing the Christian name, have no right to it. Well now, my dear hearers, I don't know whether you have been all removed from the original state and position that you were in; if you have, that is what I think Christianity is. Has this been done for you? We say, being removed from the position you were in, what is that position? Stones, you know, are brought out of quarries, and so we sometimes hear good people in prayer talk about being brought out of the quarry of nature. Now, I ask the question, Have we been yet removed from the quarry of nature? Sometimes the natural stone is removed from the quarry very gently and easily; this, as you are aware, was the case, spiritually, with Lydia. Other stones cost a great deal of labour, and it is very expensive to remove them from the quarry from which they are taken; also a great deal of blasting with gunpowder is necessary to separate these stones from the rocks of which they once formed a part. Now, this was required, in a spiritual manner, in the case of Saul of Tarsus. Well, we know there are all these differences in the operations of the Spirit upon certain people, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. Now, we don't stop here to ask how it is done, but to enquire, "has it been done?" Well then, even after the stone has been removed from the quarry it is in a very rough state and requires to be squared to make it fit to become one of the stones of a building; so you see we must next speak of the fitting too. It is not the easiest thing in the world to fit a man for the Lord Jesus Christ—it cannot be done anyhow, but it must be done somehow. It requires a deal of sympathy to bring a soul unto the Lord Jesus Christ. What is it that is needful to put a man into sympathy with Jesus Christ? What is necessary to put a man into sympathy with bread? or say a wealthy man? What is it necessary to put a man into sympathy with a pardon? If you went up and down the street and offered the Queen's pardon to everybody in Stratford, they would laugh at you, and say, what is the use of the Queen's pardon to me, for having done nothing that is wrong, I do not require it? therefore, you will perceive that it would be only those who felt themselves to be guilty and required it, would be in sympathy with it. In like manner it is only the poor sinner who has been led by the Holy Spirit to see his real life and character in the light of the law of God, that will understand this, and who, with his broken heart and his wounded spirit, would be in sympathy with a declaration of pardon, if such is made in his ears from the Lord Jesus Christ; yet, at the same time, others would hear the same declaration and not derive any benefit in consequence, simply because they would not be in sympathy with it. All this, then, is necessary to fit a man for the Lord Jesus Christ.

The apostle prays that all those to whom he was writing might be made conformable to the death of the Lord Jesus. Now, no man is brought to this unless he has first been brought to feel his sinful state by nature here in the world; and it requires an individual to be put into conformity with the will of Christ before he can be brought into sympathy with His pardon. Well, then again, there is a being placed; the stones are placed, you know, in the building. If you will allow me, I feel now as if I cannot help speaking of my own experience. There was a time when I was dead in sin, and like the stone which had not been brought from the quarry. There was also a time, too, when I was

taken out of the quarry; but there was, I am afraid, a great deal of cutting, chipping, and hewing before it was fit for the building. Well, friends, I could not do this myself, although I well remember feeling that if I could only believe, "all would happy be." I now speak of this experience of mine in this particular, as there is a cuckoo-cry going about, "Only believe, only believe;" but there was a line in my book, when I was a boy, "Oh, that I could believe, then all would be well!" And ever since then, whenever I have wanted to exercise faith for anything, I have found it not the easiest thing to believe for any practical purpose, as it is very difficult to do so; and I was at last brought to find, that all

"My hope was built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

Well now, friends, I take it that all this consequently is brought to pass by the exercise of Divine power, and no one but that great Being, whom we call our heavenly Father, can do this for us, although we may not see the hand that brought all this about. I find (I will just make this remark here) there are not a few persons who teach religion, and who teach the people to believe that they can repent of themselves and believe of themselves, and there are persons, I am sorry to say, who believe this kind of teaching, and who rely upon their doings and works to save them. Now, my dear hearers, if I have any Christianity at all, I am a debtor to grace *alone* for it; and I hope you will be able to take up my language, in this respect, too. I never had any religion at all until God gave it to me. It was all of Divine operation, and such as that will stand for eternity, it being that which God Himself has created. Now, there are many persons who would be highly offended if you would not allow them to take all the glory of the distinction that made them Christians. I am afraid, too, that such persons, if they heard these remarks, would pronounce me to be a narrow-minded and censorious sort of man, but, nevertheless, I will put it to you again whether you think all who bear the Christian name are in anything like a spiritual connection with the Lord Jesus Christ?

Well, now, another thing is, there is the idea of connection—connection with the Lord Jesus. My last thought led to this—the stone, after being brought from the quarry, has to be put upon the foundation and connected with the building. The apostle Paul speaks of fleeing for refuge "to lay hold of the hope set before us in the Gospel." About forty years ago you might have seen a poor working man wandering about the streets of London. This was myself. If you had then asked me what I was doing I should have answered, "I am fleeing from a danger, even from the damnation of hell, but where to go to I do not know;" and then there came a time when I had some instructions where to flee to, and I was led to the refuge to lay hold of the hope set before me in the Gospel. "I am the Vine," says the Lord Jesus, "and ye are the branches." Well, the branches are part of the vine, and live in the vine. Here, again, the idea of connection of which I was speaking holds good, for, separated from the vine, the branch would die. What does this mean? Why this, my friends, that the Christian derives all his spiritual life from the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, I ask every Christian here, Is He the Life of your life? for if you are Christians in reality this must be the case. But what is a man's Christian life? Referring to

myself again, I think the elements of my spiritual life are righteousness, sanctification, freedom, acceptance with God, joy, and so on; and I derive all these solely from the Lord Jesus Christ. I derive my peace from my great Peace-maker, and my spiritual joy—all of it—also from the Lord Jesus—all comes from Him. Well now, dear friends, I think all this is very simple and very plain, but, at the same time, there is very much misconception by those bearing the Christian name upon these points. I have dependence—what is the ground of it? Trusting in the mediatorial work and character of the Lord Jesus:—

“My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness.”

My acceptance of Jesus and my trust in Him, then, is the connection between my soul and the Lord Jesus? Yes.

Another thought has occupied my mind, and I will just mention it, which is this—That another element of the Christian character is “*elevation*.” There is something very dignified and also very honourable in the Christian. Now, I know what sorrow is, and have suffered a great deal of pain, but, at the same time, I can say that my religion is not one of misery and sorrow, but of joy. Some talk of nothing else but of degradation in connection with religion, but that is not so, as the religion of Christ lifts a man, weary and sad, to sit together in “heavenly places with Christ Jesus.” We read that we are to remember the “hole of the pit out of which we were dug,” and of the poor being raised from the dust, and beggar from the dunghill being lifted up to sit with the Lord Jesus, and the princes of the people; and, brethren, I think we ought to regard this more, and also be more thankful for it. The stone in the quarry was a degraded thing, but it was made fit to become part of the building; so that man who is raised up to sit with the Lord Jesus is a wonderfully elevated man. Yes, friends, it is a wonderful elevation when we consider that the character of us all was no better than any other man. Now, recently, in the East it has been seen what men can do when their vile passions are let loose. Are we, I ask, any better than they, radically? Without grace, in no wise. But what has grace done for us? Well, this, that it would be impossible for us to do such things as we have read of lately.

Another thought drawn from the text before us is “*stability*.” I am very glad, my dear friends, that what God has done can never be undone, mended, or marred, as His work is perfect. That which forms the stability of my salvation, that gives stability to my faith, is the confidence that God can look upon me with satisfaction; and all this through the work of Christ; and this can never be undone. Can anything be stable that is built on a lie? No, you say, it cannot; it may stand for a time, but it cannot stand for very long. Well, dear friends, I am glad to say that my religion is not built upon a lie, but upon the perfection of the mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He forgives sinners, but it is only through His own righteousness and atonement. He ransoms those that are bound, but this is done by a price, for there is nothing that the Lord Jesus has done towards the carrying out of the ends of Divine love but which are carried out on principles of equity; and this it is that constitutes the Rock upon which the Church is built. There are some

persons say it is wrong to say that God requires a satisfaction for our sins. I have said to my people at home that I should never go to heaven as a certificated bankrupt, as I should not like to go there with the possibility of my sin ever being mentioned to me when I get there. Miserable as we are on account of our sins now, depend upon it, when we get to heaven the angels won't point at us on account of them. I have another word, I was told before I began that I might take five minutes over the stated time, and I think I will take it. I was about to observe as to the *certainty*. If there is certainty in anything, there is certainty in the religion of Christ, as He Himself said, "Upon this Rock *I will* build My Church, and the *gates of hell shall* not prevail against it." Then the matter is secure, and may we be certain about it? We may say, *certain* as the Word of God. The Church of Christ is built securely, never to be removed. What I am, I am by the grace of God, and the gates of hell shall not alter it. I will not stay to enquire what is meant here by the gates of hell; some say one thing, and some say another; but whether it is the grave that is meant by this expression, or otherwise, it is something that is opposed to what the Lord Jesus says He will do here, and I presume that it is the most powerful opponent that ever went to war against it. Nevertheless, I shall never lose my Christian character, or my standing and interest in Christ, as the gates of hell shall neither prevail against your Christianity or mine. Here you have ground of confidence for prayer. You meet for prayer here, I believe, but I do not know how you pray, for I have never heard you; but I have heard a great many people do so, and I have had a great many thoughts about my own prayers as well as of those of others. Now, if we take the Lord's prayer as we should do, as a model, as our Lord says Himself, "After this *manner* pray ye." Now, we will see in what order the petitions come: first, there is our Father which art in heaven; second, hallowed be Thy Name; third, Thy kingdom come; fourth, Thy will be done on earth; and *then*, fifthly, give us this day our daily bread. Now, I am afraid there is a great deal of selfishness in my prayers, and also in those of others, as we are so apt to put "Give us this day our daily bread" first, and before "Thy kingdom come;" but if you have not put this petition in the proper place in the past, do so in the future, for Jesus said, "First seek the kingdom of God, then all other things shall be added unto you." Well, friends, I think there is here very great encouragement for us to pray in the light of this testimony, and not only for us, but also for those who speak in the name of the Lord Jesus.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SAFETY.

If Jesus Christ my debt hath paid,
 If all my sins were on Him laid,
 He hath for me atonement made,
 And I am saved for ever.

No power on earth can Christ withstand,
 Or pluck me from the Saviour's hand;
 He keeps His Church, His little band,
 In everlasting safety.

This gives me peace when flesh annoys,
 Makes earthly things appear but toys,
 Sheffield.

And fills the soul with heavenly joys,
 Sweet foretaste of the future.

The Spirit points to Calvary's height,
 Gives every true believer light, [right,
 And shews that Christ made all things
 Then praise the Lamb, believer.

May every grace shine brighter still,
 In power to do the Father's will,
 Till He His purposes fulfil,
 And take me home to glory.

JOHN RAYNES.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM A PASTOR TO ONE OF THE WEAKLINGS OF HIS FLOCK.

BY G. BURRELL,

Pastor of Baptist Church, Watford.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Whether you can claim relationship to the God of grace and His dear family or not, I feel I can, as a little member of that most blessed people, claim relationship to you, and address you as a sister, as one that is born of God, and has passed from death unto life, as one who like, and with all the sheep went astray, but is now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. You are, my dear friend, too well acquainted with my ministry to believe that I am for crying, “Peace, peace, where there is no peace,” or for daubing or building up with untempered mortar, or sewing pillows under all arm-holes; the reverse of this has been, and still is, my constant aim, and indeed my work, or one important part of it, is to hunt the sinner out of all refuges of lies, and to remove as far as possible all foundations that are sandy and false. I would not, God knows, be a soul-deceiver for the world; and your letter, which I have read and perused with thought and pleasure, convinces me that is the one thing you fear—namely, soul-deception. It is another delightful part of a Gospel minister’s work to comfort the feeble-minded, to strengthen the weak hands, to confirm the feeble knees, and to say to the fearful heart, “Be strong, fear not;” and it shall be my aim at this time, by the help of the Holy Spirit the Comforter, to comfort you by pointing you to Jesus, who is the Saviour of the lost, the Strength of the weak, the Wisdom of the ignorant, the Helper of the helpless, the Home and Refuge of the outcasts, the Rest of the weary, and the only Foundation for the trembling, fearing believer and humble hoper to build and rest upon. I have long thought you were passing under some exercises about your soul, and am glad you have been constrained at length to open your mind in a letter to me, in which I can clearly see, and well know, the path you are walking—a path I am persuaded no high-flying, self-sufficient fowl of a Pharisee was ever acquainted with, or a presumptuous, unclean vulture of a libertine ever trod. For many years after I had tasted the Lord was gracious, and I had sung of dying love, I walked this dark and trying path, rough and rugged I know, but it is right—it is the way the Lord takes to lay and keep the sinner low, to make mercy sweet, and salvation experimentally great and precious. Surely the Spirit of God must have taught you much to bring you to that blessed stage of Christian experience, couched in that hymn, and quoted in your letter:—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.”

This is, I am sure, not the language of the dead in sin, or of the mere professor. Oh, they never mourn over a hard, prayerless heart, never sigh on account of the abominations done in the land; they are perfectly satisfied with what they are, and what they do for God; they do not call in question whether they shall go to heaven; they expect

not only to go there, but to have a superior place there for what they do for Jesus. But you have not so learned Christ ; you are brought to recognise and believe in His sovereignty; you know your sins are deserving of hell, and fear not to say from the bottom of your heavy heart :—

“ And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.”

Your mouth has been for ever stopped as to works or merit of your own. You are satisfied there is no hope for you on any other ground but the person, doing, and dying of the Holy Lamb of God. You know nothing else can ever wash you clean but the blood of Jesus Christ ; and you know and feel the Saviour's blood must be by His own power applied ; you have known what it is at times greatly to long for the blessed Spirit's witness and seal within your soul of interest in His blood ; you have often joined in heart to sing :—

“ O how I wish I could but feel
The joys which pard'ning grace impart ;
Wish that the Saviour would reveal
Redeeming love within my heart.”

And, again :—

“ O that I might at once be found
In that blest wedding dress,
Which in my ears doth often sound,
My Saviour's righteousness.”

What then, my dear sister, are these but living desires arising from the life of God in thy soul ? You have been quickened by the Spirit ; you are redeemed by Jesus' blood, or you would never have known the evil of sin, your own personal guilt, or longed for a plunge in the fountain opened. Love to God's dear house, His truth, His people, and His ways, are undeniably Scriptural evidences of a Divine change. “ We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; and He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.” This is the blessed Spirit's testimony in His Holy Word. You have passed from death unto life; that is the great thing, never mind when or how. Jesus has passed by you, looked on you, and breathed life into you ; and He will come again, and spread His skirt over you, and make you manifestly His own. You oftentimes feel very cold and indifferent; so do all God's children, and none beside. A corpse never said, “ O, how cold I am !” a stone-ore rock never said, “ O, how hard I am !” It is their nature to be so, and never otherwise. It is life that feels death ; light complains of darkness ; faith cries out, Lord, help my unbelief ; holiness sighs, I am so sinful ; spirituality groans, I am carnal, sold under sin ; a prayerful heart complains of its prayerlessness ; the grateful soul complains of its ingratitude, and says, I am so unthankful :—

“ Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.”

If the root of the matter were not in your soul, the devil would not set you at work to question it. His work is to deceive, and he never troubles those in whose hearts he sits and reigns. Oh, no ! he keeps up the shutters against the light; he hates reflection, and, therefore,

keeps the world all in commotion ; and his own he keeps asleep, and never disturbs those whom he knows have nothing but a false hope. He worries the sheep and lambs of Love's fold—none are exempt. He tempted even the great Son of God, our Saviour and Shield, as to His sonship—" *If* Thou be the Son of God." Oh, what an "*If*" was there. So he hurls his "*Ifs*" at us.

" Buts, ifs, and hows are hurled
To sink us with the gloom ;
Of all that's dismal in this world,
And in the world to come.

But here's our point of rest—
Tho' hard the battle seem—
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through Him."

Now, my dear friend, our remedy against the devil, and doubts, and fears is God's eternal truth, His everlasting Gospel, which abounds with wills and shalls, with promises as firm as the eternal throne ; this and this alone lays the foundation for our hope. Oaths, promises, and blood constitute firm and solid ground. Grace is eternally and unspeakably free to the sinner ; it meets and embraces the unworthy ; it is as rich as it is free ; its riches are unsearchable ; it is for all who long to be healed—the great and the small. The feeble worm that has crept into the foot of the Rock is as safe as the giant on the top of the Rock, shouting free-grace—I am redeemed. Not so happy? Of course not. Cannot see so far about? Decidedly not ; but is equally safe and secure. How precious that soul was to Christ who said, "*If* I may but touch!" She did touch ; she did obtain, and to the poor trembler in what cheering accents the Saviour addressed her:—" Daughter, be of good cheer ; thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." And He is just the same now in His love and grace to all the little cups and large flagons that hang on Him.

" Blest soul that can say,
' Christ only I seek ;'
Wait on Him alway,
Be constant though weak.
The Lord whom thou seekest
Will not tarry long,
And to Him the weakest
Are as dear as the strong."

Are you tried because you cannot pray? So it seems ; so I often feel as though I had not a spark of life in me, as was Newton, when he says:—

" I would but cannot pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away."

Never mind, you do pray when you wish, when you long, when you sigh, when you weep, and when you mourn. What are these but prayers? Let me advise you to read much in Isaiah, the Psalms, and Epistles ; they are so full of precious green grass and nourishing milk. May the Spirit of God lead you into the gates ! Take no notice of the ugly black dog barking at the gates, and telling you there is nothing there for you ; he will send you to the law, to the threatenings, to the

dark parts of the Bible, where you will meet with curses instead of blessings; and he will tell you these are your portion. He is a liar; tell him so; and sit down at the feet of Jesus and listen to what He says, especially in the Gospel of St. John, from chap. xiii. to the end, where He opens all His heart to poor fainting souls like you and I. To Him I commend you, and these few lines, praying the Holy Comforter to bless the same, and with love remain,

Your affectionate but unworthy pastor,

G. BURRELL.

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,
NOW A PREACHER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

(Continued from page 112.)

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARES for Sailing to England—Leaves Hamburg—Lands in Hull—Cannot Make Any One Understand Him—Providence Enables Him to Procure English and German Dictionaries—Finds a Pious Jew—Is Helped to Sail up to London, &c.

AS SOON as the Feast of the New Year was over, I began to make preparations for sailing to England. I purchased a ticket for Hull, and left Hamburg, Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1871. When I arrived in Hull, on the Friday next, Sept. 22, I found myself again in a strange land, amongst a people whom I never saw, whose language I understood not.

When I arrived at Hull, I walked about on the shore at Hull, on Friday afternoon, the eve of the Sabbath-day, not knowing what to do. To speak to people I could not; write the English language I could not. Oh, what a fix to be in! I walked about the streets of Hull until I came to a stationer and bookseller's shop. I entered the shop, and began to speak to the people in the German language; but finding they could not understand me, I then spoke in Hebrew, then in the Russian and the Polish language; but, to my sorrow, they could not understand me in either of these languages. I then tried to make myself understood, by asking for a pen and ink, and said several times over, *gib mir a penn*, and the people in the shop thought I begged from them a penny; and when they offered me a penny, I showed them a shilling, and tried to make myself understood that I wanted no money; and then tried to write with my fingers on the counter, so that they may give me a pen and ink; and as soon as they gave me a pen and ink, I wrote a few words in German, and they could not understand. Afterwards they called upon a gentleman that lived in the same street, who could understand the German language; he very kindly interpreted to them what I said, and then I purchased a German and English, and English and German dictionary; and whenever I wished to speak to any one, I had to find the words in the dictionary, which I carried with me, and wrote every word on paper, which I had with me continually for that purpose, and then let the people read my thoughts.

I then began to enquire in that manner where Jews lived, as I wanted to rest on the Sabbath-day, according to the Jewish law. A young man in the shop very kindly took me to a place where a Polish

Jew lived; and as soon as I entered the house of the Jew, I was welcomed very kindly, because of my being quite a stranger. The good Jew then addressed himself to me in the usual manner of the Jews in Russia, Poland, and Palestine—*shalem alochem* (“Peace be unto you”). I asked him for lodgings for some time, and he very kindly gave them me. In the evening we went to the synagogue to celebrate the Sabbath service, and then was very glad to return to the house of my Jewish brother. I was very glad to find that the good Jew was very pious, and observed every precept of the Oral law. I stayed at his house, and then he assisted me in obtaining a ticket to sail from Hull to London. I left Hull on Saturday, 23rd, in the afternoon, although it is forbidden to travel on the Sabbath, yet the Rabbi of Hull gave me permission to sail on the Sabbath, in order to be in London in time for to offer the sacrifice on the eve of the great day of atonement. I arrived in London the following morning, September 24th, 1871.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVES Safe in London Docks—Is Robbed of His Clothes by a Boy—Is Directed to a Jewish Lodging—Goes to Synagogue to Offer an Atonement—Writes Home to His Father.

When I arrived at the London Docks, I was very weary and fatigued, and did not know where to go. I could not speak this language. I then produced again my pocket dictionary and paper, and found out a few words, which I wrote on the paper, inquiring where I could find a Jewish lodging-house. I showed the paper to a lad, and he called me with him. Being so weary, I gave him my parcel of clothes to carry. We walked for some time, until we came into a court, where there was a back door of a public-house (which I was not aware of then). The lad went in through the door, and wished me to wait, as he wanted to inquire something. I waited some time, but he never came out. I then went into the house, and found it to be a public-house. I at once began to suspect that I was robbed. Then I noticed that there were several doors, and consequently the lad went away with my parcel through one of these doors. I stood in the house for some time, not knowing what to do. I then made myself understood in my usual way, with my dictionary and paper, and still inquired the way to a Jewish lodging-house, until a young man offered to show me. I was taken to a lodging-house in Spitalfields. As soon as I entered the house I was very glad to find some foreign Jews, and rewarded the young man for his trouble. I then informed my Jewish friends of the robbery I just met with, and they answered, “Oh! this you must expect in England.” I said, “Then I shall not stop in England long.” And as this day was the eve of the great day of atonement I was very anxious to observe all the rites, according to the Jewish custom relating to that holy and solemn day. Having had some money, I asked some of my friends (the Jews) to procure for me a cock, for to be my atonement. In haste they purchased it for me. I then took it to the *shochad* (butcher). According to the Jewish custom and law, I offered certain prayers, and then offered the cock to the *shochad*,* to kill the poor innocent creature,

* A man whose business particularly is to kill the atonements, &c.

whose blood was to be shed for my sins. When the cock was killed, seeing its blood pouring out, and the poor creature struggling for life for a few moments, I felt deeply moved, especially whilst I was thinking what the cause of the poor creature's death was,* and wondered how can the blood of the cock cleanse me from my sins. I little thought I should ever believe and rejoice that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, is efficacious, and washes away all sin! After all was done, I went to the synagogue, and washed my hands, took off my boots, and began to pray the prayers according to my Jewish Prayer Book, which I had in my coat-pocket with my phylacteries, when the lad stole my parcel. I stayed in the synagogue the whole evening and night, and also the following day, which was the great day of atonement. When all was over I gladly went to my lodgings, having fasted since the previous day, and had hungered. I had some supper, and whilst I was sitting and enjoying my meal, I could not help thinking again of the poor creature which was killed for my sin, and could not satisfy my mind how God could require the blood of a poor harmless and innocent creature for my iniquity. The next morning I wrote a letter to my father.†

To my most affectionate Father,

MY BELOVED FATHER,—I am very thankful to inform you that I am now in London; my health is perfectly established, for which I thank God with all my heart. I would also inform you, dear father, that I worshipped on the great day of atonement in a synagogue, among our brethren, the English Jews. On the eve I procured a cock, as you always do, to be killed as an atonement for my sin; I could hardly spare the money, but, my dear father, I did not mind doing so when knowing, as you always taught me, this is the desire of JEHOVAH, our GOD. You will, I hope, my dear father, truly pardon me for troubling you. I wish to tell you all that crosses my mind; and whenever I should be in any difficulties I wish to tell you only, and then I will be satisfied. I offered the cock to the *shochad*, and when it was killed I was surprised and amazed; although I have witnessed it at home every year, yet I never felt that my mind has ever been more solemnised about my soul, and the atonement which is to take away my sin. I can hardly imagine, beloved father, why God expects the sacrifices of poor things as are killed for me and others who have sinned. Indeed, my dear father, I think that God has not been pleased to manifest unto us all His truth; but I suppose all these difficulties will be made plain to us when the *Lordour* (Messiah) comes, and takes us unto Himself to make us happy for ever, and the Gentile nations of the earth shall perish. Dear father, I am at present doing nothing, and have but little money to live upon. I am very sorry to inform you that I was robbed of all my clothes, and have only those I have on me—not even more than one shirt. If you would be kind enough, beloved father, to send me a little money to buy some clothes I shall feel thankful. I will send you another letter in a day or two; I cannot write to you much now. Give my best love to my

* I shall give a full account of the ceremony of the atonement in my future papers on the Jews.

† The reader may be surprised how I have preserved my letters after I was robbed so many times, I therefore beg to state that I had all the copies of my father's letters and my own preserved in my hat, which I had prepared to be suitable for that purpose; which letters I still have in my possession.

ever-loving and affectionate mother. May she live long in joy and happiness! And my very kind and brotherly love be remembered to my brothers, Hessel and Jonah Abel, and to my beloved sisters, Maita Esther and Golda Tzipa.

I remain, my dear father, your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

London, September 26th, 1871.

CHAPTER XV.

SEEKS Among the Jews to Get Instruction in the Law—For the First Time He Enters a Christian Church—Is Frightened by His Jewish Friends—Visits that Church Again and Again—A Converted Jew Enters Into Conversation with Him.

I had one great object in my mind—namely, to make my special business to study the law. I visited several Jews, and begged for their acquaintance, and asked them to teach me the ways of the God of Israel. My request was granted; but, alas! unsatisfactory to my inquiring soul; yet I thought that it was my own fault, and blamed myself, thinking that the depravity of my heart and the corruption of my whole soul disturbed me from enjoying the peace and consolation that my Jewish brethren enjoy. I then asked different people, in private conversation, several times, if they were happy in their soul? but, alas! the answer was, "No!" I could not understand it at all; but I thank God through Christ my Lord for what He has revealed unto me by the influence of the blessed Spirit—that

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

After having been a few days in London, finding that my money was exhausting, I began to feel anxious to be employed, to have something to occupy my time, as well as to earn a livelihood. I went about to one place and another, but without success. I then received a letter from my father, enclosing some money, which enabled me to buy good clothes. I purchased a very nice suit of clothes. I then was successful by getting a situation in a stick manufacturer's, as an apprentice to a carver of sticks, whom I served for about two months.

One day I happened to go out to dinner; I saw a church open, when the service was conducted, and, through mere curiosity, I went into the church; and as soon as I entered I was struck and surprised by the absence of pictures and graven images, which I was accustomed to see in my native land in the Christian churches. As I listened to the service—although I could not understand a word—I felt very interested in its simplicity; in fact, I began to think that it was not a Christian church, but some sort of Jewish synagogue. My dinner-hour having passed, I returned to work again; but all the time I was at work I could not help thinking of what I witnessed in the church. I asked one of my Jewish friends if he had ever been in that church? He was alarmed, and said, "What! a Christian church! I have never been in a church, and never mean to go in my life." He then said, "I hope you have not been there, have you?" I was afraid to confess, and yet I would not deny, and was therefore very slow to answer. It was then suspected that I visited a church. I confessed, and said I certainly could see no harm in the place. My friend then began to swear and curse at me for

saying such a thing in favour of a church. Having found the dangerous position I was in I promised I would never enter into a church again.

A few days passed, and as I went to dine I again noticed the church open. I stood in the street, and did not know what to do. I would not break my promise, and yet I felt I must go in again; so I stood in the street for about one hour, and then returned to work again, having had no dinner. The day passed away; I felt very uncomfortable, having been sorry I did not go into the church. For some days I was in a continual low and melancholy spirit. I determined to visit again the church on the first opportunity I should have. I went several times, and kept it secret. I could not help admiring the solemn manner in which the service was conducted. I listened to the words proceeding from the mouth of the preacher with much fervency, and wished I could understand something of what he said.

Several times I visited the same church, and one day I noticed a gentleman in the church sitting not far from where I sat, and by his appearance very much like a Jew.* Seeing him, I was afraid that it was some one of my Jewish friends come to find me. I almost trembled for fear that all my Jewish friends should find it out, and also afraid in case any of them should write and inform my father that I went to a church of Christians, which my father detests and abominates, and which I did also detest and hate with all my heart.

But seeing the gentleman reading the prayers, &c., convinced me that he was one of the worshippers. When the service was over, I still sat in the pew very quietly; and observing what would take place next. When the gentleman was coming out he caught sight of me, and at once made his way to me, and addressed himself to me in the Hebrew—“*Atta Jehudah achi?*” (“Are you a Jew, my brother?”)—that startled me very much, and that convinced me that he was a Jew; and I then was doubting if the place was a Christian church, or some new sect of Jews, known by the name of Reform Jews. When I answered him, “*Ani Jehudah,*” he shook hands with me, and then commenced a conversation with me in the German language. After conversing for some considerable time, I found that I had no more time to spare, and was obliged to wish him, Adieu. He gave me his address, but I destroyed it, having been afraid in case my Jewish friends should see it.

Several days passed, but I could not see that missionary; I then made my way to the church again, where I found him.

CHAPTER XVI.

OPENS His Heart to the Aforesaid Gentleman, and a Blessed Acquaintance Resulted—Interpretations of the Old Testament are Given to Him—Is Invited to Visit Palestine-place, and see Mr. Stern—He Accepts the Invite, and a Most Solemn, Godly, and Gracious Meeting Followed.

After the service was over, the same gentleman again opened a conversation with me. He asked what my circumstances were, where I came from, who my parents were, and other questions. I told him all about my position, and finding that he was very earnest in speaking to me, I opened my heart to him, and told him the reason I left my native

* A convert agent of the Rev. H. A. Stern, Home Mission in connection with the “London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.”

land; and stated that when I left home my soul was cast down, and I had felt ever since that I was lost. I said, "I know I want something, and do not know what." He said to me, "Are you getting mad?" I said, "The truth is known, I am mad." He then said, "I hope you will be much worse." I was surprised at such an unkind answer. I asked him what he meant. He then said to me that, "A few years ago he was in just the same state; he left his native land, Austria—left father and mother, relations and friends, and went nearly mad, and said he was very thankful for that madness, for God had given heavenly wisdom and true and everlasting satisfaction."

"Can you tell me all about it?" said I. "Yes," he replied. He then asked me several questions concerning the MESSIAH, which questions I often wished I could understand. He then quoted several portions from the Holy Writ, which had always been hard for me to answer; in fact, nearly all he asked me were questions that I used to ask my Rabbi and my beloved father, which were never answered according to my satisfaction. I was so surprised with all these questions; yet I was pleased; for I hoped he could explain them to me. He then asked me to interpret to him a quotation from the Talmud, where it says, Those of the school of Elijah have taught, "The world exists for six thousand years: two thousand void (*i.e.*, without law); two thousand with the law; and two thousand the days of MESSIAH."*

(To be continued.)

* Sanhedrim, folio 97, p. 1.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

IN our bundles of books, &c., we find *Hand and Heart*, Part IV., for April (75, Shoe-lane). The editor has given some prescriptions for the pulpit, for which he ought to have a patent, and all the preachers in Christendom might both get and do good by the use of them. Dr. Guthrie's "Gospel Fountain" we copy into *Cheering Words* from *Hand and Heart*, which is a weekly pennyworth, more innocent, more refined, and much more varied than many of its contemporaries.—A packet of the *Sword and Trowel* for February and March (Passmore and Alabaster). It may be our weakness, but we have so far learned to esteem others better than ourselves that we cannot criticise or write unkindly of any who are on the Lord's side at all. We hear very hard things said by others, and because we cannot add our Amen to their censures, we are considered soft, unsound, not valiant for the truth; but charity will endure much, especially if the Master now and then give us a gentle smile, that more than makes amends for all the sneers the heroes cast upon us.

Mr. Spurgeon's remarks on "What Saul of Tarsus Saw When the Scales Fell From His Eyes," pleased us much; in fact, the articles are excellent for information and for stimulating good hearts to work with all their given strength in the service of the Lord.

Shirley Hibberd, Esq., still produces his *Gardeners' Magazine* with such immense variety and neat ability, that thousands welcome it to their homes with increasing delight.

A righteous independence, a bold front, and a fearlessness of all creature consequences are attributes we glory in when connected with the defence of holy truth, and all these essential qualities, and many more, you will always find in *The Rock*, which penny weekly paper we conscientiously believe to have originated in the Divine purpose, and has been rendered successful by the blessing of the Lord resting upon it. Where would the Protestantism of England have been without it? But for the zeal, ability, steadfastness, and Daniel-like fortitude

of *The Rock*, where would the Bishop of London and all his clergy have been by this time? They fear *The Rock* more than all the Parliaments and Lord Penances in the world. Whether we are Cons. or Noncons., if we are Christians, if we heartily believe the Gospel of our God and Saviour, we are bound to read and to support *The Rock*.

"Sentenced to Death" is an awful poem in the April sheet of that elegant monthly, the *British Workman*, published by S. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster-row; whence also cometh *Onward*, a penny monthly of pictures and healthy pages; also the *Family Friend*, which contains six or seven full-page illustrations, and well-finished papers.

"The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union" (Mount-street, Manchester) shows great progress in one of the best moral movements of our age.

The Vital Chastening of the Heirs of Salvation. A discourse by William Robertson Aikman (to be had of J. Chivers, of Marlborough, for one penny stamp). True religion is only known in that experience of the soul which arises out of the indwelling life, grace, teaching, and power of the Holy Spirit. We often fear the great majority of preachers, editors, and professors have little more than the outline map of the Gospel in a theory; to this hard outline they look, by it they stand, for its different branches they contend; and if any man (who may be solemnly led into "the deep that coucheth beneath") comes forth to justify the Almighty in His sovereign dealings with His people; if any man steps out of the rut, routine, and regular phraseology in which they have been trained to run, severe denunciations are sure to be cast at him, especially if he has a spiritual freedom, and expresses his convictions in an original and faithful manner. Mr. Aikman is no personal friend of ours; he may be as cruelly opposed to us as are those superior critics who have tried to write us down; we are vexed to the deepest recesses of the heart with that awful use of the tongue and of the pen whereby those supposed "faithful" fellows have for many years slaughtered their less successful fellow-men; but all that we can leave. We detest the man who would use his pen or tongue merely to obtain the favour of a poor dying worm. Nevertheless, when we find the proud and the hypocritically-pious uniting to crush a good man because he followeth not with them, we run to the weak one, to ascertain how far he is deserving of the awfully wicked persecution by which

he is being pursued. Mr. Aikman's *Vital Christianity* may be too profound for the divines of our day, but to the truly honest Christian we say, Read it for yourself; if you cannot understand it, the cause may lay in your ignorance of the chastening and teaching of which Mr. Aikman treats.

"Our Philosopher and Our Schoolmaster." *Hand and Heart*, monthly part, a library in itself of current events all round the globe, with illustrations of life in every form and fashion. The Queen going to open her Parliament, last February, forms a handsome picture; statesmen and public men on every side are herein brought before you as true as the sun.

The Gardeners' Magazine. A large omnibus, full of everything in the horticultural line; but its splendid representation of Valentine's Day in a forest of tree-ferns, is very fine. Lovers of nature may enjoy themselves here.

"Religion in those days cost something!" So saith Mr. Samuel Jones, in his *History of the Strict Baptists in the Isle of Thanet* (R. Banks). To anti-quarians and all who can rejoice in the struggles, sufferings, and undying existence of God's Holy Truth, this historical collection will be encouraging, edifying, and of much comfort. We thank our zealous friend, Mr. Samuel Jones, for all the pains he has taken in shewing forth the life and labours of the flock of slaughter.

Not After Christ, Mr. Battersby's sermon in Southwark, March 7th (Fisher and Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street). A wise master builder is Master Battersby, he digs clean down to the Rock for a foundation; all the sand, all the shadows, all the earth of every kind, he flings away. Instrumentally he aims to build believers alone on God's covenant in Christ, through the Spirit. "Thus saith the Lord," is the only weapon Mr. Battersby makes use of. Safe building.

"The Spring is Near!" To turn from the thorns and briars of that contentious controversy ever carried on by certain sections of "the only faithful people in the world" to the more Christ-like breathings of our happy, yet decidedly truthful old friend, the *Gospel Magazine*, whose editor, the beloved Dr. Doudney, enjoys to a considerable extent the position and spirit of one who was emphatically styled "that disciple whom Jesus loved," is exhilarating to us weary souls. The April number of the *Gospel Magazine* has a harvest of well-grown, fully-ripe, and well-gathered sheafs of the finest wheat to be found in this country.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

OUR DEATH ROLL.

THE departure of our venerable brother PERRETT is a loss to the Churches he so lovingly and faithfully served. As yet, we can only announce that he died Thursday, March 15, 1877. His last sermon was preached at the rooms, Rye-lane, Peckham. This is the second valuable supply they have lost recently. Brother Perrett's widow is 71, residing 56, Stebbington-street, Clarendon-square, and she requires help and sympathy. How can this be done? Will not the Churches her husband served be as the Lord's almoners, to comfort and help her in the time of her sorrow?

Mr. JAMES COX, for many years the chapel-keeper at the old Surrey Tabernacle, died at his residence in North Brixton, after a short illness, on Wednesday, April 4, 1877, aged 61. His remains were laid in Nunhead, on the 9th of April, when his large and deeply sorrowing family surrounded his grave. His very venerable father, who has reached his 94th year, was a true mourner, and took his stand at the grave, as though he had not reached his four-score. C. W. Banks said (in the chapel service) he knew four good things in Mr. Cox's life: (1.) His deep convictions of his fallen state as a sinner, commenced from the powerful application of a hymn sung in the Old Surrey Tabernacle many years since on the judgment day—when, like an arrow, the question came in,

"Where then, my soul, wilt thou appear?"

(2.) He passed a searching examination, was received into the Church, and for years was one of the most zealous helpers the late beloved James Wells had about him. (3.) C. W. B. said he knew James Cox's pastor was abidingly attached to him; and, in private, had expressed his strongest Christian love to his "brother James Cox." (4.) In coming to the funeral, C. W. B. said his mind was much exercised as regards what testimony he might be enabled justly to bear in such a solemn service, where no flattering voice should be heard, but where "TRUTH" alone should speak. As he came on to the deceased's residence, in silent contemplation, these words entered his soul with certainty, "STRONG IN FAITH, GIVING GLORY TO GOD." Mr. James Cox's dying hours and last assurances of being ready, willing, and even longing to depart, confirmed the fact that the faith in his soul was that which gloried in NOTHING, gave undue honour or praise to none, but alone unto the Almighty Triune GOD, the alone Author, Preserver, and Finisher of his salvation. Strong faith outlives every storm, it secures

"—— safety in life,
And after death,
The plenitude of heaven."

Perplexing mysteries beclouded some men's lives; of these, some lines may yet be written.

MRS. TOMLYN.

Her Early Life—her silent Regeneration—Baptized by John Harrington Evans—her soul blessed under Mr. West, at Winchelsea.—A Few Remarks relative to Life of the late Mrs. Tomlyn, of Hanover-street, Peckham, who fell asleep in Jesus, February 26th, 1877, aged 75.

Mrs. T. was a native of Rye, in Sussex; her maiden name Catherine Edwards. Her parents were highly respectable. She had been brought up to attend the parish church with them, and thought by so doing she was on the way to heaven. Her parents removed to Hastings, and when Catherine was about twenty years of age, a Christian gentleman and his wife visited them; and while there they read and expounded the Word of God in her hearing; the Holy Ghost opened her heart to receive the truth; at the same time she was convinced of her utterly lost and ruined state as a sinner before a holy, heart-searching God, and she so realized her entire helplessness, and that there would be no hope for her, but by God's free grace and sovereign love, that she was always pained when she heard any one attribute to the creature that which alone belonged to a Triune Jehovah. Under what circumstances and by whose instrumentality her soul was set at liberty, the writer cannot remember.

Miss Edwards was, in 1822, married to Mr. Ebenezer Fox, an eminent Christian, who aided her in every good work. Residing in London, they attended John-street chapel, and the ministry of the late Mr. John Harrington Evans was greatly blessed to her soul. She was baptized by him in 1825.

About five years later, her husband being an invalid, was ordered to Hastings, during which time Mr. West, late rector of Winchelsea, visited him; and after Mr. F.'s death in 1835, she regularly attended his ministry, and so profited under his preaching that she had her house opened for him to give a weekly address to hungry souls longing to be fed with the Bread of Life: and not long since she said to the writer, "It is sweet to look back upon those seasons, when the Lord was with us, and applied what His servant said, so that it was more to me than my necessary food."

Mrs. Fox was subjected to much persecution and opposition by so doing, but she felt it an honour to bear reproach for Him who had done so much for her.

After a time her steps were directed to Brighton, and she highly valued the ministrations of the late Mr. Grace, of West-street; and up to the time of his decease, a very strong friendship existed between them.

Between her first and second marriage, she carried on a large correspondence among

young people, and the Lord greatly blessed her advice and counsel to them on their road Zionward. This is not said to extol the creature, but to magnify the riches of His grace who made her what she was.

She was a woman of much prayer, and the success of her undertakings was no doubt the result of her secret intercourse with her God. Many times has she said, "I cannot manage my little matters without my Lord's guidance any better than I can more important affairs; and it is my mercy to have proved Him a prayer-answering, as well as a prayer-hearing God."

After her marriage to Mr. Tomlyn, they travelled about for some time, but eventually settled at Hanover-street (where she resided the remainder of her life), occasionally attending the ministry of the late Mr. Moyle, of Rye-lane. After Mr. T.'s death, she joined in Church fellowship with them; and all who had the privilege of her friendship can testify to the faithfulness of her loving rebukes when necessary, and her consistent conduct both before the Church and the world.

The ladies of the Dorcas and Maternal Committees have lost a most valuable and efficient worker. Having considerable leisure, she felt it a privilege and pleasure to devote her time in all that concerned the interests of these associations. She was president of the Dorcas Committee for some years, and was working for them the Saturday previous to her removal to her happier, holier home.

DEATH—THE DAY-BREAK OF ETERNAL BRIGHTNESS.

A few years ago, there were three brothers living in health, manly vigour, and practical usefulness in the different Churches where Providence had placed them. We refer to Messrs. Nathan, James, and W. S. BLAKE. They are now all gone across the river. Mr. Nathan Blake resided during the last years of his life in Gravesend; there he died; and there over his grave we spoke a few solemn words. In earlier life, he had been, with his loving wife, a member and a good friend of the late John Foreman's Church. Nathan died in the faith and hope of the Gospel of the ever-blessed God.

Mr. James Blake, a long and much-esteemed resident citizen of Aldgate, was a valuable helper to the late Thomas Hughes, of Trinity, Hackney. He saw Trinity, and was a co-worker with Thomas Hughes, in their days of immense prosperity. He saw both decline; long seasons of sorrow followed. Then, as we believe, a merciful Providence directed him to Crosby-row chapel, Southwark. For about ten years, as a deacon, greatly beloved, he saw the Church rise there, under God's blessing on our ministry, from a very few to nearly 300 members. Shortly after, Mr. James Blake was called home, also his excellent wife, whom we baptized with many others.

Now, from Clarkston, in the United States, comes a letter to Mrs. White, of the Fulham-road (a meek and affectionate sister of

the brothers we have briefly referred to), announcing the death of the last of the three, Mr. W. S. Blake, who, his bereaved widow says, "entered into his heavenly rest, on March 2, 1877, in his seventy-third year." Mr. W. S. Blake had resided in that State many years, being one of its first settlers. Himself and wife had been members of a Baptist Church over thirty years; and many mourn the loss of a man so genial, faithful, and true.

Those two mighty powers—DEATH and LOVE—came, and each took their watch, one on one side, the other on the other side of his bed, for three long months, and there was seen the truth of that grand old sentence, "Love is strong as Death."

Death said, "I claim this body, and I have power to take it down to the grave."

Love said, "The immortal soul is mine; I have set my heart upon it from all eternity; I have redeemed it from all evil; and I have power to carry it home to dwell with the spirits of the just made perfect."

Both these powers maintained their hold until the moment of separation came.

The struggle was severe, the warfare was long, but the conquest was complete. Mr. Blake's bodily prostration was great. His physical powers were all but gone for months, still nothing but a grateful patience, a most sincere resignation, with an intense longing to be with the Lord, were to be seen or heard in him. His widow, who watched over him, with tender and affectionate solicitude, says,—"Three days before he died, he had a partial vision of glory. He said, 'I shall not be here long now.' I asked him what it was? He replied, 'I cannot tell you. Something I saw and felt, I cannot describe.'"

The last verse he repeated was,—

"Jesus! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

With a soft assurance of his going to dwell with the blessed, he kissed his much-endearing wife, and fell asleep. Prof. or Van Don, preached deceased's funeral sermon from his chosen text, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." Hallelujah! Praise the Lord. C. W. B.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF MRS. NUNNS.

"Your people are fond of reading the account of the last moments of departed saints," said a gentleman (he was one of the "Brethren") once to the writer.

"Well," said I, "perhaps they are, for there is something very impressive in the last utterances of a dying friend—words spoken on the threshold of eternity."

But, apart from this, the infallible Word declares, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." If they be so precious in the eyes of the eternal Majesty of heaven, shall they not be a cause of rejoicing to the hearts of His people on earth? and though they may (and do) mourn the loss of those who have gone to be with Jesus, yet they would not, for all that this world calls good or great, wish them back.

So has it been with the Church at Cour-

land-grove, Larkhall-lane, Clapham, under the pastoral care of that aged and devoted servant of Christ, Mr. S. Ponsford, who have sustained a loss in the death of Mrs. Nunns, a person who was highly respected and beloved by all she came in contact with. She had been a member there for a great many years, being quickened into Divine life by God the Holy Ghost, who was pleased to show her her state as a sinner, and her need of a Saviour. When first convinced, she wandered from one chapel to another, trying to find that which her soul so much needed. At last, her husband went out by himself one Sunday morning, and accidentally (to use a common worldly phrase) dropped into Mr. Ponsford's chapel. After the service was over he went home and informed his wife that he had found the right ministry for her. She went; it proved the means of setting her soul at liberty, and she was enabled to go on her way rejoicing. She followed her Saviour through that simple and much-despised ordinance of baptism, and she ever maintained a consistent walk all through her pilgrimage on earth. Like others of the living family, she experienced her dark seasons; but she always found that her anchor was cast firmly within the veil, which is both sure and steadfast, and—unlike much of the teaching of the theology of the present day—she knew that

“—once in Christ,
In Him for ever.”

But the time of her departure drew on. She had been a great sufferer through her shortness of breath, being very asthmatical. During her last illness, which was very brief, she displayed that patience and fortitude which only a true Christian can do. On the question being asked her if she was happy in her mind? she answered, “Yes,” and made some other remark, which was unintelligible. Just before her spirit winged its flight to “fairer worlds on high,” she asked to be lifted up, and said with great difficulty, “Come quickly.” Truly we would say, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” And now her ransomed spirit basks in the full-orbed presence of her adorable Saviour, in that blissful, happy place, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;” and she realises the truth of those sublime words of Toplady's prayer,—

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Mrs. Nunns was a cheerful, happy-looking Christian, and although she waded through rivers of sorrow and trouble, yet the complacent and exceeding tranquil smile upon her countenance never showed a single trace of pain; and even when her own trials were mentioned, her eyes would glisten through her tears, and I doubt not for a moment but that an ejaculatory prayer would ascend from her heart to Him whose ear is ever open to the cries of His poor and needy ones. God forbid we should exalt the creature

and forget the Creator; but where the grace of God shines conspicuously, let not the sin-defiled hands or lips of man attempt to obliterate it. All who knew our departed sister can testify to the affability of her manners, the cheerfulness of her conversation, and the encouraging words she has spoken not only to the pastor to cheer him in his labours, but also (and such are few and far between) to the younger friends of the congregation, whose state and experience she has entered into, and drawn out expressions which even the more deeply taught in heavenly things have failed to do; and she has then poured in a drop of the good wine of the kingdom, which has helped the seeking and hoping soul on their way heavenward and Godward. This the writer is a living witness to. She was, in the true sense of the word, a “mother in Israel.” The husband has lost an affectionate wife, the family a kind and good mother, and the Church a regular and consistent member.

The pastor improved her death on Sunday, March 15, and in the course of his sermon he said, “She was a dear sister I valued very much; and received much comfort when telling of the experience of her heart.” May the Lord bless the bereaved family, and, if His will, may they, by the same teaching and safe guidance, be conducted where she is, and so be “for ever with the Lord!”

The following lines, which were copied and given me by a friend, are, I think, very *appropos* to our deceased friend. R. S.

“SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.”

Oh! call it not death—it is life begun,
For the waters are passed, the bome is won;
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore,
Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no more.
She is safe in her Father's house above,
In the place prepared by her Saviour's love;
To depart from a world of sin and strife,
And to be with Jesus—yes! this is life.

O call it not death—'tis a holy sleep,
And the precious dust the Lord doth keep;
She shall wake again—and how satisfied,
With the likeness of Him for her who died,
As He rose again, she shall also rise
From the quiet deal, where now safe she lies.
Then cheer ye, fond mourners, who sadly weep,
For happy are they who in Jesus sleep.

Oh! call it not death—'tis a glorious rest,
“Yea, saith the Spirit,” for all such are blest;
“They rest from their labours,” their work is done.

The goal is attained, the weary race run;
The battle is fought, the struggle is o'er,
The crown now replaces the cross she bore;
The pilgrimage path shall no more be trod;
“A rest remains to the people of God.”

Oh! call it not death—it is true indeed,
The soul from the shackles of earth is freed;
'Tis true that dissolved is the house of clay,
And the spirit, unchained, hath pass'd away.
'Tis true, too, the loved one hath gone before;
The home how dark 'd, that knows her no more.
He elides not your griefs, for Jesus, too, wept
O'er the grave where His friend, a Lazarus slept.

But call it not death—a few short days o'er,
Ye shall meet her in glory, to part no more.
What a blessed hope! lo! Christ shall appear
For the “restitution of all things” here.
Then (if not till then) ye'll see her again, [train,
When brought by the Lord with His glorious
Those “sleeping in Jesus” shall be restored,
“And so shall we ever be with the Lord!”

HARWICH, ESSEX.

RE-OPENING SERVICE OF EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL.

This place of worship being closed for two months for enlargement and renovation, was re-opened Thursday, March 22, by tea and public meeting; W. Beach, Esq., presided, who introduced the business by very appropriate and animating remarks, expressing his pleasure and satisfaction in seeing such a marked improvement in the place, and gave the key-note for the evening, "love, gratitude, and zeal." Addresses by brethren Houghton, Wyatt, and G. G. Whorlow, the minister of the place, were listened to with much interest. Mr. Houghton reviewed the ministry of the present day; Mr. Wyatt, the Independent minister of the town, on Christian unity; G. G. Whorlow on the mercy-seat in the sanctuary; Mr. Beach, in closing, appealed to the audience for liberal contributions towards liquidating the debt incurred, which was cheerfully responded to. Singing and prayer ended one of the most happy meetings ever experienced at Ebenezer chapel, Harwich.

We hear much of a desponding character of the low state of our Churches, of abounding errors, which have always existed through the enmity between the two seeds; but the true Church ever has been aggressive and progressive, and will continue going on conquering and to conquer. Taking a review of the last six or seven years, we at Harwich have reason to give thanks and take courage. We see erected new places of worship, in connection with the Strict Baptist Churches, such as the New Surrey tabernacle, that noble edifice in the midst of the great Emporium of the world, which will bear inspection internally and externally. "Walk about Zion; go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following." Look at brother Lawrence at Bernumsey; brother Houghton, Blakenham; brother Reynolds, Yarmouth; and this little place at Harwich, now nearly as good as new, and as neat and comfortable as any place in Essex; many Churches burdened with heavy debts have been released of their burdens, their debts being paid, their chapels put in trust, and doubtless many other places that you, the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, know of, from your extensive knowledge of the Churches in London and the provinces. Hallelujah! again, in respect to some of us who are advancing in years, and have intimations that our clay tabernacle must come down, yet through grace we rejoice they come as reminders of our house in the heavens not made with hands; and it affords us much pleasure to see the Lord raising up a band of young labourers to take the field. Yes! there are many young Elishas and Timothys to take our places when our heavenly Lord and Master shall be pleased to remove us from the sphere of labour to the land of rest.

To my young friends suffer the word of

exhortation. Read the Word of God regularly, attentively, and prayerfully; study the writings of the Puritan fathers, for they are pregnant with truth and spirituality, while modern writings are full of intellectual mystification, with few exceptions. The Lord has given you a banner to be displayed because of truth. May we all, young and old, unitedly in love contend for the "faith once delivered to the saints,"

"Fight on, My faithful band, He cries,
Nor fear the mortal blow;
Who first in such a warfare dies
Shall speediest victory know."

Harwich.

G. G. WHORLOW.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—We had Speldhurst chapel crowded with an attentive audience on Sunday afternoon, April 15, to hear Mr. I. Levinsohn deliver a discourse from the text, "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons," &c. His one theme appears to be the beauty, the sweetness, the suitability, and glory of Jesus. Not one bitter feeling or reflection on others proceeds from him. Truly, in the simplest and clearest manner, he lifts up the Lord as the sinner's only hope, and urges all distressed and afflicted hearts to "Behold the Lamb of God." If Robert Burns had never found any worse minister than Isaac Levinsohn, he would never have written the following reproof to them,—

"O ye wha are so guid yourself,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly."

Alas! there are plenty yet in the ministry whose evil deeds, under cover of a pure white consistency, deserve the reference Burns made to them. And they will keep their distance from this young child of Abraham until they see God's blessing with him, gathering the multitude around him, and then they may condescend to stoop. We rejoice to find Isaac Levinsohn has nothing of a servile, cringing spirit about him. He is anxious to be the servant of Jesus Christ, but not the sycophant of any party. May the Lord preserve him, go on to instruct and honour him, and all the glory shall be given alone unto His dear name. Our young friend is no ignoramus. In point of educational advantages, we have not his equal in the whole of the Strict Baptist community. Let us all bless the Lord for giving us a young man whose credentials are so clear, whose prospects for usefulness are so hopeful.

PLYMOUTH.—A recent visitor at Plymouth says he found Mr. Collins exceedingly happy in preaching the Gospel at Corpus Christi. At Ebenezer, Stonehouse, they are "faint, yet pursuing." Mr. Dickenson holds on well at Mount Zion, Devonport, where Mr. Vaughan used to labour. Mr. Parnell, at Trinity, Plymouth, has many good friends, so that if any should visit this Western coast during the coming season, there need be no fear for want of Gospel preaching or preacher.

MR. JOHN BENNETT AT EGERTON, KENT.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.— Amidst the general gloom that has settled on many of our Churches in our yet highly favoured land, arising in too many cases from a want of a loving, living ministry, and on the part of the members of our Churches from the want of a child-like and teachable spirit, here and there we find a little that is calculated to cheer and revive a fainting spirit; such reviving I found in visiting Egerton Postal Baptist chapel, last Friday, March 30, which was their anniversary.

Egerton Postal is about three miles wide of the Pluckley station on S.E.R. The baptised Church meeting there is an offshoot of the Old Tzedon Baptist chapel, Smarden, and has been established between forty and fifty years.

It has been the scene of the labours of Cornelius Slim, the late Daniel Cranbrook, Padgham, McCarthy, Scott, Pain, Kingsford, S. T. Banks, and the present one who is ministering to them is R. Y. Banks, who has laboured in word and doctrine there for the past seventeen years. The late Mr. Hughes, of Sheerness, laboured for them about ten years with much acceptance, besides many others.

They held their anniversary on Good Friday, and notwithstanding the Zion's, and Bethel's, and Zoar's, which hold meetings now on that day, they are generally well attended.

On Friday, March 30, I left about 6.30 A.M., for Egerton. The morning was everything that could be desired; the very birds carolled forth the great Creator's praise, and the earnest prayer of my soul was that the God of Zion would come with the preacher for the day, Mr. John Bennett, of Wilderness-row, London; nor was I disappointed.

The officiating minister began the morning service after singing, by reading Hebrews xii., commenting upon the witnesses with which the Church is encompassed.

The encouragement afforded by a review of those who have been borne through a host of trials and cruel mockings, of bonds and imprisonments, and yet who had endured as seeing Him who is invisible, also of the one Church embracing patriarchs, prophets, apostles, the army of martyrs, in all ages, and each true believer to the end, forming but one complete whole. He then besought the Lord's blessing upon the services of the day that He would be with His servant, whom they expected, and that by his labours as a Church they might atresh put on the whole armour of God, and stand in the evil day.

Mr. Bennett took his text for the morning from 1 Peter v. 7, "For He careth for you." He, in introducing his discourse mentioned a circumstance which would be worthy of imitation. A gentleman who was accustomed to hear what are considered little preachers, was asked how he got along with them, answered, "I go expecting something, but I expect that something from God, and I generally pick up a crumb." I believe this is the great

mistake hearers of the Word make; they look too much to the instrument, and too little to that God who can alone make the instrument effective.

Mr. Bennett divided his subject into two thoughts: I. A blessed consolation—"He careth for you." II. A wonderful stimulant. The complete or Divine union—He who cares, and those who are cared for; showing a blessed association—God in His holiness and the guilty one united in one bond or covenant, exhibiting mercy and truth meeting together upon needy and sinful man. Christ caring for His people, more than He cared for Himself, giving up Himself, pouring out Himself that He might procure salvation for them. He made the world by a word—speaking, and it is done, commanding, and it stands fast.

But He devoted His life to work and redemption, to work out a righteousness, and to bring peace to a troubled heart. Thinking, and planning, and working till He could say, "The work is finished Thou gavest Me to do."

This good pleasure of the Father stands connected with His Divine power in executing. That there was a reason for every mystery both of His providence and grace towards the objects of His choice. He trims and prunes the vine as He pleases, but that it may bring forth more fruit. The ground of our acceptance with God being of His own will that He begat us by the Word of truth; loving the Church and giving Himself for it, that He might make unto Himself a glorious Church without spot, &c.

And the glorious issue of His care not to lose one, that they all might be made partakers of His holiness, and gathered into one eternal bond of union, and be with Him to behold His glory.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bennett spoke from John xv. 9, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in My love."

Over 200 sat down to tea. In the evening Mr. Bennett preached from Rev. xxii. 14, "Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Here is a sketch of Good Friday at the Baptist chapel—the Postal Egerton. Mr. Bennett appeared quite at home, and the people were at home in the house of prayer, and with God's servant. The attendance was good all day; the interest in hearing and receiving the Word did not flag or wear out. After the concluding prayer, the beautiful praise of the well-known doxology was sung heartily, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

May the day be long held in sacred remembrance with much profit by all who met in God's house; and as one who has taken a humble place in connection with Zion, and a deep interest in her prosperity and peace, feel it a most precious privilege we are permitted to meet at all in so public a way; but when we can meet and feel that those who speak in the name of the Lord, and we who hear with one heart and soul receiving the word of Divine

truth as the gift of a loving Father, through so safe and in every sense so satisfactory a way, as our precious Immanuel, God with us, this enhances the privilege a hundred-fold.

May the God of all grace richly bless you in your declining days both in preaching and publishing His Word, is the prayer of

A VISITOR.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—The fifty-third anniversary of our foundation at Ebenezer chapel was celebrated on Bank Holiday. A good company of ministers and friends honoured us with their presence. Mr. R. G. Edwards preached from Isaiah lxii. 4, "But thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah." Tea was provided by the ladies, and much appreciated. At the public meeting in the evening (chapel filled), Mr. W. Winters, the pastor, acted as moderator, commencing the service with the well-known hymn, "Kindred in Christ for His dear sake," &c. F. Wheeler prayed; T. Rowley spoke of the Lord's love and mercy to His people; Mr. Rowley, being a native of Waltham, expressed great attachment to the cause of God here. Mr. Winters gave the "Rise and Progress of Dissent in Waltham," enumerating the lives in brief of John Arthur, Dr. Gill, John Davies, James Upton, Dr. W. Newman, John Ryland, Joseph Ivimey, James Hargreaves, and others whose names are famous in the evangelical annals of Waltham Abbey. F. Wheeler and N. Oakey made sterling remarks on the definite nature of the truth of the Gospel. Jabez Whitridge (a kind, loving servant of Christ) gave cheering words, and much encouraged the pastor. R. G. Edwards spoke on the pastor's work. Mr. Edmond Carr, late of Brighton, whom the pastor of this chapel has had the honour to baptize, came forward by request, and spoke sweetly on the Gospel ordinances of God's house. It is hoped this young godly man will be of great service in the Church. May God endow him with holy unction for the work. After a few words from the Chairman respecting the blessing of God felt and enjoyed from Sabbath to Sabbath by the friends, Mr. H. J. James, who had so long, helped the cause here in the service of song with other sweet singers of Israel, favoured the congregation with that admirable piece of music, entitled, "How beautiful upon the mountains!" &c., which one and all seemed unitedly to appreciate. The meeting terminated with prayer. May God give many more bright manifestations of His love and power to the Waltham Abbey Strict Baptist Church, is the hearty desire of one who must pray for the peace of Jerusalem while life and hope remains.

WALTHAMENSIS.

ATTLEBORO', NORFOLK.—The following four Baptist Churches, Attleboro', Carleton Rode, Kenninghall, and Shelfanger, have made it a custom for many years to hold public services upon Good Friday. These associated Churches held these services at Attleboro' this year, on the day above-

mentioned. There were three services during the day and three sermons preached. A goodly number, consisting of several of the members and friends connected with these Churches, with their pastors, assembled in the morning at half-past ten, to worship their covenant Head. The sermon was preached by Mr. Ewing, of Kenninghall, from Romans viii. 32. Many were the establishing and comforting words spoken to the believers in Christ from these words chosen as a text. At one o'clock a public dinner was provided in the chapel, and several friends partook of the substantial prepared. The second service commenced at half-past two in the afternoon, the chapel being full of people. Mr. Sparham, pastor of the baptized Church at Shelfanger, offered prayer, pleading at the mercy-seat for spiritual blessings on the assembled Churches, and upon the day's services. Mr. Pipe, the recently appointed Baptist minister of Attleboro', preached from the last two verses of the last chapter in Solomon's Song. The Church of Jesus Christ was beautifully described under the figure of a garden, and her many calls to the dear Redeemer to be swift in His visits to her. At five o'clock a public tea was also provided, of which a large number availed themselves. Sermon was preached by Mr. R. Snaih, of Carleton Rode, from the latter part of Isaiah liii. 11. It was a powerful and deep discourse on the work of Christ in the sinner's justification. A pleasant task was performed by Mr. Pipe at the close of the sermon—viz., the presentation of a handsome silver inkstand to Mr. Zedekiah Long, the retiring superintendent of the Sabbath-school in connection with the Baptist Church at Attleboro', on behalf of the teachers. After a vote of thanks had been accorded to the ladies and friends for their kind assistance, the services of the day were concluded by prayer. Several friends came from the surrounding villages by vans, and many doubtless in returning would think of the blessed truths heard during the day, and look forward to the next meeting, which will be (God willing) held at Carleton Rode.

ONE PRESENT.

COBHAM.—**MR. BANKS.**—As a traveller, I sometimes stop at Cobham, and go to the Baptist chapel. The friends at Cobham are very few, like Mr. Cornforth's friends. They have a Yea and Amen Gospel, lifting up a precious Christ. They have a Sabbath school, and it is my belief the Baptists are doing what they can to sound out Christ's Gospel. In 1872, land was given to them; they said, "This is the Lord's hand, let us arise and build." Seven or eight of them set to work. In 1873, the chapel was opened. Through much trial from within and without, they have kept the doors open till now. But they are burdened with £100 debt. Knowing your willingness to help the needy, will you kindly make an appeal for them? The Lord bless you, is the prayer of

A POOR TRAVELLER.

**BIBLICAL TEACHING
AND THE
BANBURY NEW STRICT BAPTIST
CHAPEL.**

"The Banbury Guardian," in its report of the services at Easter, says:—

Easter Sunday, morning and evening, special services were held in West-street chapel, at which collections were made on behalf of the chapel which is being erected in Dashwood-road, at a cost of £850, and towards which a sum of £330 still remains to be liquidated. C. W. Banks, from Speldhurst-road chapel, London, was the preacher at the three services, and on each occasion delivered a suitable and earnest sermon. On the following day, Easter Monday, a public tea was held, which was well attended, the proceeds being devoted to the funds of the Sabbath school. This was succeeded by a meeting, over which Alderman Osborn presided, to whose philanthropy and zeal much of the success likely to attend the erection of the new chapel is attributable.

Alderman Osborn said they had two objects in meeting together that evening—the one was to sympathise with the Sabbath school, which they had that afternoon successfully done; and the other object was to incite them to renewed effort on behalf of the new chapel, which was approaching completion. Speaking of the Sabbath school, and of the necessity of the inculcation of religious instruction, he said the stamp of Divine approval was manifest upon the school; and gave it as his opinion that Biblical instruction was never more imperatively demanded than at the present time. He referred them to the spread of infidelity, in company with her twin-sisters, Ritualism and Popery, and to what they sometimes called "Evangelical teaching," which savoured more of a metaphysical disquisition or philosophical lecture; observing that with this state of things, the teaching of the truths of God's Word was imperatively demanded. In the present chapel they had no convenience whatever for the Sabbath school; in addition to this, the place was private property, for which they paid a considerable rent, and were subject at any time to ejection. The Calvinists had worshipped in their chapel in West-street for half a century, and that without asking for a shilling outside their circle of the Christian Church, and he could testify that nearly every institution except the Calvinists had received external support. God had put it into their hearts to raise a place of worship in which the discriminating truths of God's Word should be faithfully preached and in which the ordinances of God's house, according to the rules of the Gospel, should be administered. This was the object they had in view, and the great work in which they were engaged. The new chapel, he thought, would be opened in June.

Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Tustain, and C. Eden (Bloxham), all rejoiced that they were in prospect of having a place of worship they could call their own, and would say, next to God, all honour to those friends who had been the instruments in raising up what he might call a legacy to posterity, wherein the truths

as in Christ should be fearlessly, faithfully, and fully preached. All were pleased to see so many present that evening.

The chairman, in introducing C. W. Banks, from London, who had been amongst them before, said they were much indebted to him for the kind interest he had taken in their project. He (the chairman) looked upon the Sabbath school as being the origin of the new chapel, and thought if they had had no Sunday school, they would not be having a new chapel. He said it was two years ago that the idea was first mentioned; and he expressed his great pleasure in knowing that they would soon have a nice place to worship in.

C. W. Banks expatiated upon the noble work of building chapels and schools, and said the congregation worshipping in West-street chapel had become endeared to him. In some impressive observations, he spoke of the great blessing the new chapel would prove to those who came after them, and exhorted all to give whatever they could towards its cost. He did not think any one of them at a future time when worshipping in the chapel would like to tell their children, in answer to inquiries, that they had given nothing towards the cost of building it; but, on the contrary, would feel a pride in telling them that they had subscribed something towards its erection. Mr. Banks then passed a well-deserved eulogium on Mr. J. Osborn, whose interest in the Sabbath school and the chapel has been so markedly shown, after which he made an urgent appeal to the meeting to give liberally when the collection was made. Producing a letter he had received that day, addressed "Bishop Banks"—(laughter)—he said the sender, who did not give his name, promised to give as much towards the building fund as he (the speaker) did. It was his intention to give £5 towards it—(applause) from a fund he had in hand for helping Strict Baptist Churches. He then asked the anonymous writer to come forward and carry out his promise; which promise has been honoured and added to the fund.

The choir during the evening sang several pieces, including anthems and hymns, much to their credit.

On Tuesday evening another service was held in the chapel, when C. W. Banks preached an excellent sermon.

The aggregate sum realised since the commencement of the services is £35 6s. 11d.

We may add, if the Lord permit, the new Baptist chapel in Banbury will be opened on Wednesday, June 20, when W. Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, Leeds, has kindly promised to conduct the dedicatory services, and preach in the afternoon and evening.

CAMBERWELL.—MANSION HOUSE CHAPEL.—H. Gern's query cannot be met. Mr. Rowe has been pastor nearly twenty years. A pleasanter brother lives not everywhere. Who has the chapel, who will occupy the pulpit, who will fill the pews we know not. As Gern says, "It is a grand centre." Yes, there are plenty of centres; but if you make truth the standard of the

centre, where will you find the crowding congregation? In the S.E. district there are tabernacles, churches, chapels, halls, mission-rooms, and schools in all directions. Saving results we cannot measure.

EPPING.—Baptist friends held thirteenth anniversary on Good Friday. Mr. Carpenter preached thorough good sermons. After tea, public meeting was convened. Mr. Cottis presided. Mr. Golding prayed. Mr. Carpenter gave a short address. Mr. Davis (pastor of the Independent chapel, Epping) expressed with warmth and energy the pleasure he felt on being present in company with Hypers, Brownists, Wesleyans, and others. Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Golding, and Mr. Winters followed with kindness. There was a good attendance the whole of the day, and, above all, God was realised in the midst, and the souls of many were blessed. So says
W. WINTERS.

FOLKESTONE, KENT.

To the numerous readers of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—Our esteemed brother, Mr. Dennee, and his little flock, are crying out, like the servants of Elisha, "Give room, for the place is too straight for us." They are about taking a chapel in a better position; but it will cost them for repairs, &c., near £400. They earnestly solicit your kind sympathy by lending them a helping hand, that the place may be rendered convenient and suitable for the worship of God, in strict accordance with Gospel order. Our brother Dennee is a faithful preacher, and his labours have been blessed. I hope God will open hearts to feel, and hands to give liberally to these few sheep in the wilderness. Subscriptions and donations will be most thankfully received by Mr. Dennee, minister, 143, Dover-road, Folkestone; Messrs. Moat and Smith, deacons, 8, Rendezvous-street, Folkestone. Also by J. W. E. C. Gruit, 4, Crampton-street, Newington, S.E., London.

BANBURY, OXON.

DEAR SAMUEL FOSTER,—In a steam car, this wet Wednesday, April 4th, I send my little mind down into your Sturry hospital, simply to cheer your heart by a few lines, reviewing the last few days in which I have been trying to be useful in the work wherein you know I have been engaged over forty years.

Early on Good Friday morning, started for Beacon-hill, whereon stands Penn chapel. We had two services, and a little conversation with my dear and long-known friends, R. Howard, Kemp, Francis, and others from Wooburn; and we have hope that the Penn Church, under the ministry of brother George White, may be as a city set on this Beacon-hill, in which the citizens may be neither sickly nor few. The late pastor, Mr. Miller, was here forty years; a truly honest and holy man of God, he loved his Gospel-home; and there he steadfastly laboured until worn out, he gently fell asleep. His one only

child, I find, has been left without much in this world, which is a cruel case; but how this comes out I must not yet declare.

Next day, went on to Oxford, where
A few of the certain saints of high degree

In blest assemblies meet,
But as here is no place for me,
I walk'd about the street.

Then took train for Banbury, where on Saturday evening I safely found a quiet home in the well regulated residence of our friend Mr. Alderman Joseph Osborn.

Oxford notes you must have another time. I was announced to preach four sermons in West-bar chapel, and in Bodicott, and take part in the Monday Sunday school annual meeting. Oh, my afflicted brother in the faith, it is mercy amazing rich to assure you that in a small way I was enabled to go through all, not to my own satisfaction, but I trust to some advantage to the friends who are building a new Strict Baptist chapel in Banbury; and in order to pay the contractor they require as yet some £300. I know the Banbury friends have gone to the utmost of their ability, but they must have help from other sources. The Banbury Strict Baptists have by certain beloved friends among them rendered large and loving aid to other causes, but never before did they seek the slightest assistance from others. Will that Lord and Master whom they love and serve leave them helpless in this emergency? No! will not you, dear Samuel, plead for their freedom from all debt? I know you will.

Brother Tustain, the patriarchal Baptist of these parts, spoke well to us at the Monday meeting. I mean (D.V.) to give his likeness and ministerial life as soon as it can be. The school friends conducted their meeting in admirable style. The choir gave us a rich treat; in fact, it was a cheerful and hallowed time.

Near London. Pray for C. W. BANKS.

I find everywhere the Lord has sprinkled His salt all over this land. I hope to give you a few instances. I pray God to help you, dear Samuel Foster, in your deep affliction.

BOW.—ALBERT TERRACE. Mr. William Webb, late of Tring, was recognised as pastor of the Church in this place, January 23, 1877. C. Masterson conducted the devotional parts. J. Griffith examined the pastor-elect; C. W. Banks united pastor and Church; John Hazelton delivered the charge; Edward Langford led the praise. Above 200 persons had tea. The new pastor presided over evening meeting, when G. Elven, G. Webb, Dearsly, Steed, Lodge, Osmond, and Masterson pleaded for truth in every form. The eighth anniversary of the Church was on March 6. Sermons by W. Webb and Thomas Stringer. J. Bonney, Esq., presided over the public assembly, giving a lucid exposition of the character and ministry of Paul. G. Elven, on the breast-plate, was excellent. C. W. Banks, N. Oakley, W. Beddow, and deacon Fowler took part. We all wish soon to see brother W. Webb and his friends in a new and larger place.

A WORD FOR THE BURGH-LE-MARSH PEOPLE.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I and my wife were baptized in the year 1827; have been members of the Church near fifty years. J. F. is trying to set up a rival cause. Will J. F. inform us who those cruel creatures were that shamefully used the late pastor?

Dear Sir, in reply to your question, "How was a blessed minister driven away?" we answer, by his own resignation and the Church's acceptance of the same.

I remain, your affectionate brother in Christ,

JOSEPH NUTSEY.

Station-road, Burgh-Le-Marsh,
Lincolnshire.

[We omit much because we will not injure any one. Burgh and Monksthorpe Churches have stood in the faith over 200 years. We beseech them not to give way to party feeling; let them not divide; let them get up into Olivet's Mount in communion with God; then let them appoint a Sabbath-day for united, honest, earnest prayer to Almighty God to come by His Spirit and heal them, bind them up, and increase them with grace and spiritual power. Mr. Wright resigned his office, the Church accepted it; the people gave him a handsome present to leave, and he honourably left. There let that matter end. We would rather have the people's prayers to stop with them than all the purses in the world to leave them. But it may be the Lord has other work for Mr. Wright to do. Let Burgh and Monksthorpe people listen to Christ's exhortation. Let them continue in the Saviour's love; let them forgive one another; let them look more to the Lord than to any man. There is too much idolising of parsons in these days, consequently trouble comes on our Churches.—Ed.]

CAMDEN TOWN, GREAT MEETINGS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Allow me to record the goodness of the Lord to that part of the flock meeting for Divine worship at Milton hall, under the pastoral care of brother Gander, who has been laid by for weeks through affliction. In the midst of all, the Lord has been with us. To His honour we declare Him to be "Jehovah-Jireh." On Good Friday brother I. Levinsohn preached in the afternoon to a congregation of nearly five hundred, from the words, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." He was heard with pleasure and profit. Many were sure the Lord had raised him up to be useful in His vineyard. About 350 took tea. Evening service commenced by pastor Gander giving out, "Kindred in Christ." Our dear pastor being too ill to proceed, asked his friend Nugent to take the chair, which he ably filled. Brethren Haydon, Steed, A. Hall, Lodge, Oakley, and Levinsohn spake comforting words. Brother Levinsohn thanked the friends for the welcome they gave him. Brother Holton closed the meeting by prayer. Through the kindness of the friends, we were enabled to present

our pastor £8, proving that he is highly esteemed in love for his work's sake.

J. HOOD.

BUCKS.—Special services were held in Baptist chapel, Beacon-hill, Penn, on Good Friday, as follows: morning, at eleven, the friends met together for praise and prayer; afternoon, sermon by C. W. Banks, which we all very much enjoyed. As the friends had prayed, so the Lord did indeed come with him; and when He comes, He is sure to bring a blessing. The ladies gave us a good tea. At public meeting, Mr. J. White, High Wycombe, presided. After singing that beautiful hymn,—

"When saint to saint in days of old
Their sorrows, sins, and sufferings told,
Jesus, the Friend of sinners, dear,
His saints to bless, was present there."

Mr. Gurney went to the throne of grace. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, who said the object of their meeting was two-fold: 1st, We have had the vestry repaired, at a cost of £18 5s.; the amount in hand is £9 10s. We are in debt; that we do not like. We want to get this amount paid as soon as possible. Our friend Mr. Banks has come forward to aid us by coming this day free of all expense, so that all we get will go towards the vestry fund; he has also paid for the printing, &c., and if I speak the feeling of all present it is this, may the Lord bless him abundantly. 2nd, We meet that our souls may be blessed by the service of to-day, that the fainting ones may be made strong, and the doubting ones led to rejoice. The chairman then addressed the meeting upon the ministry of Christ, His mercy, and the majesty of His kingdom. He was followed by Mr. Burgess, of Askett, Mr. Fuller, and C. W. Banks. The friends separated about nine o'clock, after spending a very happy day, the result of the day's services being £2 15s. towards the vestry fund, thus leaving £6 still remaining. May the Lord put it in the hearts of some to help this poor cause. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE.

NEW QUAY, CORNWALL.—The Baptist Church here is fifty-five years of age. The Hand-book says, Mr. Clase is pastor, but the Church has had no pastor for some time. If the Lord does not work for them, it must be closed. We have sent James Lock. We ask the Lord's remembrancers to plead specially for a Divine blessing to rest on brother Lock and the Church at New Quay, for we regard New Testament principles and practices in faithful and fruitful administrations. O, what a field doth Cornwall present! The whole of the West of England, with few exceptions, is barren in the Gospel ministry. Cornwall is as hard as the copper it produces. We have gone through it; it is sterile. Still with another Gospel, many are trying to raise the dead. Do they do it? O Lord! command James Lock to call for the four winds to breathe, then shall the dry bones live.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You will be glad to know we have some blessed seasons at Bethel lately. At our Sunday school anniversary, in March, we tried the experiment of having a public meeting without a tea, and to have superintendents of Sunday schools to speak instead of ministers. It was a great success; good speeches by friends from Wilderness-row, Camden Lecture hall, Jireh, East-road, &c. Many were encouraged. I heard it remarked, "We hope this will not be the last meeting of the sort." In the Church we are in peace; the Lord is prospering us. We baptized two, March 28, one a dear old saint over eighty years old, who had been a Roman Catholic all her life until she came to live with her daughter, who brought her to Bethel; there the Lord blessed her with His salvation. Her daughter was baptized in the same pool in March, 1876. We added four to the number of our Church members on Easter Sunday. We have three candidates who, God willing, will be immersed in the name of the blessed Trinity, on Wednesday, May 2nd. To God be all the praise.

W. M. HAYDON, pastor.

ROCHDALE.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—Saturday, Feb. 24, we had meetings at Newbold chapel, Rochdale, to sympathise with our pastor, Mr. James Hand, on leaving us. Many in the Church, in the school and congregation, are desirous that Mr. Hand should still have been our pastor. Over 200 sat down to tea; the public meeting was more numerous. The people, young folks, and all expressed heart-felt sorrow at our pastor leaving; and we pray that the God of all grace may long spare him. Feb. 25, our pastor preached his last sermon from, "And there shall be no night there." The chapel was filled; he preached a very good sermon; a great many wept.

TURNER COLLINGE, Deacon.

[We cannot insert more at present.—ED.]

THE MILLSTONE HANGED ROUND THE NECK.

A ministering kind brother sends us the following from Martin Luther:—"God, therefore, of His special grace, at this day, covereth our glory with infamy, reproach, mortal hatred, and cruel persecution, also with the contempt and ingratitude even of those among whom we live, that we should not wax proud of the gifts of God in us. This millstone must be hanged about our neck, that we be not infected with that pestilent poison of vain-glory. Some there be of our side which love and reverence us for the ministry of the Word, but where there is one that reverenceth us, there be on the other side an hundred that hate and persecute us. These spiteful dealings and persecutions of our enemies, this great contempt and ingratitude, this cruel and privy hatred of those among whom we live, are such pleasant sights, and make us so merry that we easily forget vain-glory. Wherefore we rejoice in the Lord who is our glory."

INFIDELITY IN LANCASHIRE.

The following has appeared as an advertisement in the Rochdale and Manchester papers:—"Jewish Legends' and Manchester Infidelity.—I am prepared to maintain in a public discussion, under proper regulations, and at a properly constituted public meeting, during the present month (April), the following proposition: 'That there are no "Jewish Legends" in the Holy Bible, but that it is Divine truth from beginning to end.' N.B. All replies must bear the full name and address of the writers, or they will be destroyed unread. The discussion—should it proceed—must be confined to residents in Manchester and immediate district.—WILLIAM STOKES.—Rochdale, April 7, 1877." We are informed that the cause of this advertisement is to be found in the very unscriptural sentiments recently avowed by Mr. William Birch, in the Manchester Free Trade Hall. To this challenge Mr. Stokes has not yet received any satisfactory reply.

NOTTING-HILL-GATE.—Special services were held in Silver-street chapel, on April 3. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached a sermon full of sweetness and comfort. In the evening a public meeting in the chapel; Joseph Peters, Esq., presided; Mr. Box, of Soho, prayed. Mr. Short was the first to address the friends, and, to confirm the practical part of the same, handed over a donation to Mr. Edwards on behalf of the building fund. Mr. Anderson gave encouraging words of great weight and savour. W. Winters spoke on the pomegranates and new work of the pillars of the temple. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's address was warmly received. Mr. H. Myerson spoke kindly of Mr. Levinsohn, as his son in Gospel faith. Mr. Haydon desired the congregation to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c. Mr. A. Hall, a warm-hearted young man, spoke, and the meeting closed. May the Lord send prosperity, is the prayer of

W. WINTERS.

PIMLICO.—We have renovated and repaired Rehoboth chapel, Princes-row, near Buckingham Palace, and most affectionately ask our friends to come and help us, Tuesday, June 5. Mr. James Hand to preach at three; tea at five; public meeting at half-past six, when we expect brethren Thomas Stringer, C. W. Banks, W. Webb, R. Bardens, J. Hand, R. G. Edwards, C. Cornwell, J. Bonney, I. Levinsohn, and others, to speak of "the house not made with hands," and which will never need repairing.

BROMLEY ROAD TABERNACLE.—Anniversary services, commemorative of the opening of the above place of worship, were held on Easter Monday. The pastor, B. B. Wale, preached in the afternoon; a public meeting was held in the evening; the chapel was full; the pastor presided and there were present of ministerial brethren, Messrs. Perrot, Rowe, and Frith, and part of the time Mr. Usher, of Dacre-park.

SUDBURY.—Anniversary services on Good Friday, at Ebenezer chapel. Good company assembled, with whom were brethren W. Beach, Esq., Chelmsford; Houghton, Esq., Ipswich; J. Bonney, Esq., London; Mr. Whorlow, Harwich; and Mr. John Wheeler, London; who specially came to testify (not in word only) their love to our Divine Master, and sympathy with this section of His Church, who, for the most part, though poor, are graciously rich, and of a spiritually-minded people. The afternoon discourse was by J. Bonney, of London, from Isaiah ii. 5, "O house of Jacob, come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord." The preacher dwelt on the characters comprised in the address, and the nature and import of the exhortation. Many sat down to an excellent tea. Thanks to the Marthas, and what would our causes do without them? Comfort, freedom, and cheerfulness prevailed. A public meeting, presided over by W. Beach, Esq., whose generosity to many causes of truth have provoked abundant thanksgiving to his and their blessed Master. A brother of Glemsford supplicated the Lord's blessing; his sweet and simple breathings showed he was no stranger to that Divine exercise. The worthy chairman gave encouraging words, though it was apparent that painful Providences had brought him in the pathway of his Master's words, "Because I have said (or done) these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart." The addresses of brethren Whorlow, Houghton, and John Wheeler were spiritual, earnest, and practical, and were listened to with pleasure and profit. To the self-denying labours of Mr. John Wheeler, of London, the successful effort to aid this cause is mainly due. The financial position of the Church was as follows: cost of chapel and expenses, £375; £200 of this was advanced on mortgage by an ex-mayor of the town; £175 by Mr. Whorlow. The proposal put forth by the chairman was, to raise £200 that evening, pay off the mortgage, put the chapel in trust, as a place of truth for ever; then borrow £100 from the Baptist Building Fund, repay Mr. Whorlow the £100 upon receipt of which he very nobly proposed to give the balance—viz., £75. I think I hear some contemptuously say, that statement looks pretty, but will these feeble Jews get the £200? He, whose name is Jehovah-Jireh, be praised, the £200 was raised. The esteemed chairman gave £20 per cent.; a friend offered £50 if £150 was forthcoming. The worthy ex-mayor gave £10 per cent. A friend of the chairman, at Forest Gate, contributed. The proceeds of a former meeting, and a very liberal collection melted this £200 mountain like snow before the sun; a little remained. Additional kind help by friends Houghton, Wheeler, and a warm-hearted member of the Church, brought up the rear. The honoured chairman, before a smiling audience, announced the thing was done. We think it may be said both of speakers and hearers, they were of one heart and one soul. The hearty expressions of gratitude testified the people highly appre-

ciated the kindness of their friends, and were deeply sensible of the goodness of their God and Father for such help after many years' struggling and prayerful existence as a Church. Now, O Lord, send, we pray Thee, spiritual prosperity. A CO-WORKER.

THE STRICT BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY convened a special meeting of ministers and delegates from their several Churches, on the evening of April 6, in the Sunday School Union lecture hall, in order to make their work more generally known. Mr. Woodard presided, and carried the conference through its business with gentlemanly tact and freedom. Messrs. G. W. Shepherd, J. S. Anderson, Usher, and others, supported the different resolutions with well-balanced arguments, and in a good Christian spirit. Father Wm Flack, with venerable influence, laid the matter before the Lord. It was a successful effort. If the *Standard Churches* would throw their wealth and wisdom into the movement, the Strict Baptists in England might be extensively useful in sending the Gospel to distant lands. Surely it is high time that all these super-excellent Christian people threw their little crotchets to the winds, and came forth as an army terrible with banners, to obey the final injunction of the Holy Lord and Master, who said to all His faithful disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," &c.

BANGOR.—On Lord's-day evening, March 25, Mr. W. H. Bishop, pastor of the English Baptist chapel, after delivering a very impressive discourse to an attentive audience, baptized one young man on profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We are glad to find that there are several who are anxious to follow the Saviour and obey His commands. God grant that this may be but the beginning of blessings which He intends to bestow on us as a little Church. We earnestly pray that we may yet see a large ingathering of souls to Christ.

KING'S CROSS.—Special services at Ebenezer on Good Friday. Mr. Brindle preached encouraging sermon from the words, "Lo, the people shall dwell alone." After excellent tea, came the public meeting. W. Buckland, Esq., presided, and spoke kind words. N. Oakey gave a good key-note for the other speeches, by reflective on the words, "If a man die shall he live again?" A. J. Lewis urged the question, "What think ye of Christ?" Mr. Rogers (one of the deacons) presented Pastor White with a purse containing £6, accompanied with sympathizing words. Mr. White (who labours gratuitously) expressed his feelings suitably. Mr. Nightingale spoke ably on the "Personality of the Holy Ghost." W. Beddow said "Christ died for us." Brethren Brindle, Choat, Boulton, Mulley, and White brought up the rear of a large and delightful meeting.

KENTISH TOWN.—Special services, Sunday, March 25, and Good Friday, to commemorate fourteenth anniversary of ministry of Mr. George Webb with the Church at Camden lecture hall, Kentish Town. Sermons were preached by pastor G. Webb, G. W. Shepherd, Griffith, and J. W. Styles. A large family took tea on Good Friday. Ministerial brethren came to wish happiness and prosperity to the cause. Mr. G. Webb made encouraging statement of the Lord's goodness to him during the time he had been connected with the Church. The Church is growing; the Sunday school is prosperous; both are working well together. Brethren addressed the meeting upon the "Fruits of the Spirit." Messrs. Woodard, Dearsly, Flack, Griffith, Meeres, and W. Webb. Collections good. We are free from debt. It was the best anniversary we have had.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—"Theocrat's Keen Eye" writes more than we can insert. His tour has not much cheered him. Boston Churches are low, where truth is preached. [We could assign some reason.] Mr. Fish is not so successful and happy as his best friends desire. Mr. Lill is perplexed to know where to find the right man. Swineshead:—We wish to see the pastor. Burgh should be healed. We would do our utmost. As to Sleaford, seeing the learned and the leaders have made a visitation, it is hoped that sweet fruit of the Spirit—peace—will be proclaimed, and permanently enjoyed. No man has trodden out a ten years' pastorate more quietly than has W. Wilson of Billingham; he is a good man; so is William Simpson of Newland, Lincoln; but we wish he had a chapel that could be seen, and a working missionary co-pastor to aid him in the work. This county of Lincoln is not very friendly or fruitful for Baptists.

SUFFOLK.—Our Churches in Stonham, Mendelsham, with others, are not increasing. We are supplied by the brethren Debenham, Snell, Mothersole, and others, but neither our stated hishops nor our earnest itinerants can raise the dead, or multiply the hearers. Why is it? [We not must not attempt an answer.] In a few years we have lost near forty members, and only gained three. Does the Home Mission do nothing. Do the learned doctors make no effort? If the Churches had some zealous members, some men of faith, and fervent in prayer, they, by their united wrestlings with the Lord, would, with His blessing, see better days. O, how we could open upon these sleepy hypers.

WALTHAMSTOW.—At our public hall, April 12, Mr. Concanon addressed a monster meeting on the question, "Shall we go back to Rome?" The Lecturer is a noble champion for the truth, but old England has drank so much Romish laudanum, she is nearly fast asleep, and nothing but the terrors of Rome or the thunders of the Almighty can awake her.

CROYDON.—We have been favoured to hear Mr. Kempston, at Tamworth-road, several times. Our people gave him a three months' invite, with a view to the pastoral office; but he considers his business engagements prevent his acceptance. Several Churches have thus invited him, but he cannot, as yet, see it clear to undertake the responsibilities of a pastor over any people.

MATFIELD GREEN, BRENCHLEY, KENT.—Our Good Friday meeting was crowned with success. Good preaching, good speeches, good hearing, good tea, good collections, near £127, paid off the debt for new vestry and improvements, leaving balance of £50, which has been lent without interest for a few months, which we hope soon to raise.

CHATHAM.—On Good Friday we had a tea meeting in Enon chapel, in aid of Benevolent Society. W. Milbourne gave us a spiritual and savoury address (after tea) from the words of our Divine Lord, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Two other brethren also addressed the meeting. It was stated that God had blessed the messages carried to the sick rooms of (at least) three individuals, who had lived an ungodly life up to the period of their being visited, who gave pleasing and satisfactory evidence that they had "passed from death unto life," one of whom exclaimed before he died, "Jesus Christ is coming to fetch me." How it reminds one of the soul-cheering words of our dear, ever-living, ever-loving Lord, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." How precious the thought, it was most blessed for Jesus to give Himself—His blood, His life—that His own dear body, the Church, might receive life, eternal life, in and through Him, to whom, with the Father and Spirit, be glory everlasting. J. C.

Birth.

March 23, Isabella Fillane, wife of Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, of a son.

Marriage.

On Thursday, April 12, at the New Surrey tabernacle, Miss Priscilla Lynn, daughter of Mr. Thomas Stringer, to Mr. Robt. Bedford, of Woking, Surrey, by her father, assisted by Mr. C. Cornwell.

Deaths.

Charlotte Powell, relict of William Caleb Powell, Baptist minister of Reading, Berks, fell asleep in Jesus, at Farnham, March 28, aged 77 years.

In affectionate remembrance of Geo. Isbister, who departed this life, Jan. 18, at the Trinity Alms Houses, Mile-end-road, in the 81st year of his age.

On April 22, Mary Ann Packer, relict of the late Elijah Packer, many years the beloved deacon and precentor at Crosby-row and Unicorn yard, in the 78th year of her age.

The Trouble and Travail of a Soul Passing from Death unto Life.

AS RELATED BY MR. GEORGE ELVEN.

[Having been somewhat instrumental, we hope, in the Lord's hand, of Mr. Elven's going forth in the ministry of the Gospel, we feel much interested in the following solemn narrative.—Ed.]

The public recognition of Mr. George Elven, as pastor of the Baptist chapel, West Ham, Essex, took place Tuesday, 15th of May, 1877. The afternoon service commenced at 3; Mr. C. W. Banks presided. After Mr. Phillips had given a hymn, Mr. T. Steed read suitable Scriptures, and implored the Divine blessing upon the service. C. W. Banks then called upon Mr. Elven to give an account of the work of God upon his soul, to which he replied as follows:—

DEAR SIR AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—While thinking of being recognised as pastor at West Ham, and hesitating whether I should consent to it, these words came to my mind—namely, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He has done for my soul.” I trust, therefore, that I have the Lord's authority for this part of the service. In attempting to relate

MY CALL BY GRACE,

as the Spirit may assist, it is but a brief account of the Lord's dealings with me that I shall be able to give in the short space of time allotted. I will proceed by saying that my father died when I was very young, at which time I was the subject of a disease in my body with which I had been afflicted from a child in arms, and which I had until over twenty years of age. It baffled the skill of all the medical men that had attended me for it. But this affliction was the means in the Lord's hands of bringing me to the place where He, by His Spirit, met with my soul. And when this obstinate disease had thus done its work, it was removed by very simple means, and I have never been troubled with it since. I was called by grace when about 17 years of age. The Lord, by His Spirit, suddenly and powerfully sent the arrow of conviction into my heart, and that without the use of religious means, for I had not been inside a place of worship prior to that time. When thus convicted, I was the subject of great distress of soul, and under fearful apprehension that God was about to enter into judgment with me, and that hell would be my portion, which led me most fervently to cry out, “What must I do to be saved?” as I then firmly believed that I must be saved by my own doings; and I began to do those things which I thought would appease the anger of God against me. Thus did I try to save my own soul. I willingly forsook my old sinful practices and companions, and did all I could in order to be holy before God. I then sought a place of worship, and, as I thought that all who made a profession of religion were true Christians, I considered it immaterial what place of worship I attended; so I went to the Wesleyan

chapel, Long-lane, Bermondsey, that being near my abode. But the preaching I heard there only added fetters to my bonds; for I entered that chapel in such distress that I could have given my body as a sacrifice for the sin of my soul; indeed, I was willing to do or suffer anything to please that God whom I had offended, and to pacify my conscience; and in the preaching I heard there, I was told that the reason why I was not saved, was because I had not prayed enough; and had not been sufficiently persevering in keeping from sin and doing good; that I had not paid proper attention to the things of God. This sent me home weeping more bitterly than ever, and made me strive more strenuously to keep from sin, and obey God's commandments. Hence, when I arose in the morning, I made up my mind that I would live free from sin that day; but, alas! I detected sin upon sin. Finding I could not be holy that day, I tried the next, and day after day, but with the same result of failure; and so I went on from day to day, forming my resolutions, but found I could not abstain from sin. Then I bound myself with the most solemn oaths to God; and, with my hands clasped in secret, did I swear to Him, saying, "So help my God I will abstain from sin!" This I repeated, but found my most solemn oaths to the Lord had no more effect in preserving me from sin than my previous vows and resolutions. Then I felt my case to be worse than before, for I had now lost my hope of saving myself, being brought to a state of despair. I once had hope that by my obedience I could save my own soul; but now I knew by painful experience that I could not keep from sin, and I was still under the condemnation of a broken law in my conscience; and having no idea of a Saviour, or of God's way of salvation, I thought I must inevitably perish; that I was indeed A LOST SOUL, and should certainly go to hell. I feared, when I closed my eyes in sleep, that I should wake up in that dreadful place.

HEARS DAVID DENHAM.

Just at this juncture of time, the Lord was pleased to send a dear child of His to reside in the very same house in which I lived. This dear sister (I suppose perceiving something in me which led her to think I was concerned about my soul) spoke to me about Mr. Denham, who was then preaching at Unicorn-yard chapel, to which place I accompanied her. When I heard that good man, to my astonishment, he pointed out a different way of salvation to what I had thought and heard, for, instead of telling me that I was to be saved by my doings, he pointed poor sinners to JESUS CHRIST, as the only way of being saved. That CHRIST crucified, through the mercy of God, was the way of salvation without the works of the creature. This caused me to change my cry; instead of asking what I must do to be saved, to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner, through Thy SON JESUS CHRIST."

In this state of mind I continued to attend Mr. Denham's ministry for some time. One Lord's-day, he took for his text those words of the Psalmist, "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." This discourse was so blessed to me as to raise up a little hope in my soul, that I was now in the way, and that the Lord would come and save me, and encouraged me to look to Jesus, for I had now been brought to the place of stopping of mouths; and firmly to believe that unless I were saved solely through

the precious blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer, I must perish for ever. Soon after this, my mind sunk into a state of despondency and darkness again, so that I lost the little hope which I had received under Mr. Denham's sermon. I thought I had deceived myself, and had taken that comfort which belonged to others, although the minister had described my experience better than I could have done, even to the putting of my fingers in my ears, and running past men who were using bad language in the street, and to the black thumb-marks in my little Bible; but my heart was overwhelmed within me, from my fearing that I had thus deceived myself; and Satan stood at my right hand, to resist me, who told me I was not the kind of sinner God would save; that it was presumption in me to think that I should ever be saved. These suggestions I believed; my mind was filled with doubts and fears, that what I had before felt was not real, yet the Lord knew that I desired not to deceive myself, or to deceive others in this solemn matter.

While I was under the influence of these fears, Mr. Denham spoke from those words, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob." This sermon was certainly for me. I then felt that my fears were groundless. I was again confirmed in what I had previously experienced, that it was of the Lord, so that I left all my misgivings in the pew, and rejoiced with a little joy, and was again enabled to hope in the Lord, that he would, in His own time, reveal His salvation to my soul. But, soon after this renewal of hope, I got into a cold, careless, and indifferent state of mind, in respect to Divine things, in which I remained some length of time, and in which I had to learn many a painful lesson; for, although I was then preserved from outward sin, still I had a very great development of my indwelling sin and corruption. I was, indeed, led to see that "in my flesh dwelt no good thing." This instruction I had line upon line, till I was personally convinced of the fact that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Here I was permitted not only to doubt my interest in God's salvation, but to doubt the very being of that God, the reality of religion, and of the existence of the soul after death.

Another dire temptation beset me in connection therewith, which was to doubt the Divinity of CHRIST. This was a source of the bitterest grief to me. To think that I should doubt the existence of the living God, and the Divinity of that blessed JESUS, upon whose finished work I had been helped to base my hope for the salvation of my soul! Tears were my meat, I may say, day and night, while under this temptation. I considered I was worse than devils, for they confessed His Divinity readily. While suffering under these things in my mind, Mr. Denham was speaking of the demoniac among the tombs, when he said, "No man could tame him, but Jesus tamed him; therefore, JESUS must be more than man." He remarked that he just named this as some of God's children were tried on this point. From this I obtained some little relief; still, it did not entirely remove the temptation. One day, while walking in the street, these words came suddenly and sweetly into my mind:—

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

By this the snare was broken, and I was entirely delivered therefrom, and I have never been allowed to doubt His Divinity since. I do bless my God that I was left to be the subject of that temptation, for, while under it, I was so led to search the Word, and to consider that important subject. I believe I was better grounded in the doctrine of the Divinity of CHRIST, than I should have been had I not been so tempted. All these things tended to humble me before God, and to make me loathe myself in my own sight, and make me cry out from my very soul, "Unclean, unclean, behold, I am vile," making me literally smite upon my breast with indignation, calling myself "a wretch," and to wonder that the Lord did not cut me down as a cumberer of the ground.

I believe all this was to prepare me for the revelation of CHRIST, as a full Saviour fully to my soul. I believe it was the HOLY GHOST shining into my mind, to discover to me those hidden evils of my heart, and to prepare me for the manifestation of Christ as my All in all. By these things I was cast down exceedingly and greatly distressed; still I could not help hoping sometimes that the Lord would come and save me, that He would reveal His salvation to my soul, though, I think, no poor sinner could have felt more base than I did.

THE LATE WILLIAM ALLEN.

About this time the Lord led me to hear the late WILLIAM ALLEN, of Stepney, who was preaching that evening at the Welsh chapel, in the city, when he took for his text that phrase in the Canticles—viz., "*My love.*" He described who were the objects of the love of CHRIST, in which he spoke to my soul, or the Lord through him, for the word came not in word only, but in power, giving me the full assurance of faith, that I was an object of His love. This was astounding indeed to me, for when I considered what I was, what I had been, a vile and unprofitable sinner before Him, it seemed too much, too good; but the LORD by His SPIRIT, compelled me to believe it. In speaking the words again and again with power to my heart, I left the chapel, after the service, with my heart rejoicing, for the first time, in the full assurance of faith, of my interest in the love of CHRIST to me, and that He had saved me. The text followed me all the way home, and was spoken time after time to me by the Lord, which still increased my joy of soul; indeed, my joy was so great, I was so completely absorbed in this blissful enjoyment, that I scarcely noticed a person all the way home; and when I got to my dwelling, I went upstairs, and fell upon my knees by my bedside to enjoy what I was then feeling. As I was in the sacred presence of my beloved LORD, and the words, "*My love,*" still followed me up, and as they were continually applied to my soul, I was enabled, yea, compelled, to do that which I could never do before—namely, to claim the LORD as mine, for as He said to my soul with power, "*My love,*" I then said, as though in echo, "*My Lord and my God!*" I could then claim Him as my GOD in CHRIST, as mine with all the perfections of His holy nature, and all the benefits of His mediation, all the offices He fulfils, and what He has done, is doing, and will do for them; all the fulness of grace in Him; yea, as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, as being complete in Him, and so accepted of God in Him as the Beloved, that He was my Portion, my All in all; and the Lord kept pouring in His holy

unction into my soul, that I received, rejoiced, and wept, and became so full of this heavenly joy, that I could hold no more.

Then did I indeed experience what our Lord said to His disciples that "your joy shall be full." My cup ran over. Then did I say, with good old Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Ah! I look back upon that eventful period of my history, and say—

"Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all Divine,
When Jesus told me I was His,
And my Beloved mine."

It was then that I could say in the greatest confidence, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine;" and in this delightful frame I lay me down to sleep, feeling the fullest assurance that if I departed this life on that night, I should awake up in glory. Thus was I filled with the fulness of God, and never did I weep so much before or since that season, either for joy or sorrow, as I then did for joy. I say no more. This, then, is my call by grace.

Mr. Elven having related his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and to the pastorate of West Ham Church, and a profession of his faith, C. W. Banks called upon the members of the Church present to confirm their choice of the pastor by a show of hands. This being done, he asked Mr. Aball, deacon, to join hands with the pastor on behalf of the Church, when he solemnly pronounced their choice confirmed. It being five o'clock, Mr. Worthington's account of the Lord's dealings with the Church, from its origin until the present time, was postponed until the evening. A hymn being sung, Mr. Banks closed the afternoon service with prayer.

(To be continued.)

"IT IS ALL RIGHT."

DEAR MR. BANKS,—The Lord in His unerring wisdom and love has been pleased to take from our midst our late much-respected and highly-favoured sister, Miss Emily Pocock, after a comparatively short, though very painful, affliction. She entered into rest on Friday, the 27th April.

Our departed sister was a member of that portion of the Church of God, who meet for worship in the Surrey Tabernacle, for over thirty years, and was an honourable member to the time of her death. She was brought into the liberty of the everlasting Gospel through the instrumentality of our late beloved minister, Mr. Wells. Previous to her hearing him, she was like most of the royal family of heaven, content "with a name to live while dead," and boasted of her free-will ability and power to come to Christ at her pleasure. After having heard our late pastor, she was led by God the Holy Ghost to search the Scriptures; and to her astonishment and delight she found that the testimony of Jesus Christ and His holy prophets and apostles was in direct opposition to her preconceived notions, and felt before God, that what she had hitherto received as the Gospel, was but as "the chaff of the summer threshing-floor." Through the teaching of the Holy Ghost she was led to see the Divine and sacred ordinance of believers' baptism, and was led in the kind providence of God to cast in her lot with the people of Jehovah at the Surrey Tabernacle, and was one

of the very many who were fed by the everlasting truths of the Gospel as delivered through the power of the Holy Ghost by our late beloved pastor. In her experience of the things of God, she entered into the truth of the apostle's words, "That if any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution."

When the building fund was started for the erection of the present Surrey Tabernacle, she became an active collector and supporter of the same, which she continued until the debt was paid. In her daily walk and conversation she was much favoured, and was ever ready to speak a word of encouragement to the seeking and cast-down soul, and delighted in extolling a Triune-Jehovah in the eternal salvation of the Church of God. To her honour let it be said, that whenever the doors of the Surrey Tabernacle were opened for Divine worship, our dear departed sister was in her place. In her last illness she was much favoured, and when at the first the Lord laid His hand suddenly upon her, before she got a satisfactory word from Him, her desire was

"— to live passive in His hands,
And know no will but His ;"

And during her painful affliction (to the extolling of the grace, power, and faithfulness of Jehovah, let it be said) she was kept from the spirit of rebellion or repining, and entered sweetly into the blessedness described by the man of God when he said, "Blessed is the man whose mind is stayed upon Thee," &c. Though suffering from that most painful of all diseases—"cancer"—such was the power of God in her soul, that on more than one occasion she said, "All I see around me is mercy and glory;" on another occasion she said, "Though I am thus sorely afflicted, I would not exchange positions with any one—it is all right." At another time she said, "I have had such a view of the Person of the dear Saviour, and the glory and majesty of His kingdom, that I longed to go home; and yet, if it were the Lord's will, I should like to be spared a little longer, so that I might testify of His wondrous goodness and faithfulness." Towards the last, her sufferings were most intense, but she experimentally realised the fulfilment of that precious promise, "When thou passest through the waters," &c.

A short time before her death, she said, "It is light;" and when told by her friend and sister, Miss Gardener, that it was night, she said, "It is light; the shining way is my precious Jesus, my sweet Jesus."

Our kind sister and friend, Miss G., scarcely left her, and was with her when her ransomed soul left the poor mortal body and entered into that eternal rest and blessedness which the Lord has prepared for all the election of grace.

She was interred at Nunhead cemetery, on Thursday, May 3rd, there to await a glorious resurrection. J. M. R.

"It is a happy thing that baptism is not the door of heaven; otherwise it had been unhappy for millions who, dying in earliest infancy, never undergo that rite. They die unbaptized, but not, on that account, unsaved; for whoever dare hang God's mercy on an outward rite, we do not; and although we believe that this ordinance is, when engaged in with *faith*, an eminently blessed one, we dare not. Thousands go to heaven without baptism; thousands, alas! perish with it."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

ABRAHAM TRIED, TRUSTING, AND TRIUMPHANT.

“ And he called the name of that place Jehovah-Jireh.”

IT was a memorable place to Abraham, therefore he associated it with the Name dearest to him, and most expressive of the great deliverance God wrought for him there. It may be, that he scarcely himself comprehended the fulness of the meaning of the name by which he called the place, which had been to him the place of *severe trial*, the place of *child-like trust*, and the place of *signal triumph*. Yet, we are told, he saw there the Saviour's day, and it gave him joy—“ he was glad.” It was more than an ordinary trial to him, and became a dispensation of grace, while at the same time it affords to all ages following an example and encouragement for all who are tempted as Abraham was, to trust, and that they shall ultimately triumph.

Isaac was his loved son—the child of promise; for him he had waited anxiously, yet trustingly, during many years, till more than a hundred years of his life had ebbed away, and yet he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, being strong in faith, giving glory to God. And now having received the promise, and rejoiced with Sarah in the faithfulness of God, he is commanded to *do* what must have been a thing abhorrent to him as a *man*, and as a father, and inexplicable to him as a believer—even as the father of the faithful. Yet he *obeys*—he gets himself to the place spoken of with his son—to the place of trial—the land of Moriah, there to await further instruction as to the particular mount on which he should meet God, and offer to Him his son, his only son Isaac, for a burnt offering. Was ever furnace of trial hotter than this one? Surely not; yet in the strength of Jehovah the good man *trusts* and wavers not—he confides in God, and repines not; and when his beloved son enquires “ Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?” the answer of the tried servant of the Lord is replete with holy resignation, “ My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering;” as though he would say, “ It is no affair of mine; I am but a passive instrument in His hands; I am nothing; He is all; all in His sovereignty, He doeth as He will, and none can stay His hand; all in His wisdom, truth, and faithfulness, love, and mercy to His poor children; nothing is too hard for Him; nothing can be wrong that comes forth from Him. We are here, my son, just to do and suffer His will and pleasure.” Oh, the sublime picture presented here of a soul *at one with God*, and desiring only that He should take the brightest and best means of discovering Himself, even though it should be by the contrast of the thick darkness in which He dwells, and the impenetrable mystery of His Divine providences. Faith is *tried*, but faith stands the test and eventually triumphs. While “ the lad ” is just about to be slain, the voice of the Lord arrests the arm of the slayer; never was *prohibition* so sweet a sound to mortal ears, “ Lay not thine hands upon the lad;” never was commendation sweeter, “ By this I know that thou fearest God, because thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from Me.” And Abraham called the place of his great trial and triumph, “ Jehovah-Jireh.”

How sweet a lesson it affords to us who have like precious faith with Abraham! That wondrous Name, as ointment poured forth—Jehovah—I Am that I Am; He sees *all* our needs; superintends all the mystery of means He has ordained for the supply of our needs; He is the Great

Provider of *all*, from the first to the last, from the foundation of the house to the topstone, from the most important affair to the most minute, all are under His hand,

“All shall come, and last, and end,
As shall please our heavenly Friend.”

How sweetly the words of the Patriarch come back upon our ears, “The Lord will provide Himself a lamb.” And there! Behold the Lamb of God caught in a thicket by His horns! Held fast by covenant engagements and promises till the time appointed of the Father—till the fulness of the time was come—then, and not till then, does the Lamb of God appear as the ordained sacrifice. The ram was taken and slain instead of Isaac—Jesus was taken, and by wicked hands was crucified and slain in the stead of His Church; and as Isaac was *therefore* unbound and set free, so is the Church delivered from the bonds of captivity, and rejoices in the freedom wherewith Christ has made her free. Some modern teachers appear to be quite satisfied to omit all this from their creed, and reject the doctrine of “blood for blood,” “life for life.” There will, nevertheless, be amongst all sound Spirit-taught disciples a hearty recognition of the same; and with all our hearts and souls we hope ever to magnify and extol the grace that has contrived the way, and the grace that has executed the work, and the grace that prepares our *heart*, and gives us real participation of good things present, and the certain expectation of good things to come:—

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

Such is the language of tried, trusting, and triumphing souls, who know *His Name*, Jehovah-Jireh, and are glad—for the want of a shelter—to seek this Rock, and trust under the shadow of Jehovah's wings, as did Ruth of old. Doubtless many of my readers find daily need of the Great *Provider*, both spiritually and temporally. “He is faithful that promised, *who also will do it.*” The promise is in the Name, and the Name in the promise—as light is in the sun, and the sun is the light—as the sweetness is in the honey, and the honey is sweetness—as the energy is in the life, and life is the energy; to sever the Name from the promise, or the promise from the Name, would be to rob Zion of her choicest portion, her most precious inheritance, her lasting and eternal heritage. But they can never be severed.

W. TROTMAN.

6, Pulross-road, Brixton.

LINES COMPOSED AFTER THE DEATH OF MY SON.

Rock of Ages, shelter me,
While I pass o'er life's rough sea;
Let me every hour descry
Thy protecting shadow nigh.
So shall I press joyous home,
Claim a seat before Thy throne.
When my sinking spirits fail,
Send from heaven a favouring gale,
Gale of pure inspiring breath,
Wafting me from things beneath;
Gale auspicious from Thy throne,
Sacred Three! Eternal One!

When the night of death appears,
Banish all my needless fears;
Guide me through its darksome way,
Home to realms of endless day;
Let me then Thy mercy prove,
Feel the sovereign power of love.
When the final trumpet sounds,
When the archangel's voice resounds
Through the earth, the air, and sky,
Summoning the saints on high,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me safety find in Thee!

T. J. MESSER.

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT
AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

NOW A PREACHER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

(Continued from page 151.)

NOW four thousand years have gone long ago, and the last two thousand years have nearly gone. Where is the MESSIAH? I was very much struck with what he said, and asked him to tell me all he knew about this mystery of the Messiah. He then called to my mind the prophecies of Isaiah (chap. liii.), and many other passages referring to the Redeemer of Israel.

I was very much interested with all he said. He then asked me to give him my address; but I refused, because I was afraid if he should visit me my Jewish friends would find out that I had friendship with a missionary. He then asked me if I would pay a visit to the Rev. H. A. Stern, Palestine-place, Cambridge-heath, and assured me that I would perfectly enjoy my conversation with Mr. Stern. I took his advice; but I promised that I would go on another day. He gave me Mr. Stern's address, and I determined to visit the rev. gentleman.

The reader undoubtedly will remember the name of the Rev. H. A. Stern,* who suffered for Christ's sake many years. Four years and a-half he was imprisoned in Abyssinia, a martyr for the name of Christ. I visited Mr. Stern very early one morning, at about half-past eight o'clock. He opened the door to me, and asked me what my request was. I told him that a gentleman gave me his address, and asked me to visit him, which I promised to do. Mr. Stern then invited me into his study. After some time in conversation, I felt deeply interested. The gentleman whom I met in the church on previous occasions, came, and some others of Mr. Stern's friends. They all seemed to be very good people. Mr. Stern then requested a chapter to be read from the Bible; and I was very much affected by the earnestness, good and kind manners of Mr. Stern. But before the chapter was read, Mr. Stern and all the others knelt down; but I did not do so; for I did not think that it was the right way to pray; especially it is against the Jewish customs of prayer. The prayer Mr. Stern offered was in the German language, and I was very much excited by it, because he first addressed himself to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob; and expressed in the prayer the sinfulness of the human heart, and also that it is impossible for any man to please God, and gain favour in His sight, unless it is through the only Way, that of Him who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life!"

When the prayer was finished, I could almost repeat the whole of it by heart; the Bible then was opened, and several passages were read, and Mr. Stern made a few observations, which made a very deep impression on my mind. After the Bible was read, all present again knelt down, and Mr. Stern again engaged in prayer and thanksgiving. My mind was much confused; I never witnessed such a thing. Looking at

* I have very much pleasure in having the opportunity of mentioning the name of Mr. Stern, for I love him for Christ's sake, the Gospel's sake, and true humanity's sake—a man upon whom the light of the Sun of Righteousness continually rests, a man eminent for his piety, zeal, devotion, and love to Christ and the cause of Christ.

Mr. Stern, and the very earnest and pious expression of his face, I looked upon him with reverence, just as if I should look upon a great prophet, even as Elijah. I began to feel a very peculiar attraction towards him; in fact, I wished he was a friend of mine, and should like to be his son; for I must confess, ever since I began to think of religion, and having mixed with pious people, nearly the whole of my life, yet, as a Jew, and also since by God's grace I became a Christian, I never saw one whose life proved more Christ-like than Mr. Stern. Oh! if all Christians lived such lives the world could not help seeing the grand lights and the glorious reflections that the Christians have from the Sun of Righteousness, and would glorify God by the Christians' example.

CHAPTER XVII.

VISITS to Mr. Stern Repeated—He Removes from His Jewish Friends, but Finds They Had Taken His Clothes, &c.—Passes Through Severe Mental and Spiritual Conflicts—Could Not Give Up the Synagogue, &c.

I visited Mr. Stern several times; my Jewish friends found it out, and persecuted me for doing so. They made me promise that I would never go to see Mr. Stern, but I said, "I can see no harm in doing so, for I could not help admiring the ways of the good man." When I found that my friends were so severe with me, I went and told Mr. Stern all about it, and he said that if I wanted to become an inquirer of the truth he would be very glad, and willing to help me; he offered to supply me with a good lodging. I could not make up my mind for anything, but, however, I took Mr. Stern's advice. He sent a young man to find apartments for me. I then went to the lodging where I lived among my Jewish friends, and informed them that I wanted to change my residence, and when I looked into my box, I found that all my clothes were not in; and when I made inquiry, the landlady informed me that she had pawned my clothes because she was obliged to pay for a bill; and as she found my clothes new and good, it would answer the purpose, and she promised that she would redeem them for me again whenever she could afford to do so. I then went to Mr. Stern again, and informed him all about it. He said, "Never mind! the Lord will give you what you need."

I then had a rule to visit Mr. Stern every morning for one hour, to study the Bible with him. Although I was very interested in the instructions that I received from Mr. Stern day by day, yet I did not feel that I could go on in the practices of his, as keeping Sunday as the Sabbath, and also giving up going to the synagogue every day, and not to pray with my phylacteries, &c. I felt very much confused, for I had not then believed in Christianity; yet I said, "I feel that something extraordinary would happen;" and I was fully persuaded that Judaism was the only true religion, and no other.

Several days passed. I was greatly perplexed, low spirited, and melancholy. I could hardly eat anything for some time. I had a great deal of correspondence with my father, which I propose to publish with the rest of my manuscripts; and I truly hope and pray that it may not only be of interest to the reader, but be made an abundant blessing; and if any of the readers should be blessed I shall never regret that I took my pen in hand to write this experience of mine. I wrote my father the following letter:—

BELOVED FATHER,—Since I wrote to you last I have very much and extraordinary news to tell you. You know, my dear father, how I long to do good, and merit salvation for my soul, and be saved from *Gehenna* (hell). I feel that I could do anything in my power—suffer even as Job; but Oh! if I could find salvation through all this. You often used to tell me, beloved father, that if I observe the law, Oral and written, with all the *Taryag Mizvess* (613 precepts), I will gain salvation, and go to heaven. Now, my dear father, a thought just passes my mind—namely, if God requires of us to observe all this, why did He not require this of our nation of old. They had the magnificent temple and the holy articles therein, and when a brother of our nation sinned, he was commanded to bring a sin-offering, which was killed, its blood shed, &c. I cannot understand, my dear father, what all this meant, if 613 precepts are sufficient. Certainly, my dear father, our nation, since the Babylonian captivity, has fallen very much; things that had been revealed unto our fathers have been taken away from us, and we are left in the dark; but I suppose, my beloved father, our God-Jehovah is a Sovereign—He doeth according to His own pleasure.

Dear father, I would also inform you something which will surprise you. The other day I went for a walk, and saw a church where Christians worship God. I was startled when I peeped in and saw that the church had no pictures, no graven images; it put me in mind of our synagogue, it looked nearly the same, with the only exception that the building has a different shape and style to what our synagogues are built. I could not see any ark nor vail; but, however, the simplicity of the worshippers interested me very much. I would also inform you, dear father, that I met a man who knows the holy language (Hebrew), and spoke to me in it, and also in the German language. He spoke about the Bible and the expectation of Israel. Indeed, my dear father, my heart was almost melted when he spoke to me about these holy things, and could not help admiring the man for his kindness. He also spoke about the sacrifices of our ancestors, and informed me very plainly that the sacrifices were only shadows of good things to come. But, however, dear father I am perfectly satisfied with our good old Bible, although most things are almost obscure to my mind; but I suppose as we are finite beings, and God being an infinite Being, it is not meet that we should understand His ways; and besides we read, “My ways are not your ways; neither My thoughts your thoughts.” I will not trouble you, dear father, in writing much more in this letter; but I will write another letter in a day or two. One thing I wish to call your attention to, my dear father, is to the twenty-second chapter of the first book of Moses (Genesis), where Abraham said to Isaac, “My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering.” To me it seems a mystery; and I should very much like you, dear father, to give me a little light upon that. I hope to hear from you soon. Give my best affectionate love to my beloved mother. May she live long! And to all at home. Pray, pray, pray for me!

I remain, beloved father,

Your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

London, December, 1871.

CHAPTER XVIII.*

RECEIVES Another Letter from His Father—Wherein He Cautions Him Against All Apostates. So-called—The Answer He Returns to His Father—Wherein He Expresses His Warm Affection for Rev. H. A. Stern—Interviews with that Gentleman—Is Drawn to Prayer in Victoria-park—Is Strongly Tempted to Return to the Jews.

The following letter I received from my beloved father:—

To my well-beloved son, Isaac; may he live in peace and happiness.

MY BELOVED SON,—It gave me very much pleasure when I read your letters. I am very thankful to our God for His mercies and goodness. Praise His Name and bless Him for His lovingkindness, which is much better than life. I am sure, my beloved son, since you left us we continually pray for you, and now I am persuaded that our God who never slumbers nor sleeps, but who is long-suffering, most merciful, &c., has heard our continual prayers, and brought you to a land of freedom. I am also very thankful, my dear child, that you have observed the ceremonies of the services in connection with the great day of atonement, and may your transgressions be pardoned through the blood of the atonement you made. I would also express my gratitude to find you still in an inquiring state. Surely, my son, we cannot do better than inquire continually in the truth of the most Holy Book, the Bible.

I would just make mention to you, my beloved son, I would earnestly caution you against false teaching. Remember the sweet Psalmist who beautifully says, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly," &c. Be careful not to be in the company of any such. There may be some people who may call themselves religious. I hear that in England are to be found people who call themselves real Jews, but, alas! they are real *meshamadim*.† They profess to believe in the same Bible we have; but Oh! how can they believe in the Bible and not be Jews like ourselves? My dear Isaac, I need not ask you much to keep away from such people. I know you will be too glad to have nothing to do with them. I pray that you may be continually in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom and knowledge. "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of

* EDITOR'S NOTE.

We have now entered upon the most vital and deeply-essential part of this narrative. We, in silent heart-breathings, pray our Lord God, by His Spirit, to sanctify the testimony to the good of many precious souls; and as earnestly do we beseech the Lord to preserve our young brother from every evil, from every error, and to make him a great blessing unto our Churches, unto his brethren the Jews, and to the ingathering of redeemed souls to Christ, our Redeemer. We have had continual private interviews with him. Before a heart-searching God we can declare every interview we have had has increased our confidence, confirmed our hope, and fired our spiritual affection and Christian love for him. We believe his soul was quickened into spiritual life long before he left his father's house; hungering and thirsting after a knowledge of his soul's salvation followed; that one thing alone drew him on through dangers dreadful, and despairing conflicts; but He that begun the good work in him has continued it, and will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ. That the Lord should lead him to see the Strict Baptists to be the most consistent with Divine revelation, and to become one of us, demands our grateful praise. NOT to gratify the mere critic, NOT to please disputers, but to be instrumental in comforting the seeking seed of God's Israel, he gave his testimony at our meeting.

† Apostates or impostors.

thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."

My beloved son, "If *sinners* (or *meshamadim*) entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit: we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse." My beloved son, "walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path; for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood" (Prov. i.). I sincerely trust, my beloved child, that you will pray continually for me and your beloved mother, sisters, and brothers. All our friends send their best and warmest love, hoping you may soon return home; and if not, you may become very great in England.

Every blessing and peace be with you. I remain, my dear son,
your ever-affectionate father,
Kovno. LION LEVINSOHN.

The answer which I wrote to my dear father was as follows:—

To my beloved father.

MY BELOVED FATHER,—As I read your last letter my heart was overwhelmed with joy, for I am certain that, by God's help, I will practice and fully exercise the fatherly advice you have given me. You may depend upon this, my beloved father, that however far I may be away from you, yet you are always in my heart and mind. The advice you give me is more precious to me than gold; and whenever I write to you asking you Bible questions, &c., I am sure, dear father, you will answer me as you did when I was at home; for I do not care to ask strangers, in case they may misinform me, partly through ignorance, and partly through mere misguiding a youth; but when I ask you I always think of your wisdom, noble discretion, and true and holy piety, and feel certain, beloved father, that an angel from heaven could not advise me better than you can.

My dear father, many things I have to inform you, but as my mind and heart is too full with the news I wish to tell you of, I feel I cannot express my thoughts on paper; yet I must try.

I have made acquaintance with a gentleman who is a Jew by birth, &c., who is called among the among the people in London, the Rev. H. A. Stern. I suppose it means, "*Rabbi* H. A. Stern." I must confess that the several conversations I have had with him were very instructive to me; for he knows the Bible almost by heart, and he is perfectly well learned in the holy Talmud. If I quote the name of any of our great Rabbis in the Gamarah, he knows all about them. I find that he is a very earnest, God-fearing man; in fact, my dear father, I do not think that our Jewish nation has many such good and pious men as Rev. or Rabbi Stern, who resides in Palestine-place, Cambridge-heath, London. If you only saw him, you could not help liking him, especially if you had spoken to him. I must also say that whatever he teaches it seems to be very simple and sound; but, at the same time, I do not admire him for several reasons:—Because he does not go to any synagogue for to pray. He never wears any phylacteries. He does not observe any of the *Taryag Mizvess* (613 precepts).

Of what I can learn he believes is this:—that the great Messiah of Israel has already come, in the time when our fatherland, the most holy city Jerusalem, possessed its grandeur, the second temple; and that the Messiah has obeyed the whole of the holy law of Moses, and glorified the law; and through His obedience men are saved; yea, much more, dear father; he also believes that the Messiah was murdered, and His blood that was shed was efficacious to cleanse from sin; and His death is an atonement for sin; and now Rabbi Stern says that man has nothing to do but believe and be saved. My dear father, if you permit me to express my humble opinion, I would beg to say, that, according to the teaching of Rabbi Stern, and comparing his teaching to the Bible, it corresponds; but, my beloved father, I only wait for your opinion, as I would not enjoy mine, for I may be wrong. Knowing your sound judgment, I am ready to accept all advice and explanation of the Bible. One thing more, dear father, I would inform you of the kindness of Rabbi Stern. When he found that I resided among very poor people—which you know, dear father, I am not used to from home—he offered to help me, and pay my rent at another place, on which I gladly availed myself; for I know it cannot do me any harm; and Rabbi Stern also gives me other presents very often, which are very useful to me, and I am very thankful the house that I live in is a Christian house. But, my dear father, I have put a *mazazah* on the door-post, and have my phylacteries always, so I suppose that it is not against the law. I also generally try and go to synagogue, and always endeavour to observe the 613 precepts. Farewell, my beloved father; the Lord God of our fathers bless you abundantly.

I remain, your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

London, September, 1871.

As I kept on my correspondence with my dear father, I still continued my visits to Mr. Stern. One morning I was in a very melancholy spirit when I visited Mr. Stern, and when engaged reading the Bible, Mr. Stern asked the simple question, "What is the hope of the Jew?" and then explained the hope of the Christian. And those several sentences spoken have found an abiding-place in my heart. I tried to forget, but could not. When I left Mr. Stern on that morning, I took a walk to Victoria-park, and sat down in a very quiet place, when my heart was overwhelmed with anxiety as to what to do to be saved; and, quite unconscious of my deeds, I threw off my hat, and knelt down and prayed unto God to give me true light, that I may understand the Bible; but, unfortunately to me, at that time more and more darkness seemed to enter my soul. I thought then perhaps it was having anything to do with Mr. Stern. I went and told Mr. Stern that I did not feel well, and expressed to him my true state; and that I felt inclined to go away again to my Jewish brethren; but Mr. Stern persuaded me to continue to study the Bible, and said that God would be merciful unto me at last. But, however, after being with Mr. Stern some time, I found myself having more anxiety than ever, I really thought that I was very near mad.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE JOHN NEWTON PERRETT,
A GOSPEL MINISTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You will rejoice to hear of the happy departure of our old and venerable brother John Newton Perrett, who has for many years been known as an itinerant preacher. Our brother was born in sin near Newton Abbot, Devonshire, in the year 1807. He lived a stranger to himself and God for many years. Paul, by the Holy Ghost, gives a correct likeness of his character in Ephes.: “Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others; but God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us,” &c. This was the turning point in our brother’s history. God, in His sovereignty, was pleased to convince him of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come. This made him to tremble and to wish he had never had a being. His cry from deep necessity was, “Save, Lord, or I perish!” “God be merciful to me a sinner!” “What must I do to be saved?”

“Where shall I go, or whither flee,
To escape the vengeance due to me?”

He acknowledged his guilt before a heart-searching God; he became a personal transgressor in his own estimation, and he wanted a personal realisation of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His distress for some years was very great, known only to those who have been in a similar position. But God was preparing him for a great deliverance; the Holy Ghost was pleased not only to kill, but to make alive; not only to strip, but to clothe with a change of raiment; not only to bring down, but graciously to exalt. God, in tender compassion, was pleased to break open the prison door, and say, “Deliver him from going down into the pit, I have found a ransom.” When this took place he was filled with holy peace and heavenly joy, so that he could positively say with holy Paul, “I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth.” He could now sing with ecstasy and pleasing delight,—

“Now, free from sin, I walk at large,
My Saviour’s blood is my discharge;
At His dear feet content I lay,
A sinner saved, and homage pay.
Alleluia!”

At this time the ordinance of believers’ baptism was solemnly laid upon his mind; God was pleased to shew him that it was a Scriptural ordinance; and He says, “Them that honour Me I will honour.” “If ye love Me, keep My commandments.” He offered himself as a candidate for baptism, bore his testimony before the Church, and the Church unitedly said, “Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.” Consequently his dear partner, with himself, and a brother by the name of Edward Harris, now an honourable deacon at Hill-street, Dorset-square, London, were baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the river at Newton Abbot, Devonshire, in the year of our Lord, 1834, April 5th,

by that worthy minister of Christ, Mr. Cross. After this our brother came up to the great city to seek employment as a carpenter. God was graciously pleased to send him hither and thither to preach the Gospel of salvation to other poor perishing sinners, and in this he was honest, for he preached the same Gospel to others that the Holy Ghost preached into his own soul. Brother Perrett knew nothing of another Gospel; he was plain, outspoken, no trifler, a consistent member of Christ's nuptial mystical body; so he lived, so he died; he stood his ground, he exalted Jesus Christ and Him crucified; he has run his race, he has got his reward, which is a crown of glory that fadeth not away. He has gone home, the battle is over for ever, he has done with sin and the poor corrupt body; no more temptations, no more conflicts, no more tears of sorrow, no more attacks from earth or hell.

"He is with Jesus glorified,
Absorbed in covenant love."

He was laid aside only nine or ten days. The writer visited him during his illness, and found him calm and composed; he well knew whom he had believed, and that his best Friend never varied, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

On one occasion his poor mind appeared almost gone. We earnestly begged of the dear Lord to restore him once more, so as to be enabled to raise one more stone to the honour of his God. The dear Lord graciously heard and answered our prayer; he came to, called his dear wife and daughters, kissed them, and said, "Now I am going to Jesus!" Thus dear John Newton Perrett lived in the faith of God's elect, and here he fell asleep in the arms of his living and loving Lord. We committed all that was mortal to the silent tomb in "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection through the blood and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

We made a few appropriate remarks at the grave. Brother White gave out that blessed hymn,—

" 'Tis finished, 'tis done, the spirit is fled."

We sang a portion of it, and bid our brother a final adieu. He has left a dear widow, seventy-two years of age, to lament his loss; but her loss is his gain.

" 'Tis to the praise of grace we sing,
Though of a dying saint we tell."

And now, my fellow-sinner, what do you think of a saint? We have followed him through his earthly pilgrimage. Have you a hope in the same God? have you been born again by the Holy Ghost? is there a cry in thy soul, What must I do to be saved? If not, you are out of the secret, and living and dying where Adam left thee, hell fire will be thy portion. God in mercy save thee from the wrath to come, for Christ Jesus' sake.

A living witness of these truths,

E. BEAZLEY.

"HE blessed His disciples, and thereby left a blessing upon earth with them for all his elect unto the end of the world."—*Goodwin's Marrow.*

SKETCH OF THE LATE JAMES WELLS.

CHAPTER I.—*VINCET VERITAS.*

IN this year of our Lord, 1877, we live amidst exceedingly strange surroundings—surroundings of a most singular and thought-inducing character. In no former period of the history of our island home, that I am aware of, has there been a greater stir made about religious matters than is now transpiring. But if I have not read ecclesiastical history wrongly, never was there less God-honouring, Christ-exalting truth promulgated by the ministers of the various sects. In every part of Great Britain (and we have visited almost all its cities and towns) the misleading, bewildering voice of error is now frequently heard; and very many thousands of those who profess to be followers of the self-abnegating Man of Nazareth seem to be drifting rapidly away from the old landmarks, and are manifesting a desire to substitute for those grand doctrines Christ and His apostles proclaimed, the wildest and most misleading dogmas—dogmas their predecessors in the distant past would not have entertained for a single moment.

The days in which those hero-Christians lived and laboured were, after all, golden days compared with those in which we now live; for now, in almost every part of our fatherland, truth, if I may speak metaphorically, lies by the wayside, like the wounded traveller who went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among the marauders of the mountains, bleeding and half-dead. Error, in its protean modifications, every where lifts up its repulsive form, and it is daily misleading and blighting the people.

All over the island doctrines are taught by ministers connected with the different sects, which have little or no affinity with those glorious truths the apostles promulgated, especially that illustrious man who went from Jerusalem all round about to Illyricum, fully proclaiming, with a hourly-intensified love, and a constantly growing zeal, the whole Gospel of Christ (Rom. xv. 19). Paul taught the people, and so also did his contemporary labourers, that salvation, from its commencement in the soul of the believer, on and on to its consummation in heaven, is altogether of the Lord. That in this great and glorious work He who proclaimed Himself to the beloved disciple when he was “in the isle called Patmos,” to be “Alpha and Omega, Beginning and End,” is the great, the only Operator. Shades of Paul, of Peter, of John, and Jude, of martyrs and confessors! what would ye say, if ye were on earth now, of the generality of the preaching of the present day?

Our attention has been frequently called to those churches and chapels in which downright error is taught, and we find them generally filled with admiring hearers, whilst those places where truth is enunciated present to the eye a beggarly array of empty benches. Are not numbers, some have asked, one sign of prosperity? To that interrogatory we unhesitatingly answer, NO! Truth has never through the ages been loved and cherished by the multitude. If numerical strength is an unmistakable sign of real prosperity then the greatest amount of that desirable thing belongs to the Roman and the Greek Churches, for as regards numbers they cast all the rest into the shades. We look around us, as we pass along life's rugged, thorn-bestrewed highways, and we observe that those places of worship belonging to the sects who tolerate error are not only generally well-attended, but that their ministers can generally command good stipends, the churches and chapels in which

they preach are richly ornate, and the physical organism of many of these "oily men of God" bears unmistakable marks of good living and little exhausting toil; whereas in those places where the old Gospel is proclaimed, the attendance is not only comparatively small, but many of their ministers are so ill-paid that they scarcely can make ends meet, and have to groan daily beneath a crushing load of poverty and care.

Well, are the men we have referred to first the most favoured by heaven? We think not. A good deal of the prosperity marking the places first mentioned is unreal, and of too many of those causes which stand high in the scale of so-called prosperity it may be said, without a breach of Christian charity,—

"They're jogging on towards Rome, boys,
They're jogging on towards Rome."

The signs of the times are truly portentous and startling. On all hands we find that the *sensational* in religious worship is preferred before the solid and substantial, and that useless forms and ceremonies, altars and incense, lights and millinery, flowers and fripperies, music and muslin, seem to engross the attention and awaken pleasurable emotions in the hearts of the people, far more than those sweetly-attractive and powerfully-influential truths which helped our forefathers on their way to the leafy abode of purity and song, and in defence of which they willingly laid down their lives.

In undertaking to sketch the life and character of that bold champion of the truth, our late beloved friend and brother in the cause of religion and temperance, James Wells, we know we have a difficult work to perform, but, God helping us, it shall be done.

Our late brother and friend had to commence his ministerial career in connection with surroundings calculated to depress the mind of any man, no matter how massive his intellect, or how deep-toned his piety. Having confidence, however, in the old well-known aphorism, "*magna est veritas et prævalebit*," heaven-directed, and heaven-supported, he ventured, at the call of his great Master, into the field of conflict, contended manfully for the truth, vigorously antagonised with its opponents, and won his way up to that honourable position he so long maintained.

"Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise,
What he dared do or think, tho' men did start,
He spoke;"—

and his efforts were not in vain in the Lord. No one who heard him addressing public audiences at the beginning of his public life ever dreamt of his occupying so lofty a position in London as that which he subsequently gained. He certainly did not reach that position by the extreme richness of eloquence, or by the witchery of finished oratory; for though he was, to a certain extent, somewhat eloquent, no one who rightly understands what real oratorical power is, will feel disposed to designate him a finished orator. His exceeding quaintness, courageousness, and tenacious grip of truth, and the Divine unction which often accompanied his pulpit utterances, formed the secret of his great influence over the minds and hearts of those who hung upon his lips. Had he possessed oratorical powers equal to some men we know, there is no telling what height he might not have reached in public estimation. His style of preaching was peculiarly his *own*, copyist he was not, and never could have been.

(To be continued.)

"MY PRAYER."

In adoration, Lord, to Thee,
I bow my weak and feeble knee,
To thank Thee, Lord, for all the good
Thou hast bestowed of Thy rich food.

My soul Thou'st fed with Bread of Life,
Has kept me from all grief and strife;
And from all fear, all pain within,
And loved me, though I'm nought but sin.

I lean on Thee, Thou Lord of all,
Into Thy open arms I fall;
Oh, keep me God of grace and love,
And fit me for Thy home above.

Let me not wander far from Thee,
Make me what Thou would'st have me be;
Keep my heart pure; Oh, let Thy grace
Be guiding me in every place.

Make me to live that so I may
Be ready on that auspicious day
To take the cross, and follow where
All crosses are made crowns—up there.

Oh, let not sin arrest me oft,
But let my mind soar up aloft
Where Thy redeemed bright seraphs rest,
Up in the mansions of the blest.

Give me to know, Lord, ere I die,
Thou'st chosen me as one of Thy
Forgiven, loved, and cherished few,
And every hope and joy renew.

Then shall I sing of mercies given,
In patience wait the bliss of heaven;
And yearn to leave this form of clay,
To join the hosts in bright array.

GRANDCHILD OF THE LATE REV. W. BIDDER.

Yeovil, Sept. 10, 1876.

"HE KNEW NO SIN."

HE knew no sin! Christ knew no sin!
He was all righteousness within;
He was the glorious heaven-born Son,
The gracious Lord, the Holy One.

He knew no sin, no guile was found,
In Him there was no murmuring sound;
Father, forgive them, was His cry,
Before He ascended up on high.

He knew no sin while here on earth,
Although a sinner gave Him birth;
The incarnate God! His Father gave
Him power to ransom and to save.

He knew no sin! dear Lamb of God!
Much sorrow knew and kissed the rod,
And bore our sins upon the tree,
Did Christ the Lord to set us free.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

WE have an elaborate Essay for ministers on "Preaching to Sinners," from the pen of Mr. Henry G. Dallimore. We would insert it, but it is so extremely lengthy. Its arguments are powerful, and, if possible, shall appear. When it is clear that multitudes have been "called" by ministers of every Evangelical sect, it appears difficult for men to map out the line in which preachers must travel. Canon Ryle puts Toplady and Fletcher side by side; they were both eminently useful men, but wide as the poles in some points. David's desire and determination express the genius of true preaching. He prays to be forgiven and cleansed, and cries out, "Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." The pardoned and the sanctified will most successfully preach salvation by Jesus unto their fellow-men.

The A B C Church and Chapel Directory for 1877. R. Banks. For Christians of

every sect coming to London, this thick, cheap, well-arranged twopenny annual must be of great service.

"The Old Sailor's Story," in May magazine, called *Onward* (S. W. Partridge), is quaint, truthful, and good.

"The Blue Girls of Canterbury," marching from church, is one of the charitable pictures in *Hand and Heart*, a penny paper of increasing merit.

Invitations! A sermon by A. B. Taylor. Published by Tubbs and Brook, Manchester. By special request this sermon has been prepared and published. It is a wonderful long discourse, and is arranged with much care and distinction. We understand some ministers deal more in denunciations than in invitations; but the Gospel of our Saviour is "good news," let it look whichever way it may. O, what precious notes doth the Gospel trumpet sound! what glowing lines of grace and mercy to the

bruised, the black, the burdened, and the lost! When the love of God is shed abroad in our heart, when the unction of the eternal Spirit is on the soul, when the Son of God is exalted intelligently in the mind, when the door of utterance is given, when a yearning after souls to be drawn by the Father to the Son is realised, how delightful is the work of the ministry! There is then no sourness of spirit, no bitterness of speech; sin only is denounced, while the sinner is warned, and the weak and weary are strengthened. The Manchester Strict Baptist bishop is an important man in the North; a deep thinker and a clear theologian, a careful speaker, but, like many more, he must, in secret, weep over the little advances made by the Gospel in these times. We thank our brother for sending us this sermon, and the *Friendly Companion*, but to criticise either is not convenient. We do not wish to die quarrelling.

"PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN."—The *Sydney Morning Herald* says:—"The Bible and the Throne of England."—Pastor D. Allen re-delivered his lecture on this subject, in the Temperance hall. Before proceeding to the subject of the lecture, Mr. Allen occupied nearly half-an-hour in defending himself against certain misconceptions which, as he alleged, had arisen with regard to certain passages in the lecture, which the speaker intended to refer not to Protestants, but to certain infidels, with whom he regretted to see the Education League associated. The lecture was listened to with attention, and loudly applauded. At the close of the lecture the following resolution was passed:—"This meeting having heard the lecture of Pastor Allen re-delivered upon 'The Bible and the Throne,' expresses its confidence in the lecturer and admiration of the lecture; and regards the attack recently made against Mr. Allen in connection with his lecture as not only unkind, but unwarrantable and unjust."

A cowardly assault has been made upon Mr. Allen, implying an amount of ignorance. No sensible man who reads his lectures would thus accuse him. From a prospectus which reaches us from Sydney, we clip the following:—

"Relative to the low attack upon literary attainments, Pastor D. Allen wishes the P. S. to know that he is enabled to read the original, and has the assistance of Dr. Parkhurst's lexicons, and Donnegan's with Arnold's and W. E. Jelf's Grammars, Trollope's and Bloomfield's eight volumes upon the New Testament, in Greek, with other

like assistance for the Old Testament, which are mostly used in his pulpit preparations."

The sound-hearted Baptists in Australia have an industrious, an intelligent and faithful witness in the person of Daniel Allen. Only the enemies of the cross of Christ will dare to speak a word against him.

Mr. Stanford's *Scenes Beyond the Grave*, is a volume parents may present to their children with a kind request that they would prayerfully and carefully read it through. It is published by Mr. Robert Banks.

Dr. McNeile, the late dean of Ripon, is handsomely represented in the *Day of Days*, for May, which comes forth with refreshing papers on the verities and vitals of a saving religion. Office, 75, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street.

Sermons.—*The Blood a Token, and A Door Opened in Heaven.* By Silas Keevil. These are sermons from a soul that has realised peace by the blood of the Cross, and is looking to go into glory through "that Door," which has been opened in heaven.

"Jabez" and his prayer are described wisely and truly by Mr. Thomas Bradbury, in No. 13, of *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, to be had at office of EARTHEN VESSEL.

Perfected for Ever. Mr. Battersby's sermon, on April 4, to be had at 23, Moorgate-street. The typical offerings, and the "one offering," are herein gospelised with Scriptural evidence. Perfection perfected in and by the perfect One, without a fear or failure of any kind is the grand theme.

Israel's Watchman. A Hebrew Christian Magazine. Edited by Dr. Eder-sheim. S. W. Partridge. Nothing does more demonstrate the sovereign power of Almighty God than the continued lifting up out of the darkest bondage one and another of the children of Israel. We have a keen and loving sympathy with the Jewish nation. We anticipate the fulfilment of those glorious prophecies which point to the recovery of God's ancient people; and every true conversion of a Jew unto our Lord Jesus, sends a silent thrill through our soul, saying, "the time of their salvation draweth nigh!"

The Prophetic Kingdoms. This little volume, the result of great research, study, and spiritual discernment, will, we expect, be speedily issued, when reviewers will have an opportunity of testing, if they can, the value of Mr. John Wesley's calculations.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A FEW DAYS IN NORTH WALES.

North Wales, April 30, 1877. To the grand old city of Bangor we now must say farewell. Ten days looking after these high mountains, from whence the Eastern breezes shaved me rather sharp, gives a little longing to see old London's busy marts once more. There is a genial warm spirit in the hearts of these Welsh Christians that soon catches hold of a little soft heart like mine. Hence, when my host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, came to the parting moment, we quite keenly felt a soft bedewing.

Well, to go out for days preaching and conversing in the midst of friends you never saw before, in peace, with purity of motive; to mingle prayers and praises in the same spirit, and to realise an increase of holy sympathy, with a growth of acquaintance; to meet with a loving hospitality, and to part with the hope of meeting again, these are privileges, I think, only our Lord's disciples can truly appreciate.

Llandidno we are viewing. 'Tis a paradise in miniature. Here Nature and a creative genius have plenty of room to display the original beauties both of mountain land and of rolling seas. To believe that all these majestic combinations of earth's scenery and the ocean's health-giving powers are to be literally burnt to ashes, boiled to nothing, and buried in oblivion, is a trial for my faith. Purged of their dross they will be, a garden of Eden for God's blessed ones they may be, but annihilated surely they will not be. But our Maker only knoweth what His words on this great theme do mean.

I have not yet done with Bangor. Is there variety in creation? Ah, racy, rich, and royal. No poet Laureate can, by pen or pencil, ere describe God's lovely lines and mighty strokes of wisdom, art, and power, which here in some degree may be studied.

Are there not also varieties as indescribable in the component elements making up the visible Church on earth? Certainly there are. The busy little bees which in the "Standard" hives do work, and gather such strange honey (?), may dream that they are "the Church," that they have "the truth," and, above all others, that they are the "faithful of the land," the "salt of the earth," and the only genuine successors of the apostles; and I submit they may be all these; nevertheless, as I have gone into the cities, towns, villages, mansions, quarries, shops, cots, and sick chambers of this pleasant island, the thought would come up, cannot these believers be as truly in Christ as the others? O, yes, they may.

"Bishop's Fine Art Studio," in bold letters, is a sentence easy read as your train passes at Rhyl station.

"What Bishop is that?" saith one. "A very clever artist, sir, in all the branches of photography." He is also the honourable and well-received pastor of the new English

Baptist Church in Bangor; and having been engaged in six public services in his chapel, I had opportunities of taking a little measure of the staff of officers who are diligent co-workers with W. H. Bishop in Bangor; and when we duly consider that the Bishop of Bangor's palace and W. H. Bishop's Church are as next door neighbours; that the cathedral services are very attractive; that in this comparatively small city, there are large Congregational, Welsh Baptist, Wesleyan, and Calvinistic Methodist chapels out of number, when, with all this, you throw into the scale of reflection that the Welsh are tenaciously fond of their native tongue, nearly all their preachers are ministers of fire and of mental force, that the English are but few in number, ye will easily imagine it is no trifling effort to erect a Strict, English truthful Baptist Church in Bangor; yet if you had been at the service yesterday afternoon, if you had heard the brilliant singing of some two hundred boys and girls, men and women, if you had watched the untiring generalship of Robert Beck, a well-balanced Scotch Baptist, could you have witnessed the stalwart, but quiet watchman Davies, have heard the little sermons of the giants Owens, and Roberts, and others, you would, with me, be inclined to guess that Master W. H. Bishop, of Bangor, has some good working stuff in his Church; and, with God's blessing, the small one may become a strong nation.

FLINT is the county town of its own shire, a border city of North Wales, where everything looks smoke-dried, hard, and unrelenting; yet a few contrite souls are found within, and tabernacles for the worship of God are as well to look upon as in any other part. After all, neither "Standardites" nor "Vessel men" are numerous here.

I have been in the county towns of Carnarvonshire, of Anglesea, have toured through Bethesda, the central town for Lord Penryn's quarrymen, but the Welsh periodicals abound, and against these the Dean of Bangor has sent a protest to the Canterbury Archbishop, from which we learn the fact that the dignitaries of our National Establishment, in league with her scarlet-coloured dame, the mistress of Rome, would, if possible, snuff out the Nonconformist bodies, and burn up all their printing-presses, publications, and papers altogether. The Dean of Bangor is a clever fellow, but he may as well mind his own business, and leave the Welsh editors and printers to enjoy the liberty the laws of our land (as yet) allow them.

The slate quarries are in themselves a world of wonders. These deeps which couch beneath, and these mountains which seem to leave the clouds behind them, give out an income of nearly half a million per annum, although, as one of the old guides assured me, that in getting out these slates

there is about fifteen tons of inferior to every single ton of good stuff. It is so, all the world over,—

The waste and the woeful abound,
While genuine stuff is hard to be found.

Standing in a nook, while the blasting, like cannons, was roaring in the caverns beneath, gazing up into the galleries of slate rising one above another, clean up into the rich white curtains which Nature gently adorneth them with, my tiny little bit of a soul tremblingly sighed out,—

These mountains and these deeps,
How small they make me feel!
Less than an atom in the dust;
Amazement makes me reel.

"Oh," said I to myself, "How much I enjoy these seasons of solitary wonderment, where the handiwork of our Almighty Creator may be contemplated without the slightest annoyance."

My Lord Evans, the Welsh Bible agent, and my son, Mr. John Waters Banks (who most affectionately came with me this Welsh journey, to take care of me), had both gone up on to the high platform, from whence they let the excavators down into the deep, the dreadful quarries; but I remained in the open valleys, from whence the yawning gulfs might be seen, and where the powder blastings, like thunder under your feet, appeared to shake the black summit on which I stood.

As I viewed the thousands of men who here earn their bread, I thought how wise, how good, and how powerful was our Creator in providing such ponderous workshops, where the sons of toil might find the means of procuring the staff of life in their journey through this ever varied world of ours.

Many hundreds of these quarrymen attend and support the large chapels which in these Welsh districts stand quite thick.

Here are castles and mountains,
Broad rivers and seas,
Chain-bridges and valleys,
Sweet gardens to please.
Rich quarries of slate,
With minerals rare,
No country with this
I have thought could compare.
Welsh houses for God
In abundance are seen,
Not hidden in alleys,
But bold, large, and clean.
The people devout,
The cross they ne'er shun;
The Gospel in Wales
A good work has begun.

After ten days travelling, writing, thinking, preaching, praying, and hoping, the N. W. steamer is tearing through the tunnels home to London.

Faith to hope and pray that God may water and bless the seed sown, is in the heart of
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

[May 1, 1877. In perfect safety, with a thankful heart, have travelled in ten days some thousand miles. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."]

DANIEL SMART RIPENING FOR GLORY.

HIS TESTIMONY FOR THE BAPTISTS.

It is going on for forty years since I knew Mr. Daniel Smart in Old Zoar pulpit. That chapel was crowded when W. Gadsby John Warburton, Daniel Smart, John Kershaw, and other like-kind of men preached in the power of the Spirit. All those preachers and nearly all the people are gone.

The venerable Daniel Smart is finishing his course, by occupying the pulpit in which Isaac Beeman stood so many years, preaching every Lord's-day to many hundreds. I know of no other man who can be considered at all a follower of Huntington but this Daniel Smart. He is a solemn witness for Christ, and he is fast ripening for glory. The "Gospel Standard" gives us a sermon out of good Daniel's heart, wherein he said,—

"Some thirty years ago, I went to hear Mr. Vinall at Brighton. The poor old man had said very bitter things against the Baptists. I thought him never the wiser for that, and it created a prejudice against him. You read in the latter part of Matthew's Gospel: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Now, with such a Scripture, what man hath any right to rail against believers' baptism? Well, I went to find fault with Mr. Vinall, and got where I could watch him. He had lost the use of one side, and sat like a great lion in the pulpit. But I was struck with the man's prayer; he had such a humble, godly, blessed gift in prayer. I never meet many men so favoured in prayer as he. When he came to his sermon (I shall never forget it), he said, 'The joy of the saints could not be complete except God were glorified in their salvation.' I had been brought to love the same Divine truth, and I loved the man that spoke it. After that I could bear with him.

'Love all defects supplies;
Makes great obstructions small.'

"If you love people you are willing to bear with them, and cast a mantle of love over their defects. Look here! what a Divine fact! My soul was taught it, too, that the peace, joy, and felicity of the saints could not be complete unless God were glorified in their salvation. It fell like marrow and fatness on my soul. To all eternity our delight will be in praising His holy name—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all united in the salvation of our souls and bodies. To bless and praise Him will constitute the happiness of millions of sinners."

[Ere long, no doubt, this godly man will be in glory.—ED.]

HIGH WYCOMBE.—Our Zion anniversary sermons were given by J. S. Anderson, May 9th. There was much interest in the services; but the most pleasing theme is the practical good doing by Zion's auxiliary works.

THE CITY OF OUR SOLEMNITIES.

"The Lord! how glorious is His face!
How kind His smiles appear!
And, Oh! what humble words He says
To every humble ear!"

"Who that was who cried out of such deep distress," who that was that Paul so sought to know, is the question we commenced to examine. A small ray of light shone upon my soul one night in Bangor; but it comprehended so much in a moment I could not either speak it or write it. It will come. A line or two of it is given in "Cheering Words," in June number; but the well is deep; at present I have nothing to draw with. Still, "in the city of our solemnities" (if led therein by the Spirit), we may have some distant views of "the King in His beauty." My bruised spirit is, more or less, continually yearning for solemn manifestations of His love to my soul. But heavy mists shake me terribly, and make me cry for His assuring-sealing promise that "It is well."

My plain, simple, but truly godly readers, prefer some of my rough railway pencillings before contentious and critical essays; hence, out of a heap of note-books, I tear a leaf or two, like the following

LITTLE LESSON FOR DEACONS.

Little Kimble, for Chalkshire anniversary, Wednesday, May 9th.

Clouds talk of well-watering :
We pray for the dry,
But bowing to all ;
Faith looks upon high .
On God we call
For weather fair,
And balmy air .
Yet, still, "Thy will
Not mine be done."

Last Lord's-day was one of the days of the Son of Man in Speldhurst-road. Our excellent brother Thomas Austin sought the Lord's blessing in the morning; that loving abstainer, Thomas James Messer, did so in the evening. I was helped to preach both times, and attended to the Lord's Supper, where we had a short discourse on the saints' meeting, suggested by Thomas Adams. For every such favour I sing again Psa. ciii.

We love to feel a Saviour's smile,
Tho' soon it pass away,
T'ward heav'n it doth the soul hegule,
And leaves a cheering ray.

Next day ran off to Enon chapel, at Chatham; was quite joyful in speaking to a good company. Oh, what rich employ! to think, and write, and speak of Him

Who fills all heaven with endless praise,
And all the saints adore.

And this is the conviction of my mind, that the nearer we are unto the Lord the more we leave controversies and carnality behind, and find our soul's delight in giving silent and sacred glory unto God and to the Lamb.

As we are flying into Velvet Lawn country, I can see but little blossom on the orchards; but Paul's word about deacons

will continue rising up. The lines are strong, "They that use the office of a deacon well." There is the character. A good man in the Church is called into office, not to be pastor or master, not to be lord or lordly leader, but to be a servant in the Church, especially to fill up this one office, to minister in the service of a deacon. The office is plainly defined; it implies there are responsibilities to be borne and attended to. It belongs to the deacon to see: 1. That the house of God is maintained in good order. 2. That the worship of God is Scripturally, consistently, and regularly conducted. 3. That the pulpit is well supplied. 4. That the pastor is taken care of. 5. That the ordinances are administered. 6. That the poor are not neglected. 7. That the members generally and honourably keep the covenant they have entered into of faithfully serving the Lord.

Now, look at this good man's reward: "Purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in our Lord Jesus Christ. That word, "purchase," implies that this office is no insecure, it is no trifle, it is not simply the honour of being called "one of our deacons." No, a deacon purchases his good degree by much sacrifice of time, if sacrifice it may be considered. I have known deacons so rich and busy, they could spare no time for God's house, nor for His people, except just on the Lord's-days. It cannot be said such men pay much for their office. Where self is denied, time given, devotion sincere and certain, where a diligent service is rendered, charity exercised, and the welfare of the whole Church is sought in a Christian spirit, of such a man it may be said, "He has purchased to himself a good degree, a good position, no small amount of esteem and influence; he is beloved and honoured, his memory will be embalmed in many a heart."

The best of all, however, is the last sentence, "Great boldness in the faith which is in our Lord Jesus Christ." This sentence is of large meaning, this good deacon's faith is in our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the knowledge, in the experience, and in the defence of this faith, he has attained unto great boldness. Here is a pattern then for a good Christian. His faith is in our Lord Jesus Christ, and in this he doth realise great boldness. He is no coward, no changeling, no Pliable. He is full, he is firm, if need be he is fiery, at all events he is faithful. Oh, for a multitude of such godly giants in our Churches!

Look for one moment at this good man. His faith is in the Lord Jesus Christ. Have you not noticed how all the writers in the Scriptures carry our minds up to the Lord Jesus Christ? I have lately been looking much after Him, and I have now and then "found Him."

We know all the heavens are full of the glory of Christ, all the world is full of the government of Christ, all the Scriptures are full of the knowledge of Christ, all the Gospel is full of the good news of Christ, our prayers, when we are taught of the Spirit, are full of desires after Christ, but it is only

now and then we can "find Him." The Church said it was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth. Then she held him fast; so the disciples cried out, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." And there are times when we have found Him. In whatever character, office, or work of Christ the Holy Ghost reveals Him to the soul, in that office and work our faith will be strong and of great love to the Redeemer.

The good deacon's patient continuance in well-doing is rewarded by the enjoyment of a well-confirmed hope of a rich assurance that Jesus is God, is Christ, is Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King, and that in glory with the Lord his happy soul shall dwell.

Thursday morning, May 10.—Walking this morning from Farmer Towerton's, under the heaving of the mountains, I feel my soul refreshed by the charming scenes of lovely Spring. At Ellerrington Church they keep Holy Thursday by early communion. Farmer says, "Our clergyman is creeping up into High Churchism." It is becoming almost universal, paving the way for a more open union with the scarlet lady who says she never shall be a widow. Hush!

A sight of the Velvet Lawn makes my small soul to sing,—

O land of peace!

My native isle, so sweet,

May wars soon cease,

And hostile nations meet

To bring the King of glory in."

Emblems of blest Millennial times in all these buds and blossoms do appear. Yet it is true that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.

Earth groans beneath the plough,

And travails with the seed,

To cause the various fruits to grow,

Man's appetite to feed.

If in the worlds of nature

God's faithfulness is seen,

We'll trust our wise Creator,

Tho' dark clouds intervene.

Chalkshire anniversary, yesterday (May 9), was a season of mercy. Pastor Burgess, a good choir, and two attempts to expound a sentence or two of Holy Writ, made up what our Wendover brother called "a joyful day." When I saw deacon Towerton and minister G. Lane, my heart went out in love to them both. They know the truth, they have faith in Jesus, they stand fast by the cause, and I desire to thank the Lord who has in some of the quietest parts of this kingdom, His hills Mizar, where gracious souls His Holy Name adore. Amen. C. W. BANKS.

Home again, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, May 10, giving a short discourse on "This same Jesus."

A STORM GATHERING.—BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—I think you over-work yourself in travelling from place to place continually preaching the Gospel. I am aware your heart and soul is in the work; but

you ought to remember you are not made of brass, and if you were, you would wear out; it is wonderful the work the Lord has enabled you to do; we hope you will be spared and upheld for many years to come, and continue to be a blessing to the Church of our precious Redeemer. Therefore, spare yourself a little for Zion's sake, and the cause of truth. I have been very ill, and in a low place. I want to see Zion prosper, and truth established in the earth; but for the present the glory of Zion is covered with a cloud; a dreadful storm is coming; the nations are preparing for the battle, which, I trust, will usher in the destruction of Mohamedanism and Popery: a dreadful struggle there will be; nevertheless, the beast and the false prophet shall be both taken away, and be cast alive into a lake of fire. The Captain of our salvation will lead us on to victory; the deliverance of the Church from her enemies is perhaps nearer than we expect. Wait on the Lord: He will appear for our help. We still move on at Rehoboth; we don't feel inclined to desert our colours; we believe truth will yet triumph; we should be glad to see more people who are of the Lord's bringing in; our meeting will be on Wednesday, June 20. What a trying world this is! When shall we reach that happy land where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick?" All unite in love.

WM. J. GOODING.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—Mrs. Wallen, the wife of Mr. Levi Wallen, has gone to her rest (Feb. 19), after a long and painful affliction. The grace of God had so mysteriously humbled her soul, that she was never known to murmur, although her physical sufferings were great and long. She was a marvellous instance of what grace can do: prior to her illness she knew not God nor could she read the Scriptures, although upwards of sixty years of age, but while on the bed of suffering God wrought in her soul a lasting and glorious change, when she immediately began to be anxious to read the Word of Life, and by the dint of perseverance she was soon enabled to read and converse with sweet freedom on the experimental portions of Divine truth, and it was a source of pleasure to visit her, notwithstanding her pains at times were truly grievous to witness. She was conscious almost up to the last moment of her existence, although unable to articulate words. She expressed to me that she longed to be with Jesus, her soul rested on Him as her only hope of salvation; her last words were in effect (in my hearing), "He is faithful to perform what He has promised." This she had sweetly proved. To mourn her happy exit would be wrong, yet while in the body we are not bereft of feeling, for even "Jesus wept" at the grave of one He loved. May God sanctify the loss to the bereaved, and give us all grace to meet the solemn hour of death with as much faith, composure of mind, that of each of us it may be said, "for so He giveth His beloved sheep."

W. WINTERS.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. WILLIAM COLLYER, OF IVINGHOE.

A public meeting to inaugurate the above presentation was held on Friday evening, May 4, in Mr. Thomas Stringer's chapel, in Earl-street, London-road. Mr. Stringer presided, and opened the meeting with an address of great interest. T. J. Messer moved the first resolution, acknowledging the goodness of God in so early calling and for so long preserving in the truth our venerable brother W. Collyer. Brother Messer was exactly the man for such a motion, and when he closed by clasping hands with, and pouring blessings upon, his equally ancient fellow-labourer, the scene was most delightful. James Mote, Esq., seconded the resolution in a practical speech which was felt and acknowledged by brother R. Minton and others to be worthy of great consideration by our Strict Baptist Churches. C. W. Banks gave the history and progress of Ivinghoe Baptist Church; he said his brother Collyer had been favoured with seven distinguishing mercies:—1. He had had a good long day's work in the Lord's vineyard. For nearly sixty years had William Collyer gone forth sowing the seeds of truth, and many had been called, comforted, and confirmed. 2. Mr. Collyer had had a good Gospel to preach, and he had preached it faithfully. 3. He had had a good Church under his care, a good school in connection therewith; a good, industrious wife to help him on; now he was looking for a good and happy home, and a good crown of eternal life as his promised reward. C. W. Banks urged the propriety of easing his aged brother's pillow, while waiting for his change from suffering here to a full salvation hereafter. Brother R. Minton followed with gracious words and a golden gift. Then came up our beloved brother Samuel Ponsford, who called upon the meeting to sympathise with their movement, which argument brother Ponsford forcibly illustrated by giving to Mr. Robert Banks, the treasurer, a bag of gold and silver, which he had gathered up most benevolently. The brethren Bennett, W. Frith, C. Cornwell, William Webb, and W. Collyer, all spoke to the motion; but the best of all was the report given in by Mr. Robert Banks, of the results of his persevering efforts, which showed a total of £50 already raised toward the £100 which Mr. R. Banks said was to be the testimonial presented to Mr. W. Collyer, in Mr. Stringer's chapel, on Monday evening, June 11, if the Lord was pleased thus to crown their efforts in this particular direction. Brother Stringer kindly promised the use of his chapel, at seven o'clock, when we hope to see a crowded assembly. See list of donations on wrapper.

GEELONG.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,
—Grace unto you and peace be multiplied. My dear brother, will you kindly allow me, through your pages, to greet my friends in Huntingdonshire and elsewhere? I would assure them of my Christian love, whilst I am thankful and encouraged to know, that I am

not forgotten; and that praying hearts bear our interests before the throne of grace. O blessed spot!

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around our common mercy-seat."

I am favoured to inform our home kindred in Christ, that we are pressing forward I may say, up the hill, for with us it is mostly uphill work, for the truth has many adversaries, yet we bless our covenant God that He has set before us an open door at Geelong, and which, we believe, no man will be able to shut. I have a mind to tell you how the Lord has wrought in the matter, but there has been an inward whisper: "Wait yet awhile, as we often hear of settlements which seem every way happy and hopeful, and then the next tidings come as on the wings of a storm threatening disruption." I can truly say it is for the truth's sake, for the Church's sake, for the blessed Saviour's sake, yea, for the glory of our Triune God, that I desire to correspond with the VESSEL as a banner of truth. About four months ago we had a quiet recognition service after a happy social tea meeting. Deacon Hampton gave a succinct history of the Church, and referred to the unfoldings of Providence in bringing Church and pastor together. The pastor then endeavoured to give a reason of the hope within him, setting forth his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and his call to Geelong. The above proceedings some friends wished me to communicate, but, as I said, something within prevented, saying, "Wait." Whether it be the enemy getting an advantage over us or not, I know not, but as our anniversary comes off at Easter, I will (D.V.) forward a few particulars of both meetings. My special object in writing at this time, is to forward the enclosed communication from our brother Allen. There are some professors who will have Christ for a Prophet and a Priest, but not for a King, but in His glorious offices He is not to be divided; this has been my testimony, and to this order of truth I have met with opposition, hence my desire for my brother's testimony to confirm my own. My people have listened to the paper with profit, and I thought it worth a place in your VESSEL, I therefore submit it for your opinion. Wishing in all things the good of our beloved Zion and the glory of Zion's God, my dear brother, believe me, yours faithfully in Gospel bonds,
—F. FULLARD, Feb. 12, 1877.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT.—J. J. Kiddle, pastor of the Baptist Church, has intimated his intention to resign his charge at Michaelmas (through age and oft infirmities) after a pastorate here of nearly 10 years, and 50 years in the ministry.

Broadstairs is a very salubrious watering place. The chapel will seat 200. Spacious school-rooms and a small annuity. A gentleman of Strict Baptist principles (as expressed in the deed), with some income and education, may find a healthy and comfortable sphere of usefulness.

CLIFTON, BEDS.
MR. SEPTIMUS SEARS AND HIS
ANNIVERSARY.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Seeing it announced that Mr. Bradford and Mr. Hull would be the preachers at the anniversary services at Clifton, May 10, and being engaged to supply there May 13, I thought to embrace the opportunity of hearing those gentlemen; but meeting Mr. Davis, of Woodbridge-street chapel, at the railway station, we travelled together, when it transpired that he was going to Clifton to preach on that day.

Later in the day I learnt that the cause of Mr. Davis's services being sought, was, Mr. Bradford declined to fulfil his engagement in consequence of the pressure of a certain committee. Let us hope Mr. B. declined in a moment of weakness, without due consideration of that sacred injunction, "Be not ye the servants of men" (1 Cor. vii. 2, 3), and that he will soon recover, and plainly declare whose servant he is.

This interference of the committee has "caused no small stir" among the ministers of that part of the Church of Christ. In speaking with that well-known, indefatigable and highly-esteemed author and editor, Septimus Sears, he wisely and justly observed, "If they really believe that the truth is not preached here, there is the greater reason that ministers of truth should come here to teach the people;" for, strange to say, the Clifton minister is not considered to be quite "sound" by the said committee, after having almost worn himself out in the Lord's service; but he is too well known as a faithful watchman to be much injured by such adverse influence. The Lord has greatly honoured him, and blessed his labours in teaching the young the way of salvation.

The *Little Gleaner*, a simple and truthful monthly, should be read by all our children; also, his *Lessons of Truth*, a little body of Divinity for home and school, is excellent. Every child should have a copy.

You will be pleased to know that the cause did not suffer by reason of non-attendance of one of the appointed preachers on May 10. Mr. Hull preached in the morning, and Mr. Davis in the afternoon and evening. It is pleasing to see so flourishing a cause of truth as that at Clifton, dwelling in peace, and caring for both the bodies and souls of men. How much happier would poor Zion be if others would "do likewise."

In conclusion, I would ask, Is it right? is it Scriptural for any man, or any number of men, to determine where the servants of Christ shall, and where they shall not preach His Gospel? Is it wise? or can it be safe to oppose one whom the Lord honours as a servant? Are such as do so "endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and "esteeming others better than themselves?"

WALTER BROWN.
Colchester.

[Satan is at the bottom of all this! He

has been permitted to smite some of us fearfully hard, then drove us into the wilderness to die in despair; but God's mercies are beyond all human conception. We are so sacredly occupied with the meditation and publication of the Saviour's person and work, that we have neither wish nor time to even think upon such mere "child's play" as Walter Brown relates. Ever since the good old God-made fathers were taken away, there has been proud prancings amongst the boys. They have all most wickedly hurled their stones at us. Now they are turning one against the other. It is only because Septimus Sears is about the best working man in the company, that Satan has stirred up this strife against him. No doubt His Master saw there was a needs-be; hence, in the end, it will work for good.—ED. "E. V."]

FOLKESTONE.—The Church and congregation of the Strict Baptist chapel here desire to thank their many friends who have come forward to help them in this their time of need, that is in procuring a more convenient place of worship. Since the issuing of our cards, about two months since, our funds have increased from £44 to £150, so that we can truly say, "The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad." And as we still need further help, to enable us to pay for the chapel, and to repair it (which together will be about £400), making it fit for the worship of God, we feel encouraged to solicit the aid of any kind friends who shall feel disposed to lend us a helping hand in this our undertaking. We are but a few poor working people, not having much of this world's goods. But knowing to whom the gold and silver belongs, and that He (our God) has all hearts at His disposal, we make this appeal, and trust we shall not appeal in vain. We have commenced the repairs of the said chapel, and hope, God willing, to be enabled to open it for Divine worship in July. Particulars next month. W. J. DENMEE.—Subscriptions and donations thankfully received and acknowledged by W. J. Denmee, minister, 14, Foord-road, Folkestone; Messrs. J. Smith and E. Moat, deacons, 8, Rendezvous-street, Folkestone. Also by our esteemed friend and brother, Mr. J. Gruit, 4, Crampton-street, Newington-butts, London.

BILSTON.—Our young brother, Mr. Alfred B. Hall, has been preaching here for several weeks; the Church has requested him to supply the two last Sundays in June, and all July. We cannot sufficiently thank the Lord for setting up in our Churches some genuine, sound, and zealous young men, whose ministry reaches the souls of the people, either to convince the careless or comfort the seeker. The promise is thus seen prominent, "I will give you pastors according to Mine heart," &c. May a spirit of faith and of inwrought prayer fill our Churches, and a revival shall be seen.

BERMONDSEY.—LYNTON - ROAD.—Lord's-day, May 13th, and Tuesday, May 15th, will be red letter days in the history of this Church. Less than eight years ago (in view of the expiration of the lease of old "Ebenezer," Bermondsey New-road), the friends met, and at the suggestion of the late Mr. James Wells, started a building fund. In less than four years from that meeting a site was secured, and the friends who undertook the responsibility were committed to what many esteemed a daring enterprise of erecting a chapel and school-room at a cost of very little under £2,000; and when the memorial stone was laid in Oct., 1872, by Mr. Wm. Crowther, they had little over £400 in hand towards the £2,000. The Lord, however, wrought wonderfully for them, raising up friends in all directions, and four years and a-half after the laying of the stone, and at the fourth anniversary of the opening of the chapel, they met to praise the Lord for His goodness in having extinguished their debt. On the Lord's-day, Mr. Lawrence, the pastor, preached two sermons to good congregations, from Zech. iv. 9, and Proverbs viii. 17; on the following Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Shepherd preached, from Deut. xxxiii. 29, a thoughtful and experimental discourse. A tea (kindly given by Mr. Philcox) followed. The evening public meeting was presided over by that large-hearted Christian gentleman, Wm. Beach, Esq. (of Chelmsford), and surrounding him on the platform were ministerial brethren, Beazley, Banks, Stringer, Winters, Lodge, Mead, Bennett, James Hand, Bradley, and Myerson; while the non-ministerial element was ably represented by the following gentlemen:—Messrs. John and Joseph Beach, A. Boulden, Thomas Carr, J. Pells, and J. M. Rundell; while on the chairman's right sat the pastor, and on his left Mr. T. M. Whittaker; Mr. James Mote also paid a flying visit; but being due elsewhere had to leave. After singing and Mr. Beazley asking the Lord's blessing, Mr. Knott (one of the deacons and treasurer of the building fund) read the final report of the committee, from which it appeared that at Christmas last the debt was £320. Through the great kindness of many friends, £120 were written off this sum on the occasion of the anniversary of the pastor's ordination, held in January last; Mr. W. Beach (who presided on the occasion) promised the Church the last £50 of their debt, if the other £150 could be raised. The minister and deacons went quietly but determinately to work, and a long list of subscriptions promised and received was here read as the result of their appeal; these with their own collections and donations from their own members, along with the redemption of the chairman's noble promise, brought the debt down to £12 or so. Mr. T. Lawrence, on behalf of the young men's Bible class in the school, and Mr. J. Beach, on behalf of the young ladies' Bible class—together with smaller sums from some of the other classes—tendered some £25, expressing in doing so the wish of the scholars,

that if their contributions should occasion a small surplus, the same should be laid aside at interest as the nucleus of a fund for building vestries, when the committee deemed it advisable so to do. Thus the debt was extinguished, and all joined as one to give God the glory. Short speeches followed by brethren Winters, Myerson, Thomas Stringer, Bennett, Mead, and C. W. Banks on the "Goodness of the Lord," the speeches being interspersed with singing, the other good brethren on the platform giving out a few verses between each address. Mr. William Stringer, one of the deacons, stated in a warm-hearted speech, that as they were now out of debt, they intended to acknowledge the Lord's goodness by presenting their pastor with a handsome collection. The same was made, and Mr. J. Kennett, the senior deacon, in a speech teeming with life for an aged disciple, presented Mr. Lawrence with £22 10s. 8½d. Mr. Lawrence thanked the people, assuring his audience that although his Church had not been able to maintain him, yet he was surrounded by anything but a mean or close people, as their contributions to the building fund would prove, and their repeated acts of kindness to himself would show. On behalf of his brethren, and on his own behalf, he thanked most heartily all those friends who had so nobly helped them, and his prayer above all things was that the Lord would make his ministry a blessing. We deem it our duty to inform every one that the Sunday school has contributed over £150 towards the debt, and this speaks volumes on behalf of the little Dissenters who meet in the school-room of Lynton-road chapel. This handsome chapel now belongs, by an enrolled trust deed, to the denomination of Particular Strict Baptists for about eighty years to come, and may the Lord make it a banqueting-house to many precious souls. "Oh, magnify the Lord with us, and let us exalt His name together."

WORTHING.—Baptist and Independent schools. Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Peckham, conducted services for the above schools at Montague-street chapel, on Sunday, April 8th. The "Worthing Intelligencer" says:—"Last Sunday Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Peckham, conducted two services for the young in the chapel, Montague-street. In the afternoon at three there was a good gathering of Sunday school children, and Mr. Congreve held their complete attention while he spoke to them of 'Lessons from a Bunch of Violets,' which he held in his hand, and a 'Basket of Silver with Apples of Gold,' which he also produced. In the evening Mr. Congreve preached an impressive sermon to the young, from the text, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' We shall be pleased when Mr. Congreve will pay us another visit." "Gems of Song" hymn book (Robert Banks), one of the best and cheapest, are used in all the schools at Worthing.

"MOVING OF THE WATERS."
TEMPTATIONS CONNECTED WITH
BAPTISM.

Leicester, Newark-st., Sunday, May 13, Mr. Pearce supplying.—In the morning he preached from Acts ii. 41, 42: "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about 3,000 souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." After preaching a very appropriate sermon from the above words, he proceeded at once to put them into practice, except as to number. He baptized (not three thousand) but three; two males and one female. And in the afternoon they were added to the Church, and were partakers with the Church in the ordinance of breaking of bread. Let us hope they will continue steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in prayers.

I am always glad to hear of true loyal souls obeying the commands of their King; and wish there were fewer that listened to Satan's sophistry. He tempted Eve to believe that the forbidden fruit would make them wise even as God to know good and evil; and so deceived them that they disobeyed the command: "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die:" or dying, thou shalt die. Satan has tempted and prevailed on multitudes to believe that a substitute in the place of immersion will be equally as well as what is commanded, no matter whether sprinkling or pouring. He has tempted and prevailed on many to believe it is non-essential whether they obey the command or not; while they themselves would dismiss a servant at a moment's notice that showed such contempt of their commands. He has tempted and prevailed on many to believe, for a long time, they are too bad, and unfit to go through such an holy ordinance. And it is to be feared he has tempted and prevailed on many to believe they are too good and respectable to go through what he tries to represent to such as a most degrading and useless ceremony. And it is to be feared on the other hand, he has tempted and prevailed on a good many to go through the ordinance and put on a profession of religion, while they have never felt their real need of a Saviour, only as a make weight. And he still walketh to and fro through the earth, sometimes as an angel of light, and sometimes in all his black deformity, seeking whom he may devour.

But nevertheless, the words have still all their vital force on truly humble souls: "If ye love Me, keep (not slight) My commandments." But there are many who are quite willing to acknowledge Jesus as a Saviour, who yet are not willing to obey Him as their King; at least in this command. So believes

A REFUGEE.

OLD BETHNAL GREEN.—Eleventh anniversary of Zion Baptist chapel, Mailland-street, Old Bethnal-green-road, was May 13

and 15; sermons by the pastor, Matthew Branch, C. W. Banks, and Joseph Mayhew. Charles Gordelier, Esq., presided over public meeting, when the mercies of a Saviour's perfect work were expounded by brethren Goulding, Kemp, Ryder, C. W. Banks, Hunt, and Mayhew. The little cause of New Testament order has worked on in love and peace for eleven years. We pray our God to raise up some wealthy godly one who could and would build a new chapel for our excellent Matthew Branch, for he is worthy, and his Church is planted amidst thousands of cottagers who need to be instructed in the true Gospel.

RAUNDS.—Baptist Chapel. Interesting service was held on April 17th. Three young men openly confessed Christ by baptism—large number present. Mr. Pearce in addressing the people said, that he should give a few arguments deduced purely from Scripture, for the admission to baptism of those only who profess to believe the Gospel, and to trust in Christ for salvation. The people sat as if riveted to their seats during the address; many tears were shed, and we know that many present who had been firm believers in infant sprinkling, were convinced that believers' baptism was right and Scriptural. Mr. Marsh, of Kettering, gave a short address from "Lo I am with you always," showing that the Lord was with His people at all times and under all circumstances. Surely the Lord hath done great things for Raunds within three years. There was a time when not a young person would be seen at the prayer meeting, and very few on the Lord's day; it is not so now, bless the Lord, at our prayer meetings. The voice of the young man in Christ is heard, and the babe in Jesus, which is as the lamb carried in the bosom of the loving Shepherd, and the voice of trembling age mingling with the cry of the little lamb crying, "Lord, keep me, I am weak; hold me up, and I shall be safe." Surely prayer and unity form the backbone and sinew of a Church's prosperity. May God give Zion a travelling spirit. Amen.

HOXTON.—Special services at Bethel chapel, Newton-street, Hoxton, Lord's-day, April 29. Sermons by our pastor Osmond and Mr. Phillips. On May 1, tea and public meeting. Brethren Evans, Griffiths, Dearsly, Phillips, W. Webb, G. Webb, and Lodge addressed us on the promises. Mr. Langford prayed. Our pastor informed the friends that the object of the meeting was to liquidate the debt of £250 on the chapel.

H. M.

ASKETT.—"L," says, We must have attractions. Our people have given us a forty guinea harmonium, which is conducted by an eminent lady friend, and is pleasing to our large congregations. This harmonium, or organ, is now very general. There is much more singing and a deal less preaching than in former times. New fashions everywhere. Is it all right?

BETHNAL GREEN.—HOPE CHAPEL.

—Interesting services on Tuesday, April 24th, to commemorate the eighth year of the pastorate of James Griffith. In the afternoon brother Hazelton gave us a very excellent sermon, from the words in Zeph. iii. 10, which was enjoyed by a good afternoon congregation. Our brother appeared to be quite happy in his subject, as he usually is at Hope. May the Lord make his visit a blessing to us. After a comfortable tea, public meeting. The pastor presided, who said they were gathered together to-day on his account. Eight years had passed since he became pastor over them. He was with them twelve months before he settled, so that it was nine years since he came to the East of London. He had seen many changes in that time, which we are to expect. But he was thankful to say that the year that had just closed had been, as far as regarded himself, his best year. He had peace and prosperity, and the happiness of having around him some golly praying people. There had been larger meetings for prayer than formerly, a greater earnestness in the supplications of the brethren. They had abundant cause for thankfulness. As a Church they had made no change in anything; the old-fashioned Gospel they maintained, and old-fashioned practice too. The deacons had never said to him, we must alter this and that; nor had he said anything of the sort to them. They desired to hold fast that form of things that would bring glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and leave all results with the great Head of the Church. After singing, the brethren present addressed the friends from subjects which had been given them. W. Webb spoke well on "The love of Christ constraineth us;" Mr. Masterson on "The Privileged Christian;" Mr. Temple, "The Perpetual Guide;" Mr. Anderson on "The Best Prosperity;" Mr. Woodard on "The Spiritual Victory;" and Mr. G. Webb on the "Full Satisfaction." All the subjects were well handled; the attention of the people was great; and the meeting was indeed a good, solid, spiritual one.

WALTHAMSTOW.—The first anniversary of the opening of Zion chapel was held on Tuesday, May 8th. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. R. Bowles, from 2 Timothy ii. 10. After service tea was provided; in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Archer (secretary to the Itinerant Society), who testified to the great interest he had taken, and still had, to the little cause. Mr. Kemp implored the Divine blessing. Messrs. Lawrence, Bennett, Joiner, and Stanley filled the hearts of the people with much sacred pleasure while they opened up the treasures of Divine Providence and grace. Walthamstow is a religious town as far as profession can go, a salvation proclaimed as depending in the will of sinful man, instead of being the perfect gift of God, secured by Christ, and revealed by the power of the Holy Ghost. This little Strict Baptist Church is like the little city described in

Eccles. ix. 14; but they are known to be a happy and united band of New Testament believers. We are favoured with most excellent supplies, so that sterling truth in all its beauty, grandeur, and graciousness is dispensed to us by God-sent men; we rejoice in the peace of the Gospel and the unity of the Spirit; hitherto hath the Lord helped us, and in holy faith and confidence, strengthened by the well proved promises of our King, we look forward with ardent hope to the year before us, that it may yield rich fruit to the honour and glory of God. Meanwhile we entreat all honest lovers of truth to give the little cause at Walthamstow all the support which Christ's cause deserves.

E. S.

SOUTH WALES.—BLACKWOOD.

We—some ten months back—commenced a new English Baptist cause, there being no English Baptist Church at this place. We have since baptized 24. We hold our services in a large new club room. Ministers from neighbouring villages have given us several Sundays free of expense; they have been a great assistance to us: we are in low circumstances. On the 29th of May we hope to see you, and that your visit will be blessed to the conversion of souls. Yours truly, JOHN HALE — Brother John Bolton from Bargoed, near Cardiff, says:—"Never was South Wales known to be in such a state as now! Many hundreds of strong men begging for a bit of bread. Nearly all the iron works at a stand still. My fellow-men used to laugh at me when I told them they must look for low valleys near the high mountains; and low ebbs after high tides."

CHATHAM—HOPES OF HELPERS.

All who have for many years known and esteemed our excellent brother Mr. Casse, one of the deacons at Enon, Chatham, will be encouraged to learn the Lord has opened his mouth to preach the Gospel with much acceptance at Stroud, New Brompton, &c. We hope the Lord will much honour and comfort him in this work for years to come. He is one who, by grace divine, has "used" ("ministered") "the office of a deacon well;" and truly, as Paul saith (by much devotion, self-sacrifice, and perseverance), has "purchased to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith which is in CHRIST JESUS!" While so many hard things are said of deacons, we think it ever prudent and just to show that in our Churches there are some exceedingly godly men who have endured hardness as good soldiers—who have worked hard for Zion's welfare; and who have gained the confidence and affection of all who truly know them. Brethren, let us be thankful for good deacons! Our brother Benjamin Woodrow, of Rehoboth, Pimlico, has also been graciously helped in preaching the blessed Gospel; and we trust the coming meeting on June 5 will prove helpful to the deacons and friends who have set their house in good order.

THOUGHTS AT BANGOR.

THINGS THAT DIFFER.

One of the marks which the Lord has set upon the true prophets is this: "They shall shew My people the difference between the clean and the unclean." It would be a momentous scrutiny so to separate between the precious and the vile, as (instrumentally and ministerially) to shew the child of God that, in the sight of Him who searcheth all things, he is clean, to prove what it is to be clean, where he is clean, and to set forth the fruits and evidences of the spiritual purity and perfection. Have any of my readers the gift to unfold this deep subject? When alone in meditation, how vast the importance of this appears. There is a difference between time and eternity. Time to me is like one long suspension bridge running from the eternity that is behind us into the eternity before us.

Man's life here is like a journey; it has its beginning, it has its terminus, and between its commencement and its termination, there are many stations, where we have been pulled up, tarried a little, and then we have been carried on again. Through what rivers of sorrow we have had to wade! What hills of trial to climb! What tunnels of darkness! anon what fields of hope! Still onward to the end, which must come soon.

Eternity has no terminus. It is an everlasting unfolding of the glories of God without any failure or prospect of finish.

Earth and heaven are as different as possibly can be. You ask, "What know you of heaven?"

We only know of heaven what God has promised, what Christ has told us, what the Holy Ghost has revealed, and a little of what the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, and the saints have realised. Our enjoyments of heaven here appear little, but we believe all the Lord hath told us. "The things that differ" require investigation.

C. W. B.

KING'S CROSS.—**EEENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL.** On Wednesday evening, April 25, our young brother Levinsohn preached to us the Word of life to an overflowing congregation. Our prayer is that the Lord may bless his ministry abundantly. We are pleased to say the Lord is in our midst, and is blessing the labours of our pastor Mr. White. Three have come before the Church to tell what the Lord hath done for their souls through his instrumentality. There are others looking on and waiting. So we are constrained to thank our God for peace and prosperity. Congregations good. We have life in the pulpit and life in the pew. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. To Him be all the praise.—**JONAS AMBROSE, 22, Upper North-street, King's-cross.**

CHALKSHIRE, BUCKS.—**DEAR FRIEND C. W. BANKS,**—I am requested to thank the Lord for inclining you to come at our request, and help the little band at Chalkshire. It is much like the Lord who

helps the poor and needy. Bless His name, though we are poor, yet He helpeth us, for His name's sake. The Lord reward you and all others that come here to minister from Sabbath to Sabbath. Our anniversary was May 9. The Lord brought our friend C. W. Banks to Chalkshire in the fulness of Gospel truth. We had some earnest listeners from Askett, Risboro', Little Kimble, Aylesbury, Stoke, Weston Turville, and Wendover. Between the services we enjoyed the kind provisions of our God. Friends were cheerful. In the evening, Mr. F. G. Burgess, of Askett, read the Word and prayed. Our friends sang blessedly, then C. W. Banks poured out good things. Some said he spoke stronger than in days gone by, and said it was good to be there. Thus the happy seasons pass away. Friends parted with praising the Lord. We thank them all very kindly for their presence and help. The Lord grant us many happy seasons, and spare the "Village Preacher" to help the causes of truth, poor ministers, and others. We have found him to be a helper. The Lord bless him abundantly. We feel that we cannot spare him yet; but the Lord can raise up His own servants. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth men whose labours He will own and bless. So prays G. LANE, Butler's-cross, near Tring.

"SUPPLIES."—The thought is pressed upon us, Can nothing be done to benefit and really help some of our good brethren who travel Sunday after Sunday to preach the Gospel to those small Churches who cannot obtain settled pastors. We have sat in the cottage with one of the most devoted and honest men in our ranks. He is an agricultural labourer, much esteemed by his master, and beloved by the Church of which he is a member. For six days in a week he works hard enough all the year round to wear up any man. Sunday morning he is off early, walks sometimes several miles; preaches three times; receives a very, very scanty pittance; then, through woods and muddy roads, under heavy rains, and starless nights, he returns to his anxious wife and family, who have watched for hours the return of the good bread-winner, whose clothes are wet and spoiled, whose strength is nearly exhausted, whose purse is almost empty, but whose family necessities demand that he rise early next morning, and for six long days earn his bread really by the sweat of his brow. We ask, Can nothing be done for these most laborious men? We know much might be done. We will wait. Wiser men may suggest. Where they have collections so many miles apart they generally starve the preacher. Scotch people collect at the door as they go in.

STEPNEY.—"An Old Traveller" tells us, he believes "there is a good work going on under brother Thomas Steed's ministry at Wellesley-st. The chapel is crowded. The Church has greatly increased; and constant fruits of the truth being received in life and love are produced. The Lord be praised—there are some living witnesses yet."

AYLESBURY.—Our supplementary or Baxterian tabernacle will soon be opened. It is large, near the church, and is sure to be filled. [What with?] The builders and promoters of the tabernacle enterprise believe there is more to be done by their preaching and praying than has ever been done in Aylesbury yet. We shall not dispute. We have four home thoughts: 1. The Lord's counsel and purpose shall stand. 2. Christ's kingdom must grow. 3. All who are experimentally saved by the Lord will be feebly and practically anxious to see others saved in the Lord. 4. Novelty and curiosity carry multitudes away by sensational streams; but God's truth will accomplish a glorious triumph in the end. All should be careful not to deceive the souls of their fellows.

CHATHAM.—Monday, May 7, C. W. Banks delivered an interesting lecture in Eoon chapel on behalf of the building fund, the subject being, "The Triumph of Grace over the Terrible Delusions of anti-Christ." Our brother W. J. Norton presided. The lecture was listened to with pleasure and profit. Our Churches would do well to have such truthful addresses delivered to them, for we live in most solemn and eventful times. May we heed the Great Master's admonitions, "Watch unto prayer." "Be thou faithful unto death," &c. We thank our God for the kind Christian spirit with which He has inbued our brother C. W. B., and pray that he may still be fruitful in the Lord's vineyard till called home. J. CASSE.

DUNMOW.—**DEAR BANKS.**—I am thankful our cause of truth, called "the Ark," is growing steadily; peace and harmony prevail in our midst. We have been greatly favoured with acceptable supplies both from town and country, whereby the hearts of the people have been made glad, and I humbly hope much good has been done through the preaching of Jesus. The Church and congregation have kindly presented to Mr. and Mrs. J. Burton a very handsome set of plated tea and coffee service, for their untiring efforts to maintain and uphold the cause of truth in Dunmow; and we have reason to believe the Lord is crowning their efforts with His blessing, which is the prayer of
A LITTLE ONE.

A VISIT TO SAMUEL FOSTER.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for kind invitation to your thirty-third anniversary of the publishing of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. I do trust you may have a good gathering, not only of ministerial brethren, but the house of God filled with attentive hearers and hearts deeply interested in any movement that has for its object the glory of God, extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and ingathering of the outcasts of Israel.

O how much is needed of the Master's spirit in the attainment of this in those who gather; but in none so much as in those who are His special representatives in the

world, or in the Church of God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth. It was love that moved Him towards us, the vilest of the vile: it must be love therefore that should characterize each step taken in connection with the building up the walls of His precious Zion. I do pray that many of the faithful hard-working ministers may meet with you to strengthen your hands.

Thirty-three years for one that can only claim the name of "Earthen" is a long time; and we know that its manager must often be conscious of its responsibilities. I am sure it needs much grace, much heavenly wisdom, and much true judgment to enable you to carry on such a work.

Yesterday I visited our friend and brother in the faith, Samuel Foster, in his chamber of affliction; and to my surprise found his devoted wife, and so long his nurse, stretched on the same bed in weakness by his side, from a severe attack of inflammation. A fortnight since they thought she was sinking into the arms of death, and now she is not able to leave her bed, yet are in hopes there is a turn for the better, and that she may be spared a little longer to her afflicted husband. I am thankful to say their minds are divinely supported in their trial; they have only one resting-place, and that may be summed up in this, Christ Jesus, their All in all. Your affectionate brother, **ROBERT.**

Bridge, May 15, 1877.

LEICESTER.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—They have laid the deserted tabernacle of Thorpe Smith in the cold earth to-day, but a friend was sadly disappointed. She went, out of love to the man, to see his funeral, hoping to hear something of his last end; but as he was buried on what they call the Church or consecrated side of cemetery, there was nothing but a cold, formal prayer. But it will not make any difference to his soul's happiness or misery. If Jesus prayed for his soul while here on earth, He has, undoubtedly, interceded for him in heaven (John xvii. 20; Heb. vii. 25). But if Jesus did not pray for him while here on earth, then all the masses, incense, nor purgatorial fire on the earth, or under the earth, can make any difference to the position of the tree now it is fallen (Eccles. xi. 3).

BLAKENHAM.—Baptist chapel. On Whit-Monday, Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, preached a sermon in the afternoon from Mark xvi. 15, on behalf of the Baptist Home Mission; after which a large number took tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. Houghton, pastor, in the chair. Addresses by chairman, Mr. S. K. Bland and Mr. C. Hill, secretaries of Home Mission; also by Mr. Keru, from Acts viii. 5. Subject given him: Missionary Theme, which he thought was Christ living, loving, and loved. He did not know of a better theme. A goodly number were present from Ipswich, and others places, including Mr. Deering, of Crowfield; Mr. Grimwood, of Chanfield; and Mr. Debenham, of Stowmarket.

NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—Fifth anniversary of Mr. Cornwell's pastorate was on Good Friday. About 100 friends partook tea, which number was considerably augmented in the evening, when Messrs. Lawrence, J. Norton, J. Battson, and others gave edifying addresses. Collections amounted to £10 9s. 6d., and handed to pastor, who expressed his obligations to the friends.

BANGOR.—A most exciting scene was witnessed in Penuel Baptist chapel, Sunday evening, April 29, 1877, when Mr. Davies delivered his farewell sermon to the people over whose spiritual welfare he had faithfully watched for seven years. The congregation wept sorely over his leaving them; but Liverpool presented to him a more effectual door; and he goes in with the prayers of many who deeply love him for that Christian spirit, for that devotion to his work, and for that blessing which attended the same. We could but love the good man from even the brief intercourse we were favoured to enjoy.

Notes of the Month.

OUR ARISTOCRACY.—A £1000 Bank of England note was presented to Dr. Landells on his twenty-second anniversary at Regent's-park chapel, May 1, 1877. It is marvellous what heaps of gold are poured into the coffers of our liberal, free-will, and Open Communion societies and ministers. The "Liverpool Post" recently gave a critical review of Dr. Landells preaching in Liverpool last April, wherein it appeared that the Dr. is not carried away by the new theories which are taking the place of the grand old Gospel. We are thankful for any one who witnesses for the truth, but the anointing is the desideratum.

BUCKS.—"Long Thoughts" must learn to prune. We did see the most upright pastor after he had seen his big brother safe off; but we must never intrude. The publican said nothing to the Pharisee, although the Pharisee flung bot shot at the publican. Poor publican! he had his burden—his broken heart—and all he could say was, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

OUR AGED MINISTERS.—"What can be done for those good men who, though never what is termed 'popular,' have faithfully served the Church when required?" [We quite agree with Gardener Roberts, such men as Master Drake, W. Benford, and many others, should have help in their last days. We do all we can, but "union is strength."]

RESTING AND REFLECTING.—An aged minister says, "Dear brother Banks, I resign the work of the Lord reluctantly, but the will of the Lord be done. I am completely stripped of all human merit. Not a single mite of human good have I to present to God. Where is boasting then? Where is self-seeking, self-conceit, self-glory, and all of self? It is in the ditch of human nature, out of which the good Lord

hath lifted me, naked, but the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ is my "beautiful dress." My brother, is there not among ministers much of old nature? One glorying in one thing, and another in another. I speak what I feel. How sweet when brought to this, "Let each esteem others better than himself," "I am the least of all saints." [Not many of this class really so.—ED.]

AN Australian gentleman has been searching England through to see if he could find the Gospel. He thinks A. B. Taylor, of Manchester, is the most thoughtful and careful of the whole army. He travelled to Cambridge to hear John Bunyan McCure. Alas! he was away. He heard Mr. P. W. Williamson, and was so much interested in his ministry that he followed him to London, and heard him several times in his own chapel. He mentions a few others, but finds the chapels all nearly empty, and our English pastors cold, and almost useless. We must not enter into judgment. He returns to Australia with a low estimate of England.

DAVID.—"Nevertheless, the lords favour thee not." "The princes have said, He shall not go up with us" (I Sam. xxix). Joshua Herbert is correct. It is exceedingly difficult to understand where "Absolute Religion" is as Joseph Cook doth speak. Every man that hath it must know it for himself. But in every one who professeth to have it, it is often hard to be assured it is there.

A WORD TO OUR YOUNG TIMOTHYS.—The Holy Ghost bestows far better gifts on men whom Christ sends into the ministry than they are possessed of who cannot get up into a pulpit to exhort a congregation for half-an-hour together without notes. A few scraps of paper have been found poor weapons against the strongholds of Satan, in the work of the ministry. The weapons of ministers' warfare should be spiritual, not carnal. Premeditated forms of preaching are generally as powerless as they are Scriptureless. What avails a matter elegantly dressed up, and elegantly served out, if it be all out of order, respecting an experimental knowledge of it in the preacher's heart? Surely, if the preacher's heart was big with his message, and his commission was wrote upon it, he would not be obliged every two minutes to have recourse to notes. "Trust not to your pen what your head has manufactured, or your fancy painted when you should be telling what God has engraved on your heart."

Deaths.

On April 23, 1877, at Bury-St.-Edmunds, in the 72nd year of his age, Mr. James Howell, Baptist minister, of Bradfield-St.-George.

A ril 10th, at 62, Lower Marsh, Lambeth, Beatrice, the beloved child of William and Emily Cornell, aged 2 years. Interred at Nunhead cemetery.

On May 3rd, 1877, at his residence, 169, New Cross-road, S. E., Mr. Samuel Crowhurst, in the 77th year of his age.

Habe He Heard His Voice ?

AFTER several weeks of continuous travelling and speaking, once more find myself in my little secluded study ; and, as if the "Good Shepherd" would cheer my heart, that exclamation came breathing through my soul, "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God ! How great is the sum of them." I had been reading letters from the North of England where the spiritual family of God are deeply afflicted by that censorious spirit, which is commonly expressed by a deceptive phrase, "That man preaches *MY experience!*"

Painfully turning from these into silent meditation, as I have said, with dewy tenderness the whisper was felt, "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them." In myself I said, If we all lived more habitually in the contemplation of the revealed thoughts of Almighty God, surely there would be more holy wrestlings in prayer, more burning love to the glorious Persons in the Godhead, more tender sympathy toward the lambs and bruised sheep in the fold of the Great Shepherd, more unfolding of the deep things of God in connection with the salvation of His people, more of the anointing of the **ETERNAL SPIRIT**, more piercings of hard hearts, more binding up of wounded souls, more cleansing of defiled consciences, more heavenly unity, more sacred peace, more godly prosperity, more Christ-likeness, more faith, hope, and charity in all our Churches, and more stability in the individual experiences of true believers in our **LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST**.

Our testimony will not be received by the rich rulers ; nevertheless, we are solemnly persuaded that such ignorant presumption as is now flowing forth from the press and from the pulpits of a certain withering clique of writers and preachers, only tend to sink those Churches lower and deeper in darkness and in spiritual death. It is such a correct counterpart, such an exact fulfilment of the Laodicean Church-state, that no anointed soul can fail to see its correctness. We hope there are yet some to whom it may be said, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." And such know right well the words in Rev. iii. 16, 17, are fearfully, faithfully, most grievously true of these times. Hear the Faithful and True Witness Himself : "Because thou art *lukewarm*, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth." This appears to be the awful state of many of those servants who suppose themselves "rich, increased in goods, and have need of nothing." We turn from this blighting view of things to a more spiritual atmosphere, wherein the peaceful soul can exclaim, when it hears such thrilling sentences as Thomas Stringer poured out the other evening at Pimlico : "Oh, what an unspeakable mercy in the wilderness it is to have a **BIBLE FULL OF CHRIST!** a pulpit **FULL OF CHRIST!** a sermon **FULL OF CHRIST!** a prayer **FULL OF CHRIST!** a soul **FULL OF CHRIST!** a **HEAVEN FULL OF CHRIST!**"

"The Lord be praised," saith the sin-forgiven and Christ-adoring soul, "for such an exclamation. 'It is the voice of my Beloved, behold He cometh!'"

This leads me back to Monday, June 4th, when on Ripley-green. I sat under a tree, and pencilled down a thought or two in rough, like the following. I will give it simply as it came at the time.

Ripley, Monday, June 4.—I am always diffident about touching Solomon's Song. I am not certain that it is designed chiefly to be preached from. For God's people who live in holy fellowship with Christ, as their Great High Priest and Advocate with the Father, it is a precious book for communion. There are times, however, when my mind is led into some sentences of Solomon's Song. Yesterday, in the night and this morning, repeatedly it came to me, "The voice of the turtle is heard in our land." This word is connected with the Church's account of HOW Christ came to her; WHAT He came for; and of the arguments He used to win her over unto His invitation. See: 1. The meaning of the metaphor, the "turtle." 2. The "voice of the turtle." 3. Where this voice is heard, "in OUR LAND."

Studying under a tree on Ripley-green, I am really forced into Solomon's Song. Well, it is of little consequence what part of the Bible you are led into. The subjects are the same. You may see the fall of man without coming into the Bible; but when you come into the Bible, you will see it is Christ and His Church all through the Book. SALVATION BY HIM, and ultimate glory with Him. Here is a prophecy of

THE MANNER OF CHRIST'S COMING

into His mediatorial state; for all through the Old Testament dispensation the Church heard the voice of her Beloved; and this "Song of Songs" is both historic and prophetic.

Where was the Church brought to when she cried out, "It is the voice of my Beloved!" She tells you, "He brought me to the banqueting house"—into a full view and enjoyment of assurance of interest in the covenant of grace; the Scriptures being opened, the ordinances found to be happy foretastes, the promises furnishing a rich repast, and His complex Person a glorious Ark of safety from all the terrible anxieties and fears of a law and sin-condemned state, and from dark soul-trouble. Here she sat and reviewed the Redeemer's manner of coming from the earliest dawn of this world's existence.

In every age she now heard His voice.

For the first 2,000 years the earth went into mourning on account of the Fall. His voice was not much heard in that dark time after the Fall came in. Oh, what a period of blackness and hardness, of iniquity and desolation, was the antediluvian age! My mind was led the other morning to think upon the seven awful outcomings of Satan's introduction of sin in the garden of Eden.

Sinner! professor! moral man! proud Pharisee! hardened doctrinal disputer! impenitent ones of every sort! think ye of the seven awful plagues which the Fall brought in.

1. Expulsion from the garden, driven clean out, as if cast away for ever.
2. The sentence of death, of sorrow, and toil all through life; and to all out of Christ the power of the *second death*.
3. The flaming sword turning every way.
4. That destructive Flood.

5. The burning mountain of Sinai, with thunderings and lightnings, and a terrible tempest.

6. The awful judgment, with "Depart, ye cursed."

7. A dreadful hell for all who die in sin and out of Christ, having no God, no hope in the world.

The Church heard but little of Christ's voice in all that sin-drowning period of time, which ran from the Fall to the call of Abraham. No! the Earth was in mourning, the people were wallowing in sin, and God appeared to have retired into repenting grief that He had ever made man at all.

The SON of GOD, however, was not dumb nor dead. There was one man even then on the earth to draw Him out. "Enoch walked with God." That implies, Enoch could not find any on the earth to walk with; and he so loved God that the whole force of his soul was toward God; and the LORD was so well pleased with this devoted man that He "took him;" and he was no more—nowhere—any longer on earth to be found.

Then came the determination, "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth. "But"—such a turning. "But"—we have not met with this before—behold! here is another man walking with God. Jehovah never has left Himself without a WITNESS on the earth yet. So here it is said, "But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." "Noah was a just man; and Noah walked with God." And here, even here—yes, concerning this first melancholy long age of 2,000 years of the world's existence—the Church cried out:—

"The voice of my Beloved, behold He cometh."

And His voice here was typical of better things to come.

First, it was A COMMANDING VOICE. "Make thee an ark of gopher wood," &c. This command had two things with it (as the Gospel hath); first, a declaration to the wicked of destruction; secondly, a promise of establishing a covenant of safety to righteous Noah and his family. This voice of her Beloved the Church has heard in ancient times. "With thee will I establish MY COVENANT; and thou SHALT COME INTO THE ARK." There had been from all eternity "a council of peace" between the FATHER and the SON; and a covenant of grace had been established with the covenant-Head; and the promise that He and all His redeemed should come into the Ark of safety and of salvation had been ratified and sealed long before the "mountains or the hills appeared."

Oh, how my soul doth delight herself in that revelation which the ETERNAL SON OF GOD giveth us in Proverbs: "The LORD possessed ME in the beginning of His way, before His works of old. I was SET UP from everlasting, or ever the earth was."

Brethren in the ministry, have you, by the SPIRIT OF GOD, ever been led into that sacred, that sublime, that holy demonstration of the doings of the ANCIENT OF DAYS, so plainly written in Proverbs viii. from its beginning to its end. It commences with WISDOM crying and UNDERSTANDING putting forth her voice; it continueth to unfold the highest and deepest mysteries of the kingdom; it sheweth clearly the co-equal, the co-eternal, yet distinct Personality of HIM who by the FATHER called "My Servant whom I uphold; MINE ELECT in whom My soul delighteth." It closes with promises of blessings to

those who hear, and watch, and wait for HIM ; and with a direful proclamation of peril to all who hate Him. He emphatically pronounceth the doom of such as live and die in enmity to the exalted Lamb of God, the adorable Prince of Peace, "the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely ;" He saith, "All they that hate Me love death."

And doth not the Holy Ghost by John furnish us with two expositions of this "hating Me?" "Every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of Him." Again, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

How can I sufficiently beseech and entreat of you all who make much profession of your love to Christ to think impartially, to ponder over prayerfully, that comprehensive and conclusive sentence of the Divine Teacher by John (1st epistle, chap. iv. 20), "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, HE IS A LIAR ; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen ? This commandment have we from Him that he who loveth God love his brother also." Where that host of *pretending* lovers of God will one day be found who would practically destroy those whom Christ hath espoused, it is not my province to declare. The smooth hypocritical gauze, and the rough garments of "faithfulness to the truth," will one day be torn off. WHERE, THEN, WILL YOUR GUILTY SOULS BE FOUND ?

"The voice of the Beloved" in Noah's time was inviting and securing ; but my limits this month are exceeded. I must shut up my further notes until a kind Providence permit a few more lines to come from your servant in the faith,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, June 7, 1877.

A CAREFUL OUT-LOOK UPON THE REAL SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Substance of a Discourse at Speldhurst Road Chapel,

BY J. VAUGHAN, MINISTER OF TRINITY CHAPEL, HACKNEY,

MAY 21, 1877.

"And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do ; the heads of them were two hundred ; and all their brethren were at their commandment."—1 Chron. xii. 32.

"**T**O everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." How blessed for the child of God to be enabled feelingly and experimentally to say with the Psalmist, "My times are in Thy hands." The language of our text implies,—

I.—*There are certain times to be known.*

Cycles, years and days go to make up that portion of the one eternity known to us as time. This is in condescending adaptation to our finite minds, seeing with our covenant God there is no past and future, but one eternal now, whose foot-tracks are discoverable on every side, while He Himself remains unseen. For "who by searching can find out God? who can understand the Almighty to perfection?" whose centre is

everywhere, but whose limits are undiscoverable. This time-state, with its varying times or periods, embracing all events and circumstances connected with the Church's gathering and consolidation, with all the minor affairs of nations, and the minute details of individuals, goes to prove, according to the language of a certain writer, that

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

As citizens we look upon the surrounding visibility of men and things, we weigh them in our judgment, and arrive at certain conclusions while in process; but the ultimate outcome in many instances proves so unlike our foregone conclusions that we are constrained to admit results have proved contrary to our expectations. Human nature is naturally proud (not liking to confess a mistake in these matters), and tries, as it were, to justify these apparent discrepancies between ideas and facts, that certain contingencies and unlooked-for conditions having arisen, will account for their judgment now proved at fault, and the antagonistic results; but the child of God is privileged to possess and enjoy the advantage of a higher stand-point than human judgment, which is ever liable to err; and by that principle of faith which distinguishes God's elect, we who have been quickened with Christ are with Him raised and made to sit in the heav'nlies; and in this exalted state we are made conversant with the fact that our covenant God hath declared, "The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand." "For every purpose of the Lord shall be performed against Babylon." What, then, are we to learn? but that the counsel of the enemy shall be brought to nought, and that the Word of the Lord, settled in the heavens, shall stand fast for ever. The continuance of Babylon is in direct opposition to the Divine purpose; man's natural religiousness tries to force the world into the Church—while the Divine working is to fulfil the purposes of election by gathering, building, and consolidating a Church out of the world, a witness for Himself, a bride for Christ, and a temple of the Holy Ghost.

Too often religion is mistaken for godliness; but they do not necessarily belong to each other. Religion is taken from a word whose root signifies "to put on." Man may choose his religion according to his taste, and wear it as a garb to be seen and admired by man, but vital godliness is that which is put in the inward parts by the sovereign and invincible operation of God the eternal Spirit. The former, like the gilding of the idols of the Chaldeans, has all the glory externally, while the latter, being a Divine light enkindled within man's renewed nature, shines forth in manifestation of the Divine indwelling, and an incontrovertible proof that "There is not anything too hard for the Lord." Thus the revealed Word opened and applied by the Living Word we read in His light the fact that all these things must be so, "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." This leads us to consider

II.—*The signs of the present.*

We are not forbidden to prosecute inquiries here, but we are forbidden to fix dates. Men who do this, discover an amount of temerity and presumptuous disobedience that discovers either the solemn fact that the fear of God is not before their eyes," or, if so, to have the eyes of men directed to themselves is of greater importance in their estimation. Where God has no voice, we should not desire an ear; His silence

deserves our attention as well as His revelation. Well would it be for many who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly JESUS to weigh well the inspired words of Moses: "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children." If we look at the signs national that are visible to any careful observer, are there not evidences abundant that the judgments of the Lord are abroad in the earth? If we cross the Atlantic, and mark the wide-spread distress and privation endured by that boastful people with forest fires, invading locusts and colerado beetles, thus throwing contempt upon the not-long-since presumptuous boast of the power of "the almighty dollar." If we turn our attention to the hordes of China with its fearful famine, our dependencies in India suffering in like manner, Japan in throes of revolution, or, if we come nearer home, we find two foul tyrannies—Turkey and Russia—in conflict, potsherds contending with the potsherds, the ministers of retributive justice to each other for their long list of crimes against laws human and Divine; a war that has commenced under the hypocritical pretence of the interests of religion; but who can describe its limits, or fix its boundary, saying, "Hitherto, but no farther?"

Looking to the nations of Europe generally, incipient revolution, commercial embarrassment, distress, and apprehensions of war are among the signs visible. If we regard signs political, we see in the entanglements, chaos and bitter antagonism of party spirits. How wide-spread the influence and extensive the ramifications of the Jesuits, who to effect their diabolical purposes, and carry out their schemes for the restoration of the temporal power of their puppet, the Pope, they would plunge the nations of the earth into cruel war and bloodshed (part of their scheme being to form a confederacy between this nation, France, Spain, Belgium, Austria, and Mohammedan Turkey, against Germany, Italy, and Russia). Yes! these plotters against the welfare of the peoples would "cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war" for the purpose of destroying liberty, moral progress, and exalting on the ruins of social order and good government the crushing incubus of a soul-destroying, Gospel-silencing, God-dishonouring Ecclesiastical despotism.

If we consider the times financially and materially, how much we find here to awaken our fears, and to make us tremble for consequences! Our commercial prosperity appears rapidly on the wane, and business integrity is among the things of the past. The morality of the Exchange, the market, and the counter have undergone a vicious change and deterioration. Capital and labour—no longer working harmoniously, reciprocating their mutual advantages—are now arranged in hostility one against the other. What with unrighteous confederacies, leading to labourers' strikes on the one hand, and employers' lock-outs on the other, each appears in the character of an Ishmael: "His hand against every man, and every man's hand against his." How contrary and opposed to the breathings of that pure spirit of peace, "Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" and to think the arbitrary spirit of confederated employers, and the fratricidal policy of the masses are alike fomented by, and urged on to the crisis by the wicked followers and descendants of Ignatius Loyala. These are the secret wire-pullers from the most exalted to the most obscure members of society.

And if we regard the signs theological, can we find any one satisfactory feature? The efforts of the Ultramontanes making themselves felt, and their pallid faces and shaven crowns obtruding themselves in the most unexpected manner, and often in the most unlikely places. In the Establishment—professedly the bulwark of Protestantism—is now really the legally appointed and State-endowed channel to flood our country with the pestiferous doctrines and diabolical practices of Romanism! Nor are our Nonconforming sects beneath its notice or beyond its manipulating power. Ritualism and Rationalism, Neology or superstition alike serve their evil purpose! Division and strife are their watchwords; and the zealous compliance therewith is worthy of a better cause. Even Presbyterianism (perhaps the most conservative of denominations) is breaking away from its ancient moorings, and spoilers inside are trying to remove the old landmarks. Truly another John Knox is wanted!

And because materialism (no spirit) and pantheism (all God) is too plain, our vocabulary is not sufficiently copious, another word must be forged—men not being honest enough to use the old well-understood words of scepticism, infidelity, or atheism, but we must now have Agnosticism to increase the number, with its wondrous meaning, "*God unknown*" or "*unknowable.*" Again the old Universalist scheme is vamped up afresh, under the new title of "*The Larger Hope.*" This again is assailed in turn by the burning-out theory, or, in other words, the annihilation of the ungodly, while the gross materialistic views of some professors deny the departed believers immediate bliss, by dooming the soul, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and made partaker of eternal life by the regenerating power and grace of God the Holy Ghost, to an intermediate state of unconscious sleep; if such are referred to Christ's own promise to the dying thief, wrong punctuation is the loophole of escape; while the comma between Paul's "*Absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord,*" may be days or thousands of years; and this all that reading will do for us, and being abreast of the age. Alas! alas! better with Jeremiah "*ask for the good old paths.*"

What! and has it come to this, after our boasted advancement and wonderful progressiveness, and nineteenth century enlightenment? Have we been, after all, instead of moving onwards, only sailing in a circle, and met again with the Athenians of the apostle's times, who had erected an altar to the unknown God? Again, if the so-called religious efforts of the day be tested by the Word of God, and weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, can we feel satisfied with the result? Look at the schemes and contrivances put forth under the name of revival efforts. If it was not for its apparent solemnity—that men can be so strangely deceived and deceiving as to think they are doing God service, and benefiting the souls of men by resorting to such strange mountebank tricks, it would be positively ludicrous. Here are men who, according to their own statement, have been criminals, instead of standing merely as saved sinners, observing a becoming reticence concerning the past, actually glorying in their shame; and instead of the calm majesty of a free-grace Gospel, as proclaimed by the Divinely qualified and sent servant of God, we have the discordant notes of a badly-played violin or other instrument, with the accompanying shrieks and violent contortions of an hysterical female,

as necessary to entice a congregation, who are to be bribed with teas and outings, and converted by sensational stories and exciting scenes. It has been said, concerning many of these nondescripts, "whether in the body or out of the body we cannot tell;" one thing is certain, they are not in the unity of the Spirit. How unlike are all these fleshly contrivances to the apostle James' description of the heavenly wisdom: he tells us, "It is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality (margin, wrangling), and without hypocrisy." If the apostle Paul had to write the history of the present time, religiously considered, instead of prophesying concerning it some 1820 years since, could he have been more exactly descriptive of what is actually passing around us than we find recorded in 1 Tim. v. 1—3, and 2 Tim. iii. 1—8? This brings us to consider

III.—*The importance of a right understanding of the times.*

Our Lord gave the Pharisees credit that they were sufficiently observant of the signs premonitory of certain kinds of weather, according to the appearance and conditions of the clouds, yet He upraids them—"O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" They professed great reverence for Moses and the prophets, yet wilfully misrepresented their teachings. The times that were then passing over them were pregnant with signs, but they understood them not, or utterly disregarded them. The times that are passing over us are solemnly significant, and full of portentous auguries, yet men regard not the operations of God's hand: "Therefore the anger of the Lord is kindled against His people, and He hath stretched forth His hand against them, and hath smitten them . . . for all this His anger is not turned away, but His hand is stretched out still."

What, then, should be our attitude, seeing the days are evil? We are not left in doubt, thanks be unto our God and Father in Christ, seeing the Holy Ghost hath inspired Paul to tell us, "The eyes of your understanding (heart) being enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of His calling" (Eph. i. 18); and again in the fifth chapter, 14 to 17th verses inclusive. John also, in his 1st Epistle (chap. ii. 20, 27), points out our possession, privileges, and advantages. Let us make full use of them; the Church of Christ has long been in a lethargic state; a Laodicean coldness has benumbed her; it is that solemn day, neither light nor dark; false doctrine has been permitted, worldly conformity has been indulged, pride and contention hath been within her borders, a cruel and unbrotherly spirit has discovered itself, and in many parts of Zion could she not put forth the cry "Woe is me for my hurt! my wound is grievous; but I said, Truly it is a grief, and I must bear it . . . for the pastors are become brutish, and have not sought the Lord" (Jer. x. 19—21). We notice

IV.—*Spiritual knowledge gives a commanding influence.*

These men of Issachar were but a small minority as regards numbers, yet all their brethren were at their commandment. Truly, it might be said concerning them, "Knowledge is power;" mind is superior to matter, it is the brain that exercises the masterful and controlling power over muscle. Sanctified intelligence is the highest manifestation of mental force; by faith, it rises to the throne of universal government, and from Jehovah's stand-point beholds the fulfilment of the Divine purpose, claims as Father Him who rules among the armies of heaven and over

the inhabitants of the earth. By believing prayer not only gaining the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth, but moving the arm of Omnipotence; it holds the key by the girdle of truth, which enables its possessor to open the secret of the Lord, and rejoice in His covenant. It looks through and beyond all the turmoils and confusion of the present Babylonish state to the bliss of the Jerusalem above, the city of peace.

We are not satisfied with the outer court worship, where men of flesh and spirit mingle, but we pass into the holy place, where, with our brother priests, we eat the shewbread, and mingle our prayers with the prevalent intercession of Christ that rises from the golden altar; but even this does not satisfy the living soul: we pass through the veil into the holy of holies, where no light natural or artificial illuminates, but the heavenly shekinah beams forth effulgently, above the blood-besprinkled ark. In that light we bask, in that presence we are absorbed, the blessing of God is realized, and by happy heartfelt experience we know what it is to be filled with the Spirit.

Yes, dear tried child of God, fearing and doubting how it may be with thee, it will be well; seeing thy ignorance, you will long for the wisdom which is from above; feeling thy weakness, you will long for the Strength of Israel. The world proving unsatisfying, nothing short of heaven will content thee—even Christianity will not suffice; Christ and Christ only in His person, offices, work, and righteousness will meet thy case. Yes, my brother, a knowledge of Satan's devices enables you to defeat them; knowledge of thyself will prevent your falling into the folly as well as the sin of trusting in thine own heart; knowledge of the world will prevent us trying to find our solace there; a knowledge of the flesh will prevent us making that our arm. Knowledge of God brings peace, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

SKETCH OF THE LATE JAMES WELLS.

(Continued from page 182.)

[We have read, with feelings most acute, and with weeping sympathies, the following notes, which we trust will be perused with as much sacred and truly sanctifying influences as we have realised. Thousands are now springing up in the numerous and diverse sections of our provincial Churches, who have heard "strange things about the late Mr. James Wells;" hence we believe a comprehensive history of his life, labours, letters, and works, would be useful in overcoming some of those cruel, ugly, and unfounded prejudices which have been the cause of so much mischief all through the country. We have, in heart and in our home, many things to say of this extraordinary man.—ED.]

CHAPTER II.

"And onward still he went, in calm assurance
That God would needful help and guidance lend,
That strength would come for every day's endurance,
Grace all the way, and glory at the end."

THAT our late esteemed friend was greatly honoured in instrumentally leading hundreds of sin-mildewed men and women from off the dark and devious pathway of sin, to the foot of the cross, we most thoroughly believe. That by his instrumentality, also, thousands of anguish-riven hearts were comforted, we cheerfully and gratefully admit: but at the same time we fearlessly assert, that had he not "cribbed,

cabined, and confined" himself so much, his usefulness would perhaps have been much greater. For some years we think he yielded too much to influences which caused him to stand too much aloof from several great organisations to which, with his peculiar talents, he might have afforded very valuable aid. We may also remark here, that it was a great pity that he enunciated his peculiar views respecting the woman of Jericho, in such a manner as to cause several valued friends to give him the cold shoulder. The way, however, in which some of his old professed friends treated him after his celebrated Rahab sermon, is deserving of the severest possible reprehension. Those men forgot the primordial law of the Church, so clearly enunciated by the great Redeemer. Instead of *privately* remonstrating with him, they treated him as if he had been a *heretic* and a *sham*, and turned from him with something like disdain. Notwithstanding this, he clung to what he believed to be truth; and—

" Firm as an iron pillar strong,
Stedfast as a wall of brass,"

he remained, whilst the storm of human displeasure raged wildly around him, and the spacious house in which he ministered the Word of life continued to be well filled with hearers, who seemed greatly to enjoy his effective efforts for the promotion of their welfare. This state of things continued until that disease gripped him, which proved, after many months of severe suffering, to be a fatal one.

A very short time before he was laid aside from his beloved employment, some of the friends connected with the Surrey tabernacle, who had joined the Total Abstinence movement, united together to present him with a solid silver tea-urn, and a beautifully written address. One active friend of the movement made him acquainted with what they wished to do, and the following extract from a letter he sent to that friend, will make known what he thought of the Temperance movement:—

" Right glad to my heart am I that such lines can be written; it does great credit to the Surrey tabernacle. It (Total Abstinence) is a principle and a practice I shall ever feel bound to *honour* and *encourage* as well I may, for I believe, speaking after the manner of men, I should have been in my *grave long ago* but for Total Abstinence. I am, therefore, greatly pleased to find that we have at the Surrey tabernacle a company of noble-minded men and women, who can be, and are Total Abstainers."

Arrangements were made, after the letter I have given an extract from was received, for the urn, &c., to be presented to him at a public meeting to be held in Exeter hall, his own spacious chapel not being granted by the managers for the presentation. Why, I know not, except it was that they were afraid the advocacy of Teetotalism would *desecrate* the building!

When the Committee, at a considerable expense, had secured Exeter hall, for the presentation to be made in, they requested their secretary to invite me to take part in the meeting, and I had to travel about 900 miles in order to do so, and that in the depth of winter.

On reaching London, I was grieved to hear that my late friend had been attacked by a disease which would prevent him from being present with us. I went down at once to his residence, in company with my son-in-law, to see him, prior to the meeting; and found him suffering

so severely that he could not bear the excitement of a personal interview. A lady relative came from his chamber of suffering into the parlour, and delivered me the following message:—"Mr. W. desires me to give his best love to you, and is sorry he cannot bear the excitement of a personal interview to-day, but he wishes you to represent him at the public meeting." On reaching the hall, I found another person had been appointed to do what he wished me to do; I therefore contented myself with delivering an address, after which I was obliged to return to Scotland, without seeing him at all. I was, however, regularly informed of his state and condition during those sixteen months of suffering he passed through, before he was—

"Called from exile home."

During those sixteen months his sufferings were frequently terribly severe, both in body and mind. Of him it might have been said, as of another illustrious man who wore himself out in his great Master's service,—

"Sorrow was all his soul, they scarce perceived,
But by the groans he uttered, that he lived."

Some time before the "golden bowl was broken at the fountain," the dark clouds which had hovered around his mind passed away for ever, and all his utterances afterwards fully proved that he was ready to pass up to that city of "many mansions," where no dark clouds will ever gather, no raging tempests howl, no malignant foes assail, no pains distress, no sorrows lacerate the heart, no flesh and sin annoy, and no tears bedim the eyes; but where all will be rapture and rest, freedom and fruition, purity and peace, gladness and glory for ever.

When the news of his departure from earth reached me, I was labouring in the far North of Scotland, in behalf of one of the most God-honoured organisations existing in Great Britain, the Scottish Temperance League. Oh, how I regretted then that I had not been able to see him before he unloosened his sandals, and laid down his pilgrim-staff. All I could then say was,—

"Herald, pastor, saint, adieu,
Thou hast hurst thy prison.
Passed yon arch of sapphire hue,
To salvation risen.

Thy ecstatic flight I trace,
On seraphic pinions,
Through the nameless worlds of space,
To the Lamb's dominions."

A few of his last utterances may be profitably inserted here.

A short time before his death he said, "I shall have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." On another occasion he said, "The truth I have preached forty years I steadily abide by." "The finished mediatorial work of Christ is a subject very dear to my heart." "I withdraw not one Gospel truth I have advanced, bless the Lord." "The work of the Holy Spirit is dearer to me than ever." "Some expressions I have used in my mode of address may have been *misunderstood* (notably what he said respecting Rahab); but God *knew* my meaning."

Many more remarks expressive of his strong love to God and truth

fell from his lips, before all connected with his life's struggles was "over and done," which I have not space to introduce.

On the "day of all the week the best," March 10th, 1872, he became much worse, and a few minutes before he heaved his last sigh, he said to a dear friend who was with him, "Lift me up, brother; a little higher; a little higher." He did so, and in his arms he passed—

"Out of his last home, dark and cold,
Up to a city paved with gold;
From the silence that falls on sin and pain,
To the deathless joys of the angels' strain.
Well was completed what grace begun—
Out of the shadows into the sun."

On March 20th, thousands followed him to the cemetery in which his last and best bed-room had been prepared for him, and made great lamentation over him. The brethren J. B. McCure, C. W. Banks, W. Crowther, the venerable Thomas Jones, and Mr. Hatton (of Red-hill) officiated at his funeral.

At his grave a multitude of friends who had lingered around it until eventide, left him—

"Softly to lie, and sweetly to sleep,
Low in the ground,"

until the eyelids of that glorious morning shall be opened, when—

"A King, in kingly beauty,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown.

Then earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green;
And a fairer, purer Eden
Be where only wastes have been.

Where a blessed world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere;
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed a healing splendour here.

Where the faded flowers shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade."

On the day of his funeral I was nearly 500 miles from London. Earnestly did I desire to pass over those miles, in order to see the Christian hero laid to rest. Had that privilege been mine, I would have said to the multitude present on the occasion, in the words of Bossuet, "To whatever extent some of you may have enjoyed his confidence, come and look into his grave. Mingle your prayers with your tears, and, whilst admiring this once heroic man, try and preserve the remembrance that his *goodness* equalled his *courage*."

"And while his absence you deplore,
'Tis for yourselves to weep;
Though you behold his face no more,
In peace his ashes sleep.
Come, o'er his grave now lift the eye,
He is not dead, he could not die.

He is not dead, he could not die,
 To nobler life new born ;
 He looks in pity from the sky,
 Upon a world forlorn,
 Where glory is but dying fame,
 And immortality a name."

"I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others who have no hope, for even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

"Of a surety he has joined the happy, honoured choir, who are hymning the praises of the crucified One in heaven." We leave his body in the grave, cheered by the conviction that—

"Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Will but refine his flesh ;
 Till his triumphant spirit comes,
 To put it on afresh."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LITTLE PEPPER FOR THE POPE AND HIS PETS.

BY MR. THOMAS BRADBURY.

OUR LORD says in Ezekiel xxxiv., "So will I seek out My sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." And where will He assemble them? Into one locality, into one spot of the earth, as in Old Testament days, when the tribes went up to worship at Jerusalem? No, no, but according to that precious prophecy of Jacob: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and to Him shall the gathering of the people be;" the assembling of the people shall be to Him. Where is this glorious Him? Where? See! "Where two or three are gathered," not where two or three meet; but are gathered by the power of the Holy Ghost, and by the all-attracting charms of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst." It is not to this mountain, not to this or that consecrated spot; no, not to the communion table, which so-called priests or presumers style the altar, the most abominable and filthy place in the whole church, a place of blasphemy, where awful imposition is practised; for you may depend upon it, that no greater impostors live in our day than those wretched creatures called clergymen, who arrogate to themselves the right and title of sacrificing priests. Pretty clergymen they are too! What is the meaning of the word? God's lot, God's heritage, God's chosen—that is, God's people—a scattered people assembled round the person of a crucified and risen Head; yet this worldly and carnal priesthood, in the face of the oath which they took on their knees before God and their bishop, presume to a sacrificial position, arrogating to themselves what God has ignored. But how blessed it is to turn away from all this, to know that in all places where Jesus' name is recorded by the Holy Ghost, there His heart and His eye shall be perpetually.—*Grove Chapel Pulpit.*

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT
AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

NOW A PREACHER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

(Continued from page 178.)

CHAPTER XIX.

RETURNS Back to His Jewish Friends—Promises Them Never to go to Mr. Stern Any More—Sinks Into Deeper Soul Trouble, and in Greater Alarm Than Ever—Returns Again to Mr. Stern—Enters the Wanderer's Home—Receives Letter in Answer to His Previously Sent to His Home.

AFTER this, I went to see my Jewish friends, and said, "I return again, and would, therefore, go on learning the trade I commenced to learn." My friends accepted me again on the conditions that I never went to, nor had anything to do with, Mr. Stern, nor with any of his agents, which I promised to do.

I then at once moved my residence and gave up going to Mr. Stern. But, all the time wherein I left Mr. Stern, I was very miserable. Every now and then the words came to me, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" All the first night I had no sleep, but thinking of the awful condition of my soul, and the awful doom that awaits every sinner. About ten days and nights I was in a wretched state. Could not sleep in the night; and in the day I often burst out crying when at work. My Jewish friends pronounced me mad.

I then left my work undone, and ran to see Mr. Stern. When I saw him, I noticed him smile; and he then asked me my request. I informed him of my feelings, &c., and that my Jewish friends had pronounced me mad; and he very kindly said, "Never mind, the God of heaven will satisfy your soul."

I then asked Mr. Stern, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer was, "Believe in the Messiah!" Then he said to me, "You must be born again." "What! be born again? How can I be born again?" Mr. Stern then induced me to wait, and expressed his certainty that I would be a follower of Messiah, the Lord of life and glory. I took Mr. Stern's advice, and as he recommended me to enter the Wanderer's Home,* I did so, and there I sacrificed every minute of my time studying the Holy Writ. Several learned inquirers who were in the Home helped me very much in answering me all objections. During my stay in the Home I had continual correspondence with my father. The answer my father wrote to my previous letter is as the following:—

TO MY SOUL-BELOVED CHILD ISAAC,—Since I heard from you last, my soul has been full of fear that you may be influenced by the eloquence and wisdom of men which will lead you astray. Whilst I am glad you are inquiring after knowledge and truth, yet I feel that the dangerous doctrines taught by many might lead you away from the path which alone is given to man to walk in, and that is the only way of Judaism. Depend upon that, all who walk in any other way must

* A Home for Jewish inquirers after truth, where no work is done, only to be engaged in the study of the Bible. Supported by Mr. Stern chiefly, and other Christian friends of Israel.

perish. I hope, my dear child, you will not be taken up with the doctrine the Rev. Stern teaches; he is only meshamad;* he is trying to lead you astray, and to have your soul condemned for ever.

The doctrine that Mr. Stern teaches regarding that the Messiah has already come, is very absurd, and all nonsense; it is very stupid to believe such things. When you see the so-called Rabbi Stern, tell him to wash his brain first, and then teach so dreadful a doctrine. Remember, my beloved son, that the religion of our ancestors cannot be changed, even as our God cannot change. I would especially impress upon your mind, that the coming of Messiah is not to be of humiliation, nor of repentance, but of great victory, of infinite glory and dominion; for He shall sit on the throne of David, who shall make Israel happy for ever. He must have legal power; be arrayed in glory and splendour! Such, my child, must be our Messiah, who will gather together all the tribes from all parts of the earth, when the trumpet shall be blown, and when there will be a universal gathering of Jews, and return to Jerusalem, which name is dear to us even as our lives; and Jerusalem shall be again the beauty and metropolis of the globe. Hold fast, my beloved Isaac. The religion of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, is our religion! JEHOVAH-TZEBAOTH is our God! and He will redeem Israel in His own time and pleasure.

The Lord bless you, my beloved child; and may you be kept from all false teaching! Be sure that the days of Israel's glory are near.

I remain, my beloved son,

Your ever-affectionate father,

LION LEVINSOHN.

Zelioni Gora, Kovno, October, 1871.

Meditating on my distressed condition of mind, my thoughts were put down in the following lines, after which I wrote to my father:—

“I heard a sweet unknown voice say,

‘Come unto Me and rest,

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon My breast.’”

To my soul-beloved father; may he live in happiness, peace, and in joy.

BELOVED FATHER,—Since I wrote to you last I have made it a particular business to study the Holy Bible; and I try to learn more and more about the hope of Israel. I cannot help thinking, beloved father, of the thousands of prayers that are offered unto God from time to time for the salvation of Israel. I always think of the earnest cries of our nation on the day of atonement, when after the service the *horn* is blown, and all our brethren of Israel cry, *Leshanah hoba berusholaem!* † and yet it seems that God has determined not to hear the prayers of Israel; and when I observe these things I often wonder how it is. I know, dear father, that you will answer, “*Because of the sins of Israel.*” But for a moment let me observe, In the time of the first temple, we find that our nation had broken all the laws of our great, and holy, and infinite Jehovah; we read that our ancestors in that time sank in a very shocking state of idolatry and infidelity, defied death, judgment, and hell. Israel has become an adulteress; you and I would suppose that the wrath of God

* Impostor. † Next year in Jerusalem.

would have been poured out upon Israel, and God would, in His wrath, destroy Israel with eternal destruction. But yet such was not the case; for such abominable sins God punished them by letting the Babylonians take them into captivity; and they suffered under the Babylonish yoke for about seventy years, and then our God delivered them. And now, my dear father, may I refer you to the time of the second temple, in the time of the holy prophet Haggai, when we find our holy nation observing the ordinances which HKBH * has given them, and we can only see Israel observing the law, &c.; yet we find, to our sorrow, suddenly the righteous Judge pouring out His wrath upon His elect. The splendid *Beth Hameckdath*† was burnt, Israel slaughtered, and the streets of Jerusalem were full with the blood and dead bodies of our precious ancestors. Why was this? why was this? My dear father, surely if Israel deserved punishment it was in the time of the first temple, and now nearly two thousand years have passed since Israel has been scattered all over the world. The name of ours, by which we are honoured, has become a by-word in the mouth of the uncircumcised. Dear father, I cannot help wondering why God has acted so with His peculiar people. I believe that this is a mystery which is hid from us, that God has dealt so with Israel. I often think, my dear father, that Messiah will never come at all, seeing that these hundreds of years Israel has prayed for His coming, and yet He does not come.

My beloved father, since I made a special study of the Bible, and inquired into the mystery of the Messiah, several portions of the prophecy have been my special study; I think they contain the great mystery of Messiah, but if the mysteries be made plain I believe it would become the grandeur of the Holy Bible. Allow me, beloved father, to tell you my difficulties, which I am now very fervently trying to study. The other day I was reading very carefully Gen. xxxix., and I was astonished when I read the words of our holy father Jacob, in the tenth verse: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall be the gathering of all the people." Dear father, this seems to be a mystery. If really these words were spoken by our holy father Jacob, being dictated by the spirit of prophecy, how are we to understand this? Where is the sceptre of Judah? Where is Shiloh? My dear father, indeed, if prophecy be not true, how can the Word of God be true? and if the Bible be not true, then the infidels have stronger ground than we have. But surely I believe that God is holy, and His Word must be true; but I suppose that I am ignorant of the mystery, therefore I solicit you, my beloved father, to explain to me, trusting that you will answer satisfactorily, and my soul shall be glad and rejoice. I would not trouble with writing more in this letter, but I hope in a day or two I will write more.

I remain, beloved father,

Your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

London, September, 1871.

It is impossible for me to give the readers an idea of my experience when my soul was in a longing state. Nothing around me could silence the yearnings of my heart; every hour and minute were a burden to me;

* The Holy One, blessed be His Name.

† Holy Temple.

the thought of my sinnership before God laid upon me as a very heavy burden. I could not speak to any one about it, for I was afraid people would laugh at me; but yet I could not help speaking to others about the yearnings of my heart. I repeated my visit to Mr. Stern, and wished to express the trouble of my soul, but, unfortunately, Mr. Stern was not at home, but I was very thankful when Mrs. Stern came near to speak. Mrs. Stern informed me of the absence of her husband, but requested me to tell her of anything of some importance. I then said to her, in my very ungrammatical and broken language, that I wanted to know where I could find real satisfaction. I wept very bitterly, and told her that I was a sinner, and wanted to know how to please God, and obtain pardon for my sins. To which Mrs. Stern answered, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's only Son, cleanseth from all sin;" which words I did not like, for the name of Jesus was always a name I hated, and treated with contempt. I cannot help looking back with infinite wonder that the One whom I so hated should be so good and precious unto me. I thank God that He has given me a different song in my mouth. Never did I think that the name great in Israel (Psa. lxxvi. 1) referred to Jesus the Son of David, and that my song would ever be,—

"Jesus, I love Thy charming Name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

I'll speak the honours of Thy Name
With my last labouring breath;
And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death."

But, as we find in life, we must have the bitter before we have the sweet, so I had to experience such hours of temptation, trial, and sorrow, which I cannot possibly write nor tell. With feelings of overwhelming sorrow and misery, because of my sinnership before God, infinite, pure, and holy, I wrote to my beloved father the following letter:—

To my beloved father; may he live in joy and peace for ever.

BELOVED FATHER,—The letter I received from you a few days ago has done me much good; it has made me very cautious in all things, but at the same time it made me think more, and examine myself much more than ever I did in my life. The words, dear father, in your last letter, say the day of Israel's glory is near; but, my dear father, such were the feelings of our holy ancestors in the time when the grand temple stood in Jerusalem in the time of our holy prophet Haggai; undoubtedly our brethren in that generation said the glory of Israel was nigh. I remember, when you used to teach me the holy law when at school, you said the great glory of Israel was nigh, and now this is the year 1872, and you say Israel's glory is nigh. Pardon me, my beloved father, for being so critical, but as you know that I would never trouble you to read letters of mine unless I have something to write to you that is of great importance to me. I cannot help thinking that the Messiah has disappointed Israel, and venture to go so far as to say that Israel has been brought into a state not only of ignorance, but of great confusion. Do not think, dear father, that I use too strong language, but I speak thus because of the following reasons:—

Referring to your last letter, you say that which I find to correspond with the writings of many of our holy and ever-blessed Rabbis, that the coming of the Messiah is not of humiliation, nor of repentance, but of legal power, which truth I always believed. But the great question which troubles me is, If this doctrine be true, how can the writings of the holy prophets be true? for as I refer to the holy writings of our great and holy prophet Micah (chap. v. ver. 2), I read of the birth of our great Messiah, and it does not appear to my mind, studying the words of the prophet, that it shows that Messiah will be great in the world, for I read the words, "*And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be Ruler in Israel.*" Surely, my beloved father, Messiah, who is the temporal Ruler of Israel, would not be born in that small insignificant village, Bethlehem. Why not in the glorious city Jerusalem? And, besides, when I refer to the fifty-third chapter of our holy and sublime prophet, Isaiah, and as we read, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we shall desire Him. He is despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, and He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him." Beloved father, what a mystery this is! If this refers to the Messiah surely He cannot be a King upon earth, arrayed in splendour and glory, and reign over the world. Believe me, beloved father, my mind is too full of thought about the different passages which seem to upset all my views which you used to teach me. I am afraid, my dear father, that this letter will fill your heart full of fear, in case I am taken up with the teachings of Rabbi Stern. But depend upon this, that I will not take the advice of any man, but I will believe the grand truths which the God of Israel has given unto us in the holy law, and I will not fail in carrying out your advice, which is full of soul and noble judgment, and holy discretion. I have much more to write to you, but I am just now very anxious to learn a little more of the real nature of Messiah; I will therefore conclude this letter, and go on with my study for a day or two, and then I will write again.

I remain, my soul-beloved father,

Your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

P.S.—My very affectionate love to my beloved mother, brothers, and sisters, hoping all are well.—I. L.

Palentine-place, Cambridge-heath, London, October, 1872.

About a week later I wrote as follows:—

TO MY VERY AFFECTIONATE FATHER,—Since the last letter I wrote to you I have often read your short letter I received a few days ago; indeed, my dear father, its thought is very deep, and almost infinite. You remember, my beloved father, last time I wrote to you about the birth of Messiah, and the nature by which He is to be revealed (of course according to my poor idea). You remember I said Messiah must

be born in Bethlehem, and be poor and afflicted; but another thought which struck me lately, and which seems to be rather difficult to understand is when I read the words, "*I am the Lord your God, there is no other Redeemer besides Me.*" How can this be? for, as according to the Bible prophecy, we see Messiah, who is to be the Redeemer, and yet God said that "I am," &c. From these words we must understand that God Himself must be the Redeemer. Surely this is a mystery, wonder of wonders. Oh, that our eyes might be opened, and that we might have revealed unto us the infinite and glorious mystery of Messiah! Oh, when will the eyes of Israel be opened? And when will Jehovah be merciful unto us, and satisfy our yearning souls with the hope our holy ancestors longed to enjoy? Just a few words, my dear father. You caution me against the teaching of Rabbi Stern. I would, therefore, just say, candidly, in the fear of God, that I cannot help loving him for truth's sake; for every time he speaks to me my heart, as it were, melts, because of the tenderness of his teaching; for when he reads the Holy Bible in the holy language (Hebrew), and as he explains, Oh, how sweet! The other day I could not help crying when Rabbi Stern spoke about our holy master Moses, and he spoke about the holy law, and has shown that under the law we are under the curse, for the language of the law is, Obey, or perish! But he has also directed my mind to the character of Messiah, who is characteristic for *love, tenderness, mercy, sympathy, and compassion*, and repeated the words which have been spoken by Him who is believed by Christians to be the Messiah; and the words, my dear father, seem to suit me so well. The words are, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Surely, beloved father, this is just what you and I need; for ever since I can remember I have been weary and worn out, and long for rest, and to have a realisation of the pardon of my sins. I trust Israel will soon have a great revelation; I pray that Jehovah might condescend to visit us with salvation.

I remain, dear father,

Your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

Palestine-place, Cambridge-heath, London, October, 1872.

(*To be continued.*)

JUDGE NOT HARSHLY.

Be careful in your judgment,
Be generous, gentle, true;
Judge not another harshly,
But give to him his due.

Be merciful in judging,
E'en tho' his faults be great,
For yours perchance are many,
Then let your neighbour's wait.

'Tis not your place to judge him,
But guide him if you can;
Lead from the paths of folly,
Make him a better man.

He may be weak and erring,
Tho' striving to do right;
Within the inner life—his heart—
There's yet a ray of light.

It may be but a glimmer,
The mem'ry of boyhood's days,
The prayer his mother taught him,
A prayer and song of praise.

Yea, all *there* is not darkness,
The star of hope yet gleams;
Strive earnestly to save him,
Waste not the time in dreams.

E'en if he be a stranger,
And you his course can stay,
Oh! look not on him coldly,
But lead him to "the Way."

And shun him not, despise not,
But rescue him from ill;
Pray earnestly, ask help for him,
He is thy brother still.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Prophetic Kingdoms; or, the Dream and its Interpretation. By John Wesley. London: Robert Banks, Raquet-court, Fleet-street. After so many volumes and pamphlets have issued from the press, here is another on the import of the image which was seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his remarkable dream. We have read this pamphlet carefully, and though it does not throw much additional light upon the subject, it contains much that is very suggestive, and which will be useful to the Biblical student. It is characterised by much patient research on the part of its author, and is calculated to induce the believer to pour forth with more earnestness than ever the prayer of the Christian poet,—

“Thy kingdom come, and hells o'erpower,
And to Thy sceptre all subdue.”

Before closing this necessarily brief notice of this interesting pamphlet, we may just observe *en passant*, that we were much pleased with the author's *exegesis* of a passage in the epistle to the Hebrews, which has caused much mental anguish among simple-minded, uneducated Christians. The passage referred to is Heb. x. 26—29. “The Messiah,” observes Mr. Wesley, “was the *last* acceptable sacrifice offered to God, because He was the Antitype of all the sacrifices commanded under the ceremonial law. ‘There remaineth, therefore, no more sacrifice for sins;’ so that if we sin wilfully, after having received the knowledge of the truth—*i.e.*, in offering anything by the way of sacrifice to God to *merit* pardon, or atone for sin—we insult God to His face, by rejecting the *ONE only true, acceptable offering* which could take away sin, and which God in His mercy has provided for us.” We commend this *excerpt* to the serious attention of those timid persons who have suffered much through misunderstanding the import of the texts above-named. Had we space at our command we might have expatiated on this important matter. We can only now add that the pamphlet, like every work printed by Mr. R. Banks, is well got up, and will, we hope, have an extensive circulation. T. J. M.

“Memoir of the Late W. Gadsby,” in *June Sword and Trowel*, and the address on “The Evils of the Present Age, and How to Meet Them,” in *May Sword and Trowel*, are good papers.

Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures, on Immortality, &c. London: R. Dickinson, Farringdon-street. Although the intel-

lectual forces in this book may be a little too strong for us, still it is a rich feast for a heart that can love God's truth anywhere, and in any dress. Withal, be careful not to get out of your depth. Logic, language, and a flood of ideas may bewilder you. The revelation of God in Christ by the eternal Spirit gives the soul (born of God) clearness of conception, comfortable rest, a lively hope, a sympathising charity, a sanctifying use of all things; but a highly cultivated intellect, when it comes to deal with the deep things of God, finds, as Charles Kingsley did, it is a battle, it is a warfare, it is like the blind groping for the wall. Humanity alone cannot find out God, but it can please itself with speculations. Like Paul, may we go on intensely crying, “That I may know Him!”

A Word on Revelation XX. (Smith, printer, George-street, Plymouth). Read it, and with the author you will ask, “How can people talk of the Lord soon coming in His glory?” Careful students will believe there is much of prophecy yet to be fulfilled, although God can speedily bring it to pass.

The Silent Messenger. Edited by J. S. Anderson, Zion, New Cross-road. A neat little inviter to “come and hear.” We fully believe the press is a good help to the pulpit and platform in more ways than one.

Israel's Watchman, for June (S. W. Partridge), gives you a splendid history of the Talmud, with several other first-class papers.

Christian Life: The Late Edward James Oliver, Esq. By John T. Briscoe. Published by the Baptist Tract Society, 3, Bolt-court, Fleet-street. The long, the successful, the useful life of a very godly man. It is well arranged, and will circulate widely, distilling a savour of grace, without any drawbacks. When a man has mental power inside, sanctified by grace, and well-balanced; when his whole outward life is well clothed with sterling morality; when his commercial career is attended with growing prosperity, such a man is sure to be highly-esteemed, and he will walk in the holy and happy circles as a prince amongst his fellows. Such an one it appears was E. J. Oliver, a pattern man.

Praise Ye the Lord. Composed by John Bolton, for the occasion of C. W. Banks's visit to South Wales, with music by Richard Morgan, a blind Christian singer. Copies can be had of John Bolton, Baptist minister, Bargoed, near Cardiff.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SPECIAL NOTES ON THE ANNUAL "EARTHEN VESSEL" SERVICES,

Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney, May 20th, 21st, and 22nd.

BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

IN the category of names of places of religious interest and secular amusement notified under "Bank Holiday," in the *Daily Standard*, were the special religious conferences at Speldhurst-road chapel, commemorating of the thirty-third anniversary of the EARTHEN VESSEL, under the editorship of Mr. C. W. Banks, pastor of the Church in that place. And truly these meetings which were tripartite were, from the first to the last, of the most heart-cheering and soul-elevating kind that have ever been held within the sacred edifice since its foundation. For three consecutive days (May 20, 21, and 22) the doors of the chapel were open for public worship, and a goodly number of Zion's pilgrims on each of those days might be seen wending their way down one of the most respectable streets of the great metropolis—namely, King Edward-road, towards the sanctuary, which is in every sense worthy of that honoured name, because the "Lord is there"—Jehovah-Shammah (Ezek. xlviii. 35).

On Sunday, May 20th, sermons were preached, morning and evening, by the pastor, C. W. Banks; and in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Thomas Bradbury preached. The congregation during the services was very encouraging. The two following days were devoted specially to prayer, praise, and conference, and the number of ministerial brethren who attended the various services was excellent. Noticeable among them were Messrs. Vaughan, C. W. Banks, Edwards, Gander, Austin, White, Winters, Norton Rayment, Archer, Symonds, Battson, Beddow, Haydon, Holton, Hitchcock, Gordelier, Branch, Holden, Steed, Turner, Cornwell, Holland, Stringer, Bardens, Beazley, T. J. Messer, S. Banks, Levinsohn, Sack, Bonney, Oakley, Bennett, Hand, Woodard, J. Wheeler, and others.

On Monday, several friends met at eleven o'clock in the morning, and a service of prayer and praise was conducted by the pastor, in which Messrs. Gordelier, Hand, Deal, Crutcher, and others took an active part, after which Mr. Vaughan delivered an excellent address, based upon the words in 1 Chron. xii. 32. He spoke ably on the "sanctified understanding," a subject rarely treated of in our pulpits at the present day. The whole discourse was unctuous and instructive, as many testified. C. W. Banks presided at the afternoon meeting, which was opened by a hymn, and W. Winters read part of Deut. xviii., prayed, and gave an address on the blessing of the Bible, conditional and unconditional, which was followed by a warm and lively discourse by Mr. Hand, founded upon 1 Thess. v. 4. In explaining "what constituted us brethren," after the

Gospel order, Mr. Hand was lucid and firm. This faithful Christian brother lifted the veil of Popery, and exposed her falsity and craft, and paid a high eulogium to the memory of Cromwell, of which he was doubtless worthy, although the writer has some degree of sympathy for Royal Charles, consequent upon whose untimely end, says the contemporary poet Cleveland,—

"Religion puts on black; sad loyalty
Blushes, and mourns to see bright majesty
'Butchered by such assassinate; nay, both
Against God, 'gainst law, allegiance, and their
oath.

Farewell, sad isles, farewell! Thy fatal glory
Is summed, cast up, and cancelled in this story."

In the present day it is difficult to determine the most justifiable course to pursue between a monarchical government of the order of the First Charles, and a republican form of government of the Cromwellian stamp.

Mr. G. White, a kind and faithful young brother from the county of Bucks, spoke some pleasant words, drawn from a sweet passage in Malachi iii. 16. This address was supplemented by a comfortable tea, too cheap "as times go." In the evening, Mr. Alderman Osborne of Banbury was chosen moderator; and certainly he performed his part in a most praiseworthy manner. His introductory address was savoury, logical, and Scriptural, and proved exceedingly helpful to the speakers of the evening. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn prayed very earnestly for the Lord's presence and blessing upon the meeting, after which Mr. Gander spoke on Acts xxviii. 15, in words of the most encouraging and God-honouring nature, and received the approbation of many sterling Christians present. Mr. C. W. Banks rose and thanked the speakers heartily who had come there that evening to encourage him in his work and labour of love in editing the EARTHEN VESSEL, which publication, under his care, was the first magazine favourable to the Strict Baptist denomination, that inserted notices of Churches, donations for the poor, &c., on the wrapper free of charge, which monthly mass of intelligence, independent of its interior, is worth all the money—twopence.

The EARTHEN VESSEL is therefore an excellent medium of intercommunication, and is universally appreciated, as its increase of sale this year amply testifies. The first copy of this magazine was published in the November of 1843, and the next number did not appear till the February of the following year. Mr. J. W. Banks, son of the editor, gave a brief outline of the adventures relative to the printing and publishing the first number, which was interesting, as he had chiefly to do with the printing of it. Mr. R. G.

Edwards, though suffering from a very severe cold, spoke some encouraging words respecting the great usefulness of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and congratulated the Editor in being the means, through God, in sending the truth through the length and breadth of the land. The **EARTHEN VESSEL** is known to various Christian readers in America, Australia, India, and other distant countries of the world. Mr. W. M. Haydon spoke with cheerfulness and energy on the beautiful words of Isaiah liii. 11, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied," which was followed by a Scriptural and sensible address by Mr. Norton, who is an intelligent Christian brother, labouring in the Gospel field at Chatham. Our brother dilated most sweetly on the name of Jesus, who is a personal Saviour to His seeking family; he spoke also on the cheering nature of His Divine words, "Lo, I am with you always" (Matt. xxviii. 20), which he (the speaker) justly said might be rendered "all the days," which rendering certainly adds to the beauty and force of the subject, and proves the Omnipresence and Divinity of the Son of God. Mr. Battson next spoke at length on the union of Christ and the Church, a subject full of interest and spiritual comfort. The good old-fashioned doxology brought the first day's meeting to a close,—*"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."*

The morning of Tuesday was spent in much the same manner as the previous day. Mr. C. Gordelier spoke on Christian fellowship, a grand subject which deserves greater attention in our Churches in this day of error and apathy on the part of professed Christians. Brethren Branch and Turner took an active part in the devotional part of the service. In the afternoon Mr. Wild, a kind and generous-hearted gentleman from Hayes, county Middlesex, well known to many of our Churches, took the chair, and gave some very refreshing words on the "new song" (Psalm xl. 3), which were duly appreciated by many.

Mr. C. W. Banks, who had just previously given up the chair to Mr. Wild, spoke a few words from Acts xviii., and how the Lord had preserved him through many dangers, and especially on one occasion, when a boy, going to Hastings. He could well adopt the language of one of the best of poets, who sang,—

*"When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man."*

Mr. R. C. Bardens spoke with unction and warmth on the soul of Mary magnifying the Lord, also on that good old theme which ought never to be lost sight of, in ministering the Word of life—namely, the new birth. "Ye must be born again" (John iii. 3). This work lays the axe at the root of free-will, and cuts up all pretensions to creature holiness. We thank God and take courage for such a testimony. Mr. T. J. Messer followed with an able and eloquent address, not like, as Dryden says,—*"The dying notes of swans, too sweet to last;"* but from the fulness of

his large heart he spake sublime and telling truths, which gained the pleasurable attention of all present. The heads of his masterly discourse were couched under the form of "Reasons why he loved the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, Because it sets forth,

1. Christ and His supreme and eternal Divinity.
2. Christ and His amazing condescension.
3. Christ and the efficacy of His atoning blood.
4. Christ and the unchangeableness of His love.
5. Christ and the safety of His people.
6. Christ and the certainty of His Second Advent.
7. Christ and the eternal duration of His kingdom.
8. Christ and the practical effects of His teaching.
9. Christ Alpha and Omega in the salvation of sinners. Such a man and such a publication as maintains and publishes Gospel facts of so glorious a nature is worthy of the esteem and support of all Christendom. Mr. C. Cornwell followed with some sterling remarks on the "new heart, the new covenant, and the new tongue." Our brother also dilated on the witticism of good old John Berridge, and made some free animadversions on men of collegiate tuition of modern times, compared with the honest simplicity of the preaching fishermen of the New Testament. Mr. Burbridge spoke on the name "I Am," and the afternoon closed with hymn 793,—

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

which was practically evinced in the endeavour to supply such an overflowing company with food for the body, as well as the mind. A great number sat down to tea. Mr. J. Mote presided in the evening, and the chapel was crammed from end to end, inasmuch that many could not find standing room, and were necessitated to crowd into the vestry within the sound of hearing. Mr. Thomas Stringer opened the meeting with prayer, and Mr. Mote gave a suitable address, after which he introduced some resolutions which were spoken of at the previous evening meetings, respecting the £600 debt on the chapel, which debt stands as a lasting disgrace to the Strict Baptist body with which Mr. C. W. Banks has so long laboured with all the indefatigableness imaginable. The first resolution was moved by its originator, Mr. John W. Banks, in order to relieve his father from so great a load, he (C. W. Banks) having to preach without a salary for the purpose of paying the incidental expenses incurred on the place from quarter to quarter. Such a thing ought not to be. Mr. T. J. Messer seconded the resolution in a noble speech. W. Winters moved the second resolution respecting the formation of an executive committee of ministers to practically carry out the scheme, which he hoped would not be wanting in so urgent a case. Mr. R. C. Bardens seconded it with some appropriate remarks. Mr. Elsey moved the third resolution, and Mr. Thomas Stringer in an excellent speech seconded it. C. W. Banks rose to say that it was not a scheme concocted by himself, for he knew nothing whatever about it until it was brought

forward by his son, who takes great interest in Speldhurst-road chapel. It is to be hoped that the matter will not be allowed to drop through for want of support. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, the Russian Jew, was asked, according to promise, to give his experience and faith, which he did in a speech of upwards an hour in length. It is literally impossible to crowd into so small a space an address of so considerable a magnitude. He spoke of a critic who wished to know his views of certain theological celebrities, such as Calvin, Luther, Doddridge, C. H. Spurgeon, Parker, Punshon, and others, but he had no desire to satisfy the curiosity of such an one. The speaker gave an outline of his belief in matters of salvation, declaring that he would "never call himself a Spurgeonite or a Calvinist, but one of Jesus Christ's." His views of Gospel doctrine were simple and praiseworthy, as far as they extended; time alone will develop the rest. It would have been doubtless more gratifying to the elders present to have heard more of the necessity of the work of the Holy Ghost in the salvation of a sinner; but if grace has moved the heart of our young friend, which we do not question, he will in all his ministrations exalt the Personality of the Holy Spirit and His efficient work in the regeneration of a sinner. He declared his belief in the depravity of the human heart—"That was the theology of his heart," and in the atonement of Christ, without which he could not be pardoned. He believed in the doctrine of justification by faith, the doctrine Luther adhered to. He believed in the "doctrine of eternal election, such as was taught by the apostle Paul in Rom. viii." Mr. Levinsohn spoke also on the ordinance of baptism, and his association with "our own people," with whom we sincerely hope he may ever stay, and be a bright ornament in the society of Strict Baptists, which is so Scriptural and pure in its order, and consequently so much spoken against by popular professors,—

"O, popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?"

We heartily wish our young brother every blessing in the name of the Lord. This was the sincere desire of Mr. George Holland, who next addressed the friends on "No separation," which was well received. Mr. E. Beazley spoke many encouraging remarks favourable to Mr. Levinsohn's views of truth, and also on St. Jude's grand doxology, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling," &c. This, with a few appropriate words from C. W. Banks, whose heart seemed to overflow with love to souls, and gratitude to Almighty God, terminated one of the most successful and pleasant meetings ever realised in Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney. To God be all the glory.

Waltham Abbey.

P.S. Any Christian brother who wishes to interest himself in removing the debt of the above chapel, will be good enough to communicate his desire to the Editor, C. W. Banks; or secretary, Mr. John W. Banks, 7, King-street, Snow-hill, London, E.C.

THE ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK
STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

NOTES BY
W. WINTERS, OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

The ancient and rustic little village of Tunstall, county Suffolk, was for two consecutive days, June 6th and 7th, the centre point of attraction with the Strict Baptists of the above-named counties. In this picturesque spot and its quiet surroundings, laboured long and hard the valiant lovers of truth, J. W. Gooding, W. Day, and Arthur Baker, who was once in Her Majesty's army, but having received a Divine commission he now serves under the banner of the Great Captain of salvation, Jesus, and much good has been effected by his labours in this locality. Mr. Lamb is the zealous and loving pastor of Tunstall Baptist chapel, which place of worship to an ordinary beholder presents a somewhat bald and gloomy appearance, although rather elevated; but like most genuine articles, the inside is the best side.

Arriving at Wickham Market, with other brethren from London, we hurried along the dusty roads to Tunstall in a waggone, and making towards Mr. Borrett's farm we were honoured to pass under two triumphal arches of evergreens adorned with "Behold the way," and "Welcome," in characters akin to mediæval taste. In the farm yard were rows of vehicles of various sizes and shapes which had safely conveyed many Christian friends to the hallowed scene. We were not in time to witness the letter-reading process, nor did we anticipate making any remarks on the meeting, feeling ourselves perfectly *ad libitum* freed from the occasional anxiety of note-taking. However through pressing circumstances for the use of the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, we here give a few cursory thoughts on what we saw and heard. The Association tent was pitched in a field belonging to Mr. Borrett, and in and about this "moving tent" were swarms of human beings, from the green-smocked shepherd to the man of cloth, which motley group gave rise to the pert lines of Cowper—

"O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine?
A kick that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine."

Mr. C. Suggate, of Halesworth, was chosen moderator, and, as we were informed, gave a very suitable opening address, in which he remarked, that when the Association met before at Tunstall many years ago, they assembled together without a tent, in a sand pit; "the weather was extremely hot, and Mr. Thompson, of Grundisburg, prayed that the Lord would send a cloud over the sun to screen them from its burning rays, and the Lord, in a most singular manner, answered the prayer, and a cloud obscured the sun during the service." The venerable John Cooper, of Wattisham, after the reading of the rules of the Association, read various letters. The report of *Wattisham*

Church was encouraging; the number of members 125, Sunday School children upwards of 200. The Church at *Beebles* has seen changes. In September last they made choice of Mr. Edgerton as their pastor; members 163, scholars 128. *Halesworth* Church is enjoying prosperity under the superintendence of Mr. Suggate; members 68, scholars 28. *Rattlesden* Church has had an addition of 10 members lately, since the installation of their pastor, Mr. E. Probert, who contemplates leaving his flock in August next; members 104, scholars 83. *Friston* Church has suffered loss by the death of three aged members. The spiritual temperature of this Church is rather low. Their pastor has laboured in the cause for 45 years; probably his work is accomplished; members 64, scholars 58. The pastor of the Church at *Grundisburgh* has resigned through infirmity, having laboured for half a century among his people; members 136, scholars 185. *Norton* Church increases; members 54, scholars 75. The Church at *Laxfield* is mourning in her widowed state. Her beloved pastor has received a "call" from the Church at *Foots Cray*. Mr. Sears, one of J. Foreman's spiritual children, has laboured at *Laxfield* for near eighteen years; members 211, scholars 183. Mr. Sears read reports, the one from *Waldringfield* was not altogether so cheering as could be desired; they are without a pastor; members 93, scholars 84. *Somersham* Church enjoys peace; Mr. Haddock, of *Ipswich*, speaks to them, and is likely to settle; members 49, scholars 60. *Cransford's* Church report is favourable; members 44, scholars 26. Mr. Cordle continues at *Occold*; like every good shepherd is anxious for Church extension; members 56, scholars 52. *Pulham-St.-Mary* Church is quiet, sickness prevails; may God long preserve the worthy pastor; members 73, scholars 50. Mr. Hill, after a hymn, read letters. The report of the Church at *Stoke Ash* is excellent under the care of Mr. Hill, a Suffolk champion; members 184, scholars 100. *Sutton* Church thrives under Amos Fisk's ministry; members 52, scholars 48. *Rishangles*, the Church here is like the tents of Cushan, in affliction; members 125, scholars 85. *Bungay* Church is about the same as last year; members 77, scholars 43. *Charsfield* Church is in peace; members 67, scholars 84. The Church at *Walsham-le-Willows*, their spiritual standard is far below what they consider it ought to be; members 76, scholars 61. *Hadleigh*, members 68, scholars 52. *Tunstall*, members 137, scholars 86. *Fressingfield* Church is weak, attendance pretty good; members 76, scholars 90. Mr. S. K. Bland finished reading the letters. *Hoxne* Church is without a pastor, members 57, scholars 100. *Lowestoft* Church is in the minority, but growing; members 20. *Aldringham*, members 45, scholars 25. *Yarmouth* Church progresses favourably; members 32. *Gildencroft, Norwich*, continues peaceful; members 84, scholars 130. *Sudbourne*, members 22, scholars 50. *Bradfield St. George* has nothing encouraging to relate; they lament

the departure, by death, of Mr. Howell. *Orford Hill, Norwich*, members 98, scholars 50. The circular letter prepared by Mr. B. Taylor, and entitled "the Christian Warfare," is a very interesting one. In the afternoon of Wednesday Mr. G. Shepherd preached an extraordinary sermon based upon Heb. xiii. 8. And Mr. J. S. Anderson was excellent on John xvii. 2. There was a time when the Suffolk divines carried the palm, but if the sermons preached at the Association meeting this year be considered a fair sample of the entire body, then the laurel is due to the London pastors. But we cannot estimate it at this rate altogether; Suffolk has some mighty men yet. The venerable Mr. Poock has just retired from the field; but the Church is firm and flourishing. Mr. Kern enters into his work in July; we wish him success. On Thursday a number of friends attended the early prayer meeting, after which a good homely sermon was preached by Mr. Brand, of *Bungay*, from Psalm xxxii. 6; and Mr. R. Sears, of *Laxfield*, preached in the afternoon, his text being "the glory of Christ" (2 Cor. viii. 23). Many of the ministers retired after the varied services to a small tent in the upper part of the field, not wishing the world to see their fondness for the narcotic weed, the fumes of which "perfumed the balmy air" (?). In this cosy tent a discussion arose from a simple question broached by a loving Norfolk pastor respecting the right of re-admission into the Church. The discussion, though warm, was worthy of hearing, but as the writer was unhappily outside the arena, he hesitates to express an opinion as to the merits of each respective gladiator. It is, however, unsafe to establish a rule on which the Word of God is silent. To receive persons as members into the Church by letter only may be an accommodating mode to some; but scarcely worthy of universal patronage. The ministerial brethren noticeable at the meeting were Messrs. Anderson, Shepherd, Cooper, Hill, Taylor, Sears, Baker, Lamb, Suggate, Edgerton, Jackson, Wilkins, Woodard, Winters, Box, Bland, Brand, Brown, Morling, Snaith, Reynolds, Broom, Field, Harris, and a number of others, besides a great many deacons from the surrounding Churches. Cordial votes of thanks were proposed, and supported in favour of Lord Rendlesham, for the great help he had rendered on the occasion. After a lengthy speech by the pastor of *Wattisham*, Mr. Lamb closed the meeting with a hymn and prayer. Throughout the two days' meeting the service of sacred song was far from honourable mention, owing chiefly to the ill choice of what should have been melody. We pity the man "that hath no music in himself." Nevertheless, the whole of the Association services passed off in a very agreeable and satisfactory manner. The attendance was much larger than the previous year. Notice was given that the next annual meeting will (D.V.) be held at *Fressingfield*. The preachers selected are Mr. Hill, of *Stoke Ash*, Mr. Jackson, of *Norwich*, or Mr. Suggate, of *Halesworth*.

Church-yard, *Waltham Abbey*, June 12.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.—At Bythorn, in the chapel deanery, on Thursday morning, June 14, I was favoured to meditate a little upon four Scriptural facts. I thought, 1. The most wonderful, the most exalted, the pre-eminently glorious complex personage in all God's universe, is the Son of God, the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, to whom the Father has said, "Sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thy foes Thy footstool." 2. The Redeemer's mediatorial exaltation springs out of that perfect obedience which He has rendered unto His Father's law, and that entire surrender of Himself to Divine justice, to suffering, and to death, whereby He made an end of sin, finished transgression, brought in everlasting righteousness, took death's sting out, triumphed over hell, the grave, and the world, ascending somewhat silently into His Father's house and kingdom, still to carry on the work of salvation unto its utmost completeness. Hence, Paul's lively, lovely, and lofty language, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and hath given Him a name that is above every name," &c. 3. This immensely brilliant, indescribable, honourable, and God-glorifying lifting-up of our Immanuel, is a source of increasing envy and jealousy, of madness and wrath to Satan and all his infernal hosts, to all his reprobate seed, to all his false ministers, and to all who know not, love not, seek not, serve not our Lord Jesus Christ. But, 4. It is in the council and purpose of God that all the enemies of Christ shall lick the dust, every knee shall bow, every tongue shall confess that He is "Lord of all," unto the glory of God the Father. Last evening, June 13, I spoke for one hour and a-half right on, with hallowed freedom. In the afternoon I was not very happy in preaching, but the evening was a season of much interest; profound stillness and attention, a large company, and I hope beneficial to the cause, and helpful to the pastor, brother John Kingston, to his friend, brother Pryor, and families of Israel, who in that large Midland mainland are called to dwell. Now, in an old N.W. for London once more steaming. During the next few days I am expected to go into Essex, Oxfordshire, Lincoln, Bucks, and Surrey, preaching at least seventeen sermons, if the will of the Lord be so, if He the power and truth will give. C. W. B.

CHILWELL, VICTORIA.—Hope Particular Baptist Church, Saffron-street. In presenting our third annual report, we feel solemnity upon us as we think upon some who have passed from time to eternity. It is profitable to look back and see the way our gracious God hath led us, as a people banded together in New Testament order, as found in Acts ii., owning Jesus Christ as our King, who shall reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet; and we desire to recognise the hand of our gracious King in bringing our brother F. Fullard, who, by the sweet anointing of the Holy Ghost, ministered unto us in word and doctrine

twelve months; then the people gave our brother an invitation to the pastorate. He stated to the Church he must comply, for the hand of the Lord was seen in bringing him from Mount Gambier, in Adelaide, unto us; and the cloud has not removed; the people's hearts have moved in prayer that he would with us abide; we, therefore, desired to celebrate our marriage union with a social tea, 25th September, 1876, and a happy gathering we had. Our secretary stated to Church the way the Lord had brought about our communications with brother F. Fullard; then brother F. Fullard gave an interesting account of his call by grace into fellowship with the household of faith, and his call to the ministry, to the great joy and satisfaction of all the people of God in our midst. Our senior deacon, brother R. F. Capp (now 82 years of age), in well-spoken words of affection and counsel, gave to our brother F. Fullard (in behalf of the Church) the right hand of fellowship as pastor of this part of the Lord's vineyard. After praising the Lord, the meeting closed in the usual way. The Lord hath added fourteen to our number during the year. We have, by the good hand of our God, established a tract society, to scatter the seeds of truth in these parts. Our income for the year, £193 4s. 5d.; our expenditure, £199 15s. 1d.; proceeds of annual tea, £18 6s.; £12 of which we put to building fund, which will reduce our debt to £116, having paid off £30 this year. Praise the Lord.—HENRY HAMPTON, junior deacon, April 16, 1877. [We rejoice to find the Lord our Advocate and Redeemer is still gathering in His people in the new colonies. There He has many who have gone out from us.—Ed.]

MR. JAMES HAND AT PIMLICO.—Read Amos viii. 11, dwelt largely on the woes Christ denounced on the Jews, referring also to the famine of Gospel power in Henry VIII.'s and Mary's times; on the delusions of annihilation, and others, he waxed hot indeed. James Hand sometimes in preaching appears angry, looks angry, speaks fiercely, but sound in Scripture language, quoting from every part of the Bible whole sections which throw light upon the subject under discussion, and evidence give of the thorough knowledge the preacher has of the Scriptures, and of a strong memory to throw out the same. The sermon was to show that there is a dreadful famine in the land now; and that in sixteen pulpits out of twenty no minister dares to show up the wretched depravity of man's heart; neither must he proclaim the eternity of Jehovah's love to, and His election of, His people in Christ, and their completeness in the Son of God for ever. I thought much, while Mr. Hand was preaching, of the peculiar phraseology of the text he was opening, which says, it shall be a famine of "hearing the Word of the Lord." We have, even now, a multitude of preachers, but, comparatively speaking, the hearers are few, and the hearing for a saving conversion, or for Divine consolation, is little indeed. Alas! there is famine of hearing the Word of the Lord.

ROAD-SIDE AND RAILWAY
PENCILLINGS.

Sunday, June 10th, was a hot summer's day. As I walked down the steep hills to Chatham, with the elder deacon, this little solemn line suddenly sprung up in me, and it would come out,—

I know the eternal Son of God!

I know His sceptre and His rod!

I know His law's tremendous roar!

But that's all gone! 'twill come no more.

Unbelief darted up, "Is the last line true?"

I hope it is. It was the thirty-fifth anniversary of Enon, Chatham. Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., J.P., preached in the afternoon a wholesome evangelical discourse upon John's tender precept, "And now, little children, abide in Him, that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." With ability and freedom Mr. Johnson set forth each feature in the text in truthful and spiritual order. Both in the morning and evening your humble servant found more matter than the time would allow for expression. In the evening love to our Lord Jesus filled my heart to overflowing. The logic might be at fault, but when love to a glorious Trinity flows through the soul, and when love herself is the preacher, depend upon it she kindles a flame somewhere.

Plain is her speech,

But it will reach,

Some one with sin distressed.

Although here, we never know where God the Holy Ghost doth sow the seeds of life Divine. The good old Chatham Enonites are solid people in truth; they have heard too many parsons to be much moved; but many in the congregation appeared impressed; at any rate, I felt awfully solemn if unto others it was nothing. I desire to see the new Enon erected. Our brother Norton is likely to be their pastor; he must work, and get them a substantial chapel. That will be an honour to him; and if, instrumentally, he can fill it with seeking and saved sinners he will be a blessing to those three towns.

C. W. B.

CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.—Anniversary of Forest Fold Baptist chapel was Tuesday, June 5. Three sermons, by Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Dickerson, and Mr. Masterston. To dinner a large number sat down. Our old and respected friend Mr. Doggett made some appropriate remarks, thanking the Lord for sparing him at his advanced age once more to attend the anniversary of this, to him, very interesting place; he said, "What hath God wrought since 1832, when he hired an old barn for the preaching of the Gospel in this then dark neighbourhood? he was thankful that ever since that time the truth had been maintained; an increasing congregation, and peace prevailed." He also observed how grateful he felt to see his old friend Mr. Phillip Dickerson again able to visit Crowborough; he had ever shewn a great interest in the cause in this locality; he was pleased to see so large a congregation to hear our aged friend, it might be his last

visit to this place. Mr. D. preached with much collectedness of mind; we believe he was favoured with the Lord's presence in his soul. The season will never be forgotten by many. We do praise the Lord for His goodness in the success given to Mr. Doggett, for the large subscriptions he has obtained, being nearly double any former year. We do at times exclaim, "What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits in thus blessing our cause for so many years?" We expect to baptize more in a short time.

GEORGE ASHDOWN.

MEARD'S COURT.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—It turns out the rumour I mentioned in my last letter was well founded—the pastor has resigned, and a new one has been elected in his stead. It is sincerely hoped the new pastor may be a credit to Salem, as was the dear old pastor, Mr. Stevens; and also a staunch upholder of the trust deed, and preach the truths which in former years Salem was blessed with.

If report be true, Salem has indeed escaped "the snare of the fowler," even the net of Fullerism and Open Communionism. I consider it is an undeniable truth that persons who are not faithful in the things of God will not be faithful in the things of the world, and, consequently, ought to be shunned by all honest persons.

It will be well for Salem if, in future, more care is taken in the admission of members than has recently been taken, in order to prevent, if possible, persons becoming members who ought rather to belong to an Arminian and Open Communion Church than to that of a Calvinistic and Strict Baptist Church. I am sorry to add, I much fear several persons, since Mr. Stevens's death, have joined Salem, and in some cases taken office, occasioned changes of various kinds, and then taken their departure to other Churches, or no Church at all, thus leaving poor old Salem to take care of herself. They are now looking back towards Salem with thoughts more becoming a Nero than persons professing the religion of Jesus Christ.

However, it is a great mercy that the Lord reigneth, and has said (Oh, that I may apply it to Salem!), "I will defend this city to save it for Mine own sake, and for My servant David's sake."

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

ONE WHO SAT UNDER MR. STEVENS.
May, 1877.

RUSHDEN.—In the late Charles Drawbridge's Succoth, Isaac Levinsohn came, for the first time, June 10, and preached unto us, and to, at least, 500 people, two sermons, on the saving verities of Christ's salvation. We thank the Lord for this young man; and we thank you, C. W. Banks, for giving us such interesting accounts of him. Heaps of VESSEL readers came to hear him. We hope to hear him again. Our cries are unto the Lord to preserve and bless him.

YOUR "KETERING FRIEND."

A SUBSTANTIAL PRESENTATION TO MR. WILLIAM COLLYER, OF IVINGHOE.

On the evening of Monday, June 11th, a public meeting was convened in Mr. Stringer's chapel, Earl-street, London-road, with a view to present Mr. W. Collyer, an aged Baptist minister, with a substantial testimonial, which had been raised through the influence and exertion of Mr. Robert Banks, conjointly with his father, the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. The present meeting was a second of the kind held in the above chapel for the same purpose, and it is to be hoped will not be the last. Mr. Stringer presided. Mr. Rayment opened the meeting with prayer; after which Mr. Stringer addressed the friends on the purport of the meeting, stating that the meeting on May 4th was a preliminary one, while the present was one of realisation. Our brother spoke freely and kindly of the aged pastor of Ivinghoe, who has been a preacher of the Gospel for upwards of sixty-five years, and has known the Lord for nearly three-quarters of a century. Mr. T. J. Messer moved the first resolution, to the effect that the money collected for Mr. Collyer (£81 6s. 1d.) should be invested in the hands of Mr. J. Mote, solicitor, and Mr. Robert Banks, in order that Mr. Collyer might draw out such amounts as his needs should require. Mr. R. G. Edwards, in suitable words of kindness, supported the resolution, which was put to the show of hands, and unanimously carried.

Mr. C. Cornwell moved the second resolution, and handed over an amount of money, expressing his pleasure in being able to do so. Mr. Ponsford seconded the resolution, which he prefaced with a few interesting remarks of his personal career; that he had been forty years in the ministry, and, through mercy, had not changed his doctrinal sentiments in the least. This testimony is exceedingly praiseworthy and God-honouring. Mr. Robert Banks was requested to read over the names of contributors to the fund, which he did, making some very suggestive remarks on the labours of Mr. Collyer, and of the pureness of the motive by which he and his father were actuated in collecting such an amount of money as he had brought there that evening; he also read letters of sympathy from Mr. H. Hall, Mr. Minton, and other friends, all of which had helped in the work; and acknowledged the prompt and ready manner in which nearly every friend he had written to had responded. Mr. W. Webb, of Bow, presented a cheque for £4, the donation of Mr. Lee, and made some pleasant remarks. C. W. Banks then handed over the money to Mr. W. Collyer, and Mr. Winters proposed that the fund should be kept open, that those persons who had not given might have the opportunity of doing so. After the usual vote of thanks, the meeting terminated with, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA. — Hope Particular Baptist chapel, Chilwell, Geelong. Third anniversary of opening of above place was April 1 and 2. Sermons were preached by Mr. W. Cuttle, of Melbourne; hearers can witness to the gracious ministry of our gifted brother, it being made of God to them a high and hallowed day. May the Holy Ghost make it salvation to many souls. Such is the testimony of aged deacon Capp, who has travelled in the tribulated pilgrim way more than fifty years; he was personally acquainted with the late J. C. Philpot, when a youthful preacher in the Church of England; our patriarchal father remembers those early days with feelings of delight. Surely the testimony of an old soldier like our brother may be taken as an encouragement to a tried preacher. On Monday, the usual tea and public meeting followed. About 20 friends, from Melbourne, came to Geelong (a distance of 50 miles) to bid us God speed. I believe the kindly behaviour of our metropolitan relations in the Lord was truly appreciated by the Geelong Church, and we can but pray that the Head of Zion will be pleased to bring us into a more manifested unity. Brother Allen says, "this is the want of our times." As we sat in our Hope, and looked upon friends filling the place, our feelings were legion. If the pastor enjoys the confidence of his people, and lives in their affections, he, in communing with them, becomes intimately acquainted with their varied experiences; and whilst his reflections run over the past year, he thinks of the solemn states of his hearers, either in grace or in sin; he thinks of his ministry. Has it been blessed of God the Holy Ghost? have souls been saved? Ah, he mourns over his weakness, he inwardly cries for fresh strength, and he pants for more usefulness, for he solemnly remembers how soon all will be over, soon the great gathering will take place, the final separation will follow, and then where shall we and our people be? O, my God, may I

"With my last labouring breath
Thy lovingkindness sing in death."

From report you see we have cause to thank God and take courage. With regard to the recognition services, which took place in September, 1876, I have a paper almost complete, entitled, "Christian Experience Illustrated in the Lord's Dealings with my Own Soul," being the substance of an address delivered on that occasion. I will forward it next mail. Wishing yourself and the Churches of truth in England every blessing. Yours fraternally in bonds of truth,

F. FULLARD.

ELLINGTON. — At Bythorn special services we were honoured with the company of the venerable Ellington Baptist pastor, Mr. Ashby, who has for more than thirty years lived and laboured in Ellington, beloved and honoured; not even David, the child of the once Rushden hero, ever worked more piously than this father of the Baptist family at Ellington, in Hunts.

BAPTIZING IN THE CREEK, BLACK-BURN.

DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD.—The blessing of our covenant Three-One-God for ever rest upon you, that you may never be weary in your work and labour of love, but that you may always abound in the work of the Lord, to His glory, and the good of Zion.

Dear brother, I send you a short account of our solemn service this day, in the baptizing of five of Zion's children, who all went through that solemn ordinance of being baptized into the death of Christ, in a calm, sober, loving, and cheerful manner to the will of our God, and the example of Christ.

We met together at a farm called Hagg's Hall, where a dear brother and sister live, and from thence we went to the Creek, and held open-air service, then baptized in the brook; about 200 present. The portion of Scripture read, on which our remarks were founded, was Romans vi. 3, 4, from whence the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus, the eternal Son of God, were the main points dwelt on. The immediate cause of death, sin; the eternal cause, Christ's everlasting love to His Church; and His Father and ours; the Father He honoured and glorified; the Church He loved by a just and honourable salvation. It was shown that man, in sinning against God, changed the truth into a lie, and "the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man," &c. (Rom. i. 23—25); and man aiming at these things in God, although he could not change them, as they are in God, yet as they are revealed to man, as God's creature, he changed them in that relative state they were revealed in; and by so doing man committed such an infinite offence to God, that the drowning of the old world, the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah, nor the slaying of the Egyptians, no, nor all the sufferings of all men, whether in this world or that to come, could give satisfaction to justice for the great offence committed against the true and holy God. But when justice and the eternal Son of God met on Calvary's cross, justice met with a glorious and majestic Person, whose life was worth more than all men and angels put together. So justice received an overflowing satisfaction in the death of the Prince of Life. Oh, the worth of Jesus! And as Jesus was made of a woman, and made under the law by circumcision, and came manifestly into His suretyship engagements, He then stood in all the relations that sinful man stood in to God, to law, sin, wrath, and the curse of a holy and just God. But, blessed be the God of all grace, His death and satisfaction put an end to these relations, and life, immortality, and incorruptibility in Himself, He rose from the dead, and "brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel." So that a believer having the Spirit of Christ in regeneration, and a revelation to his soul of what the doing and dying of Christ has done for him, he rises into the blessings of Christ, on Christ, and to Christ as his Redeemer, Husband, and

King; thus being baptized into the death of Christ, he declares to all around him, that by the death of Christ he is dead to all his former relations to law, sin, wrath, and curse of a holy and just God. These were some of the things set forth, and some declared the Word was with unction and sweet power to their souls. Blessed be our covenant God for evermore. Amen.

J. C. ARCHER.

Whit Monday, May 21, 1877.

PIMLICO.—Dear brother Gooding, or Richmond Rehoboth,—You wish me to let you know how Princes-row anniversary went off. Well, I went to the afternoon service to hear James Hand's sermon. I pencilled a few lines on it, which I will give, the Lord permitting. A large body of truth-loving people took tea. Our most excellent sisters, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Woodrow, and many others, served up a plentiful store. All were delighted; and if you had heard Benjamin Woodrow roll out some of Kent's most precious hymns, you would have believed that those sacred poems were so deep in Benjamin's heart, that every word came out clothed with a living, loving, and unctuous power. James Hand presided. John Bonney supplicated the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. Charles Cornwell took us into the land of Canaan, and brought as good a report as did Caleb and Joshua. Thomas Stringer walked about Zion with a beautiful boldness, expounding the Word, and exalting his Lord and Master. I felt after his address nothing more could be said, but the chairman would have brethren W. Webb, R. Burbridge, and myself speak a little. I could not resist a feeling of grateful joy when I saw young Isaac Levinsohn and Samuel Banks sitting together. I thought, if the Lord will spare them, they may be of much use to our Churches when our poor stammering tongues are silent in the grave. I thought both these young brethren spoke well. Pimlico Rehoboth has been nicely renovated; and the meeting was so well sustained that I hope the Lord's rich blessing was realised. Ah! brother Gooding, both you and I must soon leave all these scenes. May the Lord in His great mercy take us, is the prayer of

C. W. BANKS.

BYTHORN.—To C. W. BANKS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you and the whole Israel of God. Many thanks for your kindness in coming specially to help and encourage our dear pastor on Wednesday, June 13th; we cannot feel thankful enough; it must have been of the Lord; a blessing will attend the Word spoken that day. We are thankful to the friends from neighbouring villages coming to show sympathy for the cause of truth at Bythorn. Over seventy sat down to tea, a large gathering for us. May the Lord increase us as a flock, that the place may again be filled with worshippers, that sovereign grace may still be proclaimed rich and free for every poor, trembling, hungry, thirsting, heavy-laden sinner coming to Jesus.—JAMES P. PRYOR.

BLACKBURN.—DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER BANKS, in the faith of the everlasting Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace unto you, from the God of our salvation. I have been preaching at Oldbury, near Birmingham. Stayed there some days to visit my brethren in the Lord. A young man, one of the sons of the deacons at Gorsty-hill chapel, came to Oldbury and told me, with tears in his eyes, what the Lord had done for him in quickening his soul into life eternal, when I was there supplying last autumn. O, how encouraging to us poor tried, tempted, and persecuted ministers are such testimonies of the power of God attending the Word. On Lord's-day, August 12, we shall expect you, if our Lord will. May He bring you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. Nothing else will do for us but a full and precious Christ. I received the five we baptized into Church fellowship on June 3. The Lord gave me a calm, solemn, sober mind, and sweet feelings. One of our deacons said he never did witness such a time at the Lord's table before in his life. O, how good it is when our Three-One-God of salvation meets with us to anoint our thirsty souls with the blessings of His great, all-wise, and glorious salvation. O the blessedness of being like children at home in the house of our God and Father. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Dear brother, I have read with pain and grief the conduct and spirit shewn towards our dear brother S. Sears. Sure I am it is not the spirit of our meek and lowly Jesus. But, alas! dear brother, the same spirit and conduct exists in nearly all these Churches; they are far estranged from the spirit of our Lord Jesus. They cry out, "Preach my experience;" and if a minister preaches the truth as it is in Jesus, the cry is, he does not preach my experience. The truth is, Christ is a holy, living Christ, and He gives a holy, living experience of the truth as it is in Himself. A person once said to me in Blackburn, "Mr. Archer, you do not preach my experience." "No," I replied, "how can a teetotaler preach the experience of a drunkard?" Of course I was hated and opposed by the same person ever after. But that said person went on drinking until a palsy fit was the result. What surprised me most was to see his obituary, announcing he died a glorious death. Most of those Churches in the North are in a very low, low state. Christ is not preached. I have said, for years they have buried Him in the sepulchre of a carnal and corrupt experience. The preaching now-a-days is no more like that of dear William Gadsby, of blessed memory, than that of the Roman priests, and yet men with no living experience of the vital truths of Christ are riding on His name, as a pack horse, into the Churches, and telling the people a few anecdotes about Him, wherewith the people are pleased. Thus W. G. is preached, and not his Lord and Master.

J. C. A.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—The forty-fifth anniversary of Mr. W. J. Gooding's

ministry was celebrated in the Park-Shot, Rehoboth, June 20th. Mr. R. C. Bardens preached the sermon; John Wild, Esq., of Hayes, presided over public meeting, and his opening address was well-timed, being suited to stir the people up to a practical sympathy with the ministers and Churches of Jesus Christ. We all inly rejoiced to see Mr. Wild, Mr. Bardens, their wives, their friends, and many families, coming around brother Gooding and his little flock, to cheer them on in their work. Neat and quiet exhortations were given by B. Woodrow, E. Forman (of March), C. W. Banks, R. G. Edwards, C. Masterson, R. C. Bardens, pastor Gooding, and others. Brother Edwards called for personal and zealous activity from the members of all our Churches, aiming to gather in souls to hear. We all said, Amen. But who will do the work? [In Peterborough city some truthful souls I find, but if they had heard dear Edwards I think they would feel inclined to write him down as one unsound.—C. W. B.]

NORWICH.—Pitt-street chapel must have (a gracious Providence permitting) a good minister, or the place must be lost to our denomination. I have been down once to help them, free of all cost to them; and I am now hopeful of securing some good preachers, but funds are required. I have been helping so many Churches in different parts, that the funds are all but exhausted. I am looking to the Lord to cause some to aid in this absolutely necessary charitable effort, and He will not let me ask and pray in vain.

C. W. B.

ASKETT.—The anniversary was Whit Monday. Mr. Stringer preached unto us. We had large gatherings; the chapel was thronged. Friends of truth came to wish us God speed and to uphold our hands. About 200 partook of a bountiful tea, the cost of which had been given by the members and friends of the cause. We are holding on in peace and love; the Lord's presence is often manifestly enjoyed by both speaker and hearers. Correspondent L., in June VESSEL, says, "Friends have made us a present of a handsome harmonium," and that we have large congregations; we add this is quite true; but that we have less preaching than formerly is not true, seeing that we have three preaching services on Lord's-days, with sermons varying in length, each of from thirty-five to sixty minutes, which we think to be as much as any minister can bring forth, or reasonable people digest.

F. G. BURGESS.

RINGSTEAD.—Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Deptford, preached our anniversary sermons, and Mr. Alfred Hall, of London, has been supplying us with good preaching, and most zealously visiting the afflicted and the dying. We are not all of one heart and of one mind. Some of our gentry wish collegiate students, but, when Alfred Hall comes to Ringstead, we have good Sundays, and large congregations.

W.

BOW.—Our Albert-terrace friends held annual services July 10 and 12. The great Gospel was preached by the pastor, William Webb, George Pung, and Thomas Stringer. At public meeting, Mr. Woodard emphatically expounded the suretyship of Christ. Mr. George Elven discoursed the advocate-character; J. Griffith came up with, "Christ, the Foundation." C. W. Banks would insist upon the fact that our Lord Jesus Christ is "the Friend that loveth at all times." George Webb confirmed it with a hymn. J. Bonney put the top-stone on the meeting by proclaiming "Christ is All and in all."

COBHAM.—Ebenezer. All lovers of free and sovereign grace will be glad to hear that at Cobham there is a band of sinners saved by grace struggling, by prayer and supplication, to maintain the cause of truth in that place. They have hard work. If some rich ones would send them help, the Master is looking on, and they would in no wise lose their reward. Friends of this cause met to celebrate the fourth anniversary on June 5, when many favoured them with their presence. Mr. Stevens preached in the afternoon from "Let my heart be sound in Thy statutes that I be not ashamed;" sound in the knowledge of God's Word, sound in experience, sound in practice. At the tea Ebenezer looked charming, with tables spread and decorated with flowers. In the evening, Mr. Hall, of Clapham, preached a sermon that will not soon be forgotten, from Eph. iii. 8. There was a collection; Mr. Hall kindly promised to double the amount collected. May the Lord move the hearts of those who have it to give and help them. J. EVERETT.

SOUTH WALES.—English Baptist Church, Bargoed, near Cardiff. The above Church was formed a-year and a-quarter ago, under the pastorate of Mr. J. Bolton. Since the formation, four members have been added by baptism, two by letter, and the congregation quite doubled. The first anniversary was held May 27 and 28, when C. W. Banks, of London, came and preached three sermons on the Sunday, and delivered a very interesting lecture on the following Monday, after a number had taken tea. These services were decidedly the largest and most interesting English services of a religious character ever held in Bargoed. The kind sympathy Mr. C. W. B. has shown towards this rising cause and its pastor will not be soon forgotten. We hope he might be long spared to labour in his Master's vineyard, and that he might favour us with another visit. On the following day, Tuesday, May 29, Mr. C. W. B. also visited Blackwood, and there again told his tale of life and love. At this place also the writer hears the service will be long remembered.

GRUNDISBURGH.—Mr. William Knibb Dexter, originally of Peterborough, since of Meopham, has been called to succeed that strong, steady, and successful pastor,

Samuel Collins. For eight years or more it appeared Mr. Dexter was happily sustained in the ministry of the place, where Mr. Pope so long and honourably laboured. Mr. Dexter's call to a larger field of labour we hope will be attended with much more abundant fruitfulness in reviving, in awakening, and in building up the Church at Grundisburgh, one of the largest centres of Gospel truth in Suffolk.

RIPLEY, SURREY.—Mr. C. Z. Turner and his friends celebrated their annual spring meeting, Monday, June 4th, when our brother C. W. Banks, and a good number of Speldhurst-road friends came down to encourage our pastor and his little Church. C. W. B. gave us two warm sermons; and in the evening, in the name of the Church and congregation, he presented brother C. Turner with a little purse, and a few tokens therein, of our continued affection for him in the truth. Our place was crowded, our hearts rejoiced, and we closed the blessed services by all cheerfully singing, "A day's march nearer home." Every year our upper room is improved a little; but if the Lord would enable us to build a chapel, and fill it with ransomed, regenerated, saved, devoted, praying, and working Christians, it would gladden our venerable brother Green, and all who here do love and fear our heavenly Father.

LINCOLNSHIRE COAST.—"Surly One" says, "It is easy enough for your father to preach ten or twelve sermons per week, because he flies from one end of England to another, and can give the same over again." Answer is, he does not, he cannot; no honest fellow will truthfully say he does. Such "Surly Ones" are full of envy. The big bulls of Bashan have gone bellowing against us all through the country for years; but in the poor Churches we have a little work to do. When we all prayerfully mind our own business, it will be better for our Churches.

LINCOLN.—All the Baptist Churches in this city (innocently enough, no doubt,) fixed upon Sunday, June 24, to hold special anniversary services. The Standards had the great Mr. Owen; the Generals had the talented Dr. Clifford, editor of "General Baptist Magazine," at which they call the Spurgeon chapel; G. A. Brown was the preacher; while in Zoar chapel anniversary sermons were preached by C. W. Banks. Hence, each in his own small way did his best to tell the people what the truth is. So diverse the discourses, that one asketh, "Can they all be true?"

WELLINGBORO'.—"Indeed." "Perfectly unparalleled." "What a rich county is this for weighty men!" "This is a rising town." To some it may be said, "Yet lackest thou one thing." Of Earl's Barton we cannot answer. They did run well. Who hath hindered?

SUNNINGDALE.

"THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN CARRIES ME ABOVE EARTHLY CARE."

DEAR MR. BANKS.—Our blessed Lord called home to Himself our much esteemed friend Mr. Wellbelove, Lord's-day, April 1st. For many years he was a disciple of the Lord Christ, and during His life His desire was to live "Looking unto Jesus."

When a young man he was mysteriously led to enter a chapel where he heard a funeral sermon, the result of which led him to see himself a poor lost sinner, and in need of a Saviour.

He was the first person immersed in Ebenezer chapel, Sunningdale, now fifty years ago. Henceforth it was his endeavour to walk in the light of the Lord. By God's grace he was enabled so to do. For many years he held the office of deacon, and he was also one of the trustees. Grace was abundantly bestowed upon him during the last few weeks of his life. Our sister Mrs. Wellbelove says:—

On one occasion, when repeating that precious hymn, "Rock of Ages," he said, "Yes, through the shedding of His precious blood He has placed me in the cleft of the Rock, and blessed be His Name, 'tis a Rock that changes not."

At another time he told his dear wife not to weep, their separation would not be long, there were many precious promises in God's Word to cheer her drooping spirit. Then lifting his hands as high as he was able, he exclaimed, "O, the prospect of heaven carries me above all earthly care."

His son asking if he felt Christ precious to His soul, he replied, "I never felt the sweetness of a Saviour's love as I do now." Then in a moment there appeared to him a beautiful light coming straight down from heaven—he said it was beyond description; and there were thousands of saints assembled with a song of triumph; one came to him saying, "This is the channel of mercy which is open for you." There were many sweet manifestations of the preciousness of his Saviour to his soul, and he desired me 'to give his dying love to the ministers of Jesus Christ, saying they had oft refreshed his spirit.

A few hours before his departure he exclaimed, "Hasten Thy chariot wheels, dear Lord, and take me home." Then, with a sweet smile on his countenance, he said,

"Lowdest of the crowd I'll sing,
And shout of sovereign grace."

He put out his hand to take farewell of those dear ones who were standing around his bed, and gave them all his blessing. God grant that we may join him in glory, to praise the riches of His grace for ever. Our sorrow is not without hope, for we know our loss is his eternal gain.

"E'en now by faith we clasp the hands
Of those who've gone before."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his," for his end was peace.

"Anon the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh;
Again they strike their harps of gold
And Hallelujah cry.

Ere long, I hope to join the throng,
Who bow before the King,
And in one everlasting song,
My Hallelujah bring."

On behalf of Mrs. Wellbelove, H. E. S.
Sunningdale, June 8, 1877.

IPSWICH, SUFFOLK.—Re-opening services in Bethesda chapel. Special services in connection with this house of God were held on Lord's-day, June 17, when Mr. W. Crowther, of Gomersal, county Yorkshire, preached two solid, soul-cheering, and God-glorifying sermons; in the morning, from 1 Cor. ii. 5; in the evening from 1 Cor. x. 4. The attendance was as usual good and attentive. In the evening of Monday, 18th, a public meeting was convened in the spacious chapel; a godly company of friends gathered together, when Mr. Crowther presided. After a hymn, Mr. P. Brown, of Colchester, offered prayer. The chairman then read Psalm cii., and delivered a steady, homely, and telling address on the stones and dust of Zion, which seemed to touch the very hearts of the lowly in truth, and which was supplemented by a speech from Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, on the origin, power, and practical results of Divine love (Heb. xiii. 1), which was followed by a speech, pregnant with good and well-digested thought from the lips of an Ipswichian worthy, Mr. W. Houghton, who, like His Divine Master, goes about doing good. Mr. G. G. Whorlow, of Harwich, next spoke some sweet words on Christ's prayer (John xvii.), and the union existing between Christ and the Church. Mr. S. K. Bland, of Beccles, followed with a few kind remarks on the object of the meeting, and Mr. J. Morling, of Zoar chapel, Ipswich, addressed the friends on the Name of Jesus, and the primary nature of His great work of salvation. Mr. Lamb, of Tunstall, brought up the rear with a sermon in brief on the exalted Redeemer and His love to sinners, after which "All hail the power of Jesus' name" was sung right heartily, and the meeting terminated. Bethesda chapel is now clean and respectable, and quite ready to receive the pastor elect, whose marriage with the Church here, it is to be hoped, will always be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction. The cost of the renovation of the chapel amounts to something like £50, out of which £30 have been collected during the services, and the balance, doubtless, will be cleared off before Mr. Kern enters upon his pastoral labours. Wishing the Church and new pastor may receive every new-covenant blessing in Christ, I am yours, &c.,

WALTHAMENSIS.

NORFOLK.—We are glad Mr. Snaith is happy and useful at Carlton Rode, preaching in liberty, and baptizing with joy; but is his view of Pitt-street correct?

BURGH-LE-MARSH TO BOSTON TOWN.—Saturday morning, June 23rd, walking on the station road, a drenching shower came down. A little hope springs up that a heavenly shower of fructifying grace may descend upon us all at Lincoln to-morrow. This Burgh-le-Marsh and Monksthorpe affair is extremely distressing. The angel of light is wise and wicked too. Whoever in future times shall fairly write the true history of this Church will find strange material to deal with. Think over the lives, the labours, the leavings, of all their dearly-beloved pastors, the ancient and modern Bulls, the Hershells, the Childs, the Thomsetts, poor Thomas Newbold, now in Lincoln asylum, the coming and going of William Wright, the twenty-eight years during which that most faithful watchman, John Foreman, was their anniversary bishop; then come on to the meek and quiet William Beddow; add thereto the portraits, true to the life, of those magnanimous men who govern the whole estate, that beautiful Church-meeting, and other addenda; and such a history would frighten such timid things as myself. We had two meetings in the hall upon the hill. I think a few profitable lessons may be drawn from them presently. The Churches are afflicted in many parts.

DATCHET.—May 16, 1877. In his sixty-ninth year, William Lambert, of Slough, after a brief illness, fell asleep in Jesus, in whose atoning blood and perfect righteousness he built all his hopes of salvation. He became a member of the Baptist Church, Datchet, Feb., 1845, and was chosen deacon Nov. of the same year, which office he consistently and faithfully served thirty-one years and six months. He was a free-grace taught man. Just before his death he said the same blessed truths that have been my support all through life are the same to me now—Christ's complete atonement and perfect work finished for me is the ground of all my hope. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about His people.

YEOVIL.—The death of Mr. Milbourne, through the Bath accident, fell like cloud of sorrow upon all who knew him, and not only in Yeovil, but throughout the Churches who abide in the faith. Mr. Milbourne was highly esteemed. His beloved family, his pastor, Mr. Varder, the Church he stood so long connected with, the poor, and all classes of society most intensely mourn over the loss of a man so useful and so true; we expect to give some further particulars.

BYTHORN.—Wednesday, June 13th, special services were held in connection with the settlement of the pastor, Mr. Kingston, when C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon a very appropriate sermon, basing his remarks on Nehemiah viii. 8. A public tea was held in the chapel, when between seventy and eighty sat down, several from neighbouring Churches shewing their sympathy by their presence. Service

in the evening commenced at 6; the pastor occupied the chair. After giving out the hymn, he called upon Mr. Nunby, of Raunds, to lead in prayer; after again singing, the chairman briefly alluded to his settlement among them, and the doctrines he intended to preach by the help and strength of the Master; then called upon Mr. Banks to deliver his Lecture on "Oxford to Rome; Rome to Heaven;" which was listened to with deep feeling and marked attention throughout. After the lecture a vote of thanks was unanimously given to the lecturer. As the meeting dispersed several were heard to say, we have not had such an enjoyable day at Bythorn for many years.

RINGWOOD, HANTS.—The Baptists here have now another opportunity of doing good. Their cause has been seriously injured. Our brother, David B. Garnham, has yielded to a pressing request to preach to them steadily for three months in their chapel, near Christchurch-street. We most heartily pray that ere very long he will be the pastor there over a prosperous cause.

CAMDEN TOWN.—The anniversary of the Sunday school, at Camden lecture hall, was most encouraging. On Sunday, May 13, three sermons were preached: those morning and evening by our pastor, and in the afternoon by brother Box, of Soho. The following Wednesday evening, May 16, a public meeting was held; the pastor presided; brother Onkey offered prayer; and the following ministerial brethren addressed the meeting: Messrs. Flack, Evans, Master-son, and Woodard. The collections were good, and the presence of the Master was much felt and enjoyed.

NORTHAMPTON.—In this strong-shoe factory, June, 1877, had much converse with S-w-k T-y-n. The days when W. L. was here, when—what is not here now. Cannot give full notes yet.

OUNDLÉ.—We are still without a pastor. Is there one in all England who will come and bind up our hearts, and pull us together?
A. P.

Marriage.

At Enon chapel, Chatham, recently, Ebenezer, son of Mr. Joseph Casse, senior deacon, to Catherine, daughter of the late Mr. Whitting, farmer. Service conducted by Mr. J. W. Norton, of Clapham.

Deaths.

Margaret, the beloved wife of Joseph A. Pardoe, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on May 23rd, at 20, Stanley-road, Hackney, aged 30 years. Interred at Abney-park cemetery.

In affectionate remembrance of Thomas Emery; born at Daventry, Northamptonshire, March 11th, 1807; died at Tying, Herts, February 25th, 1877. Also of Margaret, sister of the above, who died suddenly, at Ellesborough, February 11th, 1877, aged seventy-four years.

The Late Mr. John Milborne.

THE FATAL BRIDGE—THE HOSPITAL—THE SCENES AND SHRIEKS
OF THE SUFFERERS—SPECIAL MEETINGS FOR PRAYER AT YEOVIL
—MR. MILBORNE'S DYING ASSURANCES—HIS DIRECTIONS FOR
FUNERAL—HIS PEACEFUL END.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I write you, feeling assured you would like to receive a letter from me, enclosing a few of the last words of my late beloved father, Mr. John Milborne, whom you well knew, and who died from exhaustion through injuries received in the Bath accident, by the falling of the Widcombe-bridge. You are well aware that he was a man who loved the LORD JESUS CHRIST in sincerity and truth, having been a consistent member of the Strict Baptist Church here for over forty years; who, I know, adored the dear name of the Redeemer, and who is now rejoicing with his Saviour in glory for ever with the Lamb. This comforts us in our distressing bereavement, for we know that our loss is his eternal gain.

I went with him to Bath, and was with him during the whole of his painful affliction to the end, with one exception. I shall never forget rushing through the hospital (for he wished to be borne there) looking amongst the sick and dying who had also sustained fearful injuries, to discover my beloved father; and when I beheld him, his dear face so white, so calm, and him so conscious, I could but thank God he was spared with his life. I said to him, "Oh, my dear father, I am thankful to God you are living." "Yes, my dear child," was his reply, "and I am thankful; but so much hurt."

The doctors informed me he was in a most dangerous state; that his leg must be amputated at once, or he would bleed to death in half-an-hour. Father said, "I am prepared for the worst."

He had requested that my beloved mother be telegraphed for, and his medical adviser; he was anxious that his doctor may be in time to operate, but that could not be. I commended the dear one to the Lord, and said, "You know whom you have believed; and that He can, and will, support you." He said, "I know it, I know it." He kissed me most fondly; and was then quickly removed to the operating room.

I cannot describe my feelings—alone in that hospital amongst strangers, hearing the shrieks and groans of the sufferers, the running to and fro of the doctors and nurses, and people trying to discover their afflicted, dead, or dying. It was to me a Babel of confusion; and my poor heart beating out its double grief. In an hour I was admitted to a small ward, specially devoted to my darling father, and where he was laid without his dear leg; his patience and submission to the Divine will of God was most comforting. It was a sad and trying scene when his beloved partner came to see him, whom she was so soon to part from for ever in this world. She asked him if it was well with him? meaning as to eternal things. He said, "All well, my dear."

She said, "Oh, to think you should come here to meet with such a dreadful accident!" He said, "We cannot fathom it; 'God moves in a mysterious way,'" &c.

She then said, "I suppose, my dear, whether you live or die, it will be well with you?" He answered, "Yes." "I believe you have a good hope through grace that the Lord hath pardoned your sins?" His reply was, "Oh, yes, I have."

I told him the people at the Tabernacle had held a special prayer meeting on his behalf, and that forty had offered up prayers to heaven for him. He was silent for some moments after; no doubt, in earnest prayer for them. On the Sunday morning, at four o'clock, he wished for his medicine; he said he felt drowsy, and went to sleep. He slept seven hours. When he awoke, we noticed a great change for the worst, and telegraphed for my brothers to come. He asked the doctor what he thought of him. When the doctor left him, he took hold of my dear mother, drew her down, and kissed her several times most tenderly; and said, "My dear, what do you think of me?" She said, "Do you mean respecting the state of your health?" "Yes." "Well, my beloved husband, I think you are in a most critical state; and I do not think you will recover." He smiled most sweetly at her, and said, "I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE! I HAVE NOT ONE FEAR OF DEATH." She replied, "What a mercy!" He then said, "I believe I have tasted of Jesus' pardoning love; and that He hath washed away all my sins in His most precious blood! I heard singing this morning" (which he did from the old abbey), and he said, "I thought, I shall soon hear a different class of music in heaven, and I'll try to sing the loudest to my victorious King!" He then said, "I wish no display; I should like everything decent, and in order (meaning his funeral); I should like Mr. Varder to preach from these words, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!' Or, if he is not led to preach from those words, I have another, 'Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing; let them shout from the tops of the mountains!' Tell him to say nothing about me, only that I am a poor sinner saved by grace. I should like sung, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' &c. Then he said, "I should like to have lived a little while longer, to have tried to do a little more good."

He was then very faint, and fast sinking. About half-an-hour after, he said, "*Hark, hark, hark,*" as though he was already hearing the praises of the redeemed in heaven; and his lips moved, and he smiled so sweetly, as though communing with the heavenly hosts. About three minutes before he breathed his last, he opened his dear eyes gradually, and looked straight before him, as though looking through the gates into the city, and then gradually closed them again, and faintly breathed out his spirit to the God who gave it without a struggle or groan.

Thus died a just man, who was most exemplary, always ready to do good, making peace, healing breaches, comforting the children of God, and the mourners, ever ready to plead and advise. So died a worthy man, in his sixty-second year, June 10, 1877. Well may it be said of him, "the memory of the just is blessed." He leaves behind him a sorrowing widow, who hopes to join him in the regions of the blest; also, six children, for whom he said on his death-bed he had prayed

for thousands of times. May his prayers be answered, so that when Christ shall make up His jewels may they be found in the casket, then all will be well with them for time and eternity.

I enclose you a memorial card, and am, my dear Mr. Banks,

Yours, in deep sorrow,

SOPHIA HILL.

Join'd with the hosts he loudly sings
Of his Redeemer's gracious love,
Hosannahs to the King of kings;
Now owning Him who reigns above.

Made new by Jesus' precious blood,
In heaven he lives; his work is o'er;
Led over Jordan's icy flood,
Beyond, upon that blissful shore.

On Christ the Rock he gladly leans,
Resigns his tabernacle here;
Nor sighs to leave all earthly things,
Eternal joys now greet his ear.

SOPHIA HILL.

Yeovil, July, 1877.

A LOSS TO THE CHURCH, A GAIN TO THE CHRISTIAN.

DIED at her residence, Lyndhurst-road, Peckham, on Friday, June 1, Amy Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Mr. J. A. Brown, Baptist minister of Drummond-road chapel, Bermondsey, and second daughter of Geo. Thos. Congreve, Esq., of Coombe-lodge, Peckham. She was interred in the family grave of her father, at Nunhead cemetery, on Wednesday, June 6. The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Wigner (of New Cross) and Mr. Briscoe (of Rye-lane). A large number of the congregations of Drummond-road and of Rye-lane, as well as private friends, were gathered on the occasion. She was a gifted writer, an earnest promoter of mothers' meetings, a most winning Bible class teacher, and beloved by all who knew her. Eminently qualified for Christian work, had health permitted, she might have had a career of great usefulness. How mysterious are His ways, and past finding out!

Here are some lines written by her upon a sick couch, in 1873.

Weary,—weary hours!
Slowly ye pass by;
When I see not Jesus,
When He draws not nigh.

Prayerless,—prayerless hours!
When my soul can't fly
To the gate of heaven,
With one contrite cry.

Joyless,—joyless hours!
When in pain I lie,
And I don't feel Jesus,
The God-Man passing by.

Joyful,—joyful hours!
How swiftly the time flies,
"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies."

Precious,—precious hours!
When the mist has flown,
And face to face with Jesus,
I commune with Him alone.

Brightest,—brightest hours!
When this frail body dies;
And my soul has gone to Jesus,
Beyond—beyond the skies!

The last verse she has now fully realised.

SKETCH OF THE LATE JAMES WELLS.

CHAPTER III.

“Nobly thy course is run,
 Splendour is round it;
 Bravely the fight is won,
 Glory hath crowned it.
 In the high warfare
 Of heaven grown hoary,
 Thou art gone, like a summer's sun,
 Shrouded in glory.”

IN our last chapter we followed the Christian hero, in imagination, to his grave. There his mortal part rests, but his soul—

“——— Of origin Divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 Throughout eternity will shine,
 A star of day.”

Yes, dear friends, in the peerless,—

“——— Golden city,
 Beyond the bridgeless river,”

he will rise in the scale of purity and of love throughout everlasting ages, and learn more and more of the nature of the Christ he loved to speak of when he was a pilgrim-traveller on earth.

And now for a few more brief remarks respecting his life and ministry. He entered upon this “teeming stage of strife” the same year we did—1803, in the town of Alton, a town notable for the manufacture of those liquors from the dietetic use of which he abstained so many years. His reasons for so doing were so clearly stated by the venerable Thomas Jones, when addressing the people in the Surrey Tabernacle, on the day of his funeral, that we cannot do better than reproduce them here:—

“Our late friend,” observed pastor Jones, “was a self-denying man. He saw what we ourselves have sometimes seen—men in high places, of great power, brought down into ruin—by what? *By drunkenness!* They had taken the *littles*; the *littles* needed *more*, and they went on and on; aye, even ministers of Christ so far yielded to this lust for strong drink as to come down from lofty positions to which God had raised them, and became bywords in the Church and the land. What said James Wells? ‘I am only a man, a feeble man; I am not proof against temptation, only as God shields and protects me. Oh, what a sad thing it would be if I should become a drunkard! There is one way of escaping it. What is that? A pledge to *abstain*, to become a *teetotaler*. In order that I may be prevented and be strengthened against the flesh and the devil, I will take that pledge in the fear of God, and will take no strong drinks.’”

This resolve showed the *strength* of his character, and we have no doubt it was beneficial to him in many respects. Mr. Jones then adds, “I met with him once in a country town far from London, where he preached with such warmth that some of the people said, ‘Why, he is *drunk!*’ What an answer we had for them. ‘Drunk, no not he; he *never tastes* strong drink.’”

We greatly prize this testimony, borne so fearlessly by our venerable and venerated brother, perhaps in the hearing of some who think it a

sign of *weakness* for a Christian to take the teetotal pledge. If it be so, would to God all the ministers and members of the Church of Christ were weak enough to imitate the example of our departed friend and brother.

It appears that when he was very young James Wells got employment of a somewhat lowly character—viz., to carry parcels into the great metropolis. When he began that work he was unable to read the directions on the parcels entrusted to his care, and he resolved, in order to secure their safe delivery, to learn to read, and he succeeded; and he was looked upon by his neighbours as being a most trustworthy man. After awhile he got employment in London, and, like many more, he married when very young. At the time he took that step he was utterly ignorant of the beauty and grandeur of the religion of Christ. In 1824 he was seized with a dangerous illness, which held him in its withering and depressive grip for a considerable time. On his recovery, having during his affliction been made sensible of his wretched condition as an ill and hell-deserving sinner, he wandered from one place of worship to another to obtain relief; and after being tossed about for a long time on a heaving sea of wrath, fearing that he was destined to perish for ever, the hand of mercy grasped him, and led him to the foot of the cross. Honoured with an investiture of power from on high, he entwined the arms of faith and love around that glorious Saviour who once hung a pallid, quivering victim upon it; and he heard Him say, “Thy sins which are many are all forgiven, go in peace and sin no more.”

Not very long after he had obtained peace through trusting in the perfect work of the Redeemer, he lifted up his voice to make known His unsearchable riches, and the people received so much benefit from the effort that they encouraged him to repeat it, and he did so. Trusting alone in God, he stood up in the open street on the morning of the Sabbath, and told those who stood to hear him of the great deliverance he had experienced. After following this self-abnegating toil for some time, a room was rented for him to preach in, which was soon crowded to the door. A neighbouring minister kindly lent him his chapel to preach in on Sabbath afternoons, and on Wednesday evenings, and that place too was crowded by anxious hearers. By-and-bye a chapel in which a very eccentric man had long preached became vacant, and was in the market for sale. The lease was purchased, and in the Borough-road Tabernacle our late brother preached to gratified crowds for a number of years. We first heard him in that house, and we were greatly profited. During part of the time he was ministering there he became acquainted with the late talented Dr. Andrews, a Congregational minister at Walworth. That singularly genial man used to rise as early as five o'clock in the morning, to help him to acquire a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and also permitted him to have free access to his library, which we remember was a very valuable one. These privileges were of great use to him.

From the chapel in Borough-road he removed to the beautiful and spacious one in Wansey-street, Walworth-road, which was well attended down to the time he was laid aside by affliction. How much the anxiety connected with the erection of that building, and the annoyances he met with through preaching the sermon on Rahab of Jericho and

the Israelitish spies, we know not, but we remember noticing the rounding of his shoulders, and the peculiarity of his gait, when taking part in several public meetings in that beautiful house, but did not think he would pass away from earth so soon ; but so it was.

“ Our brother the haven has gained,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind.
 His rest He has sooner obtained,
 And left his companions behind ;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make that blest shore.
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.”

Before we close, and we feel sorry that for want of the necessary documents we cannot extend these reminiscences of so valuable a brother, we would just add that, speaking of the late Wansey-street pastor phrenologically, we should feel inclined from merely manipulating his cranium with the eye, to say that he had a very full development of the organs of self-esteem, firmness, and conscientiousness, but a somewhat smaller development of the organs of benevolence and sublimity. Had those organs been largely developed they would have kept in check his large organ of wit, which in the pulpit and on the platform sometimes ran away with him. His perceptive organs were good, his reflective organs not so well developed as the perceptives. Had his ideality been larger there would have been more of the poetical and less of the cuttingly witty in his public speaking. His sermons, however, and we possess a large number of them, furnish abundant evidence that he was a deep thinker and a thorough Biblical student, and that he was the possessor of a rich mine within his brain of intellectual strength and beauty. His organ of wit, however, sometimes led him astray, and so also did his organ of *caution*. Had he fenced those organs a “ wee bit ” more than he did, it would perhaps have been beneficial both to himself and others. It is an undeniable fact that he allowed himself sometimes to walk on theological paths that exposed him to the condemnation of some of his contemporaries. *Certes* he now and again uttered what could not be well supported by the Book of Divine revelation.

He possessed a good memory, and a remarkable facility of clothing his ideas in understandable language. We never heard him murder the Queen's English. His susceptibilities were very quick, and his buoyancy and liveliness were remarkable. We believe his literary attainments were of a very respectable character. Some of his admirers thought he was profoundly learned, but this was a mistake; though for a partially self-taught man he was a respectable scholar. That he paid considerable attention to classical literature was pretty evident, and had he passed through his curriculum at either of the Scottish universities, we believe he would have won a professor's chair; as it was, the want of early mental training sometimes manifested itself both in his pulpit and platform utterances. Occasionally he bore some resemblance to a vessel on a heaving sea, with rather too little ballast in her hold. His zeal for truth was great, and his love for it was daily intensified as he drew near

the close of his public life. It could not be said of him, even when approximating to the Psalmist's three-score years and ten,—

“His drowsy tinklings lulled the flock to sleep.”

The power our late friend and brother possessed was not derived from man, it was the gift of God. His style of preaching was peculiarly his own, and those who have attempted to imitate it have made themselves appear ridiculous. Very few persons, we think, could compose themselves to sleep when he was preaching, and we are quite sure no one could say of him what a certain Scotch ship-builder is reported to have said of a dry-as-dust preacher: “I can during his sermon build a ship from stern to stem.” Well, he has gone from us, and “take him for all in all, we shall not soon see his like again.” How rapidly the old standard-bearers are passing away! It is, however, a consolation to know, as one has wisely remarked, that “God can bury His best workmen, and still carry on His work. Were all the old truthful warriors to be wrapped in the cerements of mortality to-morrow—

‘He would light a thousand more
Stars of equal beauty,
Send them blazing round our shore,
To each post of duty.’”

“Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!” And now we will, though it is with reluctance, close our imperfect sketch of the singularly favoured James Wells with the words of the eloquent author of the memoir of the late highly-gifted Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds: “Much did he owe, and deeply felt the obligation to that grace of God which he so much exalted in his preaching and in his writings; and most of all when he was departing from this life. The consolations of his dying chamber were in happy keeping (especially so towards the end of his days) with the spiritual life and the faithful services of nearly half a hundred years; and as he lived so he died, a humble, penitent, grateful believer in the SON OF GOD, THE ONLY SAVIOUR OF THE LOST. Into that abode of the ‘spirits of just men made perfect’ to which his vigorous imagination took its most familiar and sublimest flights, who can doubt that he has been received? Happy servant of the Lord, beloved and honoured friend, when we think of heaven and its inhabitants how can we fail to think of THEE?” T. J. MESSER.

1, Sabine-road, Shaftesbury-park, S.W., June 27th, 1877.

THE FAITHFUL PASTOR'S CRY.

“OH, let our ministry be emphatically a ministry of prayer. Let us be deeply impressed by the conviction that we are but *instruments*—that the glory of all belongs to Christ—let us wait ever upon Him for our message; let us deliver the message in *His* strength; let us, like Him, emulate an example of patience and humility, and seek the guiding influence of the Holy Ghost. . . . The worldly-minded, *the unconverted man cannot preach of the power of the love of Christ.* He who is faithful must first have experienced the power of Divine grace. *Without this, all preaching is in vain.* . . . Oh, may we ever seek God's will, not our own. And may our work be owned and blessed by Him; so that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, we may receive that crown which fadeth not away.”

DIVERSITY.

KNOWN ONLY BY THE LIVING IN JERUSALEM.

BY THOMAS STRINGER.

SOMETIMES I am as happy as an angel in heaven; sometimes as miserable as a culprit in a dungeon. Again I am cheerful in mind; anon I am sad and sorrowful. Sometimes I see and feel a very heavy cross; then, again, I gaze upon and anticipate my crown! Now I am wrapt in holy joy; quickly I am clad in heart-felt sorrow. Sometimes I enjoy communion with God; then again the heavens are as brass. Presently I sing like an ascending lark; anon I mourn like a solitary dove. Sometimes I preach with liberty and pleasure, and sometimes with bondage and pain. There are times when I feel sure that all is right for eternity; then I fear all is wrong. Now I am tempted; now I triumph. Presently I laugh; anon I weep. Again I am in the light; quickly all is darkness. Sometimes I feel like a Christian; then again I feel like a fiend. Now I am lifted up; then I am cast down. Now I feel free from sin; now I feel full of sin. Presently I feel pardoned; anon I feel guilty. Sometimes I believe God is mine; then I doubt the existence of God. Now all is clear within; then a dense fog beclouds the mind. Sometimes I enjoy much spirituality; anon I am a lump of carnality. Now the Bible is unsealed; anon it is a dark lantern. Sometimes faith is strong; again unbelief is stronger. Now I feel lost; again I feel saved. Now I groan under sin; now I glory in salvation. I am now all comfort; I am again all confusion. Presently I am filled with holy delight; anon I am crowded with horrible despondency. My fears sometimes run very high; then, again, my faith runs higher, and my fears all vanish. Presently Satan's suggestions confound me; then, again, sweet promises comfort me. Now I sing, now I sigh; now I groan, now I am glad. Amidst all these and many other diversities, my anchor "Hope" is cast in God's immutability. The teeming crowds of outer court professors will laugh at these diversities, but God's people experimentally know them.

"And must it, Lord, be so?
 And must Thy children bear
 Such various kinds of woe,
 Such soul-perplexing fear?
 Are these the blessings we expect?
 Is this the lot of God's elect?" (HART).

"True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of every saint." (WATTS)

Through all these changing scenes below,
 'Tis sweet a precious Christ to know,
 And all will prove completely right,
 When faith is sweetly changed to sight. (T. STRINGER)

GOD, in giving us all things with Christ, as good as said, "You have taken My Son, what have I now? I value not heaven now; take that. I value not grace, nor comfort, nor creatures; take all freely, even as you have had My Son, and in Him, the greatest pawn of My love."—*Goodwin's Marrow*.

WHENCE COME THOSE SILENT WHISPERS?

CAN the flesh be so hypocritical? can Satan be so deceitful? can the natural mind be so pliable? can any power, short of the indwelling of the Spirit of the living God, prompt us to, and carry us through, a series of services, all professedly aiming to glorify the name of the Lord, to edify His people, and to spread abroad that Gospel which is the power of Himself unto salvation? Is it possible?

The Lord forbid that I should dishonour Him by calling in question His work in the heart, or that I should presume to attribute to His Spirit's teaching and power those exercises which are not truly accompanied with His blessing. What say the anointed children of Zion to this?

Somehow or other, it became announced that I was to preach six consecutive anniversary sermons on Sunday and Monday, June 17 and 18, 1877, in "Jehovah-Jireh Baptist chapel," South-green, Essex. Now, I am no cast-iron, stereotype, ready-made, wholesale and retail preacher of anything, of everything, or of nothing at all. No. After forty-six years of it, I say I am no talker, no ready-speaker, although a printer and reader for the press for more than sixty years. I have no fund of flowing matter, no stock of anecdote, no historical reminiscences to fill up with; neither (if possible to avoid it) dare I venture into a pulpit without three previous qualifications—first, in my soul I must have sought the Lord to give me His Word; secondly, I must have received into my heart some special text; for I cannot go to the Bible, as to some wholesale warehouse, and take anything I might choose; in that sense I can neither choose nor take; some Scripture must come unto me, and fasten upon me, and be determined not to leave me, or I am all out at sea; then, if I have sighed and sought the Lord; if some portion has made itself my own, then, thirdly, in my mind I must digest, divide, arrange, and well study it; withal, if memory and mind will furnish the mouth, if a door of utterance is granted, then I may get through; but, even then, unless the anointing, the sacred, secret, and precious unction of the Holy One be realised inside, I speak with a cold hardness, and am very miserable when I have done. Nothing can I see in all the Word of God so like my own poor self (as I desire to be), as those three lines with which the forty-fifth Psalm commences, called "A song of loves," and I think

EVERY GOSPEL SERMON SHOULD BE "A SONG OF LOVES!"

But, from whence shall this song of loves come? Here is the answer, which must be the outflow of the Spirit of God in the living minister's soul. He says:—

"My heart is inditing a good matter;

"I speak of the things which I have made touching the King!

"My tongue is the pen of a ready writer."

Then follows on the glory of Christ, the grace of God, the power of the Spirit, the salvation of the Church, and the anthem of praise, which will fill the heavens with everlasting joy.

That is the preaching for me, if ye please.

Ah! some of the sour, surly, stern scions of the pulpit will turn round and declare, I am only a letter-man. Truly, I must have the

letter; but, before the Lord, at whose righteous throne I must appear, before the presence of the eternal God, I affirm, with the letter of the Word I must have the life, the love, the light, the power, the unction of the Spirit, or I would rather be silent in some lonely lane, or in some quiet study hidden.

*Rashly to rush into work so awful,
Is daring the Almighty to His face.*

But, to my little narrative. In the night, before leaving home for this South-green anniversary, there was a controversy within; and I certainly did not sleep soundly. It was as though some one said, "This anniversary is designed to prove your emptiness! You will break down!" "Six sermons in two consecutive days, before the same people, will wind you up!" I had my fears. I could only fall back upon the Lord, whose help, under most adverse circumstances, hitherto has never failed me.

In the same night there was another secret voice suggested to me this plan: "On the Sunday let your three sermons be on the

'THREE PERSONS IN THE TRINITY;'

begin on Sunday morning with the Father; proceed in the afternoon to a discourse upon the Son; in the evening let the Holy Spirit, in His Person and work, be your theme. Then, on the Monday, consider

THE THREE KINGDOMS :

the kingdom of glory above, the kingdom of grace within, and the Gospel kingdom without."

"Quite impossible!" I thought. But the impression followed me. Went down on the Saturday evening; not with the sermons; no, nor with the texts even. In South villa, the snug, quiet residence of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, found every kindness. Sunday morning came. All previous night, mind wandering over different portions of the Word.

Christian friends, do you think the minister's work is so easy? Sleepless nights! Anxious days! Laborious pulpit exercises! Serious after-reflections! Secret fears that all your work is in vain! To carnal, careless, random pulpit-talkers, the work may be easy. To me it has frequently been most blessed work; but to one like myself, of small mind, of no particular gift of oratory, no natural eloquence, no qualifying education, it cannot be very easy, supposing always that he "studies to shew himself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth."

Sunday morning came. Commenced with thoughts of God the Father. Wished to speak from, "the eternal God is thy Refuge;" but could not touch it. The Saviour's words came sweet to me, "My Father which gave them Me is greater than all: and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." Must not here even give divisions; but "the Father's greatness" was the thought. In afternoon, brother Miller read, expounded, and prayed; then I had for my text, "the Son of God," in Paul's words, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him." The deep humiliation and the glorious exaltation of our Lord Jesus was then the aim. Evening: went through all the service, and preached from, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

Thus, in the three Sunday discourses, the distinct but co-equal Persons in the Godhead were recognised. My own soul felt but little inward freedom; the mind had worked hard in meditation; the tongue laboured to shew forth the Persons in the Trinity, and their harmonious works; but something more was wanting. Imperfection terribly humbled me before God, although to man I said nothing.

Monday morning came. I was almost heartless and prayerless; but, a little before time to commence morning service, so tenderly into my poor aching heart did flow the Redeemer's words, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you

THE KINGDOM!"

Thus, a little of heavenly glory gave us a start for the three kingdoms. Mr. Hunt led on in the devotional parts; and if I had any springing up of soul at all, it was on Monday morning.

A respectable company dined in the chapel. After that I fled into the fields, jumped over several stiles, sought a shady tree, and there I sat me down, and was favoured to think over the words,

"The kingdom of God is within you."

Brother Miller gave them a sweet comment on Solomon's Song; pleaded at Mercy's throne; and then I tried to enter into the inner court of the living Christian's soul, and there describe that "secret that is with them that fear Him." Again I fled into the fields, far off, I thought, from every eye; but a preaching man came from the outer village; he spied me; he came and preached a sermon to me, which much distressed my mind. Nevertheless,

"THIS GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM

must first be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come," proved my staff to close up with. Thus, the thought of Three Persons and Three Kingdoms was feebly worked out.

To aged ministers of Christ I dare not approach. Most of them who are gone, and nearly all yet living, are my foes; but, if young men who are going forth will bear one word from me, I would entreat of them to spend much time in sacred seeking from the Lord His blessing, His message, and His presence; and this will prove "His sufficiency to be their strength in every time of need."

May the Churches in South-green, in Billericay, in Brentwood, and all the land over, be soon favoured with showers of blessings. So prays their servant in the Gospel,

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, July, 1877.

[The six sermons may be seen, with revision and extension, if the Lord give me the life, the time, the means.]

"To outvie the demerit of our sin was the perfection of His death; but to save our souls is the end and perfection of His intercession: and how effectual must the intercession of such a Son be who is so great a Son of so great a Father."—*Goodwin's Marrow.*

FROM THE DARKNESS OF JUDAISM TO THE LIGHT
AND LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

NOW A PREACHER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

(Continued from page 215.)

MY father's answer to my previous letters I received as follows:—
TO MY BELOVED SON ISAAC.

I have received your letters, and read them with much interest. My soul has been ever since filled with much joy and with very much sorrow. I rejoice because you tell me that you will not take any one's advice nor instruction but what I tell you. My darling child Isaac, you seem to be concerned too much about the Messiah, who is to be the glory of Israel. Our eyes are often sightless of crying when I think of the Messiah, who ought to have come long ago; but, my son, it is only through the sins of Israel that He does not come. And I am also grieved in reading your letters, for I am afraid that you have given way too much in the doctrines that the Rev. Stern teaches. Remember, my child, that whatever Rabbi Stern may say about the Messiah it cannot be true, for we know that before the Messiah comes the holy prophet Elijah must come to prepare a way for Him. If you refer to Mal. iv. you will see plainly that the law of Moses must be kept, our nation must be firm in the faith, for, my dear child, think what God says, "Remember the law of Moses My servant, which I have commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes of judgment." Surely, my darling child, this will convince you that no religion can be true but the religion of Israel, who have the law of Moses; and when you observe the following words you will see that the Messiah whom Rabbi Stern teaches is false, for God has promised to send Elijah: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Surely, my dear child, this will convince you that our Messiah has not yet come, and His coming will be known and believed by us and all Israel, for when our holy prophet Elijah comes he will prepare us, and we shall know the Messiah.

My dear child, as I referred to one of your letters I received the other day my heart was filled with grief, for you tell me that you love Mr. Stern, and you also tell me that you admire the teaching of his about the Messiah; believe me that I would rather die in the greatest misery than believe in the one whom the Christians worship, Joshua, of Nazareth, who was an illegitimate child of Mary, although he was clever and wonderful in what he did; but let not your mind be taken up with the dreadful doctrines about the Nazarene. In fact, my child, I have no desire of answering your letters in any way concerning the impostor. I would never condescend to think nor write about so great an impostor as the Rev. Stern teaches; even the Rev. Stern is an impostor. Let not your mind be taken away to such an unholy subject as the Nazarene, which is so absurd to suppose one whom our Jewish brethren have found to be unworthy of life, and he was therefore killed according to the law. Dear child, let me not hear again anything about the Nazarene, nor Rabbi Stern, Jehovah will judge them both, and all impostors like them. Hold fast, my child, the devil is always trying to lead away the good from the right way. Oh, my child, I am afraid that you have

given way too much to the Rev. Stern's teaching. Remember that if you profess the same doctrines you will be considered a *meshumad* like himself. And Oh, the shame that I should have to bear all my life. Dear Isaac, let it never come to pass that I should ever be troubled because of you forsaking the right way of Judaism. Remember that sorrow would bring me to the grave; but I hope, through the merits of our fathers, it shall never be said that you have indulged in believing in the impostor.

You also refer in your last letter of the tenderness of Mr. Stern's teaching, but remember, my child, that the devil always attacks in tenderness, and promises very nice things; but Oh, Isaac! Isaac! beware; your soul may be destroyed by the so-called tenderness of the *meshumad*.

If the Author of the Christian religion was characteristic for mercy, love, and tenderness, as you referred to in your last letter, our Jewish brethren, as a nation, would not have had to suffer so much as they did. Think of the persecution of Israel in Spain, France, Italy, Russia, Germany, and England. All these are the persecutions of the Christian nations. Where is then the tenderness of Christianity? They may be tender to themselves, as all Christians are, which example we have in this country. Do not think, my darling Isaac, that whatever appears truthful is really truth, for the lion can be dressed like a sheep, and the devil can and does appear like a saint. But I have not the least doubt in my mind that the knowledge and education I gave you will help you to stand firm in the faith of Israel, and defy all teaching of the Rev. Stern and all impostors like him.

I cannot write to you more in this letter, but I would say that my earnest and continual prayer to God is to keep you safe in the most holy path of Israel. Do not despair, my child, Israel's glory is near, Israel shall soon be gathered together, and the Messiah will come to reign over His people. Every heavenly blessing be with you.

I remain, my dearest child,

Your ever-affectionate father,

LION LEVINSOHN.

Zelioni Gara, Kovno, October, 1871.

On receipt of this letter I immediately answered as follows:—

To my ever-affectionate father; may he live long and in joy.

MY BELOVED FATHER,—Since I received your letter I thought of every word you wrote in your letter, and not only the words, but its deep thought. I assure you, dear father, that I do not take the advice of Rabbi Stern, nor would I take advice from any one but from you, whom I love with all my heart and soul. The reason, dear father, I expressed my feelings towards Rabbi Stern in the expressions I gave in my last letter is because I really cannot help admiring him because of his kindness and humble spirit; although he is a great man he never thinks himself too great to speak to any one, no matter how poor he may be. Dear father, I often think of some of our great Rabbis and holy Pharagus who are considered pious and very good, but I must confess I have not seen *one* in our nation whose life can be proved more holy than Rabbi Stern's. It is true our great men profess much more, but, dear father, the whole of the piety of many Rabbis consists of standing in the synagogue for two or three hours, and having their phylacteries broad, &c. But Rabbi Stern seems to be a good, God-

fearing, and God-honouring man, and I, therefore, cannot help loving him.

And now, dear father, I would again renew my subject about the Messiah. You said in your last letter that you would not answer any questions concerning the Nazarene whom you call impostor. My dear father, depend upon it that I do not believe in the Nazarene; I know that he was an impostor; far be it from me to believe in Him as my Messiah. You may rest assured that I will not believe in Him, for I have seen quite enough of that religion. Quite enough I saw in Russia, And if the Nazarene has formed such religion as they have in Russia, surely we cannot wonder that the Christians in Russia are such impostors as we have learnt them to be, by living among them. But, my dear father, when I ask you questions concerning the Messiah, I do not mean the impostor, the Nazarene, I only mean the true Messiah, the Redeemer of Israel. And I would also inform you, dear father, that the Christian religion in England is not like the abominable Christian religion in Russia, for we can well call the Russian Christians, impostors. But the English are quite different. I cannot help noticing how quiet it is on Sunday in England; no theatres are open, no public amusements, nor anything of that kind, for the English people consider it their Sabbath, and they therefore keep it holy; but you have never known the Russian Christians to keep their Sabbath holy. No! no! on Sundays the greatest crimes are committed, and more abominations on that day than any other in the week.

You remember, my beloved father, in the last letter I wrote to you about the nativity of Israel's glory, and also of the mystery, when I mentioned a passage, "I am the Lord your Redeemer, there is no other Redeemer besides Me;" and I asked you "How then can it be?" Ever since I found many other passages in the Holy Bible which seem also to refer to the same Messiah; and Oh! that I could understand it. Noticing the words of our lord Moses (Gen. i. 15), we find a wonderful prophecy: "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren like unto me; unto Him shall ye hearken." And again, dear father, similar words in ver. 18: "I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee; and I will put My words in His mouth, and He shall speak unto them all that I shall command Him." I have no doubt, beloved father, that these verses refer only to Messiah. Do they not? I hope you will answer me soon, what it means and to whom it refers. My dear father, you remember a few days ago I spoke about the nature of Messiah, and asked how can it be that God Himself will be the Redeemer, knowing that Messiah will be the Redeemer of Israel. Here I have read a passage in the seventh chapter of our holy and sublime prophet Isaiah, in the 14th verse it says, "*Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign; behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call His name IMMANUEL.*" Beloved father, how can these things be? how can this be fulfilled? for it does not say a woman shall conceive, but HOALMO. Surely this is a great mystery. And the name of the child Immanuel, for *Emanu* means with us, *el* God. Can God, who reigneth from eternity to eternity, be with us poor sinful creatures? And again I refer to the eleventh chapter of the same prophecy. How great and wonderful these things are. The great prophet seems to speak by the spirit of prophecy

about this same *Emmanuel* that I have mentioned to you. "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots; and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord." Oh, dear father, what precious things these are! but Oh, how precious would it be if we could understand it more! And as I go on I continually find the passages which seem to impress my mind, although I used to read it when at home, but never with such influence.

Dear father, as I look into the words of the sixty-first chapter of this same prophecy, how grand! "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me, because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings to the meek; He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all that mourn. To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord that He might be glorified." You remember, dear father, in my last letter I mentioned something of the character of the Messiah that the Rev. Stern teaches. He is eminent for love, tenderness, mercy, compassion, and sympathy. I suppose he learnt it from this passage.

Dear father, when shall we realise this prophecy? When, Oh, when will the Messiah come? Oh! when will He set Israel free? How long, Oh, dear father, will Jehovah keep us in darkness? Oh, that the light of His countenance may again shine upon Israel! And, Oh, that our broken-hearted might be healed, and the throne of David again be exalted, and Jerusalem become the great glory and metropolis of the globe, and the garment of praise be given to Israel, then shall we be able to "shout for joy, and sing unto the Lord!" "O Lord, I will praise Thee, though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger has turned away, and Thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also has become my salvation." Oh, dear, dear father, how sweet a time that will be! when we all shall say, "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

Dear father, I seem to possess a hope that soon will such a time be revealed unto us, and we will enjoy that unspeakable joy that only God's Israel shall enjoy.

I remain, my loving father,

Your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

Palatine-place, Cambridge-heath, London, October, 1871.

To my soul-beloved father; may he live in joy. Amen.

DEAR FATHER,—Since I wrote to you last, I have tried, with all my power, to find out the truth about the Messiah; but I must confess the more I search, the more I get in darkness; and I can only cry to the God of our fathers to look down upon me with His eye of pity, and reveal the truth unto me. You remember, my beloved father, in my

previous letter, I quoted many passages about the nativity and nature of Messiah, who is to fill Israel with joy and satisfaction without end; but how I have tried to study, in order to find out who is to be the Messiah, for, as I have mentioned before, God Himself must be the Redeemer, and how can the eternal God Jehovah come down upon the earth?

To-day, as I was reading the book of the Proverbs of Solomon, I was surprised reading the following words, which I have often read, but never has it entered into my mind with such great influence. In chap. xxx. ver. 4, it reads, "Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in His fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? What is His name? and what is His Son's name if thou canst tell?" Does it not seem a mystery above all mysteries? Son's name! Has God a Son? How can this be?

Dear father, as soon as I found these words so mysterious, I went to ask Rabbi Stern to explain to me this, and he answered me that this word refers to the Messiah, who is the Son of the living God; and as I was conversing with him about the Messiah, whom he believed to be the Son of God, Rabbi Stern brought before my attention the following parts of the Holy Bible, and said all these refer to the Son of the living God Jehovah. Psalm ii. 7: "Kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." And, again, Rabbi Stern called my attention to the third chapter of the book of Daniel: "Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did we not cast three men bound in the midst of the fire? They answered and said, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God."

Dear father, I hope you will not think that I trouble you by writing so much upon that subject; but you know my willingness to learn, and especially when it is for the welfare of my yearning soul. Dear father, I beg to state a few more passages of the holy prophesy which seems to be so much in favour of Rabbi Stern's teaching. Of course you and I do not believe, but still we cannot deny the fact that the argument on his side seems to be the strongest and loudest. Notice the words of Isaiah ix. 6: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Dear and beloved father, what does this mean? He seems to have two natures of the Divine Messiah—God and man. A child born must be, as a matter of course, human. And noticing the peculiar name, Wonderful, Counsellor, of course, this refers to His nature as the great Deliverer of Israel. But Oh, dear father, He is also called the Everlasting Father, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace, which surely cannot be referring to any human being only. Oh, how mysteriously God seems to hide Himself from Israel. Dear father, I cannot help crying unto God that He may hasten the glorious time when Messiah will come and reveal unto us these things; but ere that time comes, I pray, dear father, that you and I, and my

beloved mother, and brothers, and sisters may have the light revealed unto us, and that we may rejoice.

Dear father, I will write again to you very soon. Please remember me to all my old friends; tell them that although I am so far from them, yet I always think about them. Give my best love to my loving mother, and to my beloved brothers and sisters.

I remain, my beloved father,
Your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

Palestine-place, London, October, 1871.

THE WAR IN THE WORLD AND THE WICKEDNESS IN THE CHURCH.

TIDINGS pour in upon us threatening for the future. Wars, famines, tumults, cruelties, and the curses due to idolatry and sin are convulsing the whole of Europe, and shaking all the nations on the far-distant waters; while at home the bishops, the clergy, the papers, and the periodicals all profess to be alarmed at the vile conspiracies now in course of action, to bind the people more completely in darkness by that Satanic and wretched device—the Confessional in the Church. Books to ensnare children, and to seduce the upgrown, are fully in circulation. These things have been growing for years; and although some attempts or pretences are made to punish the unholy workers, yet these specious acts only tend to lull the public feeling, while the workers of iniquity are waxing worse and worse.

It is a black feature in our times that there is not a man—not one man of faith, not one man of mind, not one of an Elijah-like spirit, who can come to the front; who has life, light, or zeal enough to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty; not one man in the Lords or Commons, not one man in all the ranks of Nonconformity, not one in the robed and richly-paid bench of bishops, not a judge nor a gentleman, who, being sensible of England's danger, dares to stand forward and faithfully sound the alarm.

At the very moment of writing these lines, a paper reaches us containing the following paragraph from the great preacher:—

“Let me talk to my *desponding friends*, who tell us there is no life in the Church; no praying people about now, no faith, no zeal, no spiritual power.

“Oh, yes: ‘and Uzzah [if you remember] put out his hand to steady the ark of the Lord, and he was slain before the Lord.’ And let those that are so dreadfully frightened about the ark of the Lord mind what they are at, because their temptation will be to steady the ark, when the ark is all right. God will take care of His own ark. You remember the *good old Methodist's* exclamation at the funeral of Dr. Newton, when he who preached his funeral sermon said, with wondrous eloquence, that all the great men were dead; there was nobody left now, and that, alas! feeble sons of great fathers, and degenerate pigmies, had succeeded these giants of eloquence, and now the Church was all going to the bad. An old woman, seated in the aisle, listened until at last she could hold herself no longer, and exclaimed, ‘*Glory be to God, that's a lie!*’

“And I have felt inclined to shout just in the same way, when I have heard dreadful descriptions about our all going to the bad. There are some saints left in the world yet, brethren.”

We rejoice in the fact, there are in this land thousands of praying saints, and not a few earnest servants of Christ. Blessed be God for that assurance. Nevertheless, is not a flowery, flourishing, man millinery for muslin, a refined and subtle atheism, a much-mistaken duty-faithism, and a hypocritical liberalism overflowing our land? while, like the ten virgins, through drinking one opiate or another, we are all falling asleep.

UNTO WHAT SHALL WE WAKE UP PRESENTLY?

THE CHRISTIAN'S SAFETY.

If Jesus Christ my debt hath paid,
If all my sins were on Him laid,
He hath for me atonement made,
And I am saved for ever.

No power on earth can Christ withstand,
Or pluck me from the Saviour's hand;
He keeps His Church, His little band,
In everlasting safety.

This gives me peace when flesh annoys,
Makes earthly things appear but toys;
Sheffield.

And fills the soul with heavenly joys,
Sweet foretaste of the future.

The Spirit points to Calvary's height,
Gives every true believer light; [right,
And shews that Christ made all things.
Then praise the Lamb, believer.

May every grace shine brighter still
In power to do the Father's will,
Till He His purposes fulfil,
And take me home to glory.

JOHN RAYNES.

TRUST IN GOD.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, He shall sustain thee."—*Psa. lv. 22.*

CHILD of My love! lean hard. Thy Father's hand
Shall be thy help, if thou but trust in Him;
I will direct thy path; at My command
Heaven's light shall guide thee when thy sight grows dim.

And when the burden seems too great to bear,
"As thy day is, even so thy strength shall be;"
I will uphold thee with My tenderest care,
And guide thee still, if thou but trust in Me.

The trials that beset thee are to prove
Thy faith, pure gold, without the least alloy.
Pass through the furnace, then, thy Father's love
For thy brief pain shall give eternal joy.

I will be with thee, and its fiercest flame
Shall but consume the dross; thy soul shall rise
Above the things of earth, and boldly claim,
Through Jesu's blood, a mansion in the skies.

Yes, I will trust in Thee,
My father's God and mine;
Oh! whisper ~~me~~ to me,
And tell me I am Thine;
Let Thy upholding Spirit bless,
And cheer me through life's wilderness.

Then, when this life is o'er,
And my last hour has come,
I on that heavenly shore
Shall find a blessed home,
From sin, and grief, and sorrow free,
With Christ to dwell eternally.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

SERMONS. Our special attention is called to John Morgan's sermon on Christ's command, "This do in remembrance of Me." John Morgan is now minister of Whitfield's tabernacle, in Finsbury; he is industrious, intelligent, and earnest in his work. We are so delighted in our soul with any man who speaks out fully, faithfully, lovingly, and correctly of our Lord, that we are glad to make him known. John Morgan says:—"I altogether repudiate the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation. I believe that no priest ever did, or ever can, by any prayers or incantation, convert bread into the veritable body of Jesus, or the wine into His veritable blood. Oh, no. Bread is nothing more than bread, or wine than wine, whatever consecration it may have passed through at man's hand; and those who come to eat of it as a passport to heaven, will learn soon enough how terribly their poor souls have been deluded." Poor dear Grigsby has gone to his rest; but his successor is a bold and fluent Welshman, and the Welsh believe no man can preach Christ as their ministers can. We hope John Morgan will set the Finsbury people all burning with pure love to Jesus Christ the Son of God; and that the dusty fragments of man's duty-faith will be clean swept out. In

Sword and Trowel for July, we find the following strong and wholesome testimony:—"It is the merest mockery to constantly iterate the invitation, 'Come to Christ,' or to repeat perpetually, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' without at the same time telling who Jesus is, and explaining what is meant by believing on Him or having faith in Him. But to do this involves doctrine, and at this point we are met with a popular outcry against doctrinal preaching. 'Preach Christ,' they say, 'and leave the doctrines alone!' This is impossible, and the demand is absurd. Any explanation about Christ is based on some doctrine as to His Person. If we attempt to explain His crucifixion and death, these also involve doctrine. The bare recital of the story of Christ's life and death is not a Gospel, nor does it become such except by the presence of doctrine as touching His Person and His death."

"We Know." *Grove Chapel Pulpit* brings us a sermon by Thomas Bradbury, on the text, "We know that the Son of

God is come!" It is a discourse which reflects great honour on the positive testimony of the Holy Ghost in revealing and applying our exalted Lord Jesus Christ in the hearts of the redeemed, giving to them the fullest assurance of their interest in the Saviour's Person, work, and kingdom. It does one good to read Thomas Bradbury's declaration of his own soul's "We Know." He says:—"My dear friends, I know by blessed experience that the Son of God has come into this pulpit; ay, and into this heart. This preserves the lips from presumption, and gives the blessed assurance that He with whom I have held intercourse has put His words into my heart and in my mouth to make me a witness for Him: to preach Him, to declare His salvation, succour, and sympathy for the comfort and consolation of His weak and weary ones. Blessed be His name. He has declared that neither sin, death, nor hell shall ever chase one of them from the reach of His loving arms, or estrange the sympathy of His heart from them. 'We know that the Son of God is come.' Who is come? 'THE SON OF GOD!' Arian! Socinian! Unitarian! where are you? Who dares to call into question the true, proper, and eternal Godhead of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? All such are declared by the loving John to be liars. This may appear harsh to delicate ears, but it is God's own truth concerning such as oppose the glorious truth of Christ's Divinity. Here I wish you to notice a particular point in the disputings of these persons: Oh, say they, there are others who are styled sons of God beside Jesus. Mark well this fact: you never find in the whole compass of your Bible a person other than Jesus styled 'The Son of God.' You never find the definite article before the word son, when referring to ordinary persons; but when referring to that extraordinary Person whom we love and adore, it is 'The Son of God.' To whomsoever He comes by the teaching and anointing of the Holy Ghost, there is a son of God, there is a daughter of God. The Son of God comes to your home and to your heart to prove to you that you are sons of God in Him and with Him, sons of God by sovereign, eternal, unconditional, irrevocable election; sons of God, begotten of the Father (James i. 18); sons of God quickened together with Christ (Eph. ii. 5); sons of God 'born again, not of

corruptible seed, but incorruptible, by the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever."

Immediately following upon this, Mrs. Roberts gives us a sermon, headed *The Final Perseverance of the Saints*. By C. H. Spurgeon. And if ever that doctrine was substantially set forth, and argued out from Scripture premises, it is here; and the preacher brings his arguments to a close by asking:—"Do you need me bring to your minds that golden chapter, Romans viii., the noblest of all language that was ever written by human pen? 'Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son. Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.' There is no break in the chain between justification and glory: and no supposable breakage can occur, for the apostle puts that out of all hazard, by saying, '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. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' Then he heaps on all the things that might be supposed to separate, and says, 'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'" What Christian man is there on the face of this earth but must rejoice to know that in the hearing of thousands of people, this grand old doctrine, the redeemed Church's eternal and vital union to the Christ of God, has been proclaimed, fortified by the Word of God, and experimentally attested from heart-felt experience? Cheer up, ye trembling, doubting, heart-aching, and oft-desponding children of God! To none of you has our Jesus ever one frown on His face. To not one of you (sincere seekers after a pardoning God through the passion and pleading of our glorious Immanuel) is there one hard thought in His dear heart. No, not one! Even Grey Hazlerigg, Master Hemington, noble Thomas Stringer, and I had almost said, William Crowther himself, will feel a leap of soul-gladness when they find so much of God's own Gospel is still in our land. May it increase ten thousand fold.

Last of all, for this month we find on our table a sermon on

The Sovereignty of the Spirit. By that eagle-eyed Bible-ransacker, that consecutive and continuous truth-expounder, the Rev. J. Battersby, of St. Simon's, Sheffield, who, as William Gadsby once said to his people, "I am going to Lunnon for a month, to feed a few poor starving sheep up there!" So, seeing we are so awfully bad off for parsons in this immense metropolis, this Northern champion for a new covenant Gospel, J. Battersby, comes up regularly; and we have heard folk say, "Mr. Battersby is the man for us!" Ah, and in Sheffield, in Leicester, in London, and in many parts, this faithful vicar is well received. Messrs Fisher and Stidstone, 23, Moor-gate-street, publish these sermons in monthly numbers and in volumes. As we have said, the last issue is on *The Sovereignty of the Spirit*; and after travelling all through the Bible, showing the Divine personality and work of the Holy Spirit, our preacher says:—"Notice the sovereignty of the Spirit here. It is not as men will—this is not the way it stands, but it is as the Holy Ghost wills. And who is He? He is the mighty God, the ever-present God, the all-wise God, the all-seeing God, the eternal God. Why should He not do as He pleases? He knows what is best, and how to direct all things to their best ends. He is God, and claims our obedience. He is a Spirit, and must be spiritually worshipped. Consider who He is, and acknowledge His sovereignty. Our God is in the heavens, He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased. We willingly yield sovereignty to our gracious Queen Victoria, in England; and why not yield sovereignty to the Holy Ghost, the Almighty God? He is a Sovereign in the work of regeneration. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' Sovereign in giving me faith, sovereign in giving me grace, sovereign in His illumination, and in bringing me to Christ Jesus, sovereign in accomplishing all His works in me. Sovereign—every exercise of grace is an effect of His operation—He strengthens faith, He brightens hope, He increases love, He stirs up prayer as He pleases, He bestows His gifts and His graces at pleasure. Do you believe it, brethren? That He is Sovereign, that He doeth as He will? Well, then, this will of His is best. He knows and does the will of the Father. He knows and does the

will of the Lord Jesus Christ. The wills of the persons in the glorious Triune God are in harmony, and are one. What then shall we say to these things? With regard to poor fallen humanity, its privilege is to be brought into perfect submission to 'that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will.'

"Man's Work, Not God's." The miseries flowing from sins, cursings, and cruel deeds is told in a well-executed volume issued by S. W. Partridge and Co., bearing the quaint title, *Maud's Boy*, &c. What fiends fathers and husbands often prove. When shall the final crisis of the Fall be reached, and sin for ever swept away?

The Ritualistic Conspiracy. A three-penny pamphlet issued from the office of *The Rock*, furnishes a full list of the names and addresses of English clergymen, calling themselves "priests," who are seeking to establish the Confessional in the Church of England. These clergymen are planted in all parts of this kingdom; their number is immense. Of course they find the people ready for this abominable machinery. We appear to be given up, as a nation, to work all manner of wickedness, even in high places. In the face of schools, chapels, revivals, Arminian preachers by thousands, this "conspiracy" to Romanize the nation grows rapidly. We wonder the Queen can sleep quietly in her bed, for England's throne is in danger. As regards the Parliament, both Lords and Commons only laugh in their sleeves. The Press plays with it. *The Rock* is almost the only literary cannon roaring against it. We have groaned and grumbled over this so-called "Papal Aggression" for full thirty years. Sneers of contempt, the loss of social position, the sacrifice of hard-earned possessions, to be looked down upon as fool, fanatic, and rogue, has been our present reward for our painful zeal. This "conspiracy" will crush *The Rock*, if possible. Mr. G. Hazlerigg, in his tract on *Honoured Instruments*, says, "Luther was almost in despair for two years after he had assailed the monstrous errors of Popery." How solemn is this fact! After we published our *Anti-Popish Reviewer*, and several other works, instrumentally to warn the people against Wiseman, and all the Arian, Arminian, and Papal anti-Christ's of the last thirty years, it certainly appeared as though Satan had power to hurl us almost to destruction, setting all the leaders of the Church howling us down to the deepest of woe

and darkness, "yet have been upheld till now."

Mr. Hazlerigg's tract, and the Smith and Chandler controversy, are waiting our time.

In his sermon, entitled *The One and the Self-same Spirit*, Mr. Battersby says, "The devil rears his idols in all sections, and persons willingly fall down and worship them." Where idolatry ceases, and where vital godliness reigns, it is perplexing to determine.

Mr. Hazlerigg, in his "sermon-like letter," almost, if not definitely, sets forth "*The Gospel Standard Churches*" as being pre-eminent for maintaining truth. We may think upon this theory, but we must not either write or print our thoughts, nor the convictions of multitudes, who to us express a sorrow indescribable over much now passing before us. O Zion! Church of the living God, how heavily afflicted the choicest of thy sons and daughters are, in these days of sensational excitement, in these times of secret persecution, in these seasons of party and parsonic strife and division! We have witnessed much, but we must endure it a little longer.

Thomas Guy. A new edition of this small work will be ready at 5, Racquet-court in a few days. Copies can be had of Mr. R. Banks.

Wesley's Review of Swedenborg, and Both Examined by Wm. Bruce, can be had of Pitman, in Paternoster-row. Few people know what Swedenborg taught. Strong efforts are used to revive his teachings.

S. Thompson, 8, Sidney-street, in the City-road, has published *The Autobiography of a Chimney Sweep*, revealing the cruelties he passed through, and the curing of smoky chimneys he can now effect. His book and his business are deserving of universal notice.

We are requested to notice that Mr. John Waters Banks, of 7, King-street, Snow-hill, E.C., has published, in carte and cabinet sizes, photos on one card of Mr. Isaac Levinsohn and C. W. Banks. We are told that the execution of these likenesses is elegant, and the representation of this aged and youthful couple are very correct.

Mr. Daniel Allen's new tract on the *Apostacy of England* shall have full notice, the Lord permitting.

"The English Catholics," or Church Union—that is, that part of the clergy who are courting Rome, selling England, and falsifying their covenants—have had a great field-day in London, when "the

broadest and boldest Romish doctrine was ostentatiously proclaimed." Romanism and aristocratic Church of Englandism are each labouring to obtain a conquest over Nonconforming Biblical Protestantism. Is it a fitting time for ministers who tell us they are the anointed and appointed servants of Christ, to be dividing? thereby cutting in pieces that spiritual unity whereby they should be bound together, wrestling together, earnestly contending together for the faith once delivered unto the saints. *The Priest in Absolution*, as a book, is a scandalous violation of innocence, purity, and social life.

"A Student of Prophecy," having read, re-read, and reviewed Mr. John Wesley's (Leicester) work on *The Prophetic Kingdoms* (published by R. Banks), writes as follows:—"Dear Mr. Wesley, I have read through your *Prophetic Kingdoms* twice, with the greatest interest. I consider you to have put the matter together admirably, and I may say at once that I quite agree with the conclusions you come to. You have enlightened me on many points, one in particular, in regard to the stone kingdom. I have been much interested and edified by the perusal, and great credit is due to you for the way you have treated the subject, and I hope it will command a large sale. Many, I have no doubt, would read your concise work that could not wade through those large voluminous works on prophecy. Yours sincerely, T. S." "Helps to the study of prophecy" have been placed beyond the reach of tens of thousands by the large high-priced volumes in which those helps were issued; but here is a shilling volume any Christian may obtain, and from its perusal derive substantial knowledge.

Zion's Witness for July is full of marrow, but a foot-note complains of ministerial jealousy even against Mr. Wilcockson. This is one of the darkest features in the circles where essential truth is proclaimed. We are all divided into

small party sections. He would be a great benefactor to our Churches who could instrumentally, in a true Gospel spirit, unite in one army, in one fraternal society, in one evangelical working company, all who in heart, in head, in hand, in faith, in feet, in holy love, in earnest zeal, all who are ready to give a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear. Who will convene a series of meetings to which all who know and preach the Lord Jesus Christ, all who are walking in the fear of the Lord, shall be earnestly invited to "draw forth" their soul's experience, and testify to the fact that they are walking in fellowship with a covenant God in the Gospel?

WAITING THEIR TURN.—*Mr. Wakeley's Prosing*. It is nearly all pulpit prosing now.—*Unbaptized Baptists*. A tract by Ebenezer Maclean, of Greenock, might be used by pastors to advantage.

Sword and Trowel, for July, with "Feed My Sheep," is a large and lucid homily for all preachers.

"William Caxton, and the Art of Printing," by Mrs. Clara Balfour, is a well-timed history in *The Fireside*, for June; which also contains a sacred, poetic appeal to "The Comforter." The editor, the Rev. C. Bullock, is persevering with *Hand and Heart*, a modest, domestic, prettily illustrated penny weekly. Also *Some Words*, and *Day of Days*, the whole forming a staff of literary witnesses suited to every class. The publishing offices are 75, Shoe-lane, E.C.

A rare personage is presented in *The British Workman* for April, called "The Polite Post-master," with a full account of the working of the "Post-office Savings Bank," a chapter of honest and industrious savings. Read it, British workmen, then go and do likewise. S. W. Partridge & Co. publish *The British Workman*.

Letters lay in heaps to be answered (D.V.) shortly.

ON GREATNESS.

WOULD'ST thou be great? Then timely learn
 How to bow low; and in thy turn
 Shall conquer; for the field is wide;
 And on life's rough, uncertain tide,
 Work *must* be done! So with strong mind,
 Strive to do good to all mankind.
 Be truly great; and thou wilt not regret
 Thy toil or pains; for thou canst set
 Diamonds far purer, and of more lasting worth
 Than all the gaudy, glittering toys of earth.
 Look then to God, and on His strength rely,
 And thou shalt have reward in the great by-and-by. F. E. C.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. HENRY HALL'S ANNUAL
SUMMER MEETING.EBENEZER, WIRTEMBERG-STREET,
CLAPHAM.

I well remember when a gentleman's coachman came to live in London. He expressed to me a desire to build a chapel somewhere in or near London. He could not find any Church, or minister, or place where he could then settle down. He found a spot in Clapham. He built his "Garner." Sometimes I preached in that place. I saw Mr. Elven settled there. Through my instrumentality, Mr. Rowlands came there from Stonehouse. It was never a very flourishing harvest home. As I passed by it this morning, I thought it looked very deserted. The father of it, William Odling, has gone, I hope, to a better Garner. Its great bishop, and most of its curates, have left these shores, but this Ebenezer sprung out of it; and here, for several years, the truth of the Gospel has been maintained.

Thus we see, chapels may fail, preachers may die, but

TRUTH LIVES!

It must live! God is its Author, the Son of God is its Executor, the Holy Ghost is its Sealer, the whole election of grace is to be sanctified by it.

Truth did live before time had any being. Truth triumphed over the fall, over the flood, over all the faults and follies of its friends; and over all the fierce fires of its foes.

When the Arian heresy sprung up, loving John was almost frightened, and he shouted out, "If any man come, and bring not this doctrine, do not let him come into your house, neither bid him God speed." When the Arminians came ashore, the Church was alarmed, but truth lived on. The Romanists and Ritualists have nearly overrun the land, still truth lives on, and will for ever.

Three questions are sure to spring up.

1. What is truth? It is Jesus Christ Himself. He is the Fountain and the Outflow of truth.

2. Where is truth to be found? In every one where Christ is formed in the heart as "the hope of glory."

3. What will be the consummation and the crowning glory of truth? It will be realised when Christ shall call His redeemed home with that sublime welcome, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

May the truth in us live. To proclaim it may we labour, and may our song for ever be, "Crown Him Lord of all."

When I was placed on the platform in the evening, Mr. Battson was talking to the Almighty. T. M. Whittaker, Esq., was the moderator. He was supported by R. C. Bardens, J. H. Dearsly, E. Langford, J. L. Meeres, W. Winters, S. Ponsford, E. Beazley, Thomas Stringer, F. Wheeler,

&c. After R. C. Bardens had given a cheerful introductory address, C. W. Banks being called, said, This evening service is only like the desert. In the sermon you have had the strong meat; the people will hardly be prepared for long dissertation; my words shall be few, and few they were. Mr. Dearsly on Jerusalem and its best inhabitants. E. Langford came steadily to elucidate truth from the text, "They that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places." R. A. Lawrence soon began to create smiles, but he came to a serious tone, and expressed sacred words from the parable of the rich man. J. L. Meeres on tribulation here, and triumph yonder, was saint-like, savoury, and evidenced a patient continuance in the good Word of God, waxing warm in developing the co-equal and co-eternal love of a Triune Jehovah. We felt the Spirit of life and truth was in his soul, in his testimony. S. Ponsford softly bedewed our spirits. He is daily reminded the journey through this world cannot be very much longer extended, but in the Gospel he is as firm as any of the younger. It was a pleasing sight and glorious sound when F. Wheeler read out, and the whole congregation harmoniously sung, "We've overcome at last." Thomas Stringer spoke of Him we all like to talk about, "preaching the Lord Jesus." This was a lively Gospel sermon, shewing how, where, and in what manner they preached Christ Jesus. Thomas put the crown on the right head, and gave us all a lift. W. Winters and others followed. Certainly we congratulate brother Hall in being favoured with such successful anniversary services. It is marvellous how long the Lord's people will sit to hear so many men trying to tell the good, the grand old story.

BILSTON.—I am pleased to say the testimony you gave of Mr. A. Hall we have found as you described. His services are very profitable; I believe he is a very intelligent, God-fearing young man. I do hope his labours will be abundantly blest to the good of many immortal souls. I have been taking in the EARTHEN VESSEL these thirty years, and found many profitable seasons therefrom. If the Lord will, and our little cause prosper, I may see you once more in this so-called black country, and talk over the good things our Lord has promised. Your well-wisher, T. JOHNSON.

SYDENHAM, O X O N.—Anniversary services, commemorative of fifty-first year of Mr. Allnut's ministry, was held on Wednesday, June 20. Mr. Hazelton and Mr. Chivers were the preachers for the day. We were favoured with some excellent discourses. The chapel was full to overflowing, the Lord's presence was realised, the collections liberal. To the Lord be all the praise.

FRIEND.

A QUESTION FROM A MINISTER ON PREACHING.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—You have from time to time in the *VESSEL*, by yourself and various correspondents, ventured just a glance as to whether our method of preaching to unconverted sinners is quite certainly, and without shadow of doubt, “the more excellent way.” And though the question has been only glanced at, I think there is a conviction on your own mind, and on that of many of your more thoughtful correspondents, that the time cannot be very far off when this question will force itself to the front, and demand to be weighed in the scales of the sanctuary, and judged by the test of experience.

As you are aware, in the small congregation in which it is my privilege to minister, there is a school of young ladies. To-night I preach to them for the last time, before the Midsummer vacation. I have been led to the words in 1 John ii. 18, “Little children, it is the last time.” I propose to speak of what John says in his epistle to “little children.” The words first occur at the commencement of this 2nd chapter, “My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not.” Here is command, counsel, or exhortation from Christ’s inspired servant to Christian believers to do that which it is certain they cannot do of themselves without the grace of God, and which it is doubtful if they can do in this life even with the grace of God—that is, to live without sin. Surely this teaches that our ability is not the ground of our obligation. That though by the Fall we have lost the power of rendering perfect obedience, God has not lost His right or authority of requiring it, and that God’s servants are not to limit His demands to the sinner’s power of obeying.

There are the professed servants of Jesus Christ who exhort unconverted sinners to repent and believe the Gospel on the ground that God’s right to require, and not the sinner’s power to comply, is the rule of their ministry, whilst there are others who think it wrong thus to exhort unconverted sinners, because such being dead in trespasses and sins, they have neither power nor will to do either. Both parties agree in believing that sinners are dead in trespasses and sins, that Christ is “exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of their sins,” and that the graces of repentance and faith must first be received before they can be exercised. And yet, whilst fully agreeing in their belief of the doctrines of the Gospel, they differ in their methods of preaching the Gospel. I confess, for my part, I can see no more inconsistency in exhorting unregenerate sinners to do that which they neither can nor will do without the grace of God, but which, by God’s grace, when it is given, they both can and will, than in exhorting believers to do that which it is certain they cannot do without the grace of God, and which it is very doubtful whether they either can or will do in this life with the grace of God. I know I may be called a Fullerite, but “hard words

break no bones,” neither have they any weight or authority with thoughtful minds. To the man who acknowledges Christ for his Master, and has learned obedience to the command, “Be ye not the servants of men,” the truth as preached in our chapels, or our views, will have but little weight, only that he will not readily, or on light occasions, risk the danger of destroying the harmony or unity of the Church, or of putting a stumbling-block before God’s little ones. The great questions after all will be, What saith the Scriptures? What says experience? How did our Great Master commence His ministry (see Mark i. 14, 15)? “Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand, repent ye, and believe the Gospel.” Can the servant who imitates his Master here do wrong?

Not to be tedious; let us look at the first sermon preached after our Lord’s ascension and the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, recorded in Acts ii. Look at Peter’s exhortation, ver. 38—40. I know it will be said it was addressed to sensible sinners, as mentioned in verse 37. To my mind it is clear it was addressed to the multitude, from verse 41: “Then they that gladly received the Word were baptized,” intimating that not all that were addressed thus received it, or it would have read, “Then they gladly received it;” but, “Then they that gladly received it,” showing that not all addressed thus received.

Now a word as to experience. Which of these two classes of preachers have been most owned of God? which have been most used of God in bringing sinners to the faith of Christ?

I do not write in a spirit of controversy but of inquiry, thankful for the light I have received, but remembering the “path of the just is as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.”

S. L. MARSH.

Kettering, June 12, 1877.

[The inquiry is under close and silent investigation. We have enough to fill our *VESSEL*. We think the verdict is not far off.—ED.]

NORBITON.—Special services to help the Church in the London-road were convened on Tuesday, July 2nd. Mr. James Hand read, expounded, and offered prayer. C. W. Banks preached with happy freedom from “My God hath commanded thy strength. Strengthen, O God, that which Thou hast wrought for us.” In evening Mr. Bonney, of London, after Mr. Welsh, of Tooting, had earnestly sought the Divine mercy, delivered a comprehensive address on the best means of promoting prosperity in our Churches (which ought to be printed). C. W. Banks gave a lecture on the triumphs of grace. Mr. J. W. Norton closed the services. Norbiton friends have now a new and comfortable chapel.

OUR ESSEX BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Were it not that God keeps His children "alive in famine" (Psalm xxxiii. 19), many of them in out-of-the-way places in the country would certainly grow lean and wither for lack of spiritual instruction. But God is not at a loss to make up for all deficiency in the apparent failure of the outward means, when circumstances will not admit of public worship, by a continued supply of His rich free gifts to the hungry and thirsty in Zion. In the hundred of Rochford, county Essex, there is a great need of efficient workmen in the Gospel vineyard, for Essex, as a whole, is still a notable county for truth. During the Marian persecution, Essex furnished more martyrs for the truth's sake than any other county in England; and in a later period, during the tyrannical reign of the misguided prelate Laud, this county suffered greatly from the loss of a valiant army of Puritan Roundheads, who were menaced and shackled by ecclesiastical power, and driven into exile, never more to return to the land of their nativity. The Western wilds of America, amidst the untamed aborigines, were preferred by some of England's best divines to the cruel oppression of the so-called Protestant Church of this country. The Strict Baptist Church at Prittlewell, Essex, is well known to many as a truth-loving one, and it was the happy privilege of the writer to speak, on July 8th, in this little sanctuary to an excellent congregation, many coming from Wakering and the surrounding district. The Church is in need of help, and the chapel requires alteration, for its present low ceiling is much against speaking and good singing. The brethren and sisters here have strong spiritual digestions, and, of course, require Gospel food accordingly, and a good lot of it too.

At Rochford, some five or six miles distant from the above-named Church, is a small cause of truth, not very attractive in its outward appearance, but it has land connected with it on which might be reared a more commodious structure for the worship of God. In this neighbourhood there is, methinks, a good opening for a well-instructed minister of Jesus Christ, for it is a rare thing for the congregation to hear a sermon. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moss, of Canewden, with others in the locality, do their utmost to keep the place open. Often a sermon is read, and if reproduced in a slow, prosy style, accentuated with a broad provincial nasal twang—

"Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misdled by custom, strain celestial themes,
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bedstrid."

The effect is doubtless of a soporiferous order. The Church of truth nearest Rochford is, I believe, Rayleigh, which has for its minister occasionally Mr. Bennett, a worthy and much-respected brother. There appears to be no places of truth either at Stanbridge magna and parva, or Canewden, but there are many ripe Christians who walk many miles with a view of hearing a sermon, and then get grievously disap-

pointed. There may be found in the green lanes many an old mud wall mansion, with thatched roof, occupied by rich experienced saints, whose spiritual knowledge outweighs more than half the divinity of many of the logical professors of Oxford and Cambridge. It was my happiness on one occasion the other day to visit a small farm-house far, far from the busy din of town-life, near Paglesham, and there was a widowed mother, with her daughter, both members of Rochford Church, ripe in Divine and holy things. They spoke of Mr. C. W. Banks's visit to their little cause some years ago with pleasurable feelings. The State Churches of England in many of these parts, if high in order, are low enough in their congregations. Some of these buildings are ancient and massive, capable of holding several hundreds of persons, but the "dry nurses" of these Churches have often to "mount the rostrum," and mumble out, what, probably, "they never wrote," to a congregation of a dozen to twenty in number in the summer, and in the winter it has been known for the parson and clerk to meet with no one else to disturb their communion. The chief good resulting from such a *religio* is evidently the product of the tithes and glebelands which enable such State preachers to sing, "Oh, blest seclusion from a jarring world." It needs, methinks, as much missionary effort to penetrate many of these dark spots of our highly favoured land as it does some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago.

Waltham Abbey. — W. WINTERS.

ROCHDALE.—Newbold Baptist chapel annual sermons for Sabbath schools were preached, June 24th by Mr. F. Hamilton Smith, of Manchester, when our collections, in aid of the school funds, amounted to £51 10s. 6d. Subsequent donations made the total to be £55 12s. 1d. We thank the Lord for thus constraining and enabling the friends of Divine truth to support the schools wherein the children are prayerfully and faithfully taught the true way of life and salvation. Newbold hall chapel is one of the best constructed and most commodious places of worship we have ever stood in. May the Lord grant that the glorious Gospel of our holy and loving Redeemer may therein be so proclaimed that many may be added unto the Church of such as shall be saved. Our travellers, who often ask where they can hear the Gospel, will find Newbold chapel, in the Milnrow-road, not five minutes' walk from the Rochdale railway station.

HEREFORD.—Our Sunday school sermons in lovely Whitestone were preached by Mr. Field, on July 15th. On the 17th, our children gave beautiful recitations, and the friends furnished a bountiful treat. The whole was well carried out under the genial management of pastor Carter and his wife, our superintendent, W. H. Godwin, the teachers, and other warm-hearted helpers.

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN CITIES, TOWNS, AND RURAL VILLAGES.

Away, all alone, in some old churchyard, on the summit of a mountain, or sitting on the hillock of some rural district, where no one can disturb my thoughts, are my choicest seasons.

On Monday, June 25, before the public services commenced in brother Simpson's meeting, I climbed that terrific hill on the top of which stands Lincoln cathedral, and there the grand representations of our Lord in the brilliant windows quite set my poor little heart in motion, and out came pencil and paper to catch up a thought. As I wrote in the rough, so it comes. I purchased a history of Lincoln; out of it may be given ancient notes.

I've heard Big Tom of Lincoln strike out his tull eleven,

Now inside I'm surveying the coloured windows seven;

What elegant shining pictures! what lofty pillars high!

With towers so aspiring, they almost reach the sky.

What a weather-beaten fortress this big church doth appear;

It stands a daring witness, unmoved from year to year.

Around on every side, the clergy have their Wherein, with quiet safety, they think and take their rest.

But, after all, Is this the Church the Saviour did redeem?

Are these Christ's true successors? or, do they vainly dream?

In olden time Baal's men were strong, To him do these church-tribes belong?

My soul hopes not. These have God's Word, Some have, as well, the Spirit's sword,

And to this nation they declare The Church in Christ is free and fair.

"Judge not," said Jesus;—I obey;

And leave these prebends to that day When Christ shall, once for all, proclaim

The right of those who know His Name. A sacred stillness seems to reign

Around this huge cathedral plain;

But I must here no longer stay;

Engagements make me haste away, To seek and serve the Lord.

Till deep-toned Tom told me 'twas noon, I wandered round the pile,

Now let me go and think and speak of Jesus for a while.

He, speaking of Almighty God, did say, "I know Him, for I am from Him, and He hath sent Me." A speech the Saviour made, rich in its meaning, and so true.

As in Lincoln cathedral-yard I stand, to myself I say, in those three sentences you have:

1. The Saviour's origin—"I am from Him."

2. Our Redeemer's qualification—"I know Him."

3. His commission and His mission—"He hath sent Me."

Oh, precious mines of wisdom here are hidden.

THE AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.

In Westmoreland-place, leading out of South-st., is situated the Camberwell Asylum for Aged Pilgrims, and here we find a large number of both sexes living their last days in comparative comfort and quiet, through the instrumentality of friends to the cause. This institution is now seventy years old. Unfortunately, however, as is the case with too many of a kindred nature, funds are low, or much more could be done to aid the sick and distressed in their declining years. About eighteen years ago, it was deemed desirable to establish the Benevolent Fund for the assistance of any of the inmates who might be sick or infirm, by supplying them with nurses, medical attendance, and other comforts. The annual subscriptions to this fund are by no means sufficient to maintain its wants, for which £120 a-year is required, but to which only £70 is subscribed. The proceeds of the anniversary services, held June 21, were devoted to this fund. On the occasion, Mr. Vaughan (of Hackney) preached a sermon in the afternoon, taking for his text the words, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." The discourse was listened to with much attention. Later on an excellent tea was provided in a large marquee erected in the grounds, to which about 200 sat down. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held, which, in the absence of General Alexander, was presided over by T. M. Whittaker, Esq. (of Blackheath), who spoke encouragingly of the work in which they were engaged, and asked for aid in carrying it on. Mr. Jackson, the secretary of the asylum, gave a detailed account of its present state. During the past year, nine inmates had died, and the vacancies were being filled from list of candidates recently elected. The speakers who addressed the meeting were Messrs. T. Bradbury, J. Vaughan, Davis, Briscoe, Squire, and Murphy.

Friends desirous of assisting to make up the £50 deficiency as shown above will please communicate with Mr. Jackson, 29, Marlborough-road, Upper Holloway, N. Letters may be sent to the asylum. One guinea, annual, entitles to three votes at all elections.

WALWORTH ROAD.—Second annual meeting of Excelsior Band of Hope was Tuesday, June 26th, at York-street. Nearly 200 children were supplied with a bountiful tea. Mr. Messer gave a capital address. The children recited nicely. Books, Bibles, and temperance works were given by Mr. Searle and other friends, as rewards. W. B. [This laing hold of the children, and in faith, in truth, and with prayer, labouring to train them up in the way of temperance, of the knowledge of the Word of God, and of the happy result of seeking for the true grace of God is one of the noblest enterprises in our land. We pray for increasing prosperity to attend the Walworth Excelsior Band of Hope.—Ed. E. V.]

SOUTH HACKNEY.—July, 1877. Blessed Samuel Foster.—My old note-book tells me that the first time Edward Barber (the superintendent of the village chapels around Canterbury) sent me to preach, was Sunday, October 1, 1831; that will be forty-six years come October 1, 1877, since I first stood in a pulpit and delivered a sermon. I sat in that pulpit and trembled fearfully; my text was in James: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?" The chapel and gallery were full, and I was much helped. My brother John was with me; and he preached in the evening. It is over fifty years since the Methodist parson at Rye, in Sussex, cut me down, and I lay some time in awful darkness. My heart is inclined, if I live until Sunday, September 30, 1877, to hold special anniversary services on that day, and on the following days in that week, if the Lord permit. It is not easy to describe the mixture of humility and gratitude I feel before the Lord, for so many years bringing me through trials and mercies! Oh, that with a pure life, and with a heart honest and humble at His feet, I might live unto His praise. Dear Foster, pray for

C. W. BANKS.

THE LATE MR. HAWKINS.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR MR. BANKS,—The venerable Mr. Hawkins (deacon of Rye-lane, Peckham), in the month of May, left this wilderness, after a residence of near ninety years, for his eternal home, the new Jerusalem, in the kingdom of the true and living God, where will be found the whole election of grace, the entire family of God, the countless millions, whom God the Father gave to His co-eternal Son in covenant security. This kingdom is the property of Jesus Christ, and they all live upon the fulness of Jesus, enjoy without interruption the smiles of paternal love, and inhale the breath of God the Holy Ghost. Our brother Hawkins breathed out his spirit into the bosom of his covenant God without a struggle, and was accompanied home by His Sacred Majesty, the Lord Jesus Christ, who long ago promised him that He would come and receive him unto Himself, that where He was there he might be also.

Our brother was baptized about sixty years ago, at the Strict Baptist chapel, in East-lane, Walworth, and after going through the usual difficulties and trials of our mortal state, became one of the deacons of the late Mr. Powell, in the Old Rye-lane Baptist chapel, whom Mr. George Moyle succeeded. This chapel was afterwards taken possession of by the London and Brighton Railway Company, and the present one erected through the active exertions of Mr. Congreve. Our brother Hawkins was a very sincere and devoted Christian deacon, and an exception to the slothful ones of the present day; for up to three or four years of his death he never tired of visiting in sickness, death, and poverty, the poor and needy

of the flock, meeting the objects of his love with large anticipations of glory, before leaving this tabernacle of flesh, considering that all soldiers of the cross must be conquerors, and all the army of the redeemed march victoriously home, displaying the banner of love, in the valley and shadow of death, exhibiting the spoils of Calvary in the face of the king of terrors, proclaiming the faithfulness of our covenant God. At prayer-meetings, in prayer, he was highly honoured by the Holy Ghost, without which our prayers are dead duties, and our praise solemn mockery. This good old saint breathed in prayer the very atmosphere of the spiritual kingdom. All who had the pleasure of knowing him while on earth, will remember his kind and affectionate regard for the spiritual welfare of both old and young, and although not a man of many words, they were always seasoned with salt, and what he did say was, through grace, for the salvation of their souls, by the blood of the Lamb. May the Almighty God, who alone is able to make us stand, enable us, dear brother Banks, amid all the temptations of the enemy, to endure unto the end, and bring us at length to join our late dear brother in the enjoyment of the rest that remains for the people of God—"for precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Yours in Christian love,

THOMAS GREEN.

9, Heaton-road, Peckham Rye,
June 20, 1877.

TWO WATERS.—A word from Salem. We held anniversary, Monday, July 2nd. Glad to see our brother Mr. Stringer's face once more, and to hear his voice. Our time is running on! how many more of these happy seasons are allotted to us in this vale of tears God alone knows; it is our mercy to be able to say, "Our times are in His hands." I am in a weak state; I sometimes think this frail body will soon return from whence it came. We had a good season under the Word. Mr. Stringer's text was, "Wherefore, holy brethren;" I trust we did, by the response in our hearts, class ourselves among "the partakers of the heavenly calling," and still to press on towards the prize of our high calling. After tea we walked out, returning once more to Salem; and we can say, "There our best friends, and kindred dwell." Brother Howard gave out that hymn, "Sovereign Ruler of the skies," &c. Brother Stringer brought us again into good premises and into an elevated position, from "The Lord hath brought forth our righteousness," &c. We thank kind friends for coming to see us. We pray for prosperity at Salem.

C. WOOTON.

LINSLADE.—A correspondent says: Mr. Lindsey, the author of many tracts, is a severe sufferer, hardly able to move. He has been in affliction, both of body and mind, for years, but from the midst of the furnace he has sent forth terrible warnings.

BERKHAMPSTEAD—Mr. Shipton must indeed have had his heart cheered on Tuesday, July 10th, at his anniversary services, held in the Town-hall, Berkhamstead. Our esteemed friend, C. W. Banks, preached in the afternoon to a large congregation, from Psalm xlv., "The things which I have made touching the King." He gave us a good, practical Gospel sermon, and by the attention given and the earnestness of the preacher, I think the sermon came from the heart, and went to the heart, as I heard of several speaking of their enjoyment of the afternoon service, and how glad they were they came to hear him. Many had come from Tring, Wilstone, and Hawridge, and all the surrounding neighbourhood, and received a Gospel feast previous to the tea provided, at which about three hundred sat down. In the evening Mr. Levinsohn came from London to give his lecture on the Jews. Mr. John W. Banks presided in the place of his father, who had to hasten back to town to preach again in the evening. Mr. John Banks introduced Mr. Levinsohn in a very few appropriate remarks, and we were glad to hear Mr. Banks say, in reference to his being present that evening, that it gave him pleasure to obey his revered father, and that his father's God was his God; and we earnestly hope that the sons of our beloved friend will all be found safely sheltered in the Rock Christ. Mr. Levinsohn gave his lecture for more than an hour on the religion of the Jews, to a large overflowing congregation, who were very much interested and instructed, Mr. L. every now and then appealing to the hearts of his hearers for their prayers on behalf of the despised race, and expressing his gratitude to God for His goodness to him. After the lecture, Mr. Burrell, of Watford, made some very kind remarks, and Mr. Levinsohn concluded with prayer. It was a day that will be remembered with pleasure by many. The good things spoken were enjoyed by the speakers, and were conveyed by the Holy Spirit to the hearts of the bearers. May our brethren know their labours at Berkhamstead were not in vain. So prays
Cherry Tree Farm, E. BELSHAM.
Chouderley, Tring.

CHATHAM.—MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Your notice in *EARTHEN VESSEL* rather stirred me; and when (last Tuesday) I saw these towns, my spirit was moved in me. I felt surely the Lord has much people in these places, and I cried out, O Lord, help me. Work, as you say, is wanted. Oh, for mighty wrestling! What a marvel! I, who once preached free-will in Chatham and Rochester, should now be permitted to preach free-grace in this place. In submission to His blessed will, I should like to be the instrument in His hands of helping to raise a new chapel there, but He is the best Judge of that; let His, not my will be done. The Lord bless you and keep you. Pray that I may be kept and made useful in the vineyard.—J. W. NORTON.

BANBURY.—Opening of Ebenezer chapel. *The Banbury Guardian* says,—Ebenezer chapel, in Dashwood-road, for the Strict Baptists, was opened for public worship, June 20, 1877, when C. W. Banks preached in the morning. The foundation-stone of this building was laid in October last, and its cost, including the site which was the gift of Mr. Joseph Osborne, will be about £900. The style of the building is Gothic, with Bath stone dressings and tracery windows. It is entered from a porch paved with tile, and the interior presents a handsome appearance. The roof is timbered; the seats are commodious and comfortable. At the back of the main building is the school-room and vestry, and by opening two large doors the former can be thrown into the chapel, thus providing large accommodation for many people. The opening services began with singing the hymn, "Great God, Thy glory and Thy love." After which, C. W. Banks read the lessons, 2 Chronicles v. and Hebrews viii. He afterwards addressed the congregation from Numbers vii. 89: "And when Moses was gone into the tabernacle of the congregation to speak with HIM, then he heard the voice of One speaking unto him from off the mercy-seat that was upon the ark of testimony, from between the two cherubims: and he spake unto him." Mr. Banks then went on to speak of man's fallen nature; of the need of a Saviour; and remarked that they had not built the house simply to have something handsome to look at, but in order that they might come there and speak with the Lord. He was pleased to see that they had built such a handsome place of worship; they wanted about £300 to pay off the amount they had incurred. The collections amounted to £25. In afternoon and evening sermons were preached by Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersall, near Leeds. At five o'clock there was a tea in the old chapel at West-street. [These opening services were continued until Lord's-day, July 15, when C. W. Banks preached and baptized, and formed the friends into a Strict Baptist Church; Mr. Bloxham, of Oxford, assisting.]

MARGATE.—Wednesday, June 20th, I was on a visit from Margate to Ramsgate. On entering Zion chapel, I found our brother Wise, of Margate, in the pulpit. I was pleased to find he was there to baptize. He gave us a blessed discourse from the words, "And he baptized him." The candidate is one who has seen much service in the army. It did our hearts good to hear brother Wise address him in loving and encouraging words as they both went into the water together. I hear there are more waiting to join the Church at Mount Ephraim. Our souls have been much comforted under his ministry. The Lord spare him many years. The dear friends with whom he is called to labour will, I trust, look well after his welfare. They will find the lovers of truth visiting Margate will not be backward to help them.

A VISITOR.

NOTTING HILL GATE—SILVER STREET. The eleventh anniversary of the formation of this Church was commemorated on Lord's-day, July 8th, when sermons were preached by Messrs. C. Cornwell, W. Carpenter, and R. G. Edwards, the pastor. On Tuesday, July 10th, Mr. R. C. Bardens, of Hayes, preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held, when John Wild, Esq., of Hayes, presided. After reading and prayer, and a few words from the chairman, Mr. T. J. Messer made an intelligent and heart-stirring speech on the importance of private prayer, illustrated with several potent and pleasing anecdotes. Mr. Varde made some sound and helpful remarks on the "righteousness that shall never be removed." Mr. Edwards narrated the progress of the cause during the past five years of his ministry. Our brother Edwards has laboured in conjunction with his people, exceedingly hard, but not without hope and great encouragement. The chapel debt, which happily continues to grow less, is still heavy and burdensome, and, of course, fills the pastors and people's hearts with continued anxiety. May God raise up a few wealthy friends to help in this good cause—a capital investment for surplus cash. Mr. R. C. Bardens's address, owing to the shortness of time, was as brief as it was sweet. Mr. C. W. Banks, who had travelled from Great Berkhamstead to be at the meeting, made some interesting remarks on the types of the Old Testament, in unison with the cherubims and burning wheels of Ezekiel's vision, which was followed by some savoury words on important theological subjects by brethren Winters, Cornwell, Hall, and Haydon. The meeting terminated with the doxology.

WALTHAMENSIS.

HERTS.—MR. EDITOR.—As one who is called to many places to preach the Gospel, I have been favoured to hear at Gaddesdenrow, at Redbourne, at Aston Clinton, high expressions of praise to the Lord for services rendered to our Churches (on recent anniversary occasions) by that good brother, Mr. G. Shepherd, of Mount Zion, Hill-street, Dorset-square. He is a master-hand at sermonising. Whatever subject he sets before us, he works it out well. Many flock to hear him. May our God make him a great blessing to our Strict and Particular Baptist Churches, yea, to the nation at large. The awful lack of living pastors, of strong, earnest, devoted, decided, determined working oxen in our county of Herts is painful to all who do know the value of a Gospel in the heavenly power of it. Look at Tring, Two Waters, Berkhamstead-common, and many places. Why, sir, George Burrell, of Watford, R. Bowles, John Shipton, W. Wood, and another or so, are all the pastors we have. Does the promise fail? or do our Churches fail in faith and prayer? The Two Waters people have been much helped of late in hearing our growing brother Bedford of Tring.

H. H. E.

**FORTY-THREE YEARS IN THE
GOSPEL MINISTRY.**

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Thanks for your epistle. That amazing change you speak of will terminate all other changes for ever and ever—"Earth exchanged for heaven." 'Tis only the few among the teeming masses of professors that know anything about such diversities. The outer court religionists ride rough-shod over poor languishing Zion. Still she will rise over all their pride and prejudice, and shine forth as the sun for ever and ever.

My brother who cares for or thinks of helping hard-working, honest, outspoken ministers of Jesus Christ? Many of them have starvation wages. My feeling toward you is such, that if my heavenly Father had blessed me circumstantially, as He has some of His people, I would willingly pay half the £600 myself, and think it an honour to be able to raise a monument to the memory of His tried and useful servant, C. W. B., when he has passed the boundary of time. O, what a lot of miserable niggards we are surrounded with! bless God for a few exceptions. You and I if we die to-morrow, die penniless and who cares for that? The Lord pity us and provide for our poor wives and families. I often look at mine with a sorrowful heart. Forty-three years I have tried to preach the Gospel, and was never so tried in temporal things as now. July 11th, I reach my sixty-eighth year; plenty come to hear, but O how few come to help. Precious truth, say they, but I shall pay nothing for it. We must bear it; all will soon be over, then the full reward, according to Matt. v. 11, 12.

Supporting, sustaining, sanctifying grace be with thee and thine.

Truly in the Lord, T. STRINGER.
100, Coldharbour-lane, Camberwell.

TROWBRIDGE.—A Christian Reviewer says, If a steady perseverance, a growing prosperity, an uninterrupted and onward course in the Gospel for more than forty years, is not sufficient evidence of a man's ministry being of the Lord, what further will ye require? Mr. W. Barnes, the very long and honoured pastor of the Church in Back-street, is still gathering in, and baptizing such as really confess and live the Lord Jesus. And yet some who travel to us Trowbridge folk from long distances say, he is only a free-will-letter man. Have they heard him? Do they know him? Will their walk and conversation outshine him? [Mr. Barnes, of Trowbridge, has had an unusually long and happy pastorate in Back-street.—ED.]

LAXFIELD.—We have lost our pastor. In June he baptized one; it looked small when compared with what we have seen. Laxfield, in Suffolk, is the centre from whence the Gospel has been poured forth in its original and spiritual order. We hope our Suffolk masters will not permit the good old banner to be laid in the dust. Some of us are anxious for the future.

LINCOLN.—June 26. A downpour of rain, a cold wind, a cloudy atmosphere, a long journey, an anxious mind, all tend to depress. I came from Burgh to Lincoln in a pouring rain, and so I leave it, but the two anniversary days were favourable, and we were all helped through. Zoar Strict Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of my sincerely esteemed brother William Simpson, was formed in Newland hall twelve months since. Its entrance is at 19, Newland-street West, at one extreme end of the city of Lincoln; and is the only New Testament Church in all that immense district. My brother William Simpson, whose residence is 32, Sinai Bank, is a native of Lincoln, born and reared there, a man esteemed by all the inhabitants, of unblemished character, of a meek and charitable spirit, but the terrible travail of soul he endured in passing under the rod, that he might come into the bond of the covenant, the severe discipline he endured while with the Independents, the unfolding of Gospel truth in his heavy afflictions, the pressure upon his spirit to preach the Gospel in the streets of his native city, his firm stand for Strict Baptist principles, and his naturally retiring habit, all these elements tend to make mere professors afraid of him; they stand aloof. Hence, William Simpson and his companions dwell alone, and are not reckoned among the free-will or Hunting-tonian nations. I must now only speak of the anniversary. Our Sunday services were sacred and soul-confirming. After a little sermon on the Monday afternoon, the anniversary tea meeting was prepared. I have seen a few, but never one like the Newland hall refreshment provision. There were no flowers, but there was an abundant supply of every substantial and delicate provision one could desire. It was a pleasing assembly to look upon. The hall was quite full. At the cross-head table sat the quiet, friendly pastor, his strong and steady friend Rollinson, brother Clark, from Earl's Barton, who has become united to the Church here, and other middle-aged and white-headed gentlemen, the pastor's wife, his son's wife, the two Mrs. Simpsons, also a host of ladies, who cheerfully conducted the feast with liberality and decorum. I was a stranger in their midst, but busy in the front I saw Benjamin's valiant mother, Mrs. Craven, also Mrs. Pepperdine, Mrs. Clark, and their friends. All appeared delighted; and at the evening service, brother William Simpson presided, and gave an opening address. Others helped on to the close, when all praised God and parted. C. W. B.

FULBOURN, CAMBS.—The little cause at Noah's Ark still labours on in prayer, and occasionally that excellent and venerable brother, P. Harris, preaches to the friends. Oh, how we inly weep over the lack of some living seraphim who might go forth in the strength and Spirit of Christ, and build up this little Gospel temple! Have our Churches no sons of thunder willing to sacrifice all for the poor flocks?

CAMBERWELL.—GROVE CHAPEL. DEAR SIR,—The 58th anniversary of the above place was held on Sunday and Tuesday, July 15 and 17. Knowing that very many of God's children who, in former days, worshipped in that long God-honoured place, but who are now, in God's all-wise providence, moved far away, many to foreign lands, where your VESSEL sails, to such I drop a line, to say that the glory is not departed. Blessed be God, the same glorious truths as Joseph Irons first proclaimed at the opening, 68 years since, are still sounded forth by the present pastor, Thomas Bradbury. On Sunday we had two full-weight Gospel sermons from the pastor, and many said it was one of the best days. Collections were made, and, having no debt, the proceeds were given as a thank-offering to the pastor; and the friends showed their love to the same by giving liberally, as the collections from the two sermons were the largest we ever had, exceeded by £10 last years; showing that there are some yet left in God's Israel who love the good old covenant truths. On Tuesday morning our pastor gave us a good Gospel sermon; and in the afternoon brother George Davis was enabled to discourse most sweetly from the words, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord;" and in the evening brother Rolleston did sound forth a most blessed testimony, with much savour and power, many testifying it was good to be there. We had no collection, but the friends had the opportunity to drop in the boxes as they went out what God disposed their hearts to give, for the Sunday schools, which amounted to £15. This cheered the hearts of our worthy superintendent and secretary, who are the two right men in the right place, and work well together; so that at the annual treat the children will be supplied with a good dinner and tea. Thus, our 58th anniversary passed off to the comfort and joy of many precious souls; the old stagers said it was one of the best. We had good congregations; ministers and friends coming from many parts. May real peace and soul-prosperity yet abound, is the prayer of the most unwor-thiest, J. CRUTCHER.

MONKESTHORPE AND BURGH-LE-MARSH.—Our anniversary sermons were brought to us this year by Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Deptford, who delivered two discourses at Monkesthorpe, on Tuesday, June 12, and two more at Burgh-le-Marsh, on Wednesday, June 20. We are in a scattered condition, but our friends assembled in cheerful order on these occasions, and we hope good results will follow. Some said, Mr. Anderson comes in very well as successor to John Foreman, to all who love sound doctrine.

MARCH, ELY.—The Spalding pastor, John Vincent, preached in Mr. Forman's pulpit on June 17. We had truth free and bold.

WALSHAM-LE-WILLOWS, NEAR IXWORTH—To the EDITOR of the "EARTHEN VESSEL."—MY DEAR BROTHER—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee. I have much pleasure to inform you that on the first Lord's-day in May, I had the pleasure of baptizing a dear sister in the Lord, one who had been richly blessed under the sound of the now much-despised, but precious old-fashioned Gospel, which the dear Lord, through His super-abounding grace, has enabled me to declare. There was an excellent congregation gathered upon the occasion, and I trust the service was not without its blessing. I was very sorely tried by the tempter, ere I went to the chapel, and the conflict was so sharp that I had mentally resolved to keep at home that day, which would have been a great triumph to the enemy. At last, through Divine mercy, I was enabled to see the dark designs of Satan, and received strength Divine to cut my way through the host of infernals that had sought to block up my pathway, and came off the field "more than conqueror," through Him who had loved me; and, bless His dear Name, I experienced and enjoyed His presence, help, and blessing. Many left the service to weep and to praise, others to mock at the truth and sneer at the text—*i.e.*, "What mean ye by this service?" May the dear Lord forgive them. F. A.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—DEAR FATHER BANKS,—With gladness of heart and joy in our Father's mercies, I write a few words. I will tell you what we did on Whit-Sunday. I went ten miles with my brother Frederick Fountain, who was engaged to preach anniversary sermons at Little Staughton meeting (a grand old house); congregation about 500 regularly; on this day many more. The people came seven and eight miles. The afternoon was a glorious time. Over 600 folk. The school sang special hymns. It will gladden your heart, I know, when I tell you, they are a praying, earnest, hard-working people; about 140 Church members, others waiting to join. They graciously permitted me to address the young in the evening. May the feeblest message be accepted for His sake. We must take courage. The Particulars are not dead yet. JOSEPH FOUNTAIN, Ilford, Essex. [We believe the true Christian spirit is in these two good brethren, Frederick and Joseph Fountain. The Lord will make them a great blessing.—Ed.]

WELLINGBOROUGH.—Zoar. The third anniversary of the opening was held on Tuesday, June 26, when brother T. Stringer preached two Christ-exalting sermons. There was a good company. The tea was provided by the friends who have always given trays, so that the whole of the proceeds might go to the cause. Collection and tea, £13 10s. So we bless the God of Jacob for His goodness in grace and providence. We baptized in June, and have several candidates for this month. We hypens are not all dead.

BURNHAM, ESSEX.—We had a high day on the 23rd of May, at our pretty village Burnham-on-the-Sea, the day appointed for the recognition of C. D. Gooding to the pastorate of the Baptist chapel. In afternoon, good gathering to hear the charge by Archibald G. Brown, and J. Wigner's charge to the Church. Public tea-meeting was free, and bountifully supplied by ladies and gentlemen, not a few whose delight appears to help the chapel funds. What think you, dear Banks? two London ministers promised £50 each towards a new hall for Sunday scholars. In the evening was anniversary sermon by A. G. Brown. I found him a plain man, with plain language that I could understand; it did me good. He opened the service with solemn prayer. After prayer by Mr. Wigner, Mr. Brown spoke from the words, "O man, greatly beloved." I do hope the people were profited, and God honoured. Our young minister, C. D. Gooding, has preached to this people about fifteen months; is well received by Church and congregation; and through the villages his kind visits to the poor, sick, and dying, cause him to be a man beloved, and I hope a blessing to this neighbourhood.

JOHN TAYLOR.

KEGNESS - ON - THE - SEA.—"The sands here, sir, are as soft and as smooth as the big man's tongue who nearly broke the parson's heart." So spake "S. O." I said nothing. "Quite a stir this week in Burgh," continued my sea-side visitor. "What has been the cause of it?" "Anniversary services, conducted by Rev. J. S. Anderson, of London, at Monkesthorpe and at Burgh-le-Marsh." "Indeed!" "Ah! sir, the Rev. gentleman came to Monkesthorpe with two sermons on June 19, and with two sermons at Burgh-le-Marsh on June 20. I wrote down the subjects; give you them another day." "Thank you, sir." "After the great Deptford pastor gathered up the harvest, and had left the field, then in came the Village Preacher. My train is starting, will write you all particulars of Burgh and Monkesthorpe."

HAWBRIDGE ANNIVERSARY.—Our chapel was as full as it could hold, July 17. Our dear E. Belsham, of sweet Cherry Tree Farm, on the high hills of Chouderley, read us out some of the best hymns. The Cheshire Baptist minister, J. Mayhew, was favoured to go in before the Lord for us in prayer. That intelligent and upright godly minister of Tring helped us. C. W. Banks gave us two Gospel broadsiders. Mrs. Belsham and her strong staff of devoted mothers in Israel supplied a tea of excellent quality to a company more numerous than was expected. At the close, Mr. Belsham thanked the company, who had gathered round from all parts to sympathise with them. Chouderley hills are healthy places to us. Dear Belsham gives us some of the best sermons ever produced. So we are not left to starve.

SALCOTT.—Isaac May to C. W. Banks. —My dear father is no more; he died June 4, 1877. As he was fond of reading the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, I should like a few words of his life. I can say of him that he lived a Christian life; and he used to say, he did like to read the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, it always came laden with the fruits of the Gospel of Christ Jesus. My father, A. May, was a Baptist in principle; he lived to see his eighty-second year. I have known him for more than forty years; he was a praying man; he had great affliction, but he never murmured; he would sing,—

“Though painful at present,
‘Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant,
The conqueror’s song!”

He was very fond of singing Dr. Watts’s hymns; he said they were Gospel hymns.

ISAAC MAY.

SOUTH GREEN.—*The Baptist* says,—“Mr. C. W. Banks, of London, preached six anniversary sermons at Jireh chapel, on South Green, June 17 and 18. On the Sunday, the three sermons were on the Three Persons in the Trinity, and on Monday the sermons were on the Gospel Kingdom without—the Kingdom of Grace within, and the Kingdom of Glory above. Messrs. A. Miller, Hunt, and Joseph and Abraham Bull took part in the services.” [We have a wish to “extol the Stem of Jesse’s Rod,” for the help given us on the occasion, and to transcribe a note or two.]

WOOBURN GREEN.—Our Ebenezer anniversary services were on Wednesday, June 27. Our venerable friend, Mr. Wm. Day kindly came, read the hymns, expounded the Word, and prayed for us. Mr. George White also favoured us with help, and C. W. Banks delivered two sermons with freedom and zeal. We have been permitted to restore our chapel, and to plant in front a substantial iron railing and gate. The power of the Spirit to quicken, to call, to unite, to multiply, we pray for.

TWO WATERS.—Our Salem anniversary was July 2nd, when Thomas Stringer came and poured out streams of living truth with freedom and joy. We are still preserved in the faith, although death, disease, and some distress around us, rather afflict us by the way. Our chapel is comfortable, our pulpit is well supplied, our school is useful, our prayers are in earnest; may the Lord send us a prosperous harvest. Amen. Please tell your Boxmoor friends we shall be glad to see them.

IPSWICH.—The anniversary of Bethesda chapel Sunday school, took place on Sunday, July 15th, when sermons were preached morning and evening by the the pastor, Mr. William Kern; in the afternoon the children repeated Scripture, hymns, and dialogues, which were interspersed with suitable remarks by Mr. K. Collections on behalf of the school amounted to £11 11s. The three services were well attended.

EASTBOURNE BAPTIST TABERNACLE.—On Sunday, July 15, the Sunday school anniversary services were held. Sermons in the morning by the pastor, in the evening by Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Peckham. Collections between £7 and £8. Mr. Congreve also conducted a service for the young in the afternoon. The day was fine, and congregation large. This is a rising cause, and needs the help of our Baptist friends.

Notes of the Month.

GREAT ROLLRIGHT.—We have had Mr. Hazelton preaching the Gospel to us in July, and our people who once enjoyed the precious ministry of dear Roff, can gratefully appreciate such new covenant witnesses. Send us more like them when you can find them. “One that never was a deacon.”

BANGOR.—Our pastor, W. H. Bishop, has talked of leaving us. Will the Lord forsake us? We look unto the hills from whence cometh our help. The Lord be merciful unto us and bless us. So prays a poor Little Sparrow.

WARM DESIRES.—A happy brother says, “Oh, may you come full of the Holy Ghost, and flaming with love to Jesus, and burning out with love to souls, then we shall have a blessed meeting together; and we will most joyfully unite in giving all honour and praise to our blessed Jesus; we will crown Him Lord of all. Hallelujah! Yours in the everlasting covenant of grace, J. P.”

A NEEDFUL CHANGE.—We know the Baptist Church and congregation in this place deeply feel the doctor’s advice that their pastor, Mr. Pearce, should resign and leave Raunds, it being unsuited to his health. He has been frequently ill, but is recovered, and is open to invites, with a view to a settlement in some drier part. Address, J. Pearce, Hill House, Raunds, Northamptonshire.

Births.

On June 29, at Ossary-road, Old Kent-road, the wife of G. J. Allen, of a daughter.

Deaths.

On July 1, 1877, at Edinburgh, Mr. Arthur Warren, of Stoke Newington.

On July 13, at her residence, Ayton-road, Ramsgate, Margaret, the affectionate wife of George Turnbull, aged 72; many years member at the Surrey tabernacle.

On May 29, 1877, at 41, Fetter-lane, London, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of George Dorey, in her 61st year. “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” Interred at Nunhead cemetery.

On July 4, at 3, Saltram-place, Plymouth, Sarah, the beloved wife of William Bates, aged 72.

On January 10, 1877, my dear wife, Mary Sophia Brown, died very peacefully, wonderfully and peculiarly supported and blessed of the Lord; she was well known among the associated Churches in Suffolk, especially Halesworth and Fressingfield. In the latter place she was much engaged for the good of the cause, and of old and young in the congregation.—ALBERT BROWN.

How they Lived! How they Died!

IN our visits to the departing saints of the Lord's family, we find the blessed Bible and the adorable God of the Bible are increasingly dear unto their souls as they approach the end of this life's journey; and they also feel a peculiar interest in the records of those who have gone before them. Therefore, we gladly insert brief accounts of those we have known and loved in the Lord. Among the very many with whom we have had some acquaintance, was

THE LATE MRS. ISAAC POLLEY, OF GRAVESEND,

Formerly of Hackney.

Her bereaved husband says :—

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—Nothing would give me greater pleasure—had I the pen of a ready-writer—than to give you some account of my dear departed wife. I had often dreaded the separation; and now the thing that I most dreaded is come unto me. I had hoped, had it been the Lord's will, that she would have seen me into the grave, but He that ordereth all things well had otherwise determined; and, bless His holy name, He has enabled me to say, "*It is well.*"

My words are too mean to speak her worth;
Too weak to set her virtues forth.

There could not be a more appropriate epitaph than the one I placed on her stone: "In her tongue was the law of kindness!" For her price was above rubies; and I hope her husband may be pardoned for praising a woman that the Lord had so eminently blessed. Like Mary, she loved to sit at His feet, to hear His words. Of late years she was very much deprived of temple services in the winter months, being afflicted with heart disease. But her dear Redeemer was her Temple, and her service too. One of the books that she delighted in was "Hawker's Visits To and From Jesus;" and our minister rightly said, when he delivered her funeral oration, that "she delighted in old-fashioned divinity."

Four or five hours before her departure, I said, "My love, you could not bear me to read to you." She said, "*Why not?*" I was very pleased, and read Psalm ciii., and Miss Read, our attendant, read the cvii., to both of which she assented with uplifted hands.

We had been married nearly forty-three years; I am sure I can say, hers was "The life, the walk, and the triumph of faith." She had often eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Life, and sat under its shadow with great delight. But though her life had been one straight and even tenor, yet no one felt more the need of that great passport, the blood and righteousness of her blessed Saviour. A poor old gentleman said, when he heard of her decease, that he had lost his best friend. I said to myself, that shall not be; as there is such a thing as being baptized for the dead.

I take in four magazines : she generally read **THE EARTHEN VESSEL** first ; and we had many times praised the spirit of the Editor, who, through evil and good report, had heaped coals of fire on the heads of his fault-finding contemporaries. How varied are the dealings of the Lord with His people ; some souls are fifty-pence deep, and some five hundred owe : not that there are any fifty-pence debtors ; for "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint," and these truths were well understood by the dear departed. Notwithstanding, what is said in the last chapter of the Proverbs is applicable to her. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness ; but the Lord kept her consistent, and that kept her out of Achor's gloomy vale. If I read a doleful Psalm, it did not seem to suit her experience. She was not always on the mount, feasting on dying love ; but she seemed always in full sail for glory, while some of us appear only to be on a board, or some broken piece of a ship. In an eminent degree, she had obeyed the injunction of Peter, "Add to your faith, virtue," for she often touched the hem of His garment and extracted virtue from Him. Jesus said, "Who touched Me ? for I find that virtue is gone out of Me !" The love of JESUS was her meat and drink. She often said, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds !" Now, she is chanting the Victor's hymn, with a palm in her hand ; dressed in raiment of needlework, saying, "Unto HIM that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." She is casting her crown before Him, and is without fault before the throne. My valued and dear wife had known the Lord about fifty years. She dated her beginning from hearing Dr. Burder preach from "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." And the Holy Spirit's teaching was not lost upon her. She searched for the wisdom that was from above—the hidden wisdom ; the wisdom of God in a mystery was learned by her, and well learned. She knew that Christ was that wisdom, and everything that set Him forth was prized by her.

"When God makes up his last account
Of jewels in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourished there."

About a month before her decease, I received one afternoon a letter about some troublesome houses ; she saw how disturbed I was. In the most heavenly-minded way she said, "Are we not journeying to a better country ?" It reminded me of Moses' invitation to his father-in-law in the 10th of Numbers, "And Moses said to Hobab, Moses' father-in-law, We are journeying to the place which the Lord said, I will give it you : come with us, and we will do thee good."

For some time I had been desirous of having some one to be her companion, and to wait on her, but had found a difficulty in getting a suitable person. But just previous to her having completed her wilderness journey, we had fixed on a lady we thought adapted. When she came, she had taken to her bed, which was not more than a week before her decease. She said to Miss Read, "How kind it was of the Lord to send you. It seems as though He has sent an angel."

She was a woman of few words. When I have heard her give young people advice, I have often said I never regretted taking her advice ; had I done so in many instances, I should have escaped some troubles, "For she opened her mouth with wisdom" (Proverbs xxx. 26).

Though she had been confined to the house all the winter, and ill, within a week of her departure I thought she would again get through, for she was of a long-lived family. Her grand-parents were 86, and her mother 84. But the set time had come. It is the fashion now-a-days to say, Had you done this, that, or the other, the life might have been spared; so don't I think. I am not wiser than Job, Solomon, or Dr. Watts. Job says, "Are not our days as the days of an hireling?" and Solomon says, "There is a time to be born, and a time to die;" and Dr. Watt's says, "There is an hour when I must die." But when you talk so, you get dismissed with a caution; they think it makes you indifferent, not a bit of it. I mentioned her mother. She was one of the most remarkable women of her time; her's was a lifetime of good works done to the poor. I had great pleasure in writing her epitaph. Here it is:

Here lies Mrs. Tute, this woman was great
In healing diseases whatever their state;
A real physician sent to the poor;
Drop a tear to her memory, she is no more.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." May this be the happy lot of your sorrowing servant,

ISAAC POLLEY.

SKETCH OF THE LATE REV. HUGH ALLEN, D.D.,

Rector of St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark.

"A man he seemed of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident to-morrows."

AND who that has gazed on the ruddy good-natured face of this very excellent devoted clergyman, who for such a long period ministered the Word of life to thousands of rapt and profited hearers in London and elsewhere, will question the propriety of our saying what we have in the motto we have placed at the head of this paper?

Among the many truthful useful men who have laboured and still labour in connection with the Established Church of England, I have not known one who has exhibited more zeal in the cause of his Divine Master than the warm and loving-hearted man, a brief sketch of whom we are about to present to our readers.

Whilst our heart pulsates in unison with those Christians (and their name is legion), who desire the severance of the National Church from the State, we cannot but rejoice to know that there are men belonging to her clergy, who lovingly, fearlessly, and successfully proclaim the whole truth as it is in Christ Jesus; men who deserve to be held in high estimation by all those who love the *only* Head of the redeemed Church, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In some respects the late loveable Dr. Allen bore some resemblance to that great and good "old man eloquent," the late Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of St. John's Free Church, Edinburgh. Like him he had learnt how to sympathise with the sons and daughters of poverty, and like him he lovingly and untiringly laboured to promote their welfare both for time and eternity. We never gazed upon either of these once truly useful men without being reminded of the good old clergyman described by Oliver Goldsmith, in his beautiful poem, "The Deserted

Village," and of each we have been prompted to say what the poet said of his village preacher,

"And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

The subject of this brief sketch was born in the green isle of Erin—an island which, had it been rightly governed, would have this day been what it was in the dream of the poet,

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

It appears that our late-esteemed friend first saw the light in the famous city of Cork, where another friend of ours whom we greatly esteemed, and whose memory we still cherish, was born, the late Father Mathew, the great-hearted Temperance Reformer, whose name will be as familiar as a household word down to the "last syllable of recorded time." So that Cork produced two zealous clerical temperance men.

In the days of the late Dr. Allen's youth, the eternal Spirit, whose powerful influence can only subdue the heart of sinful men and women to the authority of Christ, operated effectually on his mind, and led him from the withering embrace of evil, within the shadow of the cross. After labouring for a season to do his sin-mildewed fellow-creatures good in various ways, he felt it was his duty to study for the work of the Christian ministry, and he entered Trinity College, Dublin, for that purpose. He passed through his *curriculum* there in such a manner as to win golden opinions from its professors; and he left the college in possession of many academical honours, and with his young heart filled with intense love for Him,

"Who had loved him so well,
As to lay down His life to redeem him from hell."

When he commenced the responsible and onerous work of preaching the Gospel of Christ, the city of Dublin was the scene of his earliest ministerial toil. In that city, and afterwards in the isle of Man, and the busy and densely-populated city of Manchester, and also in the town of Bury in the same county, he scattered broadcast amongst the people the imperishable seeds of truth; and we doubt not that the result of his zealous and self-abnegating labours in those towns will be seen in that glorious world, where all the blood-bought members of the one Church of God will ultimately be gathered together to sing of grace rich, sovereign, and undeserved, throughout the long round of everlasting years.

We well remember when the worthy Doctor came to this great city of London, and how we were cheered and profited by his burning utterances in St. Luke's, Old-street, where he used to preach to crowded audiences on Sabbath afternoons.

When St. Jude's, in Whitechapel, was finished, there were those who thought that locale was just the one for such a warm-hearted man as Dr. Allen to labour in, and of that Church he became incumbent, and showers of blessings crowned his labours of love. The Church soon after his induction was thronged with attentive hearers. Individuals connected with nearly all the diversified gradations of society hung upon

his lips with pleasure and profit; but the greater number of his hearers consisted of the poorer class, who throughout the ages have been more influenced by the truths of the Gospel than the wealthy classes. To them he loved to speak of Him, who Himself "became poor, that they, through His poverty," might become rich in faith, in hope, in humility, in love, and in eternal glory. Very frequently whilst he was engaged in setting forth the glories of Him who is alone "mighty to save," have strong men wept the burning tears of penitence, and others tears indicative of gratitude and joy.

His style of preaching was just adapted to the neglected and down-trodden. He knew how to enter into their feelings, and how to adapt his sermons to their understandings; and if ever it might be said of any place in which the Gospel has been preached,

"There joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love,"

it might indeed have been said of St. Jude's, when our late excellent friend was engaged in making known the all-inspiring fact, that in Christ Jesus and the Gospel there is

"A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for each fear."

Unlike many of his contemporaries, both among Churchmen and Non-conformists, he did not with "stately step and slow," swelling with Ritualistic pride, leave the rostrum for the vestry, but in his passage towards the latter he had a friendly smile for every one he passed. And if a Dissenting minister happened to be among the crowd of whom he had any knowledge, he was accustomed to grip him by the hand, and heartily wished him "Good luck in the name of the Lord." Are all such clerics? Would to Heaven they were.

We well remember hearing him speak to the people in the ragged schoolroom, George-yard, Whitechapel, many years since, after we had delivered a temperance address to a crowded and enthusiastic audience; soon after he had joined himself to that God-honouring movement, which has been instrumental in leading many haggard, sin-mildewed wanderers from the dark pathway of intemperance; and among the goodly number of the Episcopalian clergy now identified with the temperance enterprise, we know of no man who was more anxious to see it prosper than the late rector of St. George's. Long was he spared to behold its triumphs, but we could have wished that he had been still longer spared to labour for the promotion of the happiness of the people. But all connected with his life, history, and labour, is "over and done," and we doubt not he is now reaping an abundant reward. He has left us a bright example—an example worthy of imitation; and we think we can hear a voice from his newly-opened grave crying out—

"Bring forth those gifts that within thee lie sleeping,
Use them for good, they but rust in the keeping;
Take care, dear friends, to have sheaves for the reaping,
When the stern harvest-man treads the ripe field.
Brook no delay in this labour inspiring,
Mark how creation, incessant, untiring,
Brings forth her treasures, each small thing aspiring
Its utmost of beauty and blessing to yield."

Be and not seem, let thy spirit far reaching,
 List the world's harmony, clear and deep teaching,
 Like it for ever, in cheerfulness preaching
 Heaven's holy Gospel, that hallows the heart.
 Dream like and fleeting—time fieth, life endeth,
 Let thine be faithful and pure, such as blendeth
 With the world's motion that ever ascendeth,
 With the eternities bearing thy part."

May not that advice be given in vain! Let all those who labour for the cause of God and truth, do so with a hourly intensified zeal and love, and their labour will not, cannot be in vain; and the end of their life's journey will be glorious indeed.

I have often thought if the whole of the Evangelical clergymen of the National Church were more like Dr. Allen, that repulsive thing called Puseyism would soon be stamped out. Against that pestilent, beggarly imitation of Romanism, he set his heart for a long series of years. Had he not been a man of the right stamp, he would not have had sufficient courage to have accepted the afternoon lectureship of St. George's-in-the-East, when that notable lover of Ritualistic rubbish, Bryan King, was stirring the pulses of large numbers of the people to anger in that densely-populated part of this mammoth city. Had a large number of his brethren imitated his example, had they like him bearded the lion in his den, perhaps all connected with Puseyism would by this time have hidden itself from the gaze of the public.

Removed at last from St. Jude's, to become the rector of St. George's, Southwark, and honoured with the title of *Doctor of Divinity*, we find Hugh Allen the same kind of labourer he was during his incumbency at St. Luke's.

No doubt there were many things connected with Episcopacy which sometimes caused him much anxious thought. Those things imposed upon him a yoke he could ill bear. "We judge him not," to use the words of another, "for continuing an union which we think could not have been one of unmixed complacency and satisfaction;" and we have often thought that he was one of those clergymen who do not deem our Dissent frivolous and vexatious.

Those who have heard him addressing the crowded congregation at St. George's, as we have done, must, with us, have devoutly thanked Almighty God for placing so zealous a man in the midst of such a densely-populated district; and if rightly influenced, they must have admired the beautiful simplicity with which he placed Christ and salvation before his hearers.

At this work he kept on until the month of July of the present year. His end was sudden, but peaceful.

"How many fall as sudden, not as safe!"

The last time Dr. Doudney, the able editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, preached in St. George's Church (and its pulpit was never closed against truthful men), he said to a beloved friend of our own, in the vestry, at the close of the service, "My preaching days are over; but as long as I am rector, Dr. Doudney shall be welcome to my pulpit." Aye, and I believe he had a heart large and liberal enough to have admitted my beloved friend, the editor of this truthful miscellany, into his pulpit, had the rigid rules of his Church not prevented him from doing so.

That the late Dr. Allen was a man approved of God, a real self-denying teacher of the ignorant, and a lover of all good men, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, I verily believe. The great business of his life, like that of his Divine Lord and Master, was to go about doing good; and though the High Churchman deemed him far too liberal towards Nonconformists, and somewhat irregular in his movements, yet he gave superabundant proof, day after day, that he was one of Christ's God-sent and God-anointed ambassadors, one who belonged to the *real succession*—a true minister of the cross, a genuine, self-abnegating disciple who, now his work is finished on earth, is bathing his redeemed and happy spirit in the gorgeous sunlight of that city where all God's genuine labourers will "shine like the stars in the firmament for ever and ever."

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

T. J. MESSEK.

1A, Sabine-road, Shaftesbury-park, London, S.W.,
August 10th, 1877.

ANOTHER NEW COVENANT MIGRATION.

SARAH JANE COLLIN was summoned to the far country, from Bendon-valley, Wandsworth, Saturday, July 14, 1877. She was born near Shepherd's-market, London, July 18, 1818, and was buried on her natal-day of the current year.

She lived a stranger to God till womanhood; but through rich grace, had been a stranger *with* God in the earth for upwards of thirty years previous to her gracious advancement. Married in 1845, to her surviving and sorrowing partner. For about twelve months she listened to the good Word of God at Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, the ministry of Mr. Hanks (now of Woolwich) being rendered very useful to her soul. Removing to London in 1846, she was strengthened, established, and settled under the late Mr. James Wells.

In 1848, taking up her abode at Wandsworth, she became an attendant at Waterside chapel; and the same year, confessing her faith to Christ, was baptized by Mr. Ball (then pastor), being added to the Church, in the bosom of which she remained until her departure.

A few weeks before her death, hymn 208, in Denham's selection—a felicitous composition of good Berridge—filled her with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The hymn was read by a brother at the last Church meeting she attended, which was the last time she was at the public means. Soon after this, being laid aside, her soul passed through deep waters, the terrors of the Almighty making her afraid. Gentleness brought her to a confession of Christ; but solemn exercise was appointed her in finishing her course. The great Keeper of Israel never forsook the work of His hands; but remembering the labouring soul as "holy, redeemed, and sought out," she was "not forsaken." It is passing strange that Immanuel should assure poor sinners that He will never leave nor forsake them; but, methinks, it would be far stranger if He ever left or forsook His beloved!

The writer has pleasant memories of a visit which he paid during her illness, when he read a portion of Romans viii., and, to her evident gratification, dwelt upon the record, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." This special line of remark was adopted from a recognition of the anxiety she felt about her state. Her heart was full of care for an afflicted son whom she was leaving behind, who, having been helpless from birth, had been her special charge. Desiring to be resigned to the Lord's will, her soul wrestled for grace to "be still." We reminded her of the provision made for Mephibosheth who was lame on both his feet, and ventured to express assurance that the Lord in His good providence would care for her care, especially as there were indications of graciousness in Him.

While her tabernacle was dissolving, the process of physical decay being rapid, her ransomed spirit with saving health longed for her Lord; and being delivered in measure from her late darkness, often exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus." While all things else were gradually becoming less attractive, He became more ardently affected; hence her oft-repeated and emphatic cry was, "He is precious!" Her dying words were, "Why do Thy chariot wheels delay?" And her sleeping dust awaits re-animation in Brompton cemetery.

A funeral sermon was preached by the writer on Lord's-day, July 22, from Hebrews ii. 10.

S. GRAY,

Battersea.

THE EXERCISED AND EARNEST PREACHER.

DURING one week I had become thoroughly disheartened. I felt as if I never could preach again. The Sabbath came, and I went into the pulpit very sad-hearted, but I was conscious of going in with more of the spirit of prayer than ever before, and before I got through with that plain sermon, strong men bowed themselves, and there was a great rain. O, how we have lived! We have lived as though God were a myth, and heaven a dream, and the Atonement a cheat, and eternity nothing. When will this horrid nightmare of sin be gone? Is not this the time to favour Zion? Can you come with something of the earnestness of dying men and women, and pray for the salvation of souls? Have you not something of the zeal of John Knox, who, when he arose on a cold night, and knelt down and prayed for Scotland, and his wife importuned him to come back to the pillow, said: "Woman! how can I sleep when my land is not saved? O God! give me Scotland, or I die!"

LAY thy hand on thy pulse; it doth still beat, though faintly; there are in thee longings after God; there is a spiritual living creature in thee, like the mole under ground is working up towards the free air, heaving up the earth and breathes heavenward; and dost thou doubt thy state? Come, be ashamed to talk thus. Is thy latter end worse than the beginning? O, no.—*Dr. Goodwin's Marrow.*

THE DECISIVE DAY! RECEIVING AND CONFESSING THE MESSIAH.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 245.)

A POWERFUL Appeal to His Father—His Solemn Sight of the Crucifixion—His Conflict—Public Profession of His Faith in Our Lord—The Jews Assail, and Threaten, and Curse Him—His Father's Terribly Awful Letter, &c.

MY DEAR AND WELL-BELOVED FATHER,—The several letters I received from you lately filled me with much sorrow. You caution me against Christianity; you speak with such a prejudiced spirit as regards the Author of the Christian religion; and you also say that if you find me to believe in *Joshua*, the Author of Christianity, you will have nothing to do with me. I, therefore, beg of you, my dear father, to read this letter, and see if there is not some wonderful truth in it. Since I wrote to you last, I have determined to find out the great question—

“IS CHRISTIANITY TRUE OR NOT?”

I, therefore, studied the *Bible only*, and found that unless Christianity is the true religion, then the God of our holy fathers has not spoken His words in the Book which we call the *Holy Bible*. I must openly confess, my dear father, that it is my conviction that if Christianity be not the true religion, then the words of God cannot be true.

I was presented with a book from Rabbi Stern, which is called *the New Testament*. Dear father, it is a wonderful little book to me; it seems to be a thorough good key to the Bible; it opens the mind very wonderfully; it gives the life of Joshua the Messiah. I can truly say, if Messiah has not come yet, I do not believe that He will come now; for, referring to the words of the holy prophet Haggai, we see clearly that the Messiah must have appeared in the time of the second temple. Note the following wonderful words:—

“For thus saith the Lord of hosts; Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts. The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts.”

As we notice the history of Joshua the Nazarene, He seemed to have appeared in the time when the second temple was whole; and if we carefully examine the book of the generation of Joshua, the Christians' Messiah, we find it wonderful; for His descent can be traced from ever since the time of our father Abraham. The book of the generations says as follows:—

“Abraham begat Isaac; and Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren; and Judas begat Phares and Zara of Thamar; and Phares begat Esrom; and Esrom begat Aram; and Aram begat Aminadab; and Aminadab begat Naasson; and Naasson begat Salmon; and Salmon begat Booz of Rachab; and Booz begat Obed of Ruth; and Obed begat Jesse; and Jesse begat David the king; and David the king begat Solomon of her that had been the wife of Urias; and Solomon begat Roboam; and Roboam begat Abia; and Abia begat Asa; and Asa begat Josaphat; and Josaphat begat Joram; and Joram begat Ozias; and Ozias begat Joatham; and Joatham begat Achaz; and Achaz begat Ezekias; and Ezekias begat Manasses; and Manasses begat Amon; and Amon begat Josias; and Josias begat Jechonias and his brethren, about the time they were carried

away to Babylon: and after they were brought to Babylon, Jechonias begat Salathiel; and Salathiel begat Zorobabel; and Zorobabel begat Abiud; and Abiud begat Eliakim; and Eliakim begat Azor; and Azor begat Sadoc; and Sadoc begat Achim; and Achim begat Eliud; and Eliud begat Eleazar; and Eleazar begat Matthan; and Matthan begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ. So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations.

And when we come to notice the whole life of the Nazarene, it is most remarkable to behold the pure and holy life He lived. Beloved father, if you wish to learn a little of His nature, I will gladly send you the book called *the New Covenant* or *Testament*, and you will find that such life was wonderful indeed. Dear father, if you do not believe in the Nazarene, what answer can you give as regards the miracles He performed? And, dear father, is it not the greatest proof we have that the Christian religion must be the religion God has established, when we only think, eighteen hundred years ago, a poor, *miserable, persecuted Jew* was put to death by the Roman soldiers, how He died in the painful death of crucifixion; our ancestors, who arrived in Jerusalem to celebrate the passover, almost all of them who went to see Him on *Gilgal* (Golgotha), and how the Nazarene died, and *was buried*, and those even that believed on Him were put to death, and almost annihilated; yet, beloved father, look abroad and see kings and princes bow their knees to the crucified Nazarene; and how many have given their lives by testifying that He is **THE TRUE MESSIAH**.

Now, dear father, is this not sufficient proof that Christianity is the religion of God? Look at the despised Joshua! He is worshipped by millions of educated and intelligent men. The true philosopher acknowledges the Messiahship of the Nazarene. Once more, beloved father, I must tell you the feelings of my heart—

I ALMOST AM A CHRISTIAN!

My dear father, I fancy I can see you reading this letter; your heart is *filled with sorrow and anger* towards me! I think I can see you turn against me! I almost hear you say, "Away with Isaac; away with him!" But, O my loving father, if I could only fly to Russia, and see you, and express the feelings of my heart, nothing would make me more happy.

Once more, I must say that the Messiah has come; and I **BELIEVE IN HIM**. Although our Jewish brethren consider Him a disgrace, and that it is shameful to believe in Him; but, beloved father, I cannot, I must not be ashamed of Him. I have not yet made a public profession of my faith in Him; yet, in my heart I believe in Him. Oh, dear and beloved father, please read the book I send you, and examine the Holy Bible, and see if I am not right. My prayer is the time may soon come when the veil may be taken away from our dearly-beloved nation, and Israel may look to Him whom they have pierced, and mourn for Him as for a firstborn.

With very fervent prayers for you, and my darling mother, and beloved sisters and brothers,

I remain, my beloved father,

Your affectionate son even till death,

Palestine-place, Cambridge-heath, London,
December, 1871.

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

P.S.—Referring to your letter of ———, I would recommend you, if any one of *Goradskie Duma* ask the reason of my absence from Russia, you had better say that I left because I wished to escape the Conscription, and I think that will save all trouble at home.*

I. L.

MOURNING FOR ASSURANCE OF HIS OWN SALVATION.

My soul was perfectly satisfied in believing that JESUS was the Messiah and the Saviour of the world; but I could not possibly realise that Jesus was MY SAVIOUR *and my Redeemer*. This filled me with much sorrow, for I was convinced that none but Jesus could save; but when I thought how I hated the Name of Jesus, and how many times I cursed that dear Name, I certainly did not think that mercy could be manifested unto me.

I often visited my beloved friend in Christ, Mr. Stern, who so often warmly, and with a fatherly spirit, comforted and enlightened me, by informing me the more sinful I felt, the more assured he was that Jesus would pardon my sins. Mr. Stern often kneeled and prayed when I was with him, and the prayers sank deep in my heart. At last, I expressed the feelings of my heart to Mr. Stern, and said, "If Christ will pardon my sins, I must make a public confession of my faith in Him!" Mr. Stern then requested me to write a letter to him, and express my experience in the letter, which I did.† Mr. Stern then appointed that I should be publicly baptized on Sunday, February 4th. Although it was my desire to make a public confession, yet my heart was full of sorrow when I thought that as soon as I would make a confession in Jesus, my beloved parents would cut me off from them. I often wept bitterly when thinking of the love of a tender mother, and from her I would be cut off because of Christianity. This, I must say, was a great temptation; I did not know what to do; but thanks be to the Almighty grace by whom the tempted shall overcome and triumph, even by God's grace I overcame this temptation, when I read the words of Jesus, "Whosoever does not forsake father and mother for My sake, is not worthy of Me." I then thought of the great love of parents; but I also thought of the love of Jesus; I thought of the manger of *Bethlehem*; I thought of the carpenter's shop at *Nazareth*; I thought of Jesus as He sat in the hall of Herod, laughed at by the Jews and Romans; I thought of the crown of thorns on that dear and eminent head; and I thought of the rugged nails in His hands and feet, of the spear in His side, and of the grave where He was laid. I asked myself, "Can there be greater love than this?" The words of the poet were my continual language:—

"Alas! and did my sovereign Lord
Bleed for such a wretch as I?"

I then realised that the love of parents was nothing like the love of Jesus, and could not possibly deny Him, for His love drew me nearer

* My father wrote to me, informing me that he had received notice from the provincial office, summoning me to appear at a certain time for the Conscription, and he, therefore, wished to know what reply to give. The above is the reply I recommended him to give.

† I asked Mr. Stern to oblige by lending me the letter for publication, but he regrets that he cannot find it, as he mislaid it.

and nearer to Him. Thanks be unto God! Mr. Stern never felt it too hard to bring before me the love of our Jesus.

On Saturday evening, February 3rd, 1872, I visited Mr. Stern, and then kneeling down he earnestly prayed on my behalf. On Sunday, February 4th, I renewed my visit, and Mr. Stern then engaged for a little time in devotion. We went to the Episcopal Jewish chapel,* where the prayers, according to the Prayer Book of the Church of England, were read in the Hebrew language. After the first part of the service, I knelt down at the font, where Mr. Stern, in a very touching and affective manner, read the service of baptism in Hebrew, and then baptized me in accordance with the baptism of the Established Church of England, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The chapel was attended by a large number of Jews, who came for curiosity's sake. After the service, returning to the Wanderers' Home, a large crowd of Jews ran after me, throwing stones and old slippers, and saying all manner of things. I was very glad when I arrived at the "Home," and, when looking at the large number of Jews, I could only cry, "Lord have mercy upon them, for they know not what they do."

On Friday, February 19, I entered, through Mr. Stern's recommendation, in the *Operative Jewish Convert's Institution*,† where I remained 22 months, during which time I was engaged in the book-binding and book-finishing departments.

As soon as I entered the O. J. C. Institution, I determined to visit some of my Jewish friends, and tell them of the glorious tidings of the Gospel. One evening, which I shall not forget, I went to see a Jewish friend, and when the door was opened, my friend shook hands with me very warmly, and then asked me where I lived, and what I was doing. I hardly knew what to answer. To confess Jesus, I knew would offend him; to deny Christ, I dared not. At last, I thought of Him who said, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, of him shall I be ashamed before My Father." I was silent for a few moments, and then I asked what he thought of the Messiah? He exclaimed, "Do you believe in the impostor?" I said, "Whom do you call impostor?" He answered, "Why, Jesus Christ!" I answered, "My friend, you may call Him impostor, but he is my blessed Saviour and Redeemer." I expressed my compassion over him, because of his darkness and ignorance, after which he spit in my face, and then commanded me to leave the house; he shut the door before my face. This I thought was great discouragement; still I prayed for grace and courage. A few days after, walking through one of the streets in London, I met a young man, a particular friend of mine, from Russia, and on meeting each other, he fell on my neck, kissing me in the middle of the street. After a little conversation, when he found that I believed in Jesus, he then perfectly changed the conversation; and then spitting in my face, on leaving me, cried several times, "Away, you dog! Away, you wretch!"

* Church of England.

† This Institution is established for young men converted, Jews, who are cut off from their own friends and relations for Christ's sake. In this Institution they find a home, and every need provided, for three or four years, during which time every young convert has a good opportunity of learning a trade; and on leaving the Institution they can earn an honest livelihood.

No one has an idea what it is to pass through such trials but those who do pass through them. I received several letters from Jews, threatening me that they would kill me if I did not give up Christianity. I then realised the Word of Jesus, that they will turn you out of their synagogue and kill you; but I rejoice to know that by the grace of God all enemies will be overcome.

The following is a letter I received from my father in answer to the one I sent to him:—

MY BELOVED ISAAC,—I received your letter. I did not answer it before, because I know you are with the missionaries. Oh, woe is me! woe is me! You have filled us with eternal shame and disgrace. Since we heard that you are a believer in the *Bastard*, we have not ceased weeping. Cursed is the hour that I went under the canopy with your mother, and was married; better would it be if I had been born a stone, and not a man. Woe is me! bitter is me! bitter is me! Will you not have mercy on us? Oh, do be mindful of us, and repent and turn away from the Christian faith. Think of your father, mother, sisters, and brothers, whose days you have darkened. Remember, my beloved Isaac, that you cannot find in the world a father or mother. I cannot rest because of my sorrow. Oh, Isaac! Isaac! Isaac! through you I shall never be able to enjoy heaven. What is my life? what is my life? Better would it be if I had never been born. Your mother, since she has had the dreadful intelligence, has become quite a different being. Your brothers and sisters—Oh, would it not be better if God would take their lives away than to leave us to go to the grave in old age with shame? My prayer is that the Lord may cut off the whole of our family, than for us to live in the misery that you have brought upon us; or else, would God cut you off.

What is the life of a Jew but to have good sons in remembrance in after generations; but woe is me, the remembrance that I brought up will be of shame and everlasting disgrace.

Your brother Hessel is very great in the provinces of Gradno and Kovno; and when I think of you, I wonder why the Lord has plagued me with such a curse. I always thought that I should have joy from you, seeing I did all in my power to bring you up in a way that not many fathers in Kovno bring up their children. My heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and grief. I cannot write any more.

I remain, your mourning father,

LION LEVINSOHN.

Your sister wishes me to enclose a short letter from her:—

TO MY KIND AND EVER-LOVING BROTHER ISAAC,—I salute you, beloved brother; may you live long. Dear, tender, and loving brother, have compassion on us, and see that we may not have shame and everlasting disgrace; remember we are only young children; destroy not our world. Oh! do not pour our blood in shame, for we are your little sisters and brothers, young children. Have pity on us. God bless you, loving Isaac.

I remain, your ever-affectionate sister,
Who wishes you every happiness and heavenly blessing,

MAITA ESTHER LEVINSOHN.

(*Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's reply to his father's letter in our next.*)

GODLY FEAR AND ITS FRUITS.

BY G. BURRELL, OF WATFORD.

THIS new covenant blessing, this most precious and powerful principle, is like its great Author God, and is therefore the very root and spring of all vital and practical godliness. It is a fountain of life: "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death" (Prov. xiv. 27); and again, "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life, and he that hath it shall abide satisfied" (Prov. xix. 23). If we put these two portions of Divine truth together, we shall learn what is the nature and operations of this precious principle. It is a *fountain of life*, and it *tends to life*. What is it therefore but God's own life in the soul? how can it be a fountain of life in any other way? This is that of which the Apostle Peter writes; he calls it "Being made a partaker of the Divine nature; whereby are given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness." Life is the root, godliness is the fruit, or result. This fountain of life springs up in regeneration; hence "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and "The fear of the Lord is clean." We have no spiritual life, no spiritual knowledge, and no spiritual power, till we possess this grace. This is the same grace which the dear Saviour speaks of to the woman of Samaria under another figure, the figure of water; it is this living spring, this clean water, the fear of God: "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." What a sweet harmony there is in the Word of our God; this water is freely given; here is its seat, "*In Him*" as an abiding well; here also is its operation, "*Springing up*." Of the wicked it is said, "God is not in all their thoughts;" and of all others it may be said, whatever thoughts they have of God, they have no right conception either of themselves or of God, for "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." This holy, heavenly spark of life is implanted in the soul when the soul is born anew, called in other parts of the Word of God, "The seed of God:" "The seed of God remaineth in him," and he cannot therefore sin, or love or live in sin, for "By the fear of the Lord men depart from evil." It is this clean principle of godly fear that discovers sin, that loathes sin, that mourns and groans on account of sin. Place a naturally clean person in a filthy place, it makes him miserable and wretched. What is it that makes the child of God at times so miserable and wretched? It is this holy principle living in the midst of such a mass of filth. "I find," says holy Paul, "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;" and this made him groan, "O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" What was the law of the mind of the Apostle but this precious principle, this godly fear in his heart? This principle, then, we see is a living spring, and it is clean, it is uncontaminable, pure as its Divine Author:

"It lives and labours under load;
Though damped it never dies."

There are degrees of this fear we know, but its nature is always the same. We read of "Obadiah, he feared the Lord greatly;" and we read of Nehemiah, he did not as others, because he feared God. In Joseph too how strong this precious grace appeared in the hour of temptation: "How can I do this

great wickedness and sin against God?" It is a powerful restraining principle in the saint; and in the midst of a daily warfare with the world, flesh, and devil, we should not forget the fact that we cannot do the things we would. I mean, we should not forget to look on both sides of the question: we are apt to look at the dark side and forget the bright; we cannot, we know and feel, do that we would spiritually, for when we would do good, evil is present with us; but, on the other hand, we cannot do what the flesh prompts, because of the good that is with us; we cannot fulfil the desires of the flesh, or gratify them as prompted by the flesh because of the contrary restraining principle within. Bunyan most truthfully and experimentally sets forth this great and blessed fact in his "Holy War," where he describes the blacksliding, degenerated state of Mansoul: all the townfolk were for merry-making and happy, but one old gentleman they could not prevail to join in with them, he would sit moping in the chimney corner, and made all the rest of the townfolk somewhat uneasy, and his name was Mr. Godly Fear. What, then, is that which groans beneath a load of sin? Surely it is not sin, but its opposite, the holy life of God.

What was that which made Lot to vex his righteous soul in Sodom, while the Sodomites rolled in their filth as the sow in the mire? It was the contrast; Lot was a righteous man. O, this was the root of the matter in the poor crushed heart of Job, which the flood and the fire could not destroy, by which he discovered the fact, and realised and confessed it too, that he was vile. We know he feared God, for God Himself says, there was none like him in the earth, even before he went into the fire: "One that feareth God and escheweth evil;" and see in his whole history how this principle wrought and discovered itself. "If I wash myself," he says, "with snow-water, and make my hands never so clean, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." "When tried, I shall come forth as gold." The faith and principles of Job were tested indeed in the fire, and it was this holy living principle which constrained him to say when he came out of the fire, "Behold, I am vile; I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Mark, he does not say, "I *was* vile," but, "I *am* vile; now I see, feel, and confess it, and I do abhor myself." So also the apostle under the influence and operation of this holy principle, godly fear, says, "I am carnal, sold under sin." It is purity that groans under sin; life that feels the burden of a body of death; light that complains of felt darkness; liberty that groans on account of bondage; faith that cries out with tears, "Lord help my unbelief;" spirituality that complains of carnality; and the very nature of the holy God that loathes and abhors sin and self. Here are two fountains in the same person—the fear of the Lord, this fountain is in the heart: "I will put My fear in their hearts." And here is in the same individual another fountain, a naturally depraved fountain, ever springing, ever rising, oft prevailing, a desperately wicked and deceitful heart, out of which proceedeth all manner of evil, &c., and these are the things that defile the man. This nature, the old Adam nature, remains unaltered as to its nature in the saint, and often appears exceeding strong while grace appears exceeding weak; but the elder shall serve the younger; grace shall reign. Sin shall not have dominion over you; it may rise and roll, its floods of filth may overflow and threaten to drown the soul, but there is still God's treasure at the bot-

tom, that fountain of life still in motion, still tending upwards; no power of sin within, nor hellish force without, can make it tend downwards. The devil may put his great black foot upon it, mountains of trouble may be laid upon it, yet it will ooze out and up in spite of all adverse powers, a well of water springing up, and why? God Himself is the root of it; He dwells in all His sacred persons in the heart, "That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith." "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and who trembleth at My word, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." This precious principle stamps its possessor as a child of God. It is God-like, it is immortal, and it is filial in its nature; it springs from love and is rooted in love, there is nothing slavish in it. There is a fear that is slavish—perfect love casts out this fear; devils and reprobates possess a slavish fear; the devils know, fear, and tremble; slavish fear has for its object punishment, but godly fear has for its object God; it tends to its great Author, Source, and Spring; slavish fear looks at the consequences of sin; but godly filial fear hates sin itself because of its very nature, and would hate it were there no hell of punishment or heaven of reward.

Slavish fear makes the service of God a burden and a task, but filial fear finds His service a perfect freedom; the one is produced and lives beneath the law, and the other is of God, and thrives beneath the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

"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."—HART.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

"I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."—Josh. i. 5.

ALONE with Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To lay my sorrows at His feet;
So kindly He consents to share
My crushing weight, my life-long care.
I know how sweet it is, my God,
To fall before Thee 'neath the rod.

Alone, yet not alone; one eye
That can my every grief descry;
An eye that beams with pitying love,
And scans earth's depths from heaven
above,

That never tires, that never sleeps,
But watches while the tired one weeps.

Alone, yet not alone; one hand
To hold the glass as runs the sand;
To wipe away the scalding tear;
Dispel each gloomy doubt and fear.
To soothe this wounded heart of mine,
Pouring therewith oil and wine.

Alone, yet not alone; one heart
To feel my wounds' acutest smart;
A spacious heart to hide me in,

Safe from the whelming flood of sin.
So mighty, yet so kind and free,
Stooping to love a worm like me.

Alone, yet not alone; one voice
To bid me make the Lord my choice;
To whisper "Peace," when troubles roll
Like waves across my chastened soul;
To say, in accents soft and mild,
"I know thou hast a cross, My child!"

Alone, yet not alone; one ear
To suppliant's whisper ever near;
Awake to silent agony;
To bleeding spirit's misery;
Attentive to the humblest cry,
The faintest prayer, the smothered sigh.

Alone, yet not alone; one breast
Where I may lay my head to rest;
Reposing in those loving arms,
So calm, so safe from all alarms.
Oh, here for ever, lying still,
I'll humbly do my Father's will.

[Communicated by W. L. Usher, who wishes to learn who was the author of this consoling poem.]

THE SAME PEOPLE ALL THE WORLD OVER.

I HAVE just been looking at Psalm cii., and discover in it so much like what I feel, that it seems as though the Psalm might be expressly intended for me. Two things are mentioned, which are characteristic of God's dear children—namely, prayer and experience. The Psalmist says, "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee." Some make long prayers, and some short ones; but how many of us look for answers? How many of us are anxious about whether our prayers are heard or not? There may be much praying in multiplying words, and much praying in the very letter of Scripture, and all well put together, and eloquently expressed, and that in great variety, yet there may not be anything of the real spirit of prayer. A service of great length, and a variety of subjects may be gone through, and all graced with much Scripture illustration, but the Spirit of the living God may not be in the wheels. Oh! how often am I in soul trouble about my prayers, fearing they are not living prayers, the breath of the new creature and the expressions of a gracious heart! How often am I in soul trouble about what I read and preach, lest I should not vitally understand it. I feel that I want savour and life, both in my prayers, preaching, and conversation; I am often in fear that religion with me is only a mere customary thing; for what is my real enjoyment of it? and how near am I living to God? A second thing we may notice here is the curious description given of the experience of Christians in the kind of metaphors that are employed. The Christian's experience is sometimes of a strange complicated character. What appropriate notions can the unregenerate form of experimental language like this: "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I am like a sparrow alone upon the housetop?" There are a great many **LIKES** in our experience. Sometimes you say, "I am *like* the barren fig-tree." I promise God and promise myself that I will not be such a lazy bearer this year as I was the last year; yet still I remain a poor fruitless plant, with all my digging and dunging; my fears and tremblings increase, while the awful sound is more and more in my ears, "Cut it down." There is a looking for fruit, but, alas! there is nothing but leaves. O Lord, make me to bear fruit, or I shall be cut down as fuel for the fire. Sometimes you say, "I am **LIKE** a bottle in the smoke;" for as to the state of my soul in spiritual things, I am dried and shrivelled up, and all I say and do seem like so much dry stubble; all is vanity and confusion within, and I am ready to wish I had never made any profession at all. Job had a curious **LIKE** in his experience. Says he, "I am a brother to dragons." Did he compare himself to a dragon? A dragon is a melancholy and solitary creature; it makes a dismal cry, shuns the company of men, and seeks to be alone. Say you, "I am just like the dragon, for I am melancholy, and have no wish to be heard in prayer, nor in conversation about Divine things, because to me my voice seems only a dismal noise, and highly offensive, while I feel constrained to get out of the way, and dwell alone, lest I should make others as miserable as myself. But let us look at some of the **LIKES** in Christian experience, as recorded in the Psalm you have been referred to. David says, "I am *like* a pelican of the wilderness." Under the ceremonial law, this bird ranks among the unclean. Say you, this is my case, for it is just as I feel. Job says, "The life of

hypocrites is among the unclean ;” and that is where I am, no doubt ; for because of my uncleanness I am condemned as a hypocrite, go where I will, and attend to what I may. But stop ; do the unregenerate feel themselves to be unclean, and confess it ? If I read the Word of God right, it is only the godly man who feelingly says, “ I am a man of unclean lips.” Blessed be God, we read of a large white sheet, full of unclean creatures, and these were all in the covenant of grace, and why may not I ? If you are an unclean pelican, yet there is something good about you : for the pelican pierces its own breast to nourish its young ones with its blood ; and you love the brethren of Christ so well, that nothing gives you so much delight as to do them good in any way you can, which is sufficient to prove that you have passed from death unto life. Pelicans swallow shells, and, when softened, they vomit them up, and so come at the meat. And you know the difference between the letter which killeth and the Spirit which giveth life ; you know how to hear God’s Word, how to digest it, and how to get the nourishment out of it. But here is another *like* for you to look at. “ I am like an owl of the desert.” Proud people will never compare themselves to owls. However, God speaks of beasts, dragons, and owls to which His people, for certain reasons, are compared ; and then He says, “ This people have I formed for Myself, they shall show forth My praise.” Yes, “ this people,” this singular, this strange, this marked-out people, a sect everywhere spoken against. Say you, the owl is a large bird in appearance, but has a very small body, and am I not just like this bird ? I make a dashy appearance, but I possess a small body after all. It is true I have plenty of feathers ; and fine feathers make a fine bird ; and I have two large eyes of knowledge and acute apprehension, and can quickly distinguish truth from error ; but I fear, like the owl, I am little worth, having my religion in the letter only, and so presenting more show than substance. The owl is a bird of the night, and I seem to be nearly all night and darkness in myself ; yea, I walk in darkness and have no light. Well, but the dead are in darkness, yet they neither know it nor feel it ; whereas, you are not only sensible of it, but complain much about it. Is not this a proof that you are alive, and so have feeling ? But you cannot possibly imagine how much I am in the dark about the things of God, about myself, and also about my future state. Then let me direct you to another *like* in Christian experience : “ I am like a sparrow alone upon the housetop.” Has not God said concerning these birds, “ The people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations ?” To be sure He has. Perhaps there is no bird among us more undervalued than the poor little sparrow ; say you, I am just like this bird then, for however much I may be undervalued, it will not be contrary to what I daily feel. I am a poor good-for-nothing, and must confess it ; yea, I feel as though I might be only a blot in the creation of God.

According to Scripture testimony, a sparrow would not fetch the smallest piece of money. It would take two to fetch a farthing. Says the self-despised believer, I am sure I am nothing worth, with such a bad heart as I have. Well, well, my friend, but if you are worth nothing in yourself, yet if God put you in with Christ, it is like a nought being made of great worth by the considerable figure annexed to it ; and so, worthless as you are, you may at last come in for a golden

crown. The sparrow is a sort of solitary bird, making one sound only. Ah! say you, that is just like me; I'm all one thing, making but one shrill, lifeless sound, slow of apprehension, sick of my prayers, sick of my talk, heartily sick of myself; and can't help thinking but God is as sick of me, and will spue me out of His mouth. Come, come, poor sparrow, there is something good about you, after all. Well, and what is that? You watch, don't you? David, the sparrow, says, "I watch." Is not this one of the marks of a real child of God? Say you, then it is not one of mine. Why not? Because I am dull, stupid, careless, carnal, and worldly. I am so indifferent and so unconcerned about the solemn things of God and my own soul, that I am frightened sometimes only to think of what a wretch I am, to make a profession of religion, and not to think better, act better, and feel better. I can't help saying, surely I am nothing; and it would have been a good thing for me if I had never meddled with religion at all. Instead of living in a sweet, spiritual, and heavenly aid, I seem to spend all my days in smoke, feeling generally uneasy, and finding so much in myself to annoy and disturb my spirits. My heart within me is law-smitten, world-smitten, Satan-smitten, and persecution-smitten, that I am got quite discouraged; and meeting with so much among professors that is so contrary to the Gospel, I am sorely disheartened in the Lord's ways, and am ready to faint and give up; when the devil, picking his opportunity, says, Religion is a nominal thing, an *ignis fatuus*, and no reality. But while it says, "Be still and know that I am God," there is a very heart-searching and instructive portion which says, "If thou hast run with footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how wilt thou contend with horses? and what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, April, 1877.

A CHOICE GEM.

"THERE is a fountain open for sin and uncleanness: the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin." It had this virtue given it by the covenant of grace, when the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity agreed to give their power to it, and nothing can resist the power of the Godhead. He who shed it was God and man in one person. As God He was co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, and when He took our nature, that in it He might obey and suffer for sinners, nothing could be wanting to render His obedience and sufferings absolutely complete. For all the works of God are perfect: nothing can be added to them, or taken from them. When Jesus shed His blood upon the cross it was the will of the ever-blessed Trinity, that this blood should be of infinite efficacy to take away sin. It cannot want power to cleanse, because the whole power of the Godhead is engaged to make it effectual. It is the blood of the everlasting covenant. The Son has shed it, and the Father has received it as a full satisfaction and atonement for sin, and the application of it is now in the hand of the eternal and Almighty Spirit, and when He applies it, and gives the sinner faith to rely upon it, what can then resist its power, or hinder its efficacy?

W. ROMAINE.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Meditations Upon the Doctrine of Baptisms. By J. C. Porter. To be had of the author, 16, Wharf-road, City-road, London, N. We are always thankful for new works on the different phases of the Gospel dispensation; and when written in such a loving and intelligent spirit as Mr. Porter has been influenced by, we feel exceedingly happy in recommending the work to the notice of our readers. We were so silently, so solemnly, so strongly led to see the baptism of believers to be the baptism of the New Testament, that none of these blessed witnesses against it ever move us; and while we cling to "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," while we view the immersion of repenting and believing sinners, as a sacred witness of the deep death and the triumphant resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, while we are persuaded it is the Saviour's good pleasure that thus we should publicly confess Him before men, and thus lovingly obey Him, we never feel disposed to quarrel with those good men who speak and write to shew that the Baptists are very weak-minded people, and that the baptism of the Holy Ghost is the only baptism about which we have any need to trouble ourselves. No, we shall never enter the lists with such powerful men as Baxter, Bradbury, Godsmark, and a long array of equally excellent names. We quietly think only the Spirit of God can truly convince a believer of the holy mysteries connected with this loud-speaking part of our services. With God we leave the matter. At the same time we shall here preach with our pen a short discourse under four heads:—1. An apology for unpleasantness. There are lovely brethren in the ministry who believe immersion to be one part of practical truth; but they say it is not essential; besides, it is not pleasant to them, nor to their friends, so they pass it by.—2. An excuse for nervousness. Many devout Christians know it is the ancient way, but they are saved without it: and they so shrink at Jordan's flood, they demur and decline.—3. A call for faithfulness. Are you saved by the agonising baptism and death of your self-denying Lord? Do you see it to be your privilege? Oh, delay not! Let not conscience further linger.—Lastly, a tribute of thankfulness. We praise our God for still constraining so many to be instrumental in maintaining this Divinely instituted rite. The Baptists are many, and multitudes yet are coming,

and the more Mr. Porter and others try to write it down, the more it will grow.

"Your tried friend, W. O. Kent," asketh, "What think you of G. W. Shepherd's sermon on *Ritual in the Worship of God?*" We read it with care; its arguments and conclusions are sufficient to make all believers obedient to the faith and commands of our exalted Advocate before the throne of God, if prejudice could be wiped out of the eyes of tens of thousands, and if the blessed Spirit of all truth was pleased to make the ordinances as clear as He has to ourselves, to Mr. Shepherd, and to some others. We have frequently urged the question Mr. Shepherd puts so emphatically: "Why, of all the commands of Christ, should baptism be singled out for abolition?" Why, indeed! We weep in our inmost soul over the delusions of the adversary on the one hand, and the blindness and obstinacy of professed Christians on the other. More than all do we sorrow over the hardened neglect of those who know their Lord's will, yet do not do it. We will, if our Lord permit, write out the death-bed painful exclamations of one of these procrastinators, who was called under our earliest ministry, who for forty years followed the Lord in hearing, but never openly confessed His dear Name. Oh! the Lord knoweth how solemnly we have desired to be right in His sight, to do right in all His ways; and with what holy joy we have led some hundreds down into the water, received them into the Church, and witnessed their Christian life, and peaceful death; and as well doth the Lord know how it perplexes us to reconcile the apparent prosperity of popular and highly-gifted professors who really pour contempt upon this one most significant command of our living Lord.

"Can you see Him?" "Yes!" One sentence in the closing scenes of Robert Newton Sears—a memorial of whose life and death has been published by F. Davis, Chapter-house-court; and J. Lane, 42, Camberwell-road, S.E. This pamphlet is suited as a small gift to young people. *Grace Magnified in the Life and Death of Robert Newton Sears*, is a precious testimony to the blessedness of that godliness which accompanies salvation. His last hours confirmed the truth of those Spirit-taught lines,—

"Jesus, the vision of Thy face,
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms."

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

EBENEZER CHAPEL, DASHWOOD ROAD, BANBURY.

SUNDAY, July 15, was a day which will not easily be erased from the memory of many who were privileged to attend the services on this occasion, it being the last day of the opening or dedicatory assemblies of this new house for the worship of God. And I suppose it would be impossible to conceive of any way more honourable in the sight of God, or more pleasing to believers in Christ, and in New Testament principles, than was observed on the above-named season. It would certainly be a misfortune if these interesting services were not recorded. I venture, my dear Mr. Editor, to send you a few unembellished items of what took place on this memorable Lord's-day.

In the morning, after reading and prayer by Mr. Bloxham, of Oxford, C. W. Banks delivered a discourse from the words—“Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His.” It was listened to with deep interest, I hope with much profit.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bloxham addressed the congregation, showing who are proper persons for observing the ordinance of believers' baptism. C. W. Banks then made a few observations at the head of the baptistry, calling on any present, who desired to follow their Lord in baptism, to come forward, and he would baptize them upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. In addressing the candidates who were about to be baptized, the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* said, if any of the candidates would like to give their reasons for thus publicly “putting on Christ,” he would give them an opportunity of doing so before he went down into the water. After a short pause Mr. Alderman Osborn ascended the platform, and, in an exceedingly quiet, yet earnest and telling way, made, as near as possible, the following remarks:—

Christian Friends, being on this occasion about to receive the privilege of believers' baptism (the expression “submit to” I object to), it may not be out of place if I offer a few reasons for my doing so, as, were we always careful to have a reason for our actions, our conduct would sometimes differ from what it now and then does.

The first reason I will give you is, I do it because Jesus Christ has commanded it (Matt. xxviii. 19): “Go and teach all nations, and baptize them;” and I know of no better method of manifesting attachment to an object than by obeying our Lord's injunction, “If ye love Me (show it), keep My commandments.”

Another reason I will give you is, I do it because Jesus Christ has set me the example (Matt. iii. 13—15): “Then cometh Jesus,” &c. And he has exhorted me to follow Him.

The third reason I will give you is, because the seal of the Divine approval is stamped upon the ordinance (Matt. iii. 16, 17), and in the observance I expect the same

Divine approval. Not for the observance, but in the observance of the ordinance, I anticipate the blessing.

A further reason I will give you is, because it was the apostolic practice (Acts ii. 41, 42). They received the Word, then they were baptized, afterwards they were added to the Church, and break bread, and that it was the practice of Primitive Gospel Churches is as easily established from profane history.

The last reason I will now give you is, because I am conscientiously convinced that it is the Scriptural initiatory ordinance, or way into the visible Church of Christ, and I am anxious to secure the answer of a good conscience (1 Peter iii. 21), and which in the non-observance of this ordinance I do not now possess.

I trust the examples set to-day may decide others to follow in the same path.

At the conclusion of Mr. Osborn's remarks the candidates were baptized by C. W. Banks, which brought to an end the second service of the day.

In the evening C. W. Banks was again in the pulpit; and with much energy delivered a sermon from the words—“And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost.” After preaching for upwards of an hour, the preacher came down from the pulpit and formed about twenty brethren and sisters into a Church upon Strict Baptist, that is to say, New Testament principles, addressing a few words, and giving the right hand of fellowship to each. Previous to the formation of the Church, Mr. Banks asked Mr. Bloxham (who had known the people for some time) to say whether he knew any reason why these friends should not be constituted a Church. Mr. Bloxham faithfully declared his convictions that they were genuine believers in Jesus.

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper brought to a close these dedicatory services. Though the observances of these rites necessarily prolonged the usual time of worship, they were so interesting, and so much did the congregation sympathise with them, that no one appeared weary; some were helped to go on their way rejoicing.

Thus the tree was planted, and fruit has already appeared. The address of Mr. Osborn on that Sunday afternoon has been made useful in removing prejudice against, promoting enquiry about, and encouraging the timid in the observance of the ordinance of believers' baptism.

JOHN WATERS BANKS.

EXETER.—Our quiet investigator being in Exeter, sat down to hear in Zoar; says, Dear Ashby is declining; beloved Shepherd is off to South Chard; the cause is low. Oh, Exeter! large, loyal city, hast thou no more of the redeemed of the Lord to return to Zion?

NOTES ON THE LINE.

Let me catch this; come home in pouring rain last night from Tooting-grove; midnight when laid down. This morning the old cry came up—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;"

it never wears out. Found plenty of letters; but one feeling was so sweet, it was a thirst after some new sight of the Lord and of His salvation, because am expected to speak this evening at Clapham Junction, also at King's Cross; and unless some precious word comes in I cannot give it out.

It is so delightful to feel you have work to do—work for the Lord—and that He draws your heart to your work, that His Spirit and Word come talking to you; so the vessel is not quite empty. Bless the Lord.

Finished July in my own chapel; and there also commenced August. "My grace is sufficient for thee," ended July. "Lord, all my desire is before Thee; and my groaning is not hid from Thee," was the opening of this autumnal month.

Sunday morning, went to brother White's Ebenezer, King's Cross. There was a full house; there was glorious singing. Everything echoed

"THE LORD IS HERE."

Sunday night at home in Speldhurst; brother Messer read Romans viii., wherein he gave Paul's arguments and conclusions with telling effect. After sermon, which to me was not delivered in joyous freedom, two sons of ministers were received into our communion—Mr. John Waters Banks and Mr. House; the Lord's Supper was administered, and another solemn season closed.

"The Bank Holiday" found us in Brixton tabernacle in the morning, and in Mr. Welch's Tooting chapel in the evening. Mr. Cornwell had a high day. On Tuesday at Clapham Junction; and in Bethel, Wharfedale-road, I saw happy people, and said a few words.

Luton, August 8th, 1877. In a Midland steam-tug, through dark tunnels rolling, a ray of holy light within to me is quite consoling. Pushing up Victoria-park-road this morning, gentle as the dew it came—"There are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood." It suggested itself as a good text for Markyate-street this afternoon. I cannot refuse it. It never came so before. The term "witness," implies something secret, something to be tried, something to be proved.

The salvation of a man's soul is a great secret. Salvation itself is publicly proclaimed by the Gospel; it is plainly written in the Word of God; it is clearly discerned by the eye of faith.

But ask a thousand people individually, Is the salvation of your soul clear, certain, confirmed, comfortably enjoyed?

Perhaps very few could assure you that their own soul's salvation was a sealed and secured possession.

The salvation of your soul is a secret while in a state of unregeneracy. A man dead in trespasses and in sins knows nothing of his soul's salvation, perhaps cares nothing. He may be profane or professor, but of his own soul's salvation he knows nothing, under law terrors, in sore temptations, or, when clouds of infidelity and unbelief spring up, there is no experimental certainty of a soul's salvation; then, in experience nothing saving can be certain.

Three questions:—

1. Wherein doth salvation lay that it is such a secret?

2. How can the question be tried?

3. By what intangible witness can it be proved?

Wherein doth salvation lay so secretly hidden?

It lays in the Persons of the adorable Trinity; it lays in the covenant of grace; it will be consummated in eternal glory.

The Father saith to the whole Church in Christ, "Yea"—that is a solemn assurance—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." There is the cause. What effect follows? "Therefore"—that is a momentous word—"Therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Drawn from all eternity into a oneness with Christ to the covenant; drawn in time by the Spirit into faith and fellowship with Christ.

Salvation lays in a relative redemption (a thought while waiting in Luton station). The redemption of the whole world is a theory I will not talk about. The Lord to His people says, "I have redeemed thee, and called thee, thou art Mine." Mine first, redeemed second, then called, preserved, and glorified.

We had a ride under heavy rain from Luton to Markyate-street; friend Savage drove carefully. We enjoyed Christian converse; found two excellent congregations, and was helped through. Glad to see that enduring servant of the Church, R. Figg, of Redbourne,

He has his days of combat seen,

Has pass'd the age of man;

His nights of weeping oft have been

Useful in Mercy's plan.

Many a wounded warrior is still on the battle field, loyal to his Sovereign, and beloved by not a few; among them is brother Figg. He still looks healthy, he sings cheerfully; at Markyate-street and on Berkhamstead-common, he preaches faithfully. Days of mourning will come to an end; and none will more gladly hail that jubilee than those whose

Hearts have nearly bled to death,

But by the Spirit's living breath,

Their souls were held "in life."

The Dunstable evangelist, Mr. Rush, still goes forth bearing precious seed.

The old Baptist Church at Dunstable, like the moon with constant changes, throws out a little light. No great revivals in these parts are seen; but groups of Jesus' loving saints oft gather round the cross.

Thursday evening, Aug. 9, 1877. Home

service, previous to setting off (D.V.) once more for the North.

That blessed Psalm lxx. opens up to me precious thoughts of

THAT DIVINE WORSHIP,

which was ordained in heaven; which was shadowed forth in Old Testament ages; was revealed clearly by the Minister of the True Tabernacle; and was set up and set forth on the day of Pentecost; was celebrated by the apostles in the first Churches; is continued even until now; and will be perfectly consummated in the Saviour's glorious coronation kingdom.

Worship is not forced obedience; it is more than "doing our duty;" it is the mutual enjoyment of love; it is the celebration of victory; it is walking in godly liberty; it is the going forth of the soul in the light and knowledge of the Lord God Almighty.

Psalm lxx. 1, shows the order of worship; there is a silent waiting; then follows Mercy's giving, from thence cometh the Church's praising. "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion."

The character of the worshippers is given in ver. 4. They are blessed because they are chosen, they are caused to approach unto the Lord; they are satisfied with the goodness of God's house in His holy temple, which is

THE KINGDOM OF OUR LORD.

The boundings of grace in every direction are set forth, and the Gospel year is called the year of God's goodness, which is crowned with life eternal. All His paths which lead to peace, do flow with treasures yet unknown.

O, what a line!

"**THY PATHS DROP FATNESS.**"

Let Job talk to us; Job vi. 18. Some here described "go to nothing," and perish. Who are they? Read their character and condition in verses 15-17. Job viii. 13, speaks of some who are in paths wherein

"**THEY FORGET GOD AND PERISH.**"

[While on Northern tour, hope to give full notes.]

PECKHAM.—Opening services Particular Baptist chapel, Peckham-road. At a time when thick gloom heclouds the prospects of many of our Churches, it is refreshing to discover any, even the smallest seeds of hope for the future. We think we did rightly in looking thus at the services held by the Particular Baptist Church, at Peckham, in connection with the opening of their new place of worship, opposite Camden-grove, Peckham-road, Thursday, July 12. A sermon was preached in afternoon by Mr. Bennett, of Wilderness-row, from the words, "If a man love Me he will keep My words." Mr. Bennett's discourse was an earnest appeal to the friends at Peckham to remain faithful to the words of the Master in the midst of the almost universal defection from the principles of truth at the present day. He showed that love to Christ must result in opposition to all that is opposed to His teaching, and an unyielding attachment to

all His commandments. In the evening, Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached from the words, "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people." Those who have heard Mr. Shepherd frequently, never listened to him with greater pleasure than on this occasion. Very pleasurable indeed it is to feel that there are, even among the young men, some who are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, nor afraid to preach it faithfully. The services were encouraging.

B. T.

A VOICE FROM THE FURNACE.

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—Grace and peace be multiplied. After long silence I take my pen to address you. I return you many thanks for your kind expressions of sympathy with me in this long affliction. My dear wife is still alive, but suffering greatly, and slowly wasting away. We have watched over her with great anxiety, expecting sometimes every moment would be the last, and she has appeared to be in the suburbs of glory; then followed dark and gloomy seasons of fear and desponding, especially of late. Satan is doing his work, but he cannot destroy her faith nor her hope; it is founded upon the Rock of her salvation; she longs to depart to be with Christ, which is far better. I am learning hard lessons in these deep waters, but many of my thoughts are too young to be uncovered. This long captivity tries me many ways. At times I feel desperate, as though I could cut my way through a troop of devils to gain my liberty: but I am commanded to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. My friends believe I shall be carried through it. They marvel to see how I am borne up under it for so long a time. One thing is strange, the people at Norwich lay hard on my mind all these years. I deeply regret I did not obey the call; it darts through my heart like pointed arrows. I wonder if there is a little holy retaliation and mild retribution administered to me in this long afflictive dispensation, where I am shut up in this valley of Achor with tears hanging on my eyelids, like the dew drops of the morning. I am not as one of those retired pastors. I feel able and willing to work whenever my Master sees fit to give me an opportunity. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God."

My dear brother, I see you are doing a great work. I know your generous heart prompts you to do much. God will help you and bless you. Never mind about the rattle of the pots/herds; cleave fast to the Fountain, and draw as much living water and honey out of the Rock as you can. Faith has a fine tongue for drawing, and some rare teeth to masticate hard food. I shall be glad to get a word from you when you can spare a few minutes.

Wishing you many blessings, we remain yours affectionately, G. A. KELLAWAY,

In the valley of weeping.

[O blessed saints! the Lord be with thee.
—ED.]

A NOTE FROM

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND AUSTRALIA,—Grace unto you. The Lord has been teaching me by terrible things in righteousness that I am a "worm and no man," and that He can carry on His cause and kingdom quite as well without me as with me. For seven months I have been a castaway from my loved work and my dear people in Eden. The whole of last year was mingled with feelings the most conflicting and contradictory—joy and sorrow; joy in the abundance of Gospel labours, and success the Lord granted me in my work, and sorrow because I have been conscious of the fact that my health was seriously giving way, which fact was not visible while I was in the pulpit. Many times I have gone up to preach feeling very ill. While in the pulpit I have been raised up above all selfish considerations, and have preached with liberty and energy, so that I must have appeared quite well. But the re-action that followed; sleepless nights and brain excited were most distressing. Again and again I have gone up to the house of the Lord feeling this will be the last time, the last sermon; I shall preach until I am unable to do so any longer, and die in my beloved work. Notwithstanding I was helped to preach 205 sermons during the year, publish my new book (530 pages), finish my twelvemonth's work in the borough jail, besides a very important correspondence, and a host of other things connected with a pastor's work, and particularly in an important university town like Cambridge.

The present year I commenced as though I was quite well. Encouraged by the new year's love gift of my dear people, I was stimulated to renewed determination. After one service, my five deacons came into my vestry and expressed their loving sympathy, feeling sure I was not well, and wished me at once to leave home for two or three weeks' rest, therefore left my home on Monday, July 15. While at Brighton, the rest brought on re-action, which revealed the dangerous state I was in. Paralysis of the brain was coming on; that I was in a very dangerous condition was the opinion of two medical men who examined me. I was ordered to travel from place to place, and to abstain from reading, writing, and preaching, and on no account to return to Cambridge. I went to the Isle of Wight, Jersey, France. Still unable to sleep. Returned to London, saw another doctor, who wished me to try Margate. There I stayed for six weeks. Little or no sleep during that time; fifteen consecutive nights and days without sleep. I was a wonder to all who saw me, now I was enabled to bear up in this sleepless condition. My prayer to the Lord was, if it were not His will to give me sleep, that He would give me strength to do without it. Paul's thorn in the flesh was not removed, but "My grace is sufficient for thee," enabled him to bear it. All-sufficient grace was my stay and stronghold in the day of my trouble. I

saw another doctor, who ordered me to travel by steamers to the islands of Scotland. I went to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Wick, Thurso, Stornoway, the Orkney and Shetland Islands, then returned to Edinburgh. No better. Almost ready to despair. I went to Glasgow; on my way to that city, I saw an advertisement—"Hydropathic Establishment Bridge of Allan." By train I went to that place; was most kindly received by the manager, Mr. Mackay, who recommended me to drink the waters from the Aithrey mineral springs. The first two nights I had no sleep whatever. Next morning I drank three pints of the waters before breakfast; during the day I felt better. That never-to-be-forgotten night I slept for three hours—the first sweet refreshing sleep I had had for more than nine months. I remained at the establishment for one month, and drank the waters every morning.

And now, after an absence of seven months from my home and my people, I am able to return, and hope to re-enter upon my Gospel work on Lord's-day, Sept. 16th.

What I have passed through during those months of sleeplessness, from my own wicked heart, Satan's temptations, and the prostration of the nervous system, and being so suddenly taken away from that work dearer to my heart than life—God only knows; but wonders of grace, wonders of mercy, I have received; my brain, my reason, the Lord most graciously preserved, and has saved me from that most dreaded calamity—paralysis. Amid all I have suffered, this has been my consolation—viz., if I should never recover from the affliction, and never preach again, while I had health, strength, and opportunity, whatsoever work my hands found to do, I was enabled with a willing mind to do it, with all my heart for Christ and souls' sake; and that I am not rusted out, but worn out—not in the service of Satan, but in the service of my blessed Master, Jesus.

If I should be obliged to resign my pastorate of the Church in Eden (for I feel I shall not be able to work as I have done, and endure the heart-aches so common to ministers in these days of unfaithfulness), I shall ever rejoice that the Lord honoured me so long in His kingdom at Cambridge, and to accomplish so great a work there, in building a house for the Lord and His people, and, above all, in giving me many precious souls for my reward. But it may be, my work is not yet done; if that is so, I know I shall be strengthened to do the Lord's will both in my inner and outward man.

I am most grateful to the Lord for preserving my dear people in the unity of the Spirit and bond of peace; and also that they have been fed with the provision of the Gospel by the ministerial brethren who have so kindly come forward and supplied any lack of service during my long absence.

While it will be very important that I should be careful and not overwork myself again, which indeed I have been doing for the last thirty-seven years of my ministry, it will also be necessary that my friends remember I live in a house of clay, and crushed

before the moth, or as Paul declared, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." May the excellence of the power, which is of God, strengthen the servants of the Lord for Gospel labour—building up the Church of Christ upon the sure foundation, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, will ever be the prayer of yours, for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.
Cambridge, Aug. 13th, 1877.

BURGH-LE-MARSH.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—As I am a constant reader of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, I have been puzzled to read of Burgh therein. There appears to be something wrong. It is 24 years last February since I was married, and came to live here, where there are no causes of truth. I bless God for the *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

My father, Samuel Culforth, was for many years the deacon at Burgh. He died in 1861, and my mother died in 1866; since that time I have not been to Burgh chapel. I was baptized by Mr. Horsley, whose ministry was much blessed at Burgh, especially amongst the young people. He was introduced to the cause by dear Mr. John Foreman, being a member at Mount Zion. He, along with two more, young Trotman and P. B. Balfern, came from London when Mr. Horsley was chosen minister. After the death of his wife he never settled. He went to Chatteris, Cambs, and only lived six years. His second wife (a very dear friend of mine), Miss Ashlin, after Mr. Horsley's death, came back to Burgh. She is now the wife of D. Ashby. Mr. W. Bull, now of Wellesborough, was born at Burgh, and was once the pastor there.

I have read with much interest of your young friend, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn. I should like a carte-de-visite of him and yourself. I hope the declining days of your life may be passed with comfort and rest, that the Lord may bless you, and make you a blessing wherever He may be pleased to send you.

[Praise the Lord. Many notes of encouragements constantly reach us.—Ed.]

THE LATE NATHAN HORSLEY.

The very venerable Cornelius Slim (in his "Contemporaries") says:—This excellent Nathan died May 25, 1876. He commenced his Burgh pastorate in 1842; continued there eight years; then served Zion at Chatteris six years; was greatly honoured in his work, but it soon ceased on earth.

HIS VERY HAPPY DEATH.

Just before his departure, he said to a brother minister, "I am happy! Christ is very precious! I can leave all, and feel perfectly resigned. Come, death! come, this minute, an hour, a week, or a month hence, I am ready to depart!" Soon after, with great feeling, he exclaimed, "Is this heaven? and am I there?" and then he fell on sleep.

God's chariot of love

Took his soul above,

To dwell in the haven of joy.

Thus, dearest Emmanuel, take us, when all our work is done. Amen. C. W. B.

RECOGNITION OF MR. ROBERT EDWARD SEARS, AT FOOT'S CRAY, KENT.

Monday, August 6th, was a red-letter day to the Baptist Church at Foot's Cray. Early in the morning vehicles left Mount Zion, Dorset-square, and Soho, Oxford-street, conveying a number of persons interested in the prosperity of Mr. Sears and the Foot's Cray Church. Arriving at the very neat chapel, which was decorated with flowers, &c., there was every arrangement to make visitors comfortable, the pastor, deacons, and ladies doing their utmost to show they were glad to see their fellow-Christians, and the weather was all that could be desired, everything tending to make the day pleasant.

The morning service commenced at 10 o'clock, when the chapel was crowded to excess. Prayers were offered by several brethren. Mr. Alderson delivered an address on the "Power of Prayer," after which Mr. Jones (Congregationalist) delivered a discourse on our "Nonconformist Principles." About 400 persons sat down to a well-provided dinner in a tent.

In the afternoon the important service of the day commenced, Mr. J. S. Anderson presiding. Prayer was offered by Mr. Cattell, of Bessels-green. After some appropriate preliminary remarks by the chairman, Mr. May (senior deacon) was called on to make a statement. He gave a singularly explicit account of the way in which the Church were led to elect Mr. Sears as their pastor. He said, it was now nine years since the Church had lost their late pastor, Mr. Fremlin, whose work had been greatly blessed to the Church there, since which time the pulpit had been supplied by various brethren. For some years their brother Dickerson had assisted them, always presiding at the Lord's table. Three years since, however, Mr. Dickerson found he was unable to continue his visits when the Church felt more the necessity of securing a settled minister. He (Mr. May) called upon their dear friend, Mr. Spurgeon, who recommended them to hear Mr. Sears. On June 21, 1874, Mr. Sears preached for them; after this, Mr. Wordley supplied for them for nine months, and resigned. Then the Church invited Mr. Briscoe, but before he received their invitation he had accepted the pastorate of Rye-lane, Peckham. Understanding Mr. Sears was unsettled at Laxfield, the Church gave him an invitation for a month. Mr. Sears would not accept this, but came for two Sabbaths; he was afterwards asked to accept the pastorate, which he did. The congregation had greatly increased, and it was hoped the chapel would soon become too small. After a hymn had been sung, Mr. Sears (in response to the call of the chair) gave an interesting account of his call by grace and to the ministry. For some time he kept the audience in rapt attention, while he described how in childhood he was led to Christ. He could not tell the exact time the work of grace began. At a very early age his glorified mother taught

him to pray, and for thirteen or fourteen years he did not cease to pray.

Mr. Sears enumerated the various changes he had gone through till he was brought into the liberty of the Gospel. From early childhood he had attended the ministry of Mr. Foreman, and ultimately became a member of his Church. Having referred to many matters—among them the great good he had received from Mr. Spurgeon's ministry—he said, although he was not a Spurgeonite, he dearly loved Mr. Spurgeon for the truth's sake. Referring to his call to the ministry, Mr. Sears mentioned that on one occasion, being in the country, he was asked to deliver an address, which although he said he would not, he was afterwards induced to do. He had preached in 130 different places in Suffolk and Norfolk during the past eighteen years, and he believed all about the country he had spiritual children. His first sermon was preached at Horsell Common, and from Horsell Common he went to Laxfield. The speaker gave a graphic description of his first Sunday at Laxfield. There he had laboured on for eighteen and a-quarter years. Fifty were added to the Church in one year. The Church now numbered 250. Latterly, however, he considered that his work was at an end there, and three years ago he resigned the pastorate, having no other Church in view; but at the earnest solicitation of the Church he withdrew the resignation. Mr. Sears gave his reasons for accepting the pastorate at Fooks Cray; he believed it was God's will. Not that the people at Laxfield wished him to leave, it was quite the reverse. He was leaving a chapel that held 800 for one that would not seat half so many, and a Church of over 200 members for one with having only fifty. Mr. Sears spoke in the warmest possible terms of the friends he had left in Suffolk. In closing, Mr. Sears gave his *credo*.

[For want of space, we are reluctantly compelled to omit the statement Mr. Sears gave of his belief.]

Mr. Anderson having given the charge, a hymn was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the important services of the afternoon closed.

The large tent was found quite inadequate to accommodate the numbers who were anxious to take tea. Every effort was made by the deacons and others to make the friends comfortable, and finally all were supplied. Considerably over 500 sat down to tea.

In the evening, a public meeting was convened. Charles Wilson, Esq., of Mount Zion, Dorset-square, occupied the chair. After singing and prayer, the chairman gave a hearty address, in which he stated that all present knew that Mr. Sears was his son-in-law, and he thanked God for it. He was thankful, also, that God had kept him faithful in the truth. Mr. Wilson appeared full of love for the truth. Addresses of an excellent character were delivered by Mr. J. Box, of Soho, on the Power of Christ; Mr. J. T. Briscoe, of Peckham Rye, on the Power of the Holy Ghost; Mr. C. Master-

son, of Great Alle-street, on the Power of Christian Love; Mr. W. Usher, of Blackheath, on the Power of Earnest Work; Mr. A. Tessier, of Bromley, on the Power of Kind Words, and Mr. J. Cattell, of Bessels-green, on the Power of Praise. Singing, and prayer by Mr. Sears brought the very happy day's proceedings to a close.

Amongst the ministers present, besides those mentioned, we observed Mr. Ballard and Mr. Squirrel.

As the various conveyances left the chapel, there were hearty farewells, and this was followed by songs of praise which were continued along the road.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I have been reading some **EARTHEN VESSELS** of 1852, which have been lent, and many a time has my spirit been stirred within me as I perused their pages; and while noting the records of the doings of the mighty men of God of that day, have marked with sorrow the path you travelled, for I perceive you were as one despised by many, and loved by few, although you contributed so much to their enjoyment. I am glad the **EARTHEN VESSEL** is prosperous; I do most sincerely pray the same blessed truths which it has enunciated from its earliest days may be ever continued. There is much need, my dear brother, for consistency in preaching and practice in this day, for we are surrounded by parsons and people who seem to be carried away by outward profession, adornings of the body, exaltation of the creature, and crying-up of human merit and the power attending human effort, and there is more need than ever of standing by the things which God the Holy Ghost taught the saints of old, and which are verified in the daily experiences of many a child of God. The day is wearing away with you, dear brother, and you will soon be called hence. May godly confidence possess your soul while in this lower world. He it is whose secret is with you; with Him also is your reward. At Brixton tabernacle we hope to have a good day; but what is it all without the blessed Spirit? Our pastor, C. Cornwell, has been much encouraged lately; he baptized seven friends last month, of whom two or three were the fruits of his ministry, and we get about 200 to 250 people on Sunday nights. He is not popular, in the worldly sense of the term; but he is much beloved amongst us, and we hope to spend the sixth anniversary of our opening with much joy. O may God enable you to plead earnestly for His grace, that an outpouring of His Spirit may be given. Surely, He is not insensible to our cries, since they are performed with a Redeemer's merits, and surely He is not a God afar off. We look for the causes of our destitution of this blessed gift, but all our searching seems to be of no avail. Still may our watchword be, "We won't give up the Bible." With much love in the truth, yours in tribulation (sweetened by daily mercies),
P. MCDONALD.

SPIRITUAL LIBERTY AFTER MANY YEARS SEEKING IN BONDAGE.

Mr. Joseph Flory, of Burford, sends us the following cheering record:—

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I'm glad to see your thirty-third anniversary was a good one. I have had thirty-three volumes of EARTHEN VESSEL, and read them generally with pleasure and profit; some of them again and again; and made some use of them in the pulpit. When I was down at Broseley, some ten years since, I was much tried for a text. The Bible did not appear to contain one; nor could I call one up. If I remember rightly, when turning to volume or number of EARTHEN VESSEL, found notes of yours on the words, "And if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me;" doubtless there were gleanings from yours in my sermon; it laid hold of me. I was favoured; some of the people will not forget the service. It was the lifting up of a precious Christ for evermore.

I was at Somersham, Huntingdonshire, nineteen years ago. What I now relate was about 1855, or when my dear father was at Spalding; I went there to preach anniversary sermons at Love-lane; returning on the Wednesday for preaching I was very low; but turned to my carpet bag, and opening it turned over some papers; with the rest a sermon of yours (or the Lord's by you) from the words, "The seed shall be prosperous," preached at the opening of "Zion," for Mr. Nunn. The text laid hold of me. I was helped to go and preach from it. A dear sister heard who had been thirty-three years in bondage; her name was Mrs. Marsh; she had been a poor miserable creature, cutting herself and everybody off. She had travelled perhaps hundreds of miles to hear Gadsby and others; but no deliverance; that night the "Seed was prosperous" in her soul's vital personal experience. From a poor, crabby, dark, doubting, world-grasping profession, she became a happy, loving, cheerful soul, "full of the Holy Ghost," and the "love of God;" in less than six months she went home to the inheritance above, giving evidence of enjoying a "liberty" with which the "Son of God," by the Holy Spirit, sooner or later makes the children free, even to the assurance of their "adoption;" as it is written, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying Abba, Father." Believing in the full and everlasting freedom of the Church by and through the merit, blood, and righteousness of the dear Redeemer, the Son of God, by His redemption for His people, I have always contended for liberty, not bondage, as the true test of being "passed from death to life;" and nothing short of the seeking, longing, panting, wrestling, and obtaining the "blessing, even life for evermore," in one's own soul's experience will satisfy the living and saved soul. I have always striven to be a gentle, kind, affectionate nurse or mother to poor doubting, seeking souls, who are seeking the Lord's pardon, peace, and love by "faith in the Son of God" alone. Setting souls down any-

thing short of liberty, present and eternal, is not preaching a full Christ, "which is good tidings unto the meek; binding up broken hearts," &c.

I cannot conclude without referring to another marvellous deliverance of a seeker for Christ, and the manifestation of the pardoning love of God to the soul. One, Mrs. Mitchell, who was a companion in soul trouble of Mrs. Marsh, had been twenty-nine years seeking the Lord without a personal hope. She was enabled to keep seeking, much like her sister, Mrs. Marsh; but resting more in doubts and fears than resting upon the Lord alone for "Life and salvation," and looking more within than without. Up! up! to an exalted crucified Saviour, who lived, who died and rose again for the salvation entire, and for ever, of the "election of grace." Her marvellous deliverance was brought about in the following mysterious way. About a month or six weeks after the sister of whom we have written (whose deliverance had much affected many in Somersham; but especially Mrs. Mitchell), I was in great trial for a text one Wednesday evening; I was with a dear friend, Mr. Robert Childs; no text could I feel suitable. After dinner, Mr. C. seeing that the preacher was disturbed, he asked what was the matter? I told him; he said, here is a "book; if you cannot obtain one from the Bible direct, it may lead you to the Bible, and to a text," or words to that effect. I felt confused, was about to lay the book down; my soul was yearning for something that had to do with the present personal salvation of the soul. Before putting the book aside, my eye caught the passage, "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth" (Job xxxiii. 25). I saw at once a glorious revelation of the effects of the great Deliverer, Jesus Christ, the promised Messiah, and the effects of that deliverance in the souls, lives, and ultimate triumphs of the delivered. "The soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers."

The Holy Ghost was so pleased to open the Word in me, and to Mrs. M. especially, that her soul was set at liberty. The Lord was her light and her salvation. In the chapel she told of her soul's salvation; it flew through the town; blessed be God, there was rejoicing in regions of sorrow and death, and many doubting souls were helped; death soon after took away Mrs. Marsh, so that I had not the pleasure to baptize her; but Mrs. Mitchell remained, and in the river Ouse I baptized her with two or three more in the presence of a thousand spectators, at Earith, of which, in my life, I hope to write more particulars. Our friend lived for years to adorn the doctrine of our Lord and Saviour, till last year, when she fell asleep,

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly her soul did rest."

Yours in Christ, J. FLORY.

Highhill house, Burford, Oxon,
July 3rd, 1877.

BROSELEY, SALOP.—The Gospel of our Lord Jesus is still proclaimed in this ancient town. By the power of the Holy Spirit, the jewels of Christ are being brought out of darkness into the light and liberty of the Gospel. Will it surprise you, Mr. Editor, to hear that veteran general in the army of Christ, Mr. Thomas Jones, is still alive and well, and is enabled to preach with liberty and sweetness Christ crucified to his people here from time to time? Truly, it would appear as if his last days are his best days, that the glory of the Lord does indeed shine upon him. Not only is Mr. Jones surrounded by those who are advanced in life and established in grace, but also by a goodly number of young people, who look up to him as their father in Israel. On Sunday, July 15, Mr. Jones preached the anniversary sermons at Bilston, while Mr. A. Hall preached here; he was heard with profit and pleasure; the people were a little surprised at his youthful appearance, he being a striking contrast to Mr. Jones. Mr. Hall preached to a good company of friends on Monday evening. Does not our God fulfil His Word? He is not unmindful of His promises. Mr. Jones is a living witness of the faithfulness of God, who declares, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to shew that the Lord is upright."

A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

THE BUILDING NOW RISING AT WATFORD.

Monday, August 6, was a profitable day in Beulah; sweet Gospel harmony prevailed. Many of the bees came from Tring, Bedmond, Berkhamstead, Two Waters and some from London, &c. Our hive was full; good testimony and proof was left behind of the hearty good-will borne by the visitors to the truth, and to the lovers and supporters of it. Brother Bennett in the morning pointed out some of the peculiar privileges which these honey-bees are favoured to realise from "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." He made it clear that these sweet privileges were the result of ancient and sovereign favour.

In afternoon, brother Bowles and good old John Kent preached to us on Mercy's building (at least so the preacher said). He met with John Kent as he came in the train; thought he and John could make up a sermon about a celebrated building which was begun a long while ago, was still in course of erection, but was not finished yet. "And since that time, even until now, hath it been in building, and yet it is not finished" (Ezra v. 16). The building, the builders, the materials, where they were found, how they were shaped and fitted, the fillers in and the cement, which was of a very peculiar kind. Love, blood, and grace, or power, which kept the whole building together, was a part of what he talked about; and certainly John Kent, who spoke several times in the course of the sermon, quite confirmed the preacher's assertions. According to their doctrine and belief, it ap-

pears this building is going on still, and they express no doubt as to the perfect completion of it, notwithstanding all the opposition it meets with. So satisfied of the truth of these two witnesses were the bees, that they all hummed out together thus,—

"When Mercy's building to complete,
Which hell nor sin could e'er defeat,

The topmost stone shall rise;
When shouting grace, the blood-washed throng,
Of every tribe and every tongue,
Shall rend the vaulted skies."—KENT again.

The whole audience were wakeful, much instructed and entertained by the good contents of the "Bowl." In the evening, brother Bennett preached from Heb. iv. 14, "Seeing, then, that we have a Great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." The character, position, and work of our Priest was set forth, showing the absolute necessity of priesthood, since the Fall, recognised throughout the Word, and mimicked by the devil in the swarm of Popish priests set up in opposition to our precious Christ. The bees at Beulah and those who came manifested their distaste to all carnal priests by again humming out,—

"I other priests disclaim,

And laws and offerings too;

None but the bleeding Lamb

The mighty work can do:

He shall have all the praise, for He

Hath loved, and lived, and died for me."

The collections were very good, and we all united, before parting, to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

ONE OF THE BEES.

A NOTE FROM SAMUEL FOSTER, OF STURRY, KENT.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Your kind letter has cheered my heart this morning, and refreshed my spirit in the Lord. Many, many thanks for the Post Office Order. I do thank the Lord for His great mercy to me, and you, my dear brother, in the name of the Lord, and the kind friend. The Lord bless you all for Jesus' sake. Bless the Lord who hath not forgotten His poor servant, deep, deep in the furnace. The Lord reward and bless you more and more, and make you a blessing to His afflicted people. How wonderfully the Lord has kept you and preserved you these many years, and strengthened you, and helped you to exalt the glorious Lamb. Lift Him up, my brother, lift Him up. Tell of His wondrous faithfulness, and sound His praise abroad; tell of His power to save of His blood to cleanse, and His grace to keep; tell of His love, pity, and compassion. He saved you, He saved me, and none need despair of His mercy. Dear brother, I am so ill, but grace reigns; the Lord is my Helper; my hope is in the Lord; He is all my salvation and all my desire. My dear wife is still so weak. We should be most happy to see you once more. Matthew Martin has entered into rest. Nearly all the old friends are gone home. I am left to tell the good old story. **S. FOSTER.**

ONE WHOLE WEEK IN THE NORTH.

WIGAN, Aug. 17, 1877.

Black clouds so angry look,
All Nature seems to weep:
But with the precious Book
Low at the throne I creep,
And there I leave the whole.

A tender Providence has permitted me to fulfil every engagement: and after finishing last night at Pemberton, that loving brother R. H. Widdows and his gentle spouse took me to Hope house, where rest and refreshment set me up for my long rolling journey home to London.

Fine shocks of wheat
Like armies stand,
Waiting the weather's
Warm command,
To stack them up on high.

When little quietly seated, up pulls train.
"Warrington! All change here!" Fluster and bustle, out all run and wait another train.

Notes of Wigan, Blackburn, Blackpool, Rochdale, Manchester, Pemberton, Warrington, and other places are in store.

A Note to our Christian Brother Mr.

J. C. Archer, of Blackburn.—Fellow worker in the Kingdom of Grace.—I write you one line to thank you and your family for the kind care you took of me while I was endeavouring to serve your people in the Gospel. I cannot understand why I was taken to Blackburn, because you are qualified to preach better sermons than I could give your people; but I will not say more on that head now. I much desire you a safe and speedy erection of your chapel, and that many years of holy prosperity in the Gospel may be granted unto you. I saw our loving friend John Hudson, of Manchester. He will be glad to preach for you whenever the Lord calls you to visit other parts. Before long, it is my prayer some doors in London will be opened for you, and may you be increasingly enabled to preach Christ's full Gospel without any of the limits men have urged. As I write while travelling, forgive brevity.

C. W. BANKS.

A NEW LONDON PASTOR.—*Green Leaves* (a monthly voice from Homerton-row) gives the pleasing intelligence that the Church has unanimously called John Inwards to the pastoral office in that place; and that, the Lord permitting, brother John will read, and pray, and preach himself into his new pastorate on the first Lord's-day in October next. We have for many years known and esteemed this "great man," for he is grown to be a very large man indeed; and his mental developments have nearly kept pace with his physical; hence, in the fear of the Lord, and in the confidence of faith, we may affirm that John Inwards is no novice in any sense of the word. The annual roll registers his ministry to have commenced in 1851; for full 26 years, then, he has been closely reading, studying, pray-

ing, preaching, writing, communing, and conversing on things Divine, and ought to be a ripe scholar, a well-balanced thinker, a thoroughly devoted pastor, a duly qualified preacher, and a Christian rooted and grounded in the faith, by this time. He is no express steam-engine, no fiery-flying meteor, no race-horse in the Gospel; he is steady, sedate, solemn, and unbending in his decisions for all he has set his heart upon as being the truth of Divine revelation. To come to Homerton-row, he leaves a good old Church in Irthingboro', where he has laboured with success and honour for the last eight years. We have heard him publicly declare he derived special good from our ministry in his early days. We knew him, and laboured for him, in Isle of Wight, in Poplar, Ryarsh, and in Irthingboro'. We had a little finger in his first coming to Homerton-row, where many trust he will finish his course with joy. Between Homerton-row and ourselves there is a great gulf fixed; why, we know not; but, we are perfectly willing it should remain as deep and as wide as ever. We have no sympathy with those different sections of the professing Church, who build up walls of exclusiveness out of certain crotchets and cruel inferences. Where these walls are erected, we keep our distance, because, for over thirty years, we have seen no pure, permanent, or genuine prosperity ever can be found within the enclosures of fortresses so high, so hard, so death-like. To our large brother, Mr. John Inwards, we must then say, "Farewell, man of God, we never expect on earth to see thee again. Where thou art, we never wish to come; where we may yet remain for a few days, we must not expect you to come. Farewell then, brother. May you never realise Job vi. 17; but, rather, we heartily wish, like Psalm xcii. 12-15, you may, even to old age, still flourish in the courts of our God. The appeal from Homerton-row for eight or ten pounds to bring the new pastor's possessions from his country seat, is a matter which, we are sure, will soon be settled."

WALTHAM ABBEY.—The first anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. W. Winters, of Ebenezer, Waltham Abbey, was held Aug. 14, 1877. In the afternoon Mr. H. Hall, of Clapham, preached to a full house from John xvi. 33—"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be ye of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He spoke of the trials and tribulations of the children of God, the "Ye" spoken of here, and those words of "Good cheer," then marvel not, for "I have overcome the world." Tea was provided, of which a goodly number partook, after which a public meeting was held; the pastor was unanimously elected to the chair, and was well supported by brethren in the ministry; two verses of a hymn written for the occasion by Mr. Winters were sung, after which Mr. Sampford, of Ware, prayed. The pastor then spoke of the blessing of the Lord which had attended Ebenezer during his first year as pastor; five had been added to the Church

by baptism. A Sunday-school had been started, and, though commenced in many weak forebodings, the Lord has abundantly blessed this work, and though but a few months old, there are over seventy children on the books. Truly God is good, and, best of all, the spirit of unity prevails in the Church. He also spoke upon the doctrine of election, the eternity of God, eternal Sonship; and said also, let annihilationists say what they would, so sure as there is an eternal God, so sure is there an eternal hell. Hymn 944, Denham's, was then sung, after which Mr. Alfrey, of Enfield-highway, spoke upon the work of the Holy Ghost, founding his address on Gen. xxiv. 4. Then Mr. Edwards, of Notting-hill, spoke of the nuptials, encouraging both pastor and Church, from John ii. 1. Two verses of hymn 611 were sung, then Mr. H. Hall, of Clapham, went back thirty-five years ago, with

"Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love,"

and "My peace I give unto you." Mr. Sampford then spoke on the blessings of the Christian ministry. After words of encouragement from N. Oakey, the hymn was sung,—

"Now through another year,
Supported by His care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord has helped thus far.

Our lot in future years,
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, leave it all to Me.

Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon Thy breast;
Help us to praise Thee for the past,
And trust Thee for the rest."

The pastor prayed. Thus closed one of the happiest meetings at Ebenezer. R. A.

LUTON.—This is one of the largest towns in Beds; and the centre of growing, commercial, and industrious populations. No wonder a new Strict Baptist Church has been erected. Opening services were held August 6, 1877. Mr. Darbyshire was the preacher. The highly-honoured Mr. Cook, who has been over thirty years pastor of the original Particular Church, is more than ever devoted to his Master's work, and to the edifying of the people. We should be glad to be enabled to give one or more of his sermons, if any are correctly transcribed. From all we hear of his faithful and earnest ministry, we concur with the testimony of several that he is no ordinary man in the Gospel.

CANTERBURY.—We have a new minister at the Baptist chapel, and a new church for the Congregationalists. Newman Hall came down and opened Henry Creswell's new Guildhall. Shall we now have a revival? With our cathedral, churches almost in every street, and chapels for all the sects, we ought to be a good and pious city. What we all are in the sight of God cannot be said by "A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY."

WHITESTONE.—Sunday school anniversary was July 15. Two appropriate discourses were given by Thos. Field, of Ledbury. Selected portions of Scripture were recited by some of the scholars, and a selection of pieces was sung on both occasions. Mr. Field preached at Dodmarsh, our new station, in the evening, to a good company. We had a most enjoyable day throughout; thanks to our most gracious Lord. On the 17th, teachers and children again met at 3; other pieces were recited and sung; we had a large number of parents and friends in attendance who were evidently much gratified. An excellent and very encouraging report was prepared and read by our esteemed brother W. H. Godwin, superintendent of the school. A large number of Bibles, with other useful books, have been presented to the children during the past year. Eighty names are now on the lists of scholars and teachers inclusive—the largest number ever known in the school before. Our children are taught the pure Word of God by Christian teachers, who teach what they have learned of Christ and His truth, without fee or reward, satisfied with the reward they shall hereafter receive. The children's services were conducted by Mr. Carter, our pastor. An excellent tea was partaken of by friends with the children and teachers of the school. All passed off pleasantly. PASTOR.

HAWRIDGE COMMON, NEAR TRING.—Anniversary services were held in the quaint little Meeting-house, situated at the above place, on Tuesday, July 17th. Mr. C. W. Banks was the preacher both afternoon and evening, and we noticed friends there from Tring, Chesham, Buckland Common, Cholesbury, and Lee Common, also the ministerial brethren Bedford, Mayhew, and Haydon. We were favoured with an excellent sermon in the afternoon from Isaiah xl. 1, 2; the preacher appeared to be very happy in his mind, and to have great liberty in proclaiming the glorious Gospel of Christ. In the evening we were closely packed indeed, a chair being placed wherever one could be squeezed in. We sat side by side, face to face, and back to back, until I began to wonder how the well-known Editor of EARTHEN VESSEL would manage to get into the pulpit to blow the trumpet. At 6 o'clock the service commenced, brother Belsham giving out that splendid hymn of the immortal Warts—"Come let us join our cheerful songs," &c. Brother Mayhew read a portion of the Word of God, and led us up to the mercy-seat; after which Mr. Banks preached a solid, searching, God-glorifying, and soul-cheering sermon from 2 Tim. ii. 19—"Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure." The preacher declared the whole counsel of God fearlessly yet lovingly; there was no bitterness of spirit manifested, nor did other denominations come in for a sound thrashing, as used to be the case when I first knew the Lord. As I listened to the sermon with sacred pleasure, I was led back to the day

when I first sought the Lord with a broken heart, and longed to know I was safe for eternity; now, through mercy, I could say I was resting on the foundation of God, so sweetly described by the preacher, or in the language of one of our favourite hymns—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

And I could not help thinking it was just possible for a high Calvinist to yearn for the salvation of poor lost sinners, and to strive to gather them by his preaching without giving up one iota of truth, or having recourse to any wretched subterfuges whatever. Let the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth be preached, in a loving and missionary spirit, in humble dependence upon the Spirit of God, and sinners shall be plucked as brands from the burning, and saints be comforted, fed, and built up in their most holy faith. After sermon we sang heartily, "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" and when the preacher had again commended us to God we reluctantly separated, blessing the Lord for the refreshing seasons we had enjoyed, and saying,

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee."

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE BAPTIST.

BRIXTON.—Monday, August 6th, 1877, was a high day at Brixton tabernacle; services to commemorate sixth anniversary of opening; and to testify the Lord's goodness in preserving the truth in that place. Prayer-meeting at 10 a.m. Mr. J. Hazelton preached at 11.30, from "But now, ye who were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." About 80 sat down to dinner, ably provided by the pastor's wife; great satisfaction expressed with the arrangements. Three addresses were then given by Messrs. R. A. Lawrence, R. C. Bardens, and T. Stringer, upon "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Large numbers took tea. Hosts of happy, smiling countenances look which way we would. The company were then invited to view the beauties of nature, as exhibited in the adjoining grounds of Mr. Goshawk, florist. In the evening the chapel was filled. The chair was taken by the pastor, Mr. Cornwall; Mr. Crown, a Plumstead tabernacle deacon, engaged in prayer, which he did with a fervency that pervaded the meeting. J. Battson dilated upon the word "Father." G. Holland very touchingly narrated his conversion from darkness to light, taking as his motto, "Salvation is of the Lord." R. A. Lawrence showed the sweetness of God's great name—"I Am." W. Webb spoke well from "The Lord hath done great things for us." Our valiant T. Stringer vigorously denounced ecclesiastical pomp by comparison with the life and character of John the Baptist. The collection was prefaced by a speech from the chairman, who told how his wife had begged the cost of providing refreshment for the day from the ladies, who were accord-

ingly thanked, and announced that the dinner and tea showed a clear profit of £8 13s.; the day's collections gave a total of £42 12s., was set to the credit of the debt on the schools. One year ago the debt was £190. The noble amount of £115 has been collected, leaving only £75, and it speaks well for the practical Christianity of Brixton tabernacle people, and the kind friends who rally round them on occasions like the present, while it is also a decided rebuff to the opinion of many that "Those selfish Strict Baptists do nothing." Brother F. Wheeler gave hints on "Admiration;" E. Langford, on the blessedness of our "Association" with the Father, Word, and Spirit; and the Doxology was sung; thus concluded the services of a day of mutual congratulation, joyful worship, and pleasure in attending upon Divine things. The thanks of the Church are gratefully tendered to the many friends who helped them by their presence and donations, and it is sincerely desired that these expressions will be accepted by them, as we feel they join us in ascribing all the praise to the God of all our mercies.

P. M.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS UPON MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S MINISTRY.

A sound-hearted Christian gentleman of much experience and strong judgment, says, "Mr. Levinsohn was heard very well indeed by the majority of our hearers.

"My own opinion of him is, that there are in him materials for a useful minister. He is not as yet qualified to take a pastorate, at least, so I think. It is, however, wonderful, that in so short a time he has mastered our language, and is enabled to expound the Scriptures in so experimental a manner. So many of the Strict Baptist divines, having been removed to their predestined home, there is plenty of room for his gift and that of many others."

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. C. W. Banks,—Since I saw you here, we have singular movements in the Churches where Gospel truth did stand in boldness, and Gospel grace and mercy-like living streams flowed in our Zion. But [we defer this]. Mr. Trego and his school at Ebenezer had delightful anniversary. Our brother, Mr. Parnell, is gladly received by many. I know not why he left Trinity chapel, but he is now at Howe-street, where we have seen quite a revival. Mr. Westaway rendered good service to the Church; but it was very low when Mr. Burbridge left it, and I told you it would be soon shut up. Praise the Lord, it is now filling with friends to Jesus our Lord. More some day. My wife and some friends went to Howe-street the last Sunday in July. Sermons by brethren Parnell and Westlake were given out blessedly; then in the week, children and near 200 of us went on the Mount and had tea. Large collections were made. Every one appeared happy.

SENIOR B.

NEW BROMPTON, KENT.—The Lord bless you indeed. I feel thankful for your kind intentions to this cause, which, I believe, is of the Lord; if it belongs to the Lord, it is beyond the reach of Satan to hurt it. The blessings of God's everlasting love by Christ Jesus are just where they cannot be lost. I trust this cause is a blessing. Last Sunday Mr. Nearne read the two sermons you sent, and several told me how much they enjoyed them (they were by Mr. Battersby). Mr. Drake has supplied; he was enabled to set forth some of those glorious truths of that high doctrine man Paul. I have felt much encouraged from some here expressing a desire to hear more of these Gospel truths proclaimed.

J. PRICE.

WOLLASTON.—**ZION CHAPEL.** On August 5, F. Fountain preached three sermons, full of the Gospel, by the help of the Holy Spirit. Our chapel was filled. We bless the Lord for sending him to us. The Lord continue to shine upon him. Some here do not like sound Gospel; the pride of the world gets into our Churches. We pray God to enable us to worship Him more in spirit and in truth, by a shower of blessings, to unite us together in the bonds of Christian love.

REBECCA PARTRIDGE.

BLACKBURN.—The Church and congregation worshipping under the pastoral care of our brother J. C. Archer, are preparing—if the Lord will—soon to erect a new, substantial, and comfortable Baptist chapel in this immense town of industry and commerce. We had three discourses on August 12 by C. W. Banks, and a lecture on the Monday, when very good collections were taken up toward the building fund. We anticipate a fuller chapter on this movement before long.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—August 7th, at Providence, J. S. Anderson gave us a quiet sermon on "the dew." Friends enjoyed our happy tea. Brother Phillips presided. He called T. J. Messer, C. W. Banks, C. Cornwell, Benjamin Woodrow, and E. Langford to exhort the congregation; and each man came forward with zeal and love, throwing rays of light upon Heaven's great wonder, salvation by Jesus the Lord.

Notes of the Month.

BOSTON.—"Canvasser" passing through and taking a view of "Boston Stump," inquired for his old friend, David Wilson. "He is long since dead, sir!" Alas! "Who now fills his pulpit?" "Mr. John Bolton, at present." Canvasser found out Bethel chapel, in Trinity-street; found good congregation attentively listening to brother John Bolton, who was publishing the good news from the high throne of heaven. [We have not heard of "Liquorpond-street."]

"Two college ministers going to hear a preacher of experience, and the thrashing he gave them." [No marvel we are evil spoken of when men can thus wickedly desecrate the pulpit. Such unholy conduct ought to be exposed. We have no sympathy with it.]

"A NORTHERN MESSENGER" declares the Baptist Bishop in these parts is not only hard to hear, but exceedingly dry, illogical, and, in some things, confused and mystical. Quite satisfied with himself—a common fault with many now.

NOTES.—Poor Simeon Burns died in July, 1877. Both John and Thomas Wigmore have passed away long since. We were pained to hear of difficulties. Instrumentally we brought John to London. He did well, but suffered much. What became of the residue we leave. Those professors who separate chief friends are not the happiest people in the world. What trials abound in those circles where only "the truth" is to be found! "Leicester" and "Sleaford" we decline. Tribulation comes round to all in their turn. Good Thomas Taylor, of Crudwell, still preaches occasionally. We are strongly convinced that all those published expositions of strange conduct ill becometh what we call the "Detective Herald;" but, when a man becomes rich, he gradually becomes fearless both of God and man; Jehu-like, he drives a perilous course. Give him the continental minister's advice, "If we are earthen vessels, let us not dash one against another." Kent—The man must leave. Is he sane?

FULFILLING THE LAW OF CHRIST.—A lady by birth, by education, by possessions once, but lost by others, has been for years more distressed than we could describe, says:—"I am in the lowest depths of poverty, with three depending upon my exertions; one bed-ridden for more than a-year, another just up from two month's sickness, and the third almost helpless. You know much of these trials, but I hope you are not without the necessaries of life, as I have been for some years. I was sorry to hear of the sickness in your family. I want some of your strong faith which I find in the EARTHEN VESSEL." [We have known this gifted, but down-trodden child of God, as a member of a Strict Baptist Church in one of the provinces for years. Rich Christians, bow can we fulfil our Lord's law of pure benevolence?]

HOME HEATHENISM.—Mr. Glover says:—"With all the progress the different sections of the Christian Church has made, there is, probably, as vast a mass of home heathenism to be assailed as when Whitfield went forth with such burning love and spiritual power." As we read the utterances of all the orators in Christendom, we find they are frightened, and they sound the alarm; but, that is all. Telegram from the Shields, says, "Our kind and pleasant friend has resigned his pastorate there. The Church grieve to lose him; but the sharp Northern blasts are too much for his delicate frame." We hope he will find a Church nearer home.



JOHN SLATE ANDERSON,
Pastor of the Baptist Church Meeting at Zion Chapel, New-cross-road, S.E.

Pastor John Slate Anderson.

“ There stands the messenger of truth ; there stands
The legate of the skies ; his theme Divine ;
His office sacred ; his credentials clear.
By Him the violated law speaks out,
Its thunders ! and by him (in strains as sweet
As angels use) the Gospel whispers peace.

He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms,
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

Are *all* such teachers ?
Would to Heav'n they were.”

SUCH is the poet's portrait of the preachers God doth make, and send, and keep, and honour. If any man think the quotation above is not quite appropriate, or that it is given with motives not perfectly pure, let him bow down his soul in solemn supplication to the God of all grace, beseeching the Great High Priest of our profession so richly to endow the minister of whom we now attempt to write the briefest sketch, that, in continued blessed manifestations of the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost, every word in our motto may be true to demonstration, as we think it hitherto has been, in the favoured leader of those who meet to worship the Lord in that handsome and commodious structure called “ ZION CHAPEL,” in the New Cross-road.

From one of our largest pulpit platforms, the following sentences sounded forth the other day with an emphasis distinct and clear:—

He who thinks that the Christian ministry is an easy post had better try it. 'Twere better to be a galley-slave chained to the oar, than to be a minister of the Gospel, if it were not for the strong consolations which support us in the present, and for the Divine reward which there will be at the last. He who diligently discharges this solemn vocation, never knows rest or release from anxiety. His mind is always actively exercised in his Master's service, his heart bears about a load which it cannot shake off. He dreams of some who walk disorderly, and wakes to sigh and cry over others who grow cold or lukewarm. He must plough the stony ground, and he can but regret the loss of his seed. He scatters the good seed on the way, and if it come not up by-and-bye, according to the promise, he crieth, “ Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed ? ”

There are multitudes in the ministry who would not willingly exchange it for the condition of the “ galley-slave chained to the oar.” Here and there a mighty wrestler with God for the saving conversion of souls unto Christ may be found. But it is to be feared such weepers, such soul-agonisers, such intense workers for the ingathering and building up of God's elect, are comparatively few. We have lived to learn that pulpit weeping must not be always considered indicative

of solemn intercourse with the Almighty in the retirements of the study.

Thousands upon thousands of "CHARGES" to pastors and preachers have been published, and volumes by wholesale have come forth from the press upon the work and office of the ministry; but surely nothing more comprehensive, more conclusive, more concise will ever be uttered than Paul's charge to Timothy, where in three lines the whole business, character, conduct, and aim of the New Testament pastor is manfully expressed:—

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God,
A workman that needeth not to be ashamed,
Rightly dividing the Word of truth;"

An essay on preachers or of preaching is not the aim of this paper; if so, we might easily fill the number with material close at hand. We have only to furnish a slight review of the coming forth and the continuance of the minister whose likeness we this month present unto our friends.

We would never unite in the cry, that "there are too many ministers by half!" The only cause of our bitter wail is, that the most of us, to this day, appear to labour almost in vain.

Looking at the condition and slow growth of many of our Churches in these times, when we are swarming with millions of immortal souls, we ask if the Lord had not raised up ROBERT RAIKES, if the Lord had not Divinely succeeded his work, and the efforts of his followers in the Sunday Schools, *where now* should we have been?

It must be a source of spiritual joy, of much gladness of heart, of holy thankfulness unto their Lord, that JOHN SLATE ANDERSON has not been allowed to labour in vain. From "*The Silent Messenger*, edited by J. S. Anderson," for the month of June, 1877, we make the following extract, which bespeaketh his gift for adaptation, while it witnesseth to the blessings which attend his ministry. In the *Messenger* referred to, Mr. Anderson says:—

That was a grand sight the other week in Wales, when six miners were safely brought up out of the pit, where they had been imprisoned for ten days, in the dark, and without food. It was like a resurrection from the dead; the whole country rejoiced at the news of their deliverance, and large sums of money have been subscribed for the rescuers and the rescued. But the salvation of a soul from the death, darkness, and bondage of sin by the power of the Holy Ghost is a greater and more glorious work. David compares it to being rescued from a pit, saying, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." Believers alone experience, and they alone can see the glory of such a rescue. We justly honour and praise the brave miners who ventured their own lives and laboured hard to deliver their suffering friends. But Jesus laboured and then gave His life to save His enemies; for "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." We had a grand sight at Zion on April 29th. Six people dead, buried, and raised again! and hundreds came to see. We hope some of these may have been slain by the sword of the Spirit, and that in others old father Prejudice had a wound of which he may die within them. It was a baptismal service, and six friends therein publicly "put on Christ." They first died. Death is a separation, and by grace the Christian is separated from the world, from a life of sin, and from the old covenant of works, and is united to Christ who redeemed him from the curse of the law—that is, from the penal punishment of sin. Being thus dead with Christ, he is symbolically buried with Him by

baptism. And like as Christ rose from the dead, so the obedient believer is raised up out of the water, and enters thus the Church (see Acts ii. 41). They "received the Word," then in obedience to it "were baptized," and then they were "added" to the Church formally, and in accordance with the command of Christ (Matt. xxviii. 19). Reader, lay aside all prejudice and take the Word of God as your only guide, and you will see that we Baptists are simply following the Lord and His apostles, and surely that must be right. And you see there is great signification in believers' baptism which preaches the Gospel to the eye, setting visibly before us the saints' union with their Lord in His death, burial, and resurrection. May the Holy Spirit teach and guide you into the truth.

On Lord's-day, May 6th, we received the six friends alluded to with seven others into the Church, and that too was a glorious sight.

But thousands of our readers may be ready to ask, "Who is JOHN SLATE ANDERSON? From *whence* is he? How came he into the ministry?"

Carlyle says of Luther, he was "GREAT, not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet in the clefts of it are fountains with green valleys, beautiful with flowers."

Now look at the picture, and although you cannot there *see* either the fountains flowing or the valleys blooming, you must admit there is the appearance of a man something like the Alpine mountain, in whose heart and head are clefts, from whence are constantly issuing streams of vitalising and soul-confirming truth. Bless the Lord, our Churches are not yet left comfortless.

All who have travelled into the extreme Northern parts of this kingdom have seen that the ancient city of Durham stands upon seven hills, that it is surrounded by others, some nearly 2,000 feet high. The river Wear, with woody and craggy scenery, renders it substantial, and elegantly varied in every point of view.

Bordering the German Ocean, for the most part, reposes that country so rich in coal, iron, lime-stone, mill-stone, and other useful substances. We have always believed, since we resided a little time in Newcastle-upon-Tyne (when we preached there for those zealous brethren, I. C. Johnson, and John Vincent), that the real Northerners must eat and drink a large quantity of fluidical iron and coal, hence they become stalwart and strong, enduring almost any amount of labour. Our Mr. ANDERSON is a good type in proof. If all men were as well-built, as sound, and robust as he is, the physicians might retire, the doctors would not be so numerous, and the quacks would cease to spend their thousands per annum in advertising their universal remedies.

HIS BIRTH AND COMING TO LONDON.

One morning in the lively month of May, when May was wont to smile upon us more cheerfully than she has done of late, ten years before the Test and Corporation Act was repealed, in an old farm house, in the parish of Stanhope, on the 18th of May, 1818, was this fine boy brought into the world.

We will not call the world by any of the bad names good men too often give unto it; for although Satan, sin, delusions, and deaths often fill its inhabitants with horror and dismay, still to JOHN SLATE ANDERSON, and to millions of England's favoured children, it has been, through the

sovereign grace of our God and Saviour, anything but a wild and waste howling wilderness. We shall not designate our hero a poetical preacher. Airy flights are not his fashion. But when silently musing on all the way the Lord has led him, we think he must, at times, exclaim :—

“ Almighty King ! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

Thy Providence supplies my food,
And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good ;
My soul is nourish'd by Thy Word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this earthly frame ;
Whate'er I want His bounty gives,
By Him my soul for ever lives.

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe ;
It means Thy praise, tho' 'tis so poor,
An angel's song can do no more.”

Our ancient mother in Israel, Sarah, Abraham's wife, lived many years before she had one son, and not very long after her Isaac was born she died. Not so with Mr. Anderson's mother, she had twelve children, and singularly enough this JOHN SLATE ANDERSON was the tenth child his fruitful mother did bear, and this one the Lord was pleased to take for Himself. Jeremiah was the tenth of David's mighty men, and in this family of the Andersons, of Stanhope, in the county of Durham, there was a tenth which returned to the Lord, and instrumentally has been a feeder of many precious souls.

We have understood there was a minister of the Scotch Church at Wark, in Northumberland—John Slate.* The parents of our friend must have esteemed that minister, for so it came to pass they called their tenth child “JOHN SLATE ANDERSON.” In the family there were five daughters.

We conclude from all we can gather—albeit our knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the pastor of New-cross is comparatively scanty—that his education in early life was by no means neglected, but until about twenty-two years of age, he had no real concern for the salvation of his soul. It was in the year 1840, about Christmas, while walking home one night that he was suddenly convinced of sin, of his position and condition as a guilty law-breaker in the sight of a just and holy God. The distress of his soul was severe, intense, deep, altogether unknown to any but to those who have thus passed from death into life. All this he kept to himself as long as he could; but, the change was a real one, it could not be hid. The only Dissenters in the neighbourhood were the Wesleyans, and they sought him out; and to them in Church fellowship he became united.

Two years after this, in the summer of 1842, his health began to fail, and he was advised to come to London, and spend the winter with a

* On Sep. 2, 1824, when J. S. was a little over six, his mother was instantaneously killed by lightning, with her horse, while on her way across a lonely moor to hear old Mr. Slate preach. Sad event for poor Jack!

relative. On 1st of October, in that year, he arrived in London, only thinking of staying a few months; but the purpose and providence of God have so ordered it, that in this metropolis he has, from that period, spent nearly all his time; and his progress from being "a young man" out of the far distant North, up to his long, happy, and successful pastorate over one of the most flourishing Churches in our section, has been marked by mercies and blessings beyond our power of delineation.

When he came to London, he knew experimentally little or nothing of the preciousness and power of THE GOSPEL of the GRACE of GOD. Some gleams of hope had occasionally relieved his soul; but for years he walked in legal bonds. He never had the privilege of sitting under a sound ministry. His deliverance was effected by the silent teaching and power of the HOLY GHOST, accompanied with a diligent and prayerful study of the blessed Book of GOD.

NATURAL AND LEGAL WARFARE.

Terrible as was his soul-trouble in the first stages of conviction, it was, if possible, exceeded by the inward conflict arising from the opening up and application to his heart of the doctrines of election, predestination, and the other distinguishing principles of Divine grace. He well knew with what enmity, hatred, rebellion, and determination the natural mind raves and rages against these God-glorifying elements in the work of the Church's salvation; and what death-like fears arise of being for ever excluded from the mercy of God, producing a state of mental and spiritual terror beyond all description. In this state of mind he was invited to hear the late Mr. Branch, of Waterloo-road: he went, full of prejudice. That good man preached free-grace in the morning, and free-will in the evening. But in spite of all, by the free-grace sermons Mr. Anderson's soul was brought into a goodly measure of hope and comfort; he was baptized, and joined the Church.

In the early part of 1847, his attention was directed to the London City Mission, and he obtained an appointment in that Society, in the autumn of the same year; hence, he has been thirty years engaged in the preaching of the Word.

In 1851, Mr. A. was appointed missionary to some 500 navies near Brighton, and he laboured amongst them and in the neighboring villages till 1857. A little chapel was built for him at Fishersgate, where there has been for years a Strict Baptist cause, though now it is very low.

Through Mr. Atkinson, of Brighton, he was invited to supply at Bethesda, St. Luke's, which resulted in his settlement there as pastor, in November, 1857—brethren Milner, Palmer, Dickerson, J. A. Jones, and Isaac, taking chief parts in the services. He laboured there successfully till the end of 1863, when a hearty and unanimous call from the Church at Deptford led to his settlement there, in January, 1864.

Of Mr. Anderson's work in the Mission service; the history of the New-cross Church; his leaving it for Bradford; his return to Zion again, many interesting incidents arise, which, the Lord permitting, will form a chapter for our November number.

Although Mr. Anderson is now approaching his sixtieth year, he appears like a man in the prime of life. That he may yet see many, very

many happy years of usefulness in the Gospel ministry; yet see increasing glories in the Persons of a Triune JEHOVAH; yet see crowds of seekers flocking to the happy gates of Gospel grace; and ultimately see "THE KING in all His beauty; and the illimitable land of far distances;" and that many of us may meet in that kingdom where pride, prejudice, poverty of soul, broken hearts, divided Churches, and cruel criticisms, shall be known no more, is the intensely earnest prayer of

C. W. B.

Aug. 31, 1877.

EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER OF JOB IN RHYME.

A ¹ GAIN Job ceased, again the Shuhite spoke,
And with these words at once the silence
broke.

² I pray you tell us, for we feign would know
When you will terminate this wordy flow?
We listened long to words of force obscure,
And now in turn your patience would secure.

³ Why deem ye us to have but equal worth
With brutish beasts, the vilest of the earth?

⁴ With anger dwelling in his troubled breast,
He knows no peace of mind or quiet rest.
Shall all mankind in fear and dread of thee,
From off the earth in wildest terror flee?
And all things stable quit thy angry face?
Yea, e'en the rocks themselves desert their
place?

⁵ The deeds of good men shed a kindly ray,
And light on others through the doubtful way;
The wicked fail to raise these beacon fires,
The spark they kindle smoulders and expires.

⁶ As when within his tent, the lamp goes out,
And leaves behind a veil of gloom and doubt,
So shall that spark that brightened all his mind,
Fail in its light, and leave a night behind.

⁷ His feet that moved ere now with ease and
strength,
Shall mark their efforts by a shortening length;
And as at sea, with chart and compass lost,
By wind and wave the labouring ship is tossed;
The temerous hand essays to steer the bark,
Wrecks on the rock through the impending
dark;
So he, by unwise counsel, rashly run,
Guides his own course, and finds that all's un-
done.

⁸ The way pursued without sufficient care,
His feet are trapped within a self-sought snare.

⁹ His fate is sealed, his doom a likely hap,
His trapping heels are caught within a trap;
His anxious eye shall watch with no avail;
The robbers' hand against him shall prevail.

¹⁰ The eye assured may throw its glance around,
While snares are laid beneath the treacherous
ground.

¹¹ On every side by horrid things pursued;
A useless flight his erring feet delude.

¹² Protracted hunger shall subdue his arm,
And, near destruction, foster grave alarm.

¹³ Its tooth, death's first-born, with unfalling
power,
His strength shall seize, and finally devour.

¹⁴ Such things as gave a charm unto his life—
His many children, and his faithful wife;
His vast domains, and fast-increasing wealth;
And, what more precious still, his robust health,
Shall worthless lie; his whilom rich estate,
Uprooted by the ruthless hand of fate.
And sadder yet: what waits on every ill;
The final drop that shall his life-cup fill.
This hand shall lead him were that monarch
reigns,
O'er subjects bound in death's unyielding
chains.

¹⁵ Upon his house the curse of God shall fall,
And fiery brimstone overwhelm it all.

¹⁶ His roots shall yield to dryness and decay;
His upper branches, too, shall pass away.

¹⁷ His deeds shall die, or good or ill their kind;
No recollection of them left behind;
Where once well-known upon the public place,
His name shall leave no semblance of a trace.

¹⁸ The avenging hand shall chase him from all
light,
And from the world to one eternal night.

¹⁹ No son nor nephew shall to him remain;
His dwelling-place no kindred shall contain.

²⁰ The coming ages, as in Job's own day,
Shall hear this story with unmixed dismay.

²¹ Can doubt destroy the strongest proof here,
shown,
That these misfortunes out of sin have grown?
That here, where ruin holds unchecked control,
Dwells in its dark abode a sinful soul.

Cambridge.

C. O.

"AND while we sing, raise us above
The reach of every meaner thing;
From guilty stains our souls set free,
And teach us how to worship Thee."

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 273.)

PAINFUL CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

TO my dearly-beloved parents; may you live long in joy, peace, and true happiness! Amen.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am sure that I have no language with which to express the deep sorrow of my heart and soul which I have felt since I received your letter, dated January 12, 1872. I would like to be able to let you know the feelings of my heart, but I know it is impossible for me to do so; but I pray the Most High to be very gracious unto you, and reveal unto you the glorious truth which alone satisfies the longings of every heart. I know, dear father, that you are living a holy life, and would to God that all Israel lived such lives as you and my beloved mother. You know, dear father, that it has always been my desire to be very good, and honour you, my father and my mother, and obey the *Taryag Mizwath*.* How I longed to do the things which you told me pleased God! Dear father, I must confess that I did all I knew that was required of me; but, to my regret, I never felt satisfied by being under the written and Oral laws; you also remember, dear father, how I feared the moments of death, and my great responsibility before God. Nothing in the world seemed to satisfy my soul. Many and many letters I received from you which I almost worshipped, because I considered your fatherly love and your holy counsel. I also visited many Jewish friends, asking them to teach me the way of salvation; but, alas! dear father, your letters, nor the teaching of all the friends who were kind enough to help me, could silence the yearning of my heart. But ever since I was convinced of the truth that the MESSIAH HAS COME already, and that the object of His advent was to seek and to save that which was lost, to redeem those who had sold themselves as slaves to the passion of their hearts, to the power of sin and Satan; that He came to comfort them that mourn; to give them beauty for ashes, joy for sorrow, and eternal rest to the heavy laden, in Him I am satisfied.

My beloved father, I know well that you do not like me to write so favourably of the Nazarene whom you hate; but, Oh, dear father, I remember when I hated Him; but, now, I thank the God of our fathers for bringing me out of the awful state I was in, and for revealing unto me the light of the Sun of Righteousness. The name of the Nazarene is hated by you, but you like to write of persons or of any object you admire; I therefore write about the Nazarene, knowing what He has done for me in order to save my ruined soul; and as I love Him with all my soul, I cannot but help to write and speak of Him.

Beloved father, believe me I do not write this letter to you merely for the sake of grieving you, as I know you are grieved; but I write it praying that the God of our holy fathers may appear to you when you read this letter, and that you may be convinced as myself that there is no way of salvation but through *Joshua*, or JESUS, the Messiah, or Christ, who is the only Saviour through whom alone

* Six hundred and thirteen precepts which it is necessary for every Jew to observe.

sinner can be pardoned. Believe me, dear father, that if I could possibly convince you and make you believe the same truths which I am thankful for knowing, my life would not be too much a sacrifice for me in order to be the means of bringing you to the truth of Jesus Christ.

Dear father, just one thing I would desire to impress upon your mind, that although I believe in Jesus Christ, and look to Him as the only hope of my salvation, yet I am willing and ready to give it all up if you can only prove to me that the Christian religion is not the true religion; and as soon as you prove this to me, I will repent of all you think are errors, and make a public confession of them (of course if I am in error); and will at once go to the great Dr. Adler,* and confess my sins before him, and before the whole congregation of Israel, if you can only prove to me that I am in error. I will gladly, and with much pleasure, afflict my flesh for three years by fasting every Monday and Thursday, and also go to the synagogue every day and prostrate myself at the door, and let every one tread over me; but if you cannot prove it to me, then I must remain a believer in Him whose name I once hated, but which is now very sweet to me.

Dear father, I hope you will not forget me—I am your son. You say in your last letter such things which grieve me very much; I hope that the fatherly love you have had towards me will still remain. I love you, my dear father; nothing is too much for me to give up for you; but I must say I love my JESUS more, and my life is not mine, but it is His.

Dear father, the other day I was very much interested in reading an account of the History of (*Yosifun*) Josephus in the Hebrew language. I know that you have a copy at home; I am sure, dear father, you will gain instruction by it if you don't read it with a prejudiced spirit. If you refer to the History of Josephus, in the reign of Herod, in the time when Pontius Pilate was Governor in Jerusalem—if your book be printed in the same size and shape as mine, it will be in the eighteenth book and third chapter—you will find it reads thus:—

“There was about this time a wise Man, *if it be lawful to call Him a Man*, for He was a doer of wonderful works, a Teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to Him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] CHRIST; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned Him to the cross, those that loved Him at first did not forsake Him; for He appeared unto them alive again on the third day, as the Divine prophets foretold. There are ten thousand other wonderful things recorded concerning Him; and the tribe of Christians, so named after Him, are not extinct at this day.”

Now, dear father, is not this a great proof of the Divinity of Jesus Christ?

Surely, dear father, which ever way we look and study, one cannot help learning that the MESSIAH has come, and Israel, alas! is in ignorance of this blessed truth. There is a very striking prophecy by CHRIST JESUS, which proves to be fulfilled, and still is fulfilling,

* The chief Rabbi of England.

recorded in that little Book (the New Testament) which I sent to you. You will find when JESUS was taken by our unfortunate ancestors, and by the barbarous Romans, to *Gilgal* (Golgotha) to be put to death, several women walked with the great multitude and wept because of the affecting sight, seeing a young Man, in the vigour of His life, in the strength of His manhood, suffer so bitterly; and they wept! Then Jesus said to the daughters of Jerusalem, "Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and for your children;" and in another place, when our ancestors uttered the terrible words, "Crucify Him! His blood be upon us and our children." Now, when I consider those words of Jesus and the words of our ancestors, I am not surprised when I read in history of what our nation had to suffer. When I read that in the period of the year 77, according to the Christian era, our beloved nation's blood was flowing in the streets of Jerusalem and Judea. Only think about 20,000 of our precious ancestors were massacred in the neighbourhood of Cæsarea; about 10,000 in Damascus; 10,000 in one night at Scythopolis; 50,000 at Alexandria; 8,000 at Joppa; and in the holy city of Jerusalem about 1,100,000 perished, and about 97,000 were taken captives and made slaves.

Dear father, was not this the fulfilment of the words of Christ?—"Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and for your children;" also of the words of our brethren, "His blood be upon us and our children?"

Dear father, my very earnest prayer is, that Israel may be brought to the knowledge and the truth which is in Jesus Christ; and Oh, that the time soon may come when the Spirit of grace and of supplication may be poured out upon Israel, and Israel may look to Him whom they have pierced, and mourn as one that mourns over his firstborn, and acknowledge Jehovah as the only true God, JESUS the Messiah, and the Holy Spirit as the only Comforter and Sanctifier. I cannot write very much more in this letter; but I hope to be able to send you another letter in a day or two. I shall be glad to send you my photograph when I write to you next time; and will also send you some English money for curiosity's sake, as you never saw such coins. Good-bye, dear father.

I remain, my beloved father,

Your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

Palestine-place, Cambridge-heath, London,
February 14, 1872.

MY FATHER'S SOLEMN REPLY.

The following is the answer my father wrote to me after four of my letters which remained unanswered:—

MY LOVELIEST AND DEAREST SON ISAAC,—All that has happened to you I know. You have turned aside out of the way of our Jewish religion, and have embraced another. Oh, my dear son Isaac, Isaac, Isaac! have you forgotten that for seventeen years you dwelt with us, and that we your parents brought you up, and taught you to stand upon your legs? And now you have withdrawn yourself from us; your face is gone, and your religion is gone also.

My dearest, loveliest child Isaac, Isaac! Remember, remember, remember! Even before your birth you were a care to your mother.

Three years she bare you an infant in her arms. For two of these years you sucked the milk of her breasts, and since then we have nurtured you. Have you forgotten all this? Four years ago, when you were dangerously ill, and I told your mother to send you to the hospital, do you remember what your mother replied?—"My house is not for myself; my life is not for myself; they are for my dear child Isaac. He shall remain at home, and the physician shall visit him every day;" and now have you forgotten all this, and turned away from me your father, from your mother, from your sisters and brothers, and from all our family, and, worst of all, from God? Remember these things, my son!

Ah! have you forgotten how, but two years ago on the day of atonement, while you were with us, we worshipped together in one synagogue, and prayed together out of one Prayer Book? Last year, on the eve before the day of atonement—it was the day on which you arrived in London—we were sitting round the table, I, your mother, sisters, and brothers, when, all at once, we began every one of us to weep, and lament, and to cry aloud: "Woe unto us, for our beloved Isaac is not with us at home, and we shall see him no more!" And then our friends and neighbours assembled in our house, and sought to comfort us; but your mother refused to be comforted.

It was on the feast of Purim that we received the bad intelligence that you had become a *meshumad*. Imagine how we received it! Your mother became sick and sightless; myself I fell fainting to the ground; all our children stood about us crying, weeping, and lamenting. Then many people gathered round us, who lifted me up from the ground, and called me to life again, asking me, "what has happened?" What answer think you could I give? Your mother prays every day to God that He would put an end to her life, and wishes every minute to be dead rather than that she should live, and know that she has a son a *meshumad*.

My dear son, all this has taken place; but you yet have time to repent, and then at least you will be saved in the world to come. The advice that I give you is this—Come back home and become a pious Jew, and I shall agree to your marrying your aunt Rebekah's daughter,* and I shall procure you a situation.

The Prefect in whose office you were a writer two years ago has promised me that on your return home he will again admit you; there is at the present time a vacancy for a young man.

For God's Name sake, my dear child, do not forget what I have written to you. Often read this letter, and bear in mind the tears which we are shedding for you—I, your mother, and all the family—that you alone of all our house have become a *meshumad*. But there is still more time for you. If you do not like to come to Russia, write and say, and ask Dr. Adler to write and say that you have become a Jew; and then—I am again your father, and your mother is again your

* When at home my mother wished that I should keep company with my aunt Rebekah's daughter; but my father did not agree to it. According to the above he seemed to have changed his mind. I would also mention that it was not my desire at all to keep company with her, nor of marrying her; but according to manners and customs of the Jews in Eastern parts, the parents are concerned in it first. Full information on that question will be explained in my papers on the Jews, which I have promised to give (D.V.) in future numbers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

mother, and we shall be all to you as we were before. Then if you wish to marry, my sister Rebekah's daughter shall come to London to Dr. Adler, and you shall marry her; then you will be happy. But if you will not do this—if you will not repent—then we will have nothing more to do with you, we want neither your money, nor photograph—nay, we will not count him ever to be our son who has become a *meshumad*; but we hope that, for the sake of my own, and of your mother's pious forefathers, and also for the sake of our little children, it shall never come to pass that you should be a *meshumad*.

If you do all this I write to you to do, we wish you great happiness, and God will bless you; but if you do not, then Farewell! Farewell! Farewell! I am not your father; your mother is no longer yours; your sisters and your brothers are no longer your relations, and you can no more claim at all the name of a Jew. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

On receipt of this letter I wrote about twenty-five letters, but, to my sorrow, no answer came; and the last letter I sent, my father would not receive it from the postman; so it was returned to me. I then realised the sweet words of the Psalmist:—"When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

I must say that I shall never forget the anguish of heart I felt when I received this letter. I prayed to the Lord to take my life, and longed for death rather than to live; and to know that father and mother, for whom I at all times could shed the very last drop of blood in my heart, should cut me off. But then I considered that it was necessary for me, as a follower of Christ, to take up my cross and follow Him. During the whole of my term I was in the Operative Jewish Converts' Institutions, I was as in a state of mourning. Often, when hard at work in the bookbinding or finishing departments, I cried bitterly when I considered the state of my beloved parents who had entirely cut me off. And why? Because for the truth's sake, for righteousness' sake, and, above all, for JESUS' SAKE.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN NOTES ON THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

<p>"To the dear fountain of Thy blood, Incarnate God, I fly; Here let me wash my spotted soul From crimes of deepest dye.</p>	<p>A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On Thy kind arms I fall; Be Thou my strength and righteousness, My Jesus, and my All!"</p>
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WE sung these verses after sermon on Sunday evening, September 2nd, 1877, just before coming to the Lord's table. Had been sitting in study, silently musing over those words in Psalm cxxx.—"But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared." And while thus wrapped up in contemplation, my mind was led (without at all looking into THE BOOK) to travel through seven distinct Scriptural fields, where there appeared to me to be revealed that pre-eminently glorious word, that chiefest of all doctrines, that only really soul-satisfying portion of grace—I mean

"THE KNOWLEDGE OF SALVATION BY THE REMISSION OF SINS."

To my soul—all the catechisms and controversies in the world were as nothing compared with this momentous theme, this one comprehensive

blessing, to be enabled with David to say, "I acknowledged my sin unto THEE, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said"—(he came to a solemn determination before Almighty God to make a clean breast of it; he wanted no *Romish* confessor; he would have nothing to do with any mere flounced-up, man-made priest. David's sin was too heavy upon his conscience for any man to speak it away; hence he says, "I said)

"I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD, and THOU FORGAVEST THE INIQUITY OF MY SIN."

A man may believe all the Bible, in the letter of it. He may be a diligent Churchman, a consistent Congregationalist, a fiery-like and zealous Methodist, a sleek disciple of "the Brethren," a lofty and intellectual Presbyterian, yea, a Baptist, as Strict, as stout, and as strong as an oak; a man may be hyper-critical in doctrine, or awfully deep in the war between doubt and faith; any, or all of these, a man may be in measure, yet know or enjoy nothing of the real and eternal forgiveness of his sins, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

Not the slightest contempt would I cast upon any of the afore-named Christian professors. I look upon them all as much better than myself. But, as my soul was indulged to walk a little under the sweet sunshine of this beautiful rainbow, "the forgiveness of sins," it appeared to be the kernel of all vital godliness, while all tame or excited profession is but the shell. Clear enough it appeared to me that the Gospel of the grace of God is like unto a garden of nuts, a garden wherein multitudes may walk and talk, and are content therewith; while to the burdened, the bruised, the contrite, the earnest sigher and seeker after the assurance of salvation, this one "secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him," this one Divinely-planted nut—"the forgiveness of sins"—is, by the HOLY GHOST, opened up and given to some precious souls, in the receiving of which, and in the feeding upon which, they exceedingly rejoice; while many may pick up a piece or two of the mere shell and run off therewith, thinking, perhaps, this bit of the shell is salvation!

Man! Reader! Minister! Whosoever thou art, let me beseech of thee to lay down quietly in no attainment, in no position, short of this—"the knowledge of thy salvation by the forgiveness of sins." There is a thousand Mediterraneans, a million seas of heavenly truth in that triumphant stanza of the blessed Doctor:—

"If sin be pardoned, I'm secure!
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my Ransom, died!"

Some of us are most certainly approaching the end of our journey. The boys and girls in the streets of Jerusalem may laugh and be merry with their little pieces of the shell. Let us "give Him no rest until He establish" us in this one essential fact, "the forgiveness of sins," for then shall "Jerusalem be a praise in the earth."

If, by the shedding abroad of the love of God in the heart by the Holy Ghost; if, by the sealing home of the new covenant promise in the soul; if, by a faith's view and application to the conscience of atoning blood, we realised this blessedness of the man "whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, unto whom the Lord im-

puteth not iniquity, in whose spirit is no guile;" if this blessing filled our life with holy praise, the pulpit-men would preach more from the heart than from the brain, the pews would be better filled, yea, CHRIST in GOD would be more manifestly glorious.

This little river of delight first sprung up in my soul in a mourning-coach, while riding home to Squire Fuller's in Brixton, with his wife and sister, and the bereaved widower, friend Brett.

When I sat down at home on the following afternoon, Psalm cxxx. came before me. I cried out—

I. What is it?—It is forgiveness.

II. Where is it?—It is with the Lord.

III. Why is it?—That the Lord may be feared.

Every soul that reverently, affectionately, confidingly feareth the Lord is in Christ a sin-pardoned one. So believeth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

[Seven notes next month.]

TRIBULATION OF SOUL.

DEAR SIR,—A short paper headed *Diversity*, by the pastor of Earl-street Baptist Chapel, London, in your last issue of the EARTHEN VESSEL, touched a chord in my feelings and drew out my sympathies to the writer. Such diversity and conflict is, I am persuaded, known to the living in Jerusalem; but yet how little of it is chronicled now-a-days! Can it be that little is known?

Any amount of prosaic generalisation, theological essays, as dry as desert sands, and as barren; elegant articles characterised by literary affectation, and written apparently to show not the spirituality, but the skill of the authors, and productive of neither benefit to the children of God nor glory to God Himself, crowd most of the religious magazines; matter descriptive of the inward conflict is cried down as "corruption" and "morbid," and the pearls of Spirit-wrought experience are trampled under foot in the gates by "them that are at ease in Zion."

While thinking this over that sweet and sublime hymn of Hart's came to mind:

"Let us ask th' important question;
Brethren be not too secure;
What it is to be a Christian,
How we may our hearts assure.
Vain is all our best devotion,
If on false foundations built;
True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

In a note to me some time ago you truly remarked that we are all too confident. The Laodicean indictment will apply to us: "Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

Yes, we are all too confident; for

"He that never doubted of his state,
He may perhaps—perhaps he may too late,"

says Cowper.

"The road to resolution lies by doubt,
The next way home's the farthest way about,"

says Quarles.

"I sometimes doubt (says Rutherford of blessed memory) whether Christ and I have ever shaken each other by the hand."

Contrition is better than confidence. O for more faith and patience, seeing that there is a "needs-be" for every stroke of the rod. Our desperately wicked heart

"Needs to be steeped in the briny wave
Of affliction's billowy sea;
And salt tears must water its way to the grave,
Ere it will from these vanities flee.
It must ever be feeling the chastening smart,
Alas! for the wandering heart."

What puny little creatures we are compared to the spiritual veterans that have gone before us, one of whom wrote as follows: "I know of no greater blessing than health except pain and sickness." Sense of death is a friend of kin to life. The more sense, the more life; the more sense of sin, the less sin. Terrors of conscience cast us down, and yet without those terrors we cannot be raised up again. Fears and doubtings shake us, and yet without fears and doubtings we should soon sleep, and lose our hold on Christ. Tribulations and temptations will almost loose us at the root, and yet without them we cannot grow in grace.

I am, dear sir,
Yours in the pathway of tribulation,

GEO. RUFFELL.

23, George-street, St. John's, Deptford,
August 16th, 1877.

THE GLORIOUS HEALER.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

LIFT up thy drooping head, thou weary one;
Come, pour thy sorrows forth to God's dear Son;
Tell Him the agony, the woe, the smart;
Oh, come to Him, and He will heal thy heart.

What is the nature of thy spirit's pain?
Have trusted ones proved treacherous and vain?
Fond hopes lie scattered as earth's withered flowers,
Thy joy departed with life's morning hours.

Perhaps one loved too fondly has been torn
From thine embrace, and thou art now forlorn.
Death does not sever friendships: thou shalt rise
And re-united be beyond the skies.

How oft the weary, hungering to be blessed,
Cry unto God for His eternal rest;
And so thy loved one, ere His sun went down,
Bravely endured the cross—now wears the crown.

And in the cold dark grave his confined clay
Awaits the morn of the great judgment day.
Thus lingering o'er him breathe thy "last farewell,"
Till thou with him in heaven art called to dwell.

MARION H.

FAITH TRIED BY FIRE.

“That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”—1 Peter i. 7.

I.—THE FAITH INDICATED.

“YOUR faith.” The apostle had described the people, he now refers to *their faith*. They were elect according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father, through sanctification, unto sprinkling of the blood of Jesus; consequently, their faith is the faith of *God's elect*. The first important consideration is the persons; the second, their works. As are the persons, so are their works. We expect devilish works from those who are of the wicked one; sensual works from those who are sensual; and works savouring of the earth from those who are earthly. God accepted Abel and his offering. First, his person, then his *work*: his work was a work of faith: “By faith Abel offered a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain.” No thanks to him, seeing the faith was God's gift to him *personally*. He (God) first changed his heart and then graciously inclined that renewed mind towards Himself by Christ Jesus the only Way to the Father. It is thus we expect spiritual works only from spiritual persons. “Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?” The tree is known by its fruit. The faith of the saints scattered abroad, to whom Peter wrote, was peculiar to the people who are peculiar in their person, relationships, and interests. It may be counterfeited, but the ring of the true metal is known to God, and to those who are of God. It is not the faith of devils who believe and tremble, nor is it the faith of wicked men who believe and do not tremble; it is not the faith of miracles which one may have and yet be destitute of love, nor the faith of the formalist or stony-ground hearer who receives the word with joy, but having no *root* in themselves, dureth for awhile and then falleth away—dreadful falling indeed. It is an untried faith which falls away; and it comes to its work *untried*, not *tested*, and fails. It is the testing process which proves the strength of the cable. I saw some buildings once, and inquired what they and the machinery were for, and was informed the Admiralty's chains, ships' cables, and such like, were tested there, every link separately, link by link, till the whole chain was *tried*; if one link failed, the chain was put aside, as the strength of the chain is no greater than its weakest link. What a lesson!

II.—THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

First, it is by *fire*. The symbols used are *gold* and *silver*, which are tried by fire. God has several kinds of fire in constant use—burning, scorching, withering, and, lastly, *melting fire*. “As when the melting fire burneth.” This is effected in case of hard metals only by blast. A strong current of air passing through the fire will greatly add to its strength, and thus the hardest metals, encased in the hardest rock, give way and flow out, and separate themselves from their native dross; but the diamond will not give place to this fire; nevertheless, God has a melting fire for the diamond, and man has discovered it. Electricity, or *lightning*, will melt the diamond. It is *God's fire*, His melting fire, against which there is no resistance. Take care how you fight against God; He can direct against you in a moment one glance

of His eye—it is a flame of fire—and you are melted and gone. But this trial of which we speak is precious—“The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire.” The trial *itself* is more precious than the gold of earth which is tried by fire. Your faith is a precious treasure to you, for it is Christ’s gift of love, and it is His work of power in you for your salvation, and brings to you all the preciousness there is in Him for your benefit, comfort, and salvation. The trial of your faith is precious to Him. “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” He does not despise but takes pleasure in the afflictions of His people. A dear sister writes: “We have both (her husband) been *very much tried* concerning it (his movement in Providence), fearing we should do that which is not right in the sight of God.” Oh, beloved, such trial of faith must be precious to our Beloved. “The Lord taketh pleasure in them that *fear Him*.” The trial here is *not* whether we shall succeed or not, what we shall eat or drink, but whether we shall in what we do offend Him whom we love most, and desire to please best of all. This is the trial of faith, which is more precious than gold, more precious to God, and more precious to the tried soul. You had better have this treasure—the fear of the Lord—than thousands of gold and silver. It is precious—a precious work, requiring skill, care, attention, long-suffering, or patience, and it is God’s work; He has not committed it to *men*, no, not the *best*; to ministers? Oh, no! “He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and He shall purify the sons of Levi.” The work is too precious to go out of His hand. He sits over it till it is *done*, and He sees His own image and likeness. Then the issue is to the “praise and glory at *the appearing of Jesus*.” Then praise, and glory, and honour, and power shall be ascribed to Him who is the Author and Finisher, Beginning and Ending, First and Last. Hallelujah! Amen.

WM. TROTMAN.

57, Old Town-street, Plymouth, Devon,
July 3rd, 1877.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Mr. James Grant on the Plymouth Brethren. Their History and Heresies, reviewed by C. H. Spurgeon. This bunch of hyssop for “the Brethren” is full of a wholesome bitter. It is declared, plainly, that the Darbyites are “the greatest troublers of the peace of Israel since the days of Ahab.” Very strong sentence that! The only people the Plymouth Brethren cannot get hold of are those who experimentally know the truth as it is in Jesus, and, by the grace of God, are steadfast in the faith. Nature makes some people out of a kind of soft and slimy clay. A natural conscience persuades them into the semblance of some sort of piety; if with these things they happen to have a little like for talking, and a certain amount

of charity, they have some qualifications for these so-called “Brethren.” James Grant and C. H. Spurgeon have well peppered them; but they are so patient, so persevering, so partial to their own little line of things, that they will smile on and still pursue. Once, on the borders of Wales, we sought an interview with one of the princes of these people, but he would not face us. In our constant journeyings we meet with all sorts, but there are none, to us, like the good old-fashioned, the firm, the faithful, the sound, solid, New Testament Baptists. We are far from perfect, but our principles and order of worship are in the closest approximation to the teachings of the Great Master. With such hosts of “Lo! heres!” on all

hands, it is increasingly binding upon us to read, mark, learn, to inwardly digest, and to outwardly shew forth, the meaning of that ponderous exhortation, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"The Climax" is the title of Dr. Doudney's leading paper in the *Gospel Magazine* for August, excellent and valuable in these times.—*The Rock*, week after week, pursues the wretched enemies of a pure and holy worship with such piercing expositions that the Ritualists are made to wince and tremble. Mr. Berkeley's Catechism for young children is exposed in *The Rock* for August 3. Here is one extract:—Q. "What did the Saviour give the apostles power to do?" A. "To make bread and wine into His body and blood." Q. "Did He give this power to any one else?" A. "Yes; to the bishops and priests who came afterwards." Q. "How can we be freed from sin after baptism?" A. "By absolution." Q. "What is absolution?" A. "Forgiveness of sins." Q. "Who can give absolution?" A. "The priest." Q. "What is necessary before we receive it?" A. "Penance." Q. How can we ensure penance?" A. "By confessing our sins." Q. "What is it to confess our sins?" A. "To tell them one by one."

"Early English Bibles." We anticipate not only pleasure but much edification from a series of papers already commenced in *The Argonaut*, from the express-train pen of William Winters, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, which papers are to give historical notices of old Bibles, with biographies of the translators. We are delighted to find our esteemed correspondent is employed on a work of such paramount importance. We, if spared, shall thirst for many draughts from this Biblical, literary stream.

The Banner of Israel is a weekly of considerable intellectual force and beauty.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—If any one wishes to see a correct likeness of the sorrowful, the serious, the softly-sympathetic face of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, they must procure September part of *Hand and Heart*, at the office, 75, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street. She is the youngest daughter of that once popular politician, Sir Francis Burdett, whose election excitements in Covent-garden we well remember, although they occurred about sixty years since. The Baroness Burdett Coutts has been a fountain of charity in erecting churches,

water-wells, &c. But, we expect, poor Dissenters might perish ere she would feel justified in helping them. We do hope, with all her riches, that word which Jesus spake of one will not apply to this noble lady, "Is not rich toward God."—*The Fireside* for September has a memoir of Robert Raikes, in which we feel greatly interested. The difference between the city of Gloucester, when poor George Whitefield was a wild little boy—when Robert Raikes began to pull wretched boys and girls out of the gutters, and to teach them lessons of honest morality, the vast difference between what Gloucester was one hundred and fifty years ago, and what it is now that J. E. Bloomfield is the pastor of the Baptist Church in that city, is indescribably great. Is it possible that this nation will continue to multiply and to improve as much during the next century as it has during the last? If so, who will dare to question the approach of the millennium?—Naomi, with Ruth clinging to her, while Orpah is walking from her, is elegantly portrayed in *The Day of Days*. Jane Dixon makes Ruth to Naomi to say—

"Thy great Jehovah hears my vow,
And He will bless our way;
To Him alone my knee shall bow
At night and early day.

Thy father's God who gave us breath
Sheds light on what I do;
There's but the icy hand of death
Shall ever part us two."

Home Words has a merry picture and some cheerful poetry on the harvest; but as we have watched the fields wherein the corn was weeping and waiting in the wet, and as we have conversed with the anxious tillers of the land, we have realised deep sorrow. The terrible famine in India, the cruel war in Turkey, the panic-like condition of our own commerce and counts, are enough to make us fall on our knees together, crying for Mercy to turn unto us with pardon and provision for our time.—*Old Jonathan* becomes more juvenile, and brings us sweeter varieties every month.—New flowers, new fruits, and how to make the best of all that Nature can produce, is given in *Gardeners' Magazine*.—Mr. Wilcockson's "Spiritual Magazine" is so well filled with the out-flowings of heart-experience, that we sent it off per post to a blessed brother in Christ who is poor, afflicted, and often cast down.—The best bunch of *Green Leaves* we have seen is that grown for September. John Inwards has supplied a simple, but emphatic poem; there are also some charitable views on salvation brought out clearly.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

OPENING OF NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, LOWER CLAPTON.

IN Chatsworth-road, near the Powerscroft-road, behind what was the Infant Orphan Asylum, stands the New Baptist chapel, put up by Mr. Edwin Langford and his friends; it was first opened for public worship on Tuesday, September 18, 1877. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached the sermon; Charles Wilson, Esq., presided over the evening meeting.

It was a pleasing sight to behold this new tabernacle filled with earnest seekers. Mr. Bonney pleaded with the Lord for His power and presence. The chairman was delighted with the place, and addressed the people in a lively and truth-loving spirit. J. S. Anderson gave the first address, discovering some of the sacred mysteries contained in the book of Revelation, out of which he shewed forth the chief powers of the Gospel. Mr. Kennard, of Croydon, followed W. Alderson, and a statement of the affairs then appeared; and the speech of the Walworth pastor was with heat and earnestness.

The chairman called for a collection, amounting to £75. Pastor Langford reviewed the efforts made here and there until they came into this modern and commodious house for worship. A most discouraging, up-hill course had been pursued, leading us to the conclusion that if, under such perplexing trials, Mr. Langford has, in measure, prospered, what may we not expect in the future? A new field, a good chapel, and a host of friends.

C. W. Banks thought this the most remarkable event in Mr. Langford's life. It is seven years since C. W. B. first found Mr. Langford in Newton Abbot; the Lord had brought Mr. Langford to London to plant a new cause in a new district. It will prosper. J. L. Meeres gave congratulating words. R. C. Bardens, with his heart in tune, was one of Naphtali's race, giving homely and happy sentences. Over £50 was announced as received that evening. With energy the chairman asked for the remainder. Mr. Myerson poured forth a stream of Christian feeling.

Messrs. Timms, Dearsly, Usher, Osmond, Mayhew, Matthew Branch, and a crowd of friends rendered this a most auspicious gathering.

But we must not thus leave Mr. Langford with the burden. The freehold site and building have cost, altogether, near £900, and cheap indeed.

About £350 has been raised. Over £500 is required; and the builder and landowner require their money. Every Strict Baptist Church in London should at once give Mr. Langford a collection, while thousands in our country Churches must send in their help.

BISHOPSGATE STREET.—“A day in the country” is a line that becomes familiar to Londoners in the summer-time, mostly as a prelude to an appeal on behalf of some institution. On one of the fine days of September, children and friends connected with Artillery-street chapel, to the number of about 200, had “a day in the country.” In the morning half-a-dozen vans, with good sturdy horses, conveyed the friends to “Greenwood,” the residence of Mrs. Harris, at Barnet, where, in the grounds and meadows connected with the estate, the company enjoyed a day free from the smoke and turmoil of the great city, and where fresh air and cheerful exercise gladdened the heart and created smiling faces. Substantial and abundant refreshments were provided in a large barn, tastefully decorated for the occasion; and under the care and management of Mr. Walter Howe and his wife, assisted by Miss Harris and friends, the day was made most agreeable; and (though we ought not to say it) we know “no appeal” was made, the whole expense being covered by those who took the management, and by the lady who entertained the company.

PECKHAM RYE.—HEATON-ROAD CHAPEL. Anniversary services were held on Thursday, August 30. Three Gospel sermons were preached by Messrs. Varder, Shepherd, and Mead. There is a fine field of labour in Heaton-road for some sterling minister of Jesus Christ. The friends and supporters of the cause are zealous, loving, and seriously-minded of New Testament order.

WALTHAMENSIS.

NOBWOOD—Minister's anniversary, Sept. 12. It is a critical time for ministers. There is a large supply, but the people say they are light weight. I cannot say so, but two things confirm it. Ministers are often changing, chapels are much deserted. This is a trying state for all parties. Is there no remedy?

MR. ELVEN'S CALL TO THE
MINISTRY.

A further account of the recognition services of Geo. Elven as the pastor of the Strict Baptist Church at West Ham, which took place May 15, 1877.

In a recent number we gave the account of Mr. Elven's call by grace; we now give his call to the ministry. He said,—

Soon after the Lord called me by His grace I had impressions that He intended me to speak in His great Name; but these impressions I tried to drive from my mind when I thought of my ignorance and incapacity for so great a work; but withal I could not prevent them, they were so strong at times that I felt sure I should have to preach. I have been convinced since that these impressions were from the Lord, and that they were given me at that early stage of my experience for very important ends, in order to prepare me in some means for the ministry. I had taken upon token that the matter was of the Lord. I might here say that the late Mr. Allen also had thoughts that the Lord had a work for me to do, and spoke to me several times about it; and some of my fellow-members thought the same thing. However, I was determined not to put my hand to the work until the Lord called me to it. Here I should say that on one Lord's-day Mr. Allen was talking with his deacons about his having to be absent from the prayer meeting on the following Monday evening, when he said:—"You may as well ask friend Elven to come and read a chapter, and if the Lord should give him a word he can speak it." The deacons came and asked me to do so, and after some hesitation I consented, and was led to ask the Lord to give me something to say. A sweet portion of the Word fell into my mind, upon which I attempted to meditate. I think my mind was led by the Spirit into that portion. I went to chapel in the evening, took my own seat thinking I should be called upon to take the desk. But one of the deacons took the desk himself, calling upon me to engage in prayer, and, after calling upon another brother or two to pray, he then gave an address himself, knowing that I had been solicited to do so. This seemed strange, but it was one of the means the Lord used to bring me into the ministry. The next day these words came into my mind, and followed me:—"Whatsoever I have told thee in secret proclaim upon the house-top," when I said, "I cannot, Lord, for the opportunity is taken away." And then it struck me that I could do so by writing my thoughts down which I had had upon the said portion and sending them to the editor of **THE EARTHEN VESSEL**, asking him to put them into his magazine if he thought they were worthy of it, having no other idea than their being useful to some of God's dear children, should the Holy Spirit bless the same to their souls. I did this not thinking anything more would come of it. About this time there was a minister who was engaged to preach at the Baptist chapel, Richmond. He was taken ill

and could not go. One of the Richmond deacons came to our brother C. W. Banks, on the Saturday afternoon, to ask him to send them a supply for the following Lord's-day. The editor could not think of anyone but me; so he said to the deacon, I have a piece for publication from a young man who I think has some ministerial gifts; I will read the piece to you, and if you like to have him on those grounds I will send to him and ask him to come. I am not aware that I had even spoken to brother Banks up to that time, so that God's hand was evidently in it, as I think you will see. Accordingly the editor's son came to me about half-past ten on Saturday night for me to go and preach two sermons at Richmond on the following day. When the young man asked me if I would go, it came upon me so suddenly that it produced such an effect upon my system I cannot describe. I named it to Mrs. Elven, who said to me, "There is a word come to my mind, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'" This greatly surprised me, for she was quite opposed to my being a minister, because her father, Mr. Allen, had been so roughly treated in the ministry, and she did not like that I should share the same. I still looked up to the Lord for direction while I kept the young man waiting, as I knew not what to do. I feared to refuse lest I should be fighting against the Lord, knowing the impressions I had previously been the subject of, and thinking in this invitation I could discern the finger of God, yet I knew not how to consent. However, I would not let the messenger go until I had taken him to my minister, Mr. Allen, to ask his advice in this important matter. His reply was, "Well, Elven, it seems to me that the Lord has opened a door for you; I cannot say do not go." After looking to the Lord once more, I said to the young man, "Well, then, with the blessing of the Lord I will go." When he was gone I began to think upon what was before me; to go into the pulpit and speak to the people all having their eyes upon me, never having given an address in public; knowing how timid I was, when I thought of these things I was completely overcome. Oh! how I wished that I had not consented. But while pacing about the room before the Lord in a state of great excitement, I was caused to pour out my soul unto Him, that even now, although I had promised to go, yet if it were not His will, that He would cause something to take place to prevent it, or if it really was from Him, He would give me such a token of it, I might be sure it was from Him; and although my excitement was so great that I could scarcely close my eyes in sleep the whole night; yet, while I was thus asleep, there appeared a heavenly form in a dream, and said distinctly, "The 5th chapter of Peter." This awoke me out of my sleep. I got up and went to the Bible, opened it to look at that chapter. The first words my eyes fell upon were "Willingly, not for filthy lucre, and of a ready mind." These words powerfully fell into my soul, and the effect this had upon me was to assure

me that it was the Lord who had sent for me, and I was to go willingly, which settled the matter in my mind, and was the desired token for which I had so earnestly prayed.

This was a great comfort to me in the time of my extremity. I should have said that when I returned home from my minister's house, my dear wife said to me, "I have a text for you, it is 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth.'" This was the first text I preached from, and that given me by one who had been quite against my becoming a minister. This will be thirty years ago, on the 22nd of August next. Upon this text I was favoured to meditate, and with it I went on my way to Richmond on the Lord's-day, trusting in the Lord with all my heart for ability to speak in His great Name, believing from what I had experienced that He had called me to do so. The time for service came, I took my text and commenced my discourse; and as soon as I opened my mouth to speak, the Holy Ghost fell upon me in an overwhelming manner, so that I spoke under His sacred influence the whole time, with that blissful joy that I was affected to tears all the time I was speaking, which I tried to conceal; and before I could get through the first head of my subject, the time was gone, and in the evening I resumed my subject, and was as much under the influence of the Spirit as in the morning. This I call

MY ORDINATION TO THE MINISTRY BY THE HOLY GHOST.

From my experience at that time I felt a sweet satisfaction that God had called me to the work.

A few days after this I received an invitation to go and preach at Hadlow, in Kent. While on my way to Richmond that passage of Holy Writ came with power to my soul, "The Lord trieth the righteous." When I received the invitation to go to Hadlow, this text came to my mind again, from which I preached three sermons. After I had done in the evening, the Hadlow friends invited me to come down again that day fortnight. I felt I could not consent; I thought I had completely exhausted myself, and could never preach to them again. With this impression I left Hadlow that night promising that if the Lord made it plain I would let them know. On the following Tuesday morning, as I was going to my business and was thinking about having to give the friends an answer, those precious words came to me, "As thy days shall thy strength be." Upon the strength of this I wrote and accepted the invitation, and when I went the second time I was better received than at first.

After this, I continued to supply monthly at Hadlow for some time. The Lord then opened doors in other places, among them was the West-end chapel, Tring; and after the Church there had heard me, it decided on inviting me and two other brethren to preach for several Sabbaths in turn, that they might make a choice of one of the three to be heard, in order to his becoming their pastor; the lot fell upon me. They gave me invitation to supply for three

months, which I hesitated in accepting, fearing that I should not be able to find matter enough to preach to the same people three times on Lord's-day for three months; but the Lord made the matter plain in answer to prayer, so that I accepted it; but I cannot dwell longer on my connection with the Tring friends; will only add that I was very happy in the midst of the Lord's dear people there. They eventually gave me a call to the pastorate, but I could not see it was the Lord's will that I should accept it; but I preached to them steadily for about three years. As I did not think it likely that I should accept the pastorate, I resigned, and I trust the Lord blessed my labours at Tring. I may name one case of the Lord's working by me at that place. When I had been meditating upon several portions of the Word for the Lord's-day, I was led to desire the Lord to give me some text as a special message to some of His people. While on my knees that Scripture came upon my mind, "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." With the text came a persuasion that this was a message from God. I took those words on the following Lord's-day morning, and introduced them by saying that from the way the text had come to me, I was impressed that there was some one there who was troubled about their soul; that the Lord had sent a message for them: that it was the Lord's work. He that had begun it would carry it on and finish it, and there was a person there that morning who had come for the last time. She was in such distress of soul, and thought she should be lost; but she resolved she would go to the house of God once more and ask the Lord that if she had any part or lot in His mercy, that He would cause the minister to come up that morning with something in such a remarkable way that she might know it was for her. The Lord blessed the message to her soul, set her at liberty, and I baptized her.

I preached in the town nearly twenty years after, at the other chapel, when in ran the same dear sister, exclaiming, "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." While fulfilling my last three months at Tring, I received an invitation to preach to some friends who were meeting for worship in some upper rooms at Clapham. I preached to them for one Sabbath, and the Lord blessed the Word so that the people wished to hear me again. Eventually these people built a new chapel, and removed to it; a Church was formed, and I was ordained as its pastor by brethren Allen, Wells, Foreman, and other ministers took part in the services of the day. I was much encouraged by the kind way brother Wells spoke to me, who said that he had not heard less than two thousand relate the dealings of God with their souls, but with none was he more satisfied than with their pastor, Mr. Elven. Here the Lord blessed my labours in calling of sinners, bringing souls into liberty, and in feeding and profiting the souls of His people gene-

rally, and our brother Phillips, who will address us this evening, can bear testimony to what I have said, as he was one of our members.

It was not the Lord's will I should remain there long. I was taken ill four years after I had preached steadily at Clapham, from over-work. I held an appointment in the War Office; my duties were very heavy at the time of the Crimean War. From labours of the ministry, and trials I had to pass through, my nervous system became exhausted, which brought on cerebral and spinal irritation, and it was considered by my doctors and friends that I should not get over it. While in this state I had two distinct impressions in prayer that I should recover, and you see I am still spared to recount the goodness of the Lord to me. For seven long years I could neither preach, read, or think upon any subject; and I scarcely remember having one pleasurable visit from my own beloved Lord during that period. But holy and blessed be His Name, when He met me at the other end of that long, dark, cold tunnel, and embraced my soul once more in the arms of His love, I found that He had not changed, but that He was still the same in His affection towards me. He has highly favoured me with the enjoyment of His presence both in private and public since that time. When it pleased the Lord to restore me to a measure of health and strength again, He appeared in the cloud of His providence and led me thereby in my ministerial course. When I was sufficiently recovered I preached occasionally at Hope chapel, Bethnal-green, when my late-esteemed brother Webb with others spoke to me about preaching to them with a view to a further connection. I told him that my mind was not led that way. At the time that portion of the Word came with power to my soul, "What doest thou here?" And I received an invitation at the same time to preach two Lord's-days at Chelmsford. I preached there three months; my testimony was blessed to many. While there, brother Beach (with whom I used to worship at Unicorn-yard chapel, under Mr. Denham) came to see me, and asked me how I would like to go to Harwich. Through him the Lord directed me to Harwich, where I preached for three years; I received a call to the pastorate, but I thought it was not the Lord's design for me to be settled there. I think there were never so many added to the Church since Mr. Nicholas was their pastor, as there were during the time I was with them. Some of the most remarkable instances of the Lord's working by me were in connection with that cause.

From Harwich, I was led to Rehoboth, Riding-house-street, Regent-circus, where I preached for about two years, and received an invitation to become pastor. I could not accept it. The Lord had a work for me to do. One brother (who had sat under Mr. Wigmore for years) thought he could not hear me; he left the place, but was constrained to return; and the Lord brought him out of bondage unto Gospel liberty. He told the Church in my hearing that "for

three days his joy was so great that he scarcely knew whether he was in the body or out of it." We had baptizing and additions to the Church; yet I felt this was not the place for me to settle.

I was then led to go to the Baptist chapel, Forest-lane. I was treated most kindly by the brother in office, Mr. Morter, by his family, and the Church; but it is well known that I could not consent to minister there any longer for conscience sake. It is plain to me there was a needs-be for me to go to Forest-lane in order, not only that some should be called into life under my ministry, but that my going there was to be the way and means of my coming to West Ham. In this I trust I can see the will of the Lord. On coming to West Ham I would say that what I saw, heard, and felt on the first Lord's-day of my preaching here made a peculiar impression on my mind; the Lord was manifestly in our midst, of which I was confirmed afterwards. Soon after this I had a dream, in which I thought I was in a chariot with a companion. We came to a point where two roads met, one to the left and one to the right. I thought in my dream that we turned to the road on the right hand, which appeared to be on the ascent, and when some distance on the road I remarked to my companion that we were now on Mount Zion, and I really thought in my dream that such was the case, and it is my impression that in my coming to this Church at West Ham, I am come to Mount Zion, that the Lord has been my companion and guide thereto; here have I enjoyed the presence of the Lord, both in preaching and at the prayer meetings; I have been as happy as I could wish to be this side of heaven, and I am informed by our senior deacon that the Word has not been so abundantly blessed to the people since the death of their late dear pastor. It appears that I have the unanimous voice of the Church in their desire for me to be their pastor; and I asked the congregation to signify their approval by giving a good collection, and it seems that the sum was more than they had got for thirty years. I love the people increasingly, and feel so at home with them that I can, with the help of the Lord, give myself up to labour for them. It would be right also here to say that while thinking upon this important matter, desiring to know the Lord's will, these words came to my mind, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And while staying at Harwich, at the time I was about to receive the invitation last autumn, one Sunday evening before I went to chapel to hear brother Bland, I bowed the knee of my soul and asked the Lord to give me some word of direction from the ministry in this matter, when, strange to say, the minister quoted these words, "I have set an open door before you which no man can shut." This struck me immediately as being from the Lord to me in answer to prayer, but it did not appear to belong to the subject of the preacher. I do then most solemnly declare that why I have consented to be the pastor of this Church is because I believe it is the Lord's will that I should do so.

SPELDHURST ROAD CHAPEL
SYMPATHETIC SOCIETY.

The second annual meeting of the South Hackney Sympathetic Society was held in Speldhurst-road chapel on Tuesday, August 21st. The service in the afternoon was of the ordinary kind. A sermon was preached by Mr. J. Vaughan, of Trinity chapel, Devonshire-road, on the words in Gal. vi. 10 :—“As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.” After a refreshing tea, the evening meeting was presided over by the pastor, Mr. C. W. Banks, who, after a hymn, called upon Mr. Cudlipp, of Cheltenham, to pray, and then offered some remarks on the character of the meeting. The Sympathetic Society having been formed two years is still in an infantile state, and requires additional subscribers to add fresh life and vigour to its many great component parts. The Society is under the admirable tripartite government of ladies, members of Speldhurst-road chapel, who have carefully nursed the dear little thing from its birth. “The object of the Society being to visit and relieve cases of distress and sickness, to seek out and to bring in lonely wanderers, and to adopt any course of benevolent, evangelical, or spiritual action which may be brought under its notice, the committee would be glad to extend their efforts if friends will kindly help them to do so by a donation either in money or in kind. During the two years they have been working, the Society has given away a large number of garments in needy cases, and has lent made-up boxes of linen and otherwise assisted.” President, Mrs. C. W. Banks, wife of the pastor; Treasurer, Mrs. F. Jaquery; Secretary, Mrs. E. K. Toms, who will be glad to enrol new subscribers. Address, 53, Carlton-road, Carlton-square, Mile-end.

Mr. R. C. Bardens, of Hayes, gave some very encouraging words to the working committee and to the friends generally on the sufficiency of the grace of God, and the blessings attending the poor in spirit. Mr. John W. Banks read a very interesting paper on the origin and progress of the Society, in which he says, “When I first saw the announcement of the formation of this Society, I at once came to the conclusion that its name was given by my dear father [Mr. Charles Waters Banks]. The Sympathetic Society is so characteristic of him. If ever there was a man who possessed a sympathetic disposition, it is C. W. Banks; he is the very embodiment of sympathy, spiritually and naturally. If one asks of him a favour that is in his power to perform, do you think he can say no? Not he! even though to accomplish it he has to sacrifice financial and domestic comfort. If any one says, Mr. Banks, will you come and help us? Will you come and preach for us on a Sunday? Do you think he can deny him? He cannot, though he knows it is sometimes hurtful to his friends here, and consequently in many instances to himself.” Mr. J. Banks after treating

largely on the practical nature of sympathy, closed his remarks by a well-selected hymn of Horatius Bonar's, which runs thus :—

“Who left His throne of light above,
Came down to Bethlehem to prove
To me His great unchanging love?

A sympathising Jesus!

Who stayed at Nazareth, that we
His love and willingness might see,
To save from sin and misery?

A sympathising Jesus!

Who came a Man of griefs and woe,
On earth His love for us to show?
That we His truth and love might know?

A sympathising Jesus!”

Mr. J. W. Banks then read the report of the Society, so ably prepared by the Secretary, Mrs. Toms—viz.,

“It is with mingled feelings of gratitude and praise your committee are enabled to present their second annual report of the existence and working of this little benevolent institution in connection with the Church of Christ in this place. In truth, it is like the cloud seen from the mountain top by Elijah's servant, only apparently as big as a man's hand. But who can tell? Perhaps it may spread by the blessing of Almighty God on our humble efforts, till we behold showers of mercies all around descending, gladdening the hearts of thousands, both those who give and those who receive. For this we pray; for this, by the help of the Lord, our energies shall be exerted; and for this we affectionately solicit the benevolent co-operation of all our sympathising friends. ‘A word spoken in season, bow good is it.’ And frequently, through a charitable act, access is gained to persons, whereby the words of eternal truth may be sounded in their ears, which by the Eternal Spirit may be a lasting blessing to their immortal souls, and also a kind word of exhortation given to attend the house of God, saying, ‘Come with us, and we will do you good.’ Thus our Speldhurst-road chapel Sympathetic Society are desirous and determined to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the poor, and as far as possible to dry up the mourners' tears; beyond all, to show forth the unsearchable riches of Christ, His precious blood and righteousness.

“Your Society have already in their visitations relieved twenty-three poor and needy cases with small sums of money. Have given away eighty-five warm and serviceable garments both to men and women, which were very thankfully received, beside at times lending their made-up boxes of linen wherever needed. Your committee have regularly met together, on the first Thursday in each month, for making up the garments for the poor, and hope to continue in this good work with increased energy during the coming year, by the blessing of our God upon us. We are sorry in having to record the loss by death of two of our members—namely, Miss Seward and Mrs. Walduck, yet hope our loss is their eternal gain.

“Our finances exhibit an improvement on the past year, for which we are thankful; but a far greater supply is requisite to meet the numerous cases rising all around us. Our

total income amounts to £22 5s. 9d., expenditure to £22 ls. In thanking our charitable friends for their past kind aid and assistance, let us remember that another winter is rapidly approaching us, and preparation must at once be made in making up a stock of warm and necessary garments in flannels and calicoes; this means more money. May our gracious God and Father incline the hearts of those who possess the means to help us, that the Speldhurst-road chapel Sympathetic Society may be the channel of unspeakable benefit to the sick and diseased, the poor and the wretched, the widow and the fatherless, doing good unto all men, especially unto the household of faith. Thus abide th faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity!"

Mr. R. G. Edwards moved the adoption of the report, and gave some very helpful words on genuine sympathy, as developed in the works of nature and grace. Mr. Young supported the adoption in a suitable and stirring speech on predestination and its harmony with sympathy.

Mr. Temple, of Bethnal-green, followed with some very sensible remarks on the praiseworthy efforts of the Society. W. Winters moved the nomination of the three ladies to office for the year ensuing, and in doing so he made some remarks on the etymology of the word "sympathy." It had been said that the word was not to be found in the Scriptures, which is true as regards our Authorised Version; but if we consult the sacred language, as written by the inspired penman, we find it several times mentioned in the New Testament, and approaches near to the word in common use—e.g., *sympathesai* (see Heb. iv. 15), (1) with regard to the love of Christ, (2) the exercise of true godliness in the daily career of His people (1 Peter iii. 8, *sympathesis*).

Mr. Langford seconded the nomination with a hearty speech, and Mr. Isaac Levinsohn moved a vote of thanks to the committee, the sister workers of the Society, and gave them some very wholesome and practical remarks drawn chiefly from his past career when a wanderer and poor. Mr. Samuel Banks seconded the vote of thanks in a very suitable address. A vote of thanks to the chairman brought the happy meeting to a close. The Strict Baptist brethren and sisters in Speldhurst-road chapel are determined by God's help to be useful not only to the poor inside of the Church, but to the indigent of South Hackney. In some places the Strict Baptists have long borne peacefully the obloquy of many, and are branded as a do-nothing, sit-still, isolated, stiff, cold, rigid class of beings; but there are certain movements of a truly Christian character in their midst which entitle them no longer to these ill-chosen epithets, and one of the many movements in the right direction is the establishment of the Sympathetic Society of South Hackney.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

A YOUNG SOLDIER IN CANADA.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS,—Grace, mercy, and peace, flow to you from the eternal Three-in-One, and to the whole Israel of God. Amen.

I write a few lines to let you know there are some, even in London Canada, who love the truth as it is in Jesus.

YOUR EARTHEN VESSEL we love to receive, coming, as it does, laden with the precious things of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I often wish we had Churches in our midst where the faith once delivered to the saints was earnestly contended for. Alas, they are few! Brother Thomas A. Hall, once living in Aylesbury, whose letter appeared in the VESSEL, February, 1876, lives near me. He mentioned in his letter Mrs. Hewitt and her grandson. I might say brother Hall made a mistake in saying that she was a member of the late J. Wells. For many years she was a member of Zion chapel, sitting under the ministry of Mr. Nunn, and afterwards a member of Avenue chapel, Camden-town. Her grandson is the writer of these lines; and I trust by the distinguishing mercy and love of Jehovah, I have been brought to know and to love the truth as it is in Jesus, and the truth has made me free; and I do realise that God has called me to preach the everlasting Gospel, and my continual prayer to the Lord is, that He will make me an able minister of the new covenant, rightly dividing the Word of truth. Amen.

For the last five months I have been preaching at Lobo, about twelve miles from here, in the Covenantant Baptist Church. They hold the precious, glorious, and soul-comforting doctrines of distinguishing grace; much sweet fellowship in the things of the Gospel have I enjoyed with them. The Lord has been pleased to bless the word of His servant to the salvation of one precious soul, a mother of a family. She was cut down, wounded, built up, and healed, and is now rejoicing in Christ, her feet being set upon the Rock of Ages. Oh, what overflowing of heart did I experience when I learned from her own lips how the Lord had blessed the hearing of the word preached by His unworthy servant to her soul so that she could joy in His salvation. Oh, how effectual is the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration! I was favoured four weeks ago to see her put on Christ in baptism (the first seal to my ministry as far as I know). There are other souls under convictions of sin and seeking to know Christ Jesus as their salvation. Thus my soul is encouraged to preach the blessed Gospel, declared to be the power of God to salvation when accompanied by the Spirit Jehovah to the hearts of men.

I am often cheered with *Cheering Words*, I have six of them every month which I give away; I must increase the number to one dozen for the same purpose.

I notice, through the VESSEL, you have a young Israelite, indeed, among you and with you. My prayer to God is, that his ministry may prove, by God's blessing, a gracious blessing to the Strict Baptist Churches.

Hoping our God will spare you to the Churches, that He will still own and bless your labours to the ingathering and edification of His chosen people, and that great grace may be upon the Strict Baptist Churches and all the Israel of God, I remain, yours for ever in Christ Jesus,

FRED. W. KEENE.

200, Albert-street, London, Canada.

[Thank you, brother Keene. The Lord bless you more and more. We hope to write you in answer to your question.—ED.]

BEXLEY HEATH, KENT—"This is a healthy place," say some doctors. "Religion flourishes here?" My college Lexicon tells me, "Religion means something put on," and there are religions put on which flourish here. The Archbishop of Canterbury has consecrated a grand new church. The Congregationalists have a nearly new Church Trinity chapel has a new minister. I asked my friend, who heard this gentleman twice, what religion he held up? In the morning we had a few quiet comparisons, in the evening a "Whosoever will" sort of sermon. Do you honestly believe that these ministers who mix up faith and works, the Creator and creature, who "offer" Christ to all; telling all that each and all can be saved if they like—do these men benefit the souls of the people? "Mystery," says my friend; "it is a popular and well-paying style. How the eternal Judge at the last will decide upon it remains unanswered by me. My natural feelings are favourably disposed towards all who honestly stand out on the Lord's side. At the same time there is a strong, a very determined, an unalterable spirit in me that will not believe anything as being pleasing to God but what was revealed unto the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles by the Holy Ghost. Anything added to that or taken from that is dangerous." Some in our company had been to the original Baptist chapel, and had heard one George Webb. Ah, quoth John, we had two pleasant holiday sermons, short and sweet. This Mr. G. Webb has been indulged by nature with excellent qualifications. His frontispiece is pleasing, voice good, delivery most excellent. He is scholastic, a wide reader, but he appears to prefer supplying, rather than a fixed pastorate. Lessness-heath still holds its ven. pastor, kind brother Avery. Mr. Brittain gave them their harvest sermon. Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., presided, and other gentlemen spoke their mind. Old Bexley chapel holds fast, and Foot's Cray has a growing neighbourhood. Crayford once had a hopeful assembly. Some changes are unpleasant. More of this part when convenient.

GODMANCHESTER.—Our Cambridge-street Church has lost its pastor, Mr. Thomas Godwin, who died at seventy-four years of age, on the Lord's-day, August 5, 1877. He was esteemed as a preacher of Christian experience, as a man who feared God, had a true faith in the Son of God, was taught by the Spirit of God, and is gone home to the kingdom of God. Amen.

PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. KERN AS PASTOR OF BETHESDA CHURCH, IPSWICH.

Interesting meetings of friends of Bethesda chapel were on Wednesday, August 12th, at the recognition of Mr. Kern as pastor of the Church. The thoughtful brethren in office considered the printing of bills and other modes of public advertisements superfluous, still many earnest hearers came to hear our brother George Webb preach. After sermon the friends met in the Town Hall; an excellent tea was provided by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Sayer in unison with the attentive deacons. The friends then returned to chapel ready for the evening meeting. W. Beach, Esq., was chosen moderator, which part he performed with considerable appropriateness, gravity and ease. Opening hymn by W. Winters,

"Come Thou fount of every blessing,"

was followed by prayer offered by Mr. Morling. The chairman, in introducing the subject of the meeting, spoke of the many blessings realised by the Church in association with their late pastor Mr. Poock, who for 35 years had been spared and honoured to preach the Gospel in Ipswich. Mr. Beach then asked Mr. W. Kern, the pastor elect, to state his call by grace. Mr. Kern said he first saw the light of nature on August 12, 1836; was a sickly and weak child; his life was daily despaired of by all but his mother, who was a very godly woman. For the first 17 years of his life he was in the service of Satan, but in 1853 he met with a serious accident at Horsham, of which he could afterwards sing,

"Preserved in Jesus when
My feet made haste to hell;
And there I should have been,
But Thou dost all things well."

From which period he received many helps and spiritual blessings under Mr. James Osborne, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Hanks, and the late Mr. James Wells, by whom he was baptized in 1859, with 45 others. In 1867-8 he was seriously anxious about the work of the ministry, and was greatly encouraged under a sermon preached by Mr. Hazelton; and after being called to read and pray in a private cottage several times, he was effectually brought into the work of the ministry. His first sermon to the friends at Guildford was preached in 1871, and his last in 1877. Mr. Kern stated his view of the cardinal doctrines he intended to preach, and the Gospel order he, in conjunction with the Church, hoped to follow. This all being satisfactory Mr. Beach requested the deacon to give an account of the way in which the Church was first led to invite Mr. Kern. Mr. Churchyard expressed his satisfaction of the Church's call, he himself being the chief instrument in God's hand in finding out Mr. Kern. The venerable Mr. Poock then gave Mr. Kern the right hand of fellowship in the name of the Church, and his approbation of the union. Mr. Beach expressed his satisfaction and the Church also showed signs of approval. That part of the service was

crowned by the appropriate words in the last of Numbers vi. being read by the chairman. The ministerial brethren gave Mr. Kern the friendly grip, and wished him God-speed. After which Mr. Wilkins gave out a hymn composed for the occasion, and brethren Whorlow, Winters, Cock, and Woodard addressed the pastor and Church on the sacred nature of the union just sealed. Brethren Brown, Brand, Lamb, Large, and other ministerial friends were present. It is to be hoped that peace and unity on true Gospel principles will long be experienced by the pastor and his flock. In the name of the pastor there is something suggestive—*i.e.*, "A foot-soldier *lightly armed with a dart*;" strictly Hibernian, and indicative of conquest. May the conquest be through the blood of the Lamb, and every new covenant blessing attend the eventful circumstances of the 12th of September in relation to Bethesda, is the real desire of

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey,
Sept. 14, 1877.

ENFIELD HIGHWAY.—The friends at Providence held their anniversary and thanksgiving meeting on Tuesday, August 14, 1877. In the afternoon, after singing, brother Meeres preached a very encouraging discourse from the words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," &c. At the evening meeting, a letter from J. Mote, Esq., was read, expressing regret at not being able to be with us. Brother Phillips was requested to take the chair. After singing, and reading, and a few remarks by the chairman, Mr. Kemp asked the Lord's blessing; a short report was then read, showing the course pursued in connection with this movement from the commencement till the present time; expressive also of the gratitude of this Church to the Lord for the kind providence which had watched over them and crowned their efforts with success; also acknowledging with thankfulness the kindness of those Churches and friends generally who have assisted, and of the committee in particular who have not relaxed their efforts until this building is free from all debt and secured to the Church. Brethren Winters, Bowels, Langford, Woodard, and Kemp, delivered encouraging addresses. Brother Meeres, in a few congratulatory remarks, took a retrospective view of our position by referring to the opening of the chapel in 1875, and to an address delivered on that occasion by himself from the words of Haggai, "Fear ye not;" and while this little Church has had its difficulties to contend with during the progress of this work, yet we feel the Lord has led us on and that His blessing has been with us, and at this thanksgiving meeting the presence and blessing of the Lord was felt and enjoyed by many present; and this, one of the most successful and comfortable meetings, both as regards pecuniary matters as well as the number of friends present, that has yet been held in the chapel, was brought to a close by the chairman again asking the Lord's blessing.

R. A.

THE GREAT WORK OF PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

WHAT IT IS! WHAT IT IS NOT!

[“ Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness;” even in the proclamation of it, there is, to many, a deep mystery. The subject is being urged upon us. Some of the papers written by various brethren, we think, will be read with some edifying advantage.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—There is much said in these days about preaching to sinners. I cannot see the utility of calling upon dead sinners to live. But, some ask, Are we not doing the will of God in proclaiming the Gospel to every creature? Did not the Lord Jesus Christ command His disciples to do so? and have not we a right to do the same? But, surely preaching the Gospel to every creature has nothing to do with calling upon those who are dead in trespasses and sins to arise and live! Did our blessed Lord give this command to His disciples in order that the whole world might be saved? I think not; but rather, in order that the elect might be gathered from East, West, North, and South, that out of every tribe and tongue a people, who were predestinated to eternal glory, might, by the grace of God, be brought unto Christ, the hope of glory. The Gospel! What is it? Something to be obtained by men at their pleasure or will? something which they can buy or merit? Nay, but good news, or glad tidings, which shall be to all people; that is, the elect are not confined to one nation, but a remnant according to the election of grace is brought in from every nation. The Gospel is a declaration of mercy, grace, and love to the redeemed, and all who are led by the Holy Spirit to trust in the finished work of Christ are elect; the very fact of their trust or faith is positive proof of this, for without the Spirit we are blind or dead, therefore have no will or power in the matter. But, say some, did not Christ tell the Jews they would not come to Him that they might have life? True; but what has that to do with the proffer of life to the non-elect which we hear so much about? The Jews boasted of their knowledge, and thought themselves to be far in advance of the Gentile world; they professed to know the true and living God, and to be His people. Christ, knowing their hearts, says to them, “Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life. I am the source of spiritual and eternal life; yet ye will not come to Me,” which shows plainly they were destitute of the desire of coming to Christ or receiving the blessings of His salvation. He does not tell them they might if they liked; neither does He tell them He is longing for their salvation. Nay, the very fact of their unwillingness proves to the contrary; for the people of God are a willing people in the day of His power. No doubt, some of those then hearing Him were afterwards brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to enjoy the blessings of His everlasting covenant, and are now tasting the bliss of the celestial city, enjoying

in unclouded day the light of His countenance. I think Christ meant to teach us by this that men in their unregenerate state, however excellent they may be, or however great their profession, or moral excellencies, or amiabilities, they cannot believe in, or come to, Him except the Father draw them; "Except a man be born again, or from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

T. HOUSE.

7, Chance-row, Tottenham.

WHAT WILL THAT CHANGE BE?
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROPHETIC
KINGDOMS."

I am glad you often contemplate the great change: I suppose it is as you say: "We must depart to know it." The great apostle of the Gentiles said, "I die daily," so that he accustomed himself to think of the change; and when he had it in immediate prospect, he said, "I am ready to be offered up:" also he knew what awaited him—"The crown of righteousness"—and was certain of it.

Whatever our feelings may be at times, the hope is always the same. And of this I feel quite certain, if God had not made the first overtures of peace, we should never have sought reconciliation with Him.

Like our first father Adam we try to hide ourselves; but when we hear the voice of God within a-king, "Where art thou?" then begins the conflict. I dare say Adam would have been content with his fig-leaf dress, if God had not sought him out, convinced him of his sin, promised him a Saviour, and clothed him. How very much Gospel there is in those few lines? And it's the very same Gospel now that is efficacious. Man may make his fig-leaf profession, but unless he is wrought upon by the Spirit to know his own nakedness, even after he has put that on, he need not think to hide his deformity with it. For the Scripture saith, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." No, it's a carnal device altogether, a deception of Satan, to suppose a man can begin aright himself. What is this fig-leaf profession but something which the deluded man thinks will render him more acceptable in the sight of God? But did it avail Adam anything? Oh, no. For God searched him out. "Who told thee thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the fruit that I forbid thee?" And when he had got to the end of the secret, and the woman confessed that the serpent beguiled her, God did not curse Adam, but cursed the serpent and the ground, promised Adam a Saviour, and in effect told him that through much tribulation he must enter the kingdom.

100, High Cross-street, Leicester.

BATH.—Mr. John Huntley's seventeenth anniversary as pastor of the Church in Widcombe chapel was commemorated early in September, when there were baptizings, preachings, public assemblies, and speeches, and a handsome testimonial to the pastor, who is one of the happiest in all England.

DEDICATION OF SALEM PAR-
SONAGE.

No proceedings which it has been our privilege of chronicling for a long term of years has given us greater pleasure than the one we are now about to report. The Church over which Mr. Flack has been pastor for a long time conceived the idea of erecting a parsonage, and the work has been brought to a successful conclusion. The parsonage, including ground, has cost £500. It is an eight-roomed house, with every convenience. It opens direct into the chapel, at the foot of the pulpit stairs. Not only has every comfort been studied in the interior, but the outward aspect has also been a matter for consideration; and Salem parsonage, lying in its own grounds, is not only an acquisition to the worthy minister, but an ornament to Wilton-square. No more substantial testimonial could be given to a good man, and nothing more requisite could be devised. The Salem Church has taken the initiative in a movement that, we trust, will not only arrest the attention of our Churches, but one which we hope will be followed.

The dedicatory services of the parsonage were commenced on Sunday, Sept. 9th, when sermons were preached by Messrs. Henry Hanks, Thomas Stringer, and William Flack.

On the Tuesday following, Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersal, preached in the afternoon. About 250 friends sat down to an excellent tea, at the conclusion of which, the grace having been sung, the pastor rose and said Mr. Brittain wished to make a few observations.

Mr. Brittain in a few graceful remarks presented to Mr. Flack, in the name of some of the scholars of the Sunday School, a couple of the books of the Bible in Moon's raised letters.

Mr. Flack said that although the time was precious, he felt he must say a few words, thanking the dear girls for the acceptable gift which had been presented that day. These books would be most acceptable to him, for although not blind, he had been compelled to give up all reading with the eyes since last autumn. He could read Moon's system. When he thought of the work accomplished by Moon for the benefit of the blind, he could only exclaim, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Moon was a poor but godly man; he accomplished his great work, but day by day as he went on with it he had to pray to God for the means to carry it on; thus they would readily understand when he informed them that the whole Bible made 63 volumes in this great system of Moon's. No doubt his congregation had noticed that recently he had preached more from Genesis, Isaiah, and the Psalms than from other books. This was to be accounted for to a great extent from the fact that he possessed these books in Moon's system; hence these two books presented to him now would be most acceptable. (Cheers.) Sometimes he got a word from the family reading, as he had done on the last Sunday morning; as his dear wife was reading he got a text from which he

preached at Woolwich. Though partial blindness was a great trial, God could wonderfully make up the loss, and it enables them who had to bear the trial to feel that Christ was all to them, and they could understand more fully what before was only known by theory. Mr. Flack concluded a most effective speech by again thanking the young ladies who had given him the useful books, and inviting those who wished to do so to look over the parsonage.

We are happy to say that Mr. Flack, although partially blind, can see well enough to get about, as on the occasion referred to he courteously conducted us over the house and grounds.

In the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of W. Kennard, and amongst the ministers present were:—Messrs. J. S. Anderson, J. Box, J. H. Dearsly, J. Griffith, H. Hall, W. M. Haydon, E. Langford, C. Masterson, J. L. Meeres, S. Ponsford, W. Usher, H. Barmore and others.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Wednesday, June 6, tea and public meeting was held in the Particular Baptist Church, Castlereagh-street, to celebrate the seventh anniversary of pastor D. Allen's pastorate. There was a very large-gathering. The pastor reviewed the past seven years of his connection with the Church. The secretary gave a report of the general progress of the Church since its formation sixteen years ago by their late pastor, Mr. McCure. This report shewed the Church had been steadily progressing. The treasurer said, notwithstanding the large expenditure incurred during the past year by alterations to pastor's residence and other things, he had still a balance in hand of £21 14s. 3d. Considerable progress has been made during the year in reducing the debt upon the chapel-house from £250 to £100. Immediately after reading these reports, a stranger stepped on to the platform, who was totally unknown either to pastor Allen or to the Church, but who, it appeared, had been in the habit of hearing pastor Allen preach in Hyde-park on Lord's-day afternoons, and presented to pastor Allen a purse containing £10, as, he said, a small token of gratitude and love he felt towards him, as being the instrument in the hands of God of greatly blessing his soul by his ministrations in Hyde-park. The meeting was then addressed by Dr. Beg, and pastors Young and Hicks, and at intervals several pieces of sacred music from the "Union Harmonist," were very effectually rendered by the choir, Mrs. C. Wheeler presiding at the harmonium.

On the previous Tuesday, the annual meetings of the Particular Baptist Association were held in the Castlereagh-street Baptist Church. The pastors and delegates assembled for prayer and supplication for God's blessing on the Churches in the association, and for the success of the Churches throughout the world. Reports from Churches at Ryde, Lambton, Wallsend,

Braidwood, Sandhurst, and Childwell. The officers elected were—pastor D. Allen, chairman; pastor J. Hicks, treasurer; and pastors W. Sutherland, D. Young, J. Bamber, and F. Fullard as committee. The committee also comprised Messrs. S. Emery and F. Beedel as ministerial helps, and Messrs. S. Cottam, J. Ford, A. Frenlin, J. Evans, S. See, E. Williams, D. Williams, and R. Croyley as deacons. The president, pastor D. Allen, delivered the annual address. Addresses by pastors Young, Hicks, and Beedel. All liabilities were stated to be discharged, and a balance of £5 remains in the hands of the treasurer. The meetings were of an unusually interesting character.

GOD'S PALACES FOR THE POOR.

In the month of August we were favoured, through the kindness of the chairman, James Mitson, Esq., to inspect the new wing of the Infirmary belonging to St. Saviour's Union; and truly we realised grateful feelings unto the Lord for His providence in causing men thus to provide for the poor and afflicted, when the battle of life with them is almost finished. We felt a double interest in the position Mr. Mitson occupies; first, because of his devoted attachment to the late beloved James Wells. It was while leaning his poor head on Mr. Mitson's breast that James resigned his soul into the hands of a faithful Creator; and thus terminated such a life of ministerial usefulness, the parallel of which we have never either heard or read of yet. We sometimes feel we cannot die until our testimony to that singularly great man has been recorded. Secondly, we rejoiced to see a godly man like Mr. James Mitson at the helm of such a merciful institution. We mused, in a Gospel strain, upon the card which admitted us; it reads, "The Guardians of the Poor of St. Saviour's Union." Every word is full of new covenant truth. We trust life, health, strength, happiness, wisdom, charity, and a godly faith will ever be given to James Mitson, Esq., and his fellow-guardians of our Saviour's poor!

KING'S CROSS.—The first anniversary of Ebenezer chapel, Caledonian-road, was held on Sunday and Monday, August 5th and 6th. On Lord's-day three sermons were preached, morning by C. W. Banks, afternoon, W. H. Evans; evening, W. White. On Monday afternoon excellent discourse by Mr. Pung. Tea was provided for a large company of friends. Mr. Harris presided at the public meeting. Mr. Meadows prayed. Mr. White said the Church had been formed ten months; since that nine have been received as members, and two or three others are waiting. Congregation increased. The Lord's presence enjoyed. £120 owed. Encouraging addresses were given by brethren Brindle, Beazley, Carpenter, Beddow, Pung, and Gander. Mr. Wilson closed in prayer. Collections about £20. W. B.

MEMORIAM.

Another faithful minister of the Gospel of Christ called home. Mr. Edward Joy, of Horsell-common, and Knaphill, in Surrey, was suddenly called to his final rest, on Thursday, August 23, 1877, at the age of fifty-seven. He was (through grace) a kind, generous, affectionate man, and a useful uncompromising minister of Christ, exactly adapted for the place and people where he has laboured for many years. A heavy stroke and severe loss to them indeed; also to his dear wife and family, now bereaved of a loving husband and a godly and affectionate father. May the Lord be "Jehovah-Jireh" to and for them all. Our ranks are thin of faithful, full-weight, decided ministers of God's eternal truth, we scarcely know how to lose or part with one; but "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Fellow-labourers in God's vineyard, our work will soon be done, our time will soon be up, and we shall be sent for to cross the river. May we be found as our departed brother was, "Ready to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

His mortal remains were interred in the chapel grounds at Horsell-common, on Lord's-day afternoon, August 26, in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowful friends, on which occasion I was requested to and did officiate. May our last end be like his. T. STRINGER.

—
 LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE
 ABOVE.

"Whom He justified them He glorified."—
 Rom. viii. 30.

Our brother Joy has bid farewell
 To all these changing scenes below;
 His soul redeem'd is gone to dwell
 Where undiminish'd pleasures flow.

A man of God, truth, grace, and love,
 Esteem'd by all who knew him here;
 With Christ in realms of light above,
 His ransom'd soul doth now appear.

Yes, now he gazes on the face
 Of Christ the Lamb for sinners slain;
 A sinner sav'd by sovereign grace,
 He shouts through all the blissful plain.

His voice is heard on earth no more
 By those who listened to his tongue;
 Safe landed on the heavenly shore,
 He leads the blood-wash'd, grace-sav'd throng.

Farewell, dear brother, for a time,
 One day we hope again to meet;
 In robes immortal there to shine,
 And cast our crowns at Jesu's feet.

The little Church he left behind
 May God provide for, and supply
 With men of truth, of zeal, and mind,
 And send them blessings from on high.

His wife and children left to feel
 The heavy loss they're call'd to bear;
 May God His love to them reveal,
 Help them on Him to cast their care.

How short is time! our life how frail!
 Our pilgrimage will quickly end;
 We hope to meet within the veil,
 With Christ eternity to spend.

T. STRINGER.

THE MOTHER OF THE LATE BED-
 MOND PASTOR.

BROTHER BANKS,—Our dear mother, Charlotte Hutchinson, of Two Waters, Herts, departed this life May 7th, 1877, aged eighty-three years.

She was the wife of John Hutchinson, who laboured in the Gospel very long as a help to the Churches at Bedmond, King's Langley, Berkhamstead-common, Tring, Leighton, Ivinghoe, Dunstable, Barton, Chesham, and many other places. The writer of this has been up at four o'clock on Sabbath mornings and travelled fourteen or fifteen miles with him to preach the Gospel. My dear brother, H. Hutchinson, was the first called. By the death of dear father, mother has been a widow thirty-three years; she has been walking in the ways of the Lord sixty-two years; one who always had a home and a bed for God's saints. The late John Foreman, with others, called ours their half-way house. Mother was a woman of constant prayer; for many years afflicted; but she had those words, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" She lived to see her children all brought to the footstool of Christ.

"Yes, she is gone, and gone to be
 For ever with the eternal Three,
 Her mansion is above.
 Chosen, redeemed, and sanctified,
 She dwells with Jesus glorified,
 Absorb'd in covenant love."

I remember, my dear brother, your coming to Salem, and your text was, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." Many times I have fallen back upon those words, and the prayers of my father and mother.

Our father was taken suddenly from us, May 5, 1844. Poor mother knelt down by the corpse with her weeping children, and some of the neighbours were present. But why mourn? All is well! I hope the friends will accept this token of love. Her last words to me were, "On Christ the solid Rock I stand!" I have trusted Him, my dear boy, years before you were born, and He has never forsaken me! Blessed end!

WM. HUTCHINSON.

47, Ossington-street, Notting-hill,
 Bayswater.

THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.

Mrs. Rose Brett (the beloved wife of Mr. Brett, well known in the city of London, and one of the steadiest friends of the late Mr. James Wells) was taken out of the furnace of affliction, at the advanced age of 80, on August 26, 1877; and her remains were laid in the free-grace colony of Nunhead, on Saturday, September 1, of which see following note:—

Saturday, September 1, 1877.—Commence this month with a funeral; Mrs. Brett died at 80; an old friend of the late James Wells. As I thought of her this morning, that word came in, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Some are more in that furnace than others; Job was in it, Rachel and Naomi, Hannah and the poor woman in the Gospel bowed down eighteen years. I know some in that

furnace, Samuel Foster, James Lingley, and others.

In this furnace are many different fires, physical, mental, and deep soul-trouble. Afflicted people have to seek and serve God silently, sorrowfully; but seldom they are very joyous.

"Death" is a great fact; it is sometimes described as being gathered, or returning, or being driven away. The wicked are driven away, but the righteous are gathered to their own people. Death is a double returning; the body to the dust, the spirit unto God that gave it. What a returning!

We went to the grave, spoke a word or two on Eccles. xii. 7, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." What is that we have laid in the grave? Is it Mrs. Brett? Is it Rose Brett? Oh, no. It is only the dust, only the earthly frame. Where is Rose Brett, then, now? Her spirit, her soul, her heaven-born self is returned unto God from whence it came. In the furnace of affliction you could not see much of her faith in Christ, nor of her love to Him; but, as the Lord saith, He had chosen her in His loving heart, chosen her in His eternal Son, chosen her in His purpose and providence, so He hath chosen her to be in His kingdom. Let us in faith follow her! She is now brought forth as gold! The furnace is left behind and the fulness of grace possessed for ever. May her bereaved husband and children live in hope of the glory of God. Amen.

EASTBOURNE. — BAPTIST TABERNACLE. The anniversary services in connection with this place of worship were held on Sunday, when sermons were preached — in the morning by the pastor, Mr. A. Babington, and in the evening by G. T. Congreve, Esq., the subjects being respectively "The Story Without an End," and "The Grand Memorial of Christ." In the afternoon there was a special service for the schools of the town, and for the young, conducted by the last-named gentleman, who gave two addresses on "The Rose of Sharon" and "The Great Physician" — after each of which hymns composed by himself were sung, cards of which were printed and distributed to all present. The congregation at each service was numerous, and at the public meeting the following evening, there was a large attendance. The chair was taken by Capt. Palmer, and addresses were delivered by the pastor, and various ministers, and Mr. Congreve. The collections amounted to £13.5s.

NOTTING HILL. — Thursday evening, August 16, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn gave a lecture on the life of Mahomet before a good audience, in Silver-street chapel, Notting-hill-gate. The pastor, Mr. R. G. Edwards, presided, who, at the end, made some remarks on the legends of Mahomet, which were supplemented with a few words by W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, on the Eastern Question. **A VISITOR.**

GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK. — DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you from the eternal fullness that richly dwells in Zion's Three-One God. Two years have passed away since the Lord brought me to labour in the old Baptist chapel, where the very name of the much beloved pastor, R. Bours, to this day sounds sweet. It is my mercy to say, we, as a Church, have to bless our God, for He has been our help and comfort by the power of the eternal Spirit; the Word of His grace is a great blessing to our souls. We have felt great liberty while attempting to lift up God's dear Son as the only way of life eternal. The Lord enabled me to baptize six; others by letter have united; bless the Lord for this! Our chapel is well filled from time to time. Good is the Lord. I am now in my fiftieth year. Have been enabled of the Lord to proclaim His name to saint and to sinner for twenty-five years; the Lord only knows what He has for me yet to do. My soul doth love His precious truth, and love His blessed saints. Yours in a precious Christ,—**A. BAKER, August 4, 1877.**

STAFFORDSHIRE. — A truth-loving brother has tumbled in the pottery district. Poor fellow! See how he cries out:—"The atmosphere of this pottery town does not suit my old house of clay. I've never felt well since I came here. This town is the hot-bed of Arminianism, nothing else goes down. They have a perfectionist (?) holding special meetings here this week; he is advertised as a "higher-life man!" Just as if the vitality of God's people generally was low!! Silver-ton—advertised as the "Eccentric Preacher from Nottingham," who has only had ten months' education at Spurgeon's college, &c., &c.—to lecture at Burslem new Baptist chapel next Wednesday evening. We are in a plight here!

NEW CROSS. —Eighteenth annual excursion of the Zion chapel Sunday-school took place July 30. 500 children and friends went by steamboat to Erith-gardens, the pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson, and several of the deacons accompanying them. A pleasant run down the river, a variety of amusements, and a substantial tea, rendered the occasion useful to all. On returning, the children were marched back to the chapel, the roll called over, and thanks returned to the Giver of all good for a safe and prosperous journey, thus bringing to an end one of the pleasantest and most successful excursions ever held in connection with this Sunday school.

T. G. C. A.

FULBOURN, CAMBS. — DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I am thankful to say our friend J. Rayment is moving on comfortable. We, one and all, who feel an interest in the cause, believe a blessing will follow his labours in this part. I hear him well, and so do the friends. We believe it is in answer to our prayers that God would send His Word amongst us.—**Yours in love,**

F. MIDDLEDITCH.

NORWOOD.—GIPSY-ROAD. Anniversary of Mr. Pung's ministry was holden in Gospel hall, Sept. 9 and 12. Sermons were preached by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, and on Wednesday evening a bountiful tea was served to a large company by Mrs. Pung and her helpers. H. Berry, Esq., of Greenwich, presided (as a chairman should do) over a very interesting meeting, when the pastor, George Pung delivered a speech of much feeling, wisdom, and kindness as regards the present and the future of the cause, which we may more fully publish another month. Good things were delivered by Thos. Stringer, I. Levinsohn, W. Carpenter, C. W. Banks, Wm. White, D. Gander, Kemp, and others, and an excellent collection was made. The calamity, burning Mr. Pung's chapel down, nearly broke his heart. WHO DID IT? We hope a better one will soon be erected, and that brother George Pung's health and ministry will be blessed of the Lord.

MARGATE.—The friends meeting in Mount Ephraim Strict Baptist chapel enjoyed the company of their London visitors on Sept. 3, at a social tea, kindly inaugurated by the ladies, after which a public meeting was held, when our pastor, Mr. Wise, presided, and, after a short address, called on Mr. Denniss to offer prayer. After singing another hymn brother S. Jones made a few remarks on that portion of the Word, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Brother Fothergill then gave an epitome of the Gospel of God, which was well received. Brother Denniss addressed the friends; unity appeared; a good collection was made; a vote of thanks to the ladies; our pastor concluded with prayer.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—YORK-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL. The anniversary was held on Lord's-day August 19th. Mr. J. Brand preached. Following day Mr. Tooke preached. After tea a public meeting. W. Winters prayed, and W. Beach, Esq., presided. Mr. B. has been exceedingly liberal to this people. The ministry of the pastor is received with profit. After a speech by the worthy chairman, who supplemented his remarks with the promise of great additional help to pay off chapel debt, addresses were given by brethren S. K. Bland, Mr. Tooke, W. Winters, J. Brand. F. S. Reynolds, the pastor, closed the meeting with prayer.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

Notes of the Month.

BILSTON.—Mr. A. Hall has accepted the invitation from the Church at Bilston to be pastor over them. May he rightly divide the Word of truth, and stand firm for the faith once delivered to the saints. May the Lord bless his ministry to the ingathering of many souls, and building up of the Church, then both pastor and people will have cause to rejoice.

PEMBERTON.—We had the Editor of "The Earthen Vessel" preaching for us August 16, and we were happy in the Gospel; but our neighbours at the *Standard* chapel had Mr. Clough on the same evening; this kept some from us.

Now, I am a poor old woman, but for the life of me I cannot read the reason of all these strange movements. Why, these "Ticular people had a cause in our desperately big and bad town of Wigan once. What good did they there? I know something of the Spirit of grace. You that live longest will see such hard religions must die out. So feels sure. JANE W—L.

SLEAFORD.—"A Native" bleeds with sorrow. Well he may. There is execratable anguish wrapped up in those words the great Teacher who came from God did speak. Luko tells us, "Jesus said unto the disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." Has this solemn Scripture been sufficiently considered by some who have been lifted up, throwing mischief upon the afflicted in Zion? Talk of sound men, experimental men, faithful men! It is to be feared we have all been too neglectful of that text in Matt. v. 16. We do cry unto the Lord for grace; we lay these things to heart. We pray to go to the throne as Daniel did. (Dan. ix. 16—19.)

PLYMOUTH.—We decline to insert any lengthened account of the scattering, the folding, the terrible doings of some who did run well. "The Wreck, and Who Caused It?" conveys warnings, woes, and mysteries. Such crushing of Churches and scattering of Christians is heart-breaking work. Still, there are many blessed godly saints in those three large towns, but they know too much to be satisfied with mere speculations. We can assure our friend "B." we never expect to see Plymouth any more.

REMOVALS.—Mr. Pearce is leaving us for Devon. Mr. Inward is departing from Irthingborough. What are we to do in Northamptonshire? Many of our Churches require good ploughmen, vine-dressers, watchmen, and prevailing pleaders. How is it so many Churches are now without pastors?

GADDESdon-ROw.—Our harp has been taken down, and new songs of praise have echoed through our hearts, and joyfully sounded forth in our midst of late. Sunday, Sept. 9, was a day of holy solemnities, on which occasion that steady and honourable servant of Christ, Mr. Ricketts, baptised seven young believers in the name of the Lord. Hallelujah!

SPALDING.—Dear Mr. Banks,—I am sorry to inform you that our pastor, brother J. Vincent, is laid by. We fear he will be so for a time. We shall be compelled to put off the anniversary until the latter end of October.

J. S. H. WILKINSON.

Births.

On the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Thomas Knott, of Bermondsey, of a son.

On the 16th inst., at New Kent-road, the wife of Mr. J. W. Faulkner, of a daughter.

Marriage.

On the 5th Sept., at Baptist chapel, Grove-street, St. Helier's, Jersey, by Mr. G. H. Weatherley (the pastor), Joseph Jaquiere, of South Hackney, to Jane Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. T. Hacking, of Malta.

On August 29th, at St. Michael's, Stockwell, by the Rev. J. Battersby, vicar of St. Simon's, Sheffield, W. J. Parks, of Newington, to Harriot, only daughter of the late Thomas Sidstone, of Brixton-road, Surrey.

On August 7th, at All Saints', Blenheim-grove, Rye-lane, Peckham, by the incumbent, William Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, to Mrs. Martin, of Peckham.

Deaths.

On August 8th, at Camberwell, Caroline, the beloved wife of Mr. John Rayment aged 67.

From Gibeon to Gilgal.

BY R. A. LAWRENCE.

Being the substance of a Sermon preached at Lynton-road Chapel, Bermondsey.

“And the men of Gibeon sent unto Joshua to the camp to Gilgal, saying, Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us: for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us.”—Joshua x. 6.

IN the historical portions of the Word of God we have the actions of men given us, in which, from the nature of those actions, those who perform them become striking types either of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself or of Christian men and women in their exercises of soul. And yet, while this is the case, we cannot altogether justify or approve of everything in connection with those actions. An illustration will serve to shew my meaning.

Jacob, in obtaining the blessing at the hands of his father Isaac, dressed himself in the clothing of his elder brother Esau; and thus robed in the dress of him who was justly entitled to the blessing, he who deserved it not, obtained it. Now far be it from us to attempt to justify Jacob in his deceitful dealing with his aged and half-blind father. But surely none of us will attempt to throw stones at good John Berridge, who, running the parallel here between this and the conduct of the Christian, says, “And so the lying varlet Jacob, dressed in the clothing of his elder-brother (which clothing had the smell of a field which the Lord had blessed), gets the blessing which he did not deserve.”

And here, in connection with my text, we have no wish to justify the lies told unto Joshua by the men of Gibeon, yet it needs no great depth of research to see that in their conduct, as described in my context, they become strikingly typical of the people of God in all ages of the Church's history.

Let us attempt together a meditation over our text in this way. First, *the Gibeonites and their conduct*; second, *Joshua and the camp at Gilgal*; and third, *the message sent from Gibeon to Gilgal*.

I.—THE GIBEONITES AND THEIR CONDUCT. Israel had just terminated their wilderness journey by crossing the river Jordan. Og, king of Bashan, and Sihon, king of the Amorites, had succumbed to their advancing hosts; following the ark of the covenant they had safely emerged from the divided waters of Canaan's river; and lastly, Jericho's walls had fallen before the blast of the ram's horn. No great stretch of the imagination is needed to enable us to believe that this news quickly travelled through the length and breadth of the newly-invaded land. The report spread; but Oh! what different results attended the spread of that report. Adoni-zedec, king of Jerusalem, and the majority of the people of the land, under their petty monarchs, gathered themselves (with the usual unanimity of the world, whether religious or profane) against the Israel of God, with one accord. The happy exception to this unholy alliance was the people of Gibeon; and they (as chapter

ix. informs us) indulged in a little piece of deceit in order to make a league with Joshua. Before, however, noticing their conduct, and as all actions spring from motive, it will be as well to look at the motive that prompted this action on their part; and this motive is given in chapter ix. 24 :—"Because it was certainly told thy servants, how that the Lord thy God commanded His servant Moses to give you all the land, and to destroy all the inhabitants of the land from before you, therefore we were sore afraid of our lives because of you, and have done this thing." So that faith, acting by fear, was the principle that led them to do what they did. And have we not, in the opposite conduct of these two sections of the inhabitants of Canaan, an exact counterpart of the old declaration, "Some believed and others believed not?" The great bulk of the Canaanites went with one accord to fight against Israel, while the men of Gibeon, prompted by faith, and moved by fear, went to make a league with Joshua. And now let us follow them in their method of procedure, not, as we have before remarked, to justify them in all that they did and said, but only to trace the parallel between their wily (and yet not altogether unwise) conduct, and the thoroughly similar, but thoroughly honest, conduct of a faith-prompted and fear-moved child of God.

They took "old sacks" on their asses. Now considering that the Lord, by the prophet Haggai, charged Israel with putting their money into "bags (or sacks) with holes," and considering that the dear Saviour Himself taught concerning "bags (or sacks) which wax not old," it will not be straining Scripture to say that every poor sinner, on his way from a sin-condemned Gibeon to the heavenly Joshua at Gilgal, can only take "old sacks" with him; or, in other words, all his treasures and stores (such as they are) are in rotten, worn out, or perishable sacks, and when the little sands of an earthly existence have escaped through the holes in the bags, the sacks, and their contents as well, will alike have lost all value.

But again. They took "old wine bottles, rent and bound up," along with them. Now the same Great Teacher who spoke of "bags which wax not old," also spoke of the folly of putting "new wine into old bottles." And once more we might assert that all that man possesses, ere he meets the heavenly Joshua at Gilgal, are "old bottles" quite unfit to receive the "new wine of *that* kingdom" which *that* Joshua has to bestow.

But again. They had on their feet "old shoes and clouted." Now, if shoes be taken as the covering of the feet, or if they be viewed as descriptive of walk and conduct, then so far from its being said of poor fallen man, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him," he can only be viewed as wearing "old shoes" indeed; and all his legal attempts to improve his conduct or mend his walk, can only be accounted as so many "clouts" serving only in the end to make matters worse.

Again. They went from Gibeon to Gilgal with "old garments" on their backs. And surely in the spiritual parallel poor sinners can only come to the heavenly Joshua with "old rag coverings" upon them; and He who taught that "a new piece in an old garment only serves to make the rent worse," will not attempt to patch up the old garments of a creature-righteousness, but will the rather strip us and clothe us with the garment of glory and beauty indeed.

Yet once more. They took "dry and mouldy bread" as provision for the journey; and all *earth's* stores, whether of a temporal or of a religious nature, can only be described as "dry and mouldy," widely different from Israel's manna, which fell fresh every morning; widely different from the shewbread loaves, which were renewed every Sabbath-day; and widely different, too, from the old corn of the land, upon which Israel was now privileged to feast.

In tracing further the parallel between the wily conduct of these Gibeonites, and the wise conduct of God's children, the acknowledgment that they came from a *far country*, though untrue in the one case, has surely a significance when viewed in connection with the other; for God's children are indeed "afar off by wicked works;" and, like the returning prodigal, they may be said to be "a great way off" indeed. The fame of Israel's God had brought them to Joshua, and faith, mingled with fear, had led them to act as they did. Their statement, too, that their bread was hot, their clothes and shoes new, and their wine bottles full when they started, though not literally true, still has a meaning if taken as the confession of the spiritual Gibeonite; for do we not go out pluming ourselves in our moral finery? and only when the dust of the way and the "ditch of Job" have changed their hue, can we be brought to be out of conceit with them. "I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty," was the confession of poor Naomi, and every child of God is brought to make use of similar language.

Now, though it would be unwise to attempt to strain the parallel too much, yet, in the above-named particulars, we suggest that the parallel holds good. Anyway the league was made, and the lives of the Gibeonites were spared, and not only spared, but secured to them by an *oath* (ch. ix. 19), of which oath the name of the Lord God of Israel was the bond. True they became hewers of wood and drawers of water; but, in the spiritual parallel, that is far from a degrading occupation, especially when the fact is looked at, that it was for the "altar of the Lord," and for the "congregation of Israel," that their labour in this direction was utilised.

In concluding this division of our subject, it may be as well to refer to verse 23 of chapter ix., in order to remove any difficulties that may occur in connection therewith. "Ye are cursed" were the words of Joshua to these men. "Ye are blessed" are the words of the heavenly Joshua to His approaching Gibeonites. But still, strong as the earthly Joshua's language was, there are lessons in it for those who have "ears to hear." Let it be first understood that the word "cursed" here used, is not in the original "to doom to destruction," but a word of a much milder meaning. And the lesson I would gather from it is this, that God deals with His children in grace and government as well. Examples abound in the Scriptures. Grace favoured Moses above most men, but *government* caused him to die on the wilderness side of the Jordan. *Grace* pardoned the sin of David, but *government* caused the sword never to depart from his house. *Grace* enriched Solomon, and made him wiser than all the kings of the earth, but *government* made him smart for his folly in the matter of his army of wives. *Grace* for ever wiped out the transgressions of Hezekiah and Peter, but *government* caused them *both*, and many others besides them, to go softly all their years. No doubt some will call this legality; let them do so; "Whatsoever a man

soweth that shall he also reap." Gibeon lied and deceived, and Gibeon smarted for it; but Gibeon came to Joshua, and Gibeon was saved in doing so. Let him that readeth understand.

II.—We purposed in the second place to notice JOSHUA AT THE CAMP OF GILGAL.

If the importance of places increases on account of the events that transpire in them, and the consequent teachings that cluster round them, then Gilgal is one of the most important places mentioned in the sacred volume. May the Lord help us to notice a few of its teachings! And firstly, it was at Gilgal that the ark of the Lord emerged from its typical baptism in the waters of Jordan. Israel had to keep 2,000 cubits in the rear of the ark, and the reason assigned was "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." Now the antitypical Ark of the Covenant, when about to pass through that solemn baptism in the Jordan of death (which He said, "He was straitened till it was accomplished"), told His servant Peter to keep his 2,000 cubits behind; for "whither I go thou canst not *follow Me now*, but thou shalt *follow Me hereafter*," were His words; and though Peter failed to grasp their meaning at the time, yet, doubtless in after years, he found it a blessed fact, that the real Ark of the Covenant had preceded him down into death's solemn deeps, had borne the *reality* of death, while he (Peter) following his 2,000 cubits behind, met, not the *reality*, but only the dark valley of the *shadow* of death; and he thus found a way opened up in the deep for his ransomed soul to pass over.

Secondly, the twelve stones buried in the bed of the river, and the twelve stones taken from the bed of the river and set up in Gilgal, teach death and resurrection with a loud voice to those who have ears to hear: "Buried with Him in baptism, wherein ye also are risen with Him."

Thirdly, at Gilgal Joshua circumcised the children of Israel; and if in the Jewish rite of circumcision, part of the flesh was cut off, died, and was buried, in spiritual circumcision the *whole* of the flesh is cut off, and is accounted dead, and buried too, by the Lord. God help us then to reckon (not *realize*, that we shall never do, but *reckon*) ourselves dead indeed unto sin, to account our flesh as that upon which God has stamped death; and God grant that we, as truly circumcised ones, may have no confidence in the flesh, no confidence in the dead body of our flesh (a poor thing to put confidence in, a corpse, is it not?); yea, no more confidence in the *whole* of our flesh (which is cut off in spiritual circumcision) than the Jew had in that part of his flesh which was cut away in literal circumcision.

Fourthly, the children of Israel kept the Passover in Gilgal. When the people of God can realise that "Christ, their Passover, is sacrificed for them," they have a Gilgal-experience indeed. Every Bible student is aware that the Divinely-appointed time for keeping the Passover was on the 14th day of the first month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year, and a reference to the portion of Scripture under consideration will show us that it was kept on this day at Gilgal (see Josh. iv. 19, v. 10). This month was called by Jehovah the "beginning of months" (Ex. xii. 2), and the realisation that Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us, is indeed a "beginning of months," the first month of the year of our soul's joy. But there is one particular that I feel I must call your attention to. In referring to Josh. v. 11, 12, it

will be noticed that Israel fed on the old corn of the land *on the day* after the Passover, and that the manna ceased on the day after that. Now Jesus, in the days of His flesh, kept the Passover with His disciples on Thursday, 14th day of Abib; He was crucified on Friday, the 15th of Abib; He laid in the grave on Sabbath-day, 16th of Abib; and rose very early in the morning on Lord's-day, 17th day of Abib. A mere glance at the corresponding dates of Josh. v. 11, 12, and those of the dear Saviour's death, will show that Israel fed on the old corn of the land *on the very day* that Jesus was crucified, and that the manna ceased on the very day that Jesus laid in the grave. How suited it is that Jesus should be thus extolled (in type) at Gilgal, for surely He (in His solemn death) is both "manna," and "old corn" too, to His spiritual people.

Finally, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joshua, as "The captain of the Lord's host," at, or near, Gilgal, and the record of this event, following as it does immediately after the records of the Passover, the manna ceasing, and the old corn, has a voice for those who have ears to hear; for Jesus, who is our Passover, our manna, and our old corn as well, immediately after His sufferings and death, appeared as the Captain of our salvation on the resurrection side of the tomb, having, however, first been made perfect through suffering. We may safely then look at Gilgal as a place pregnant with teaching, and He whom the Bible declares to be "All, and in all," is to be seen in every line of *that* teaching.

III.—Our third proposition was to notice THE MESSAGE SENT BY THE NEEDY AND FRIGHTENED ONES AT GIBEON TO JOSHUA (the mighty) AT THE CAMP AT GILGAL. In following this matter out, it is well to notice (Josh. x. 1) that Adoni-zedec, king of Jerusalem, was the ringleader of the foes of Gibeon—not *Melchi-zedec*, but *Adoni-zedec*: the former means *King of Righteousness*, the latter *Lord of Righteousness*. Without straining Scripture, *Melchi-zedec* may be viewed as representing Christ, and Adoni-zedec, the *Lord of Righteousness*, as representing him who is a lordly prince indeed, the usurper of Melchizedek's throne in the heart, and he who reigns over the (self) righteous children of disobedience. Well, the inhabitants of Gibeon did the best thing they could do under the circumstances, and what we as Christians have to do under similar trial, for, feeling that their foes were too many and too strong *for them*, they sent unto Joshua to the camp at Gilgal, and each petition of their prayer is a comment on Christian experience—"Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us; for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us."

How true it is that decision for the heavenly Joshua is sure to produce the enmity of the world. All the Amorites will gather together against us; but what saith the Scripture concerning their fate? "Whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall for thy sake. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." "They shall gather together, but not by Me." All such gatherings shall fall under the sword of the heavenly Joshua. May the Lord help us then in every trial to do as Gibeon did—send messages to Joshua at Gilgal.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE MOYLE,

OF RYE-LANE, PECKHAM.

ON the morning of Tuesday, September 25, 1877, George Moyle passed away from this wilderness to his inheritance above. He had been sustained in honour and integrity, and in much affection, in this world for seventy-four years. He was permitted to preside over the Church as its pastor at Rye-lane for a period that few now have the pleasure of reaching. It was on Tuesday, May 9, 1848, that he was publicly recognised at Rye-lane; so that for nearly thirty years he went in and out before the people, delivering his message to the joy and rejoicing of not a few. At that recognition service, William Felton gave the address on "The Nature of a Gospel Church;" he has gone home. John Andrews Jones asked the "Usual Questions;" he has gone home. Mr. Hy. Congreve represented the Church, on whose behalf he gave a very interesting statement of the rise and progress of the cause; he has gone home. George Wyard offered the recognition prayer; he has gone home. John Foreman gave the charge; he has gone home. Philip Dickerson preached the sermon; he alone remains here out of all the ministerial brethren who took part in that recognition service; his brother Moyle having now left for the city of many mansions. The following outline of

HIS LIFE AND HAPPY DEATH

has been forwarded to us by our friend, and deacon of Rye-lane, Mr. George Thomas Congreve. He says:—

George Moyle, the late pastor of this Church, was born in 1803, and was seventy-four years of age when he died.

He was the child of ungodly parents, who never took him to any place of worship, and no Bible was ever seen under their roof.

Yet, at six years of age, he was the subject of religious impressions; and some one (whom he could not remember) taught him the Lord's prayer.

At eight years of age he lost his mother. This had so great an effect upon his over-sensitive mind that his life was despaired of; indeed, at one time, they thought that he was dead; but his sister cried out that she felt him breathe, and begged them to leave him a little while. God had a work for him to do, and raised him up again. The Lord's prayer was his whole body of divinity, and when any fresh trouble came, he flew to that and repeated it *many times*.

At twelve years of age he was bound apprentice; soon after which, feeling that he needed instruction, he joined the Sunday school. He met with great kindness from the teachers, and continued there.

One Sunday morning, when about sixteen years of age, he was sitting in the gallery of the chapel; a good old man preached, and the text startled the young hearer—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Despair seized him, hell stared him in the face; strong temptations and infidelity beset him; he tried to believe there was no God, no heaven, no hell, and the Bible to be only the invention of man.

Under these feelings he came to London when twenty years of age. There, under the ministry first of Mr. Church, and then of Mr. Francis, he found liberty, peace, and joy. Soon after this, a Christian friend calling him aside, said, "You have been on my mind night and day. I am persuaded you are either preparing for the ministry or the grave. I think it is the former." Thus, in the providence of God, he was brought into the work. For seventeen years he was pastor of a Church in London; afterwards, he came to Peckham, and here he was the honoured pastor for nearly thirty years.

About four years since, health failed him. For a time he was laid aside; but after a month or two resumed his labours. He preached the last sermons

of the year 1875, since which he only preached once more. Finding it hopeless the idea of resuming his pastoral duties, by the counsel of his medical adviser he resigned at the end of September, 1876, since which he lingered but *one* year.

He was a man who *wore* Christ—Christ was in his heart, and Christ was on his lips, and Christ was in his life. In his character there was the simplicity of the child, the gentleness of the Master, the truest affection for his friends, the strictest integrity of purpose. He was beloved and respected by all, and to his old deacons he was eminently dear.

His last illness was a period of twenty-two months, during part of which he suffered with great pain of body, prostration, and difficulty of breathing. For many months he was praying for release, and longing to be gone.

On one occasion, when very restless, his dear wife said, "There is a crown of glory laid up for you." He put up both his arms, and said, "Yes, a crown for me, and a crown for you, and a crown for Martha (looking at his niece). Glory! glory! glory!" and for some time appeared in a transport of ecstatic joy.

A lady friend having sent him some beautiful grapes, he took one, looked at it, and said, "It's very nice, but I am going where all the clusters grow."

To Mr. Congreve, who came up to see him from Eastbourne, a few days before he died, he said, holding both hands in his with a firm grasp, "I never thought to see your dear face again; we have worked together for many years." Then he sobbed like a child, and both wept together, and repeated together that beautiful hymn, "*Rock of Ages.*" "I am resting on the Rock," were his parting words.

About two days after this, he thought he was about to depart. He said, "I have preached the Gospel, electing love, and precious blood, and imputed righteousness, and the power of the Holy Spirit. God bless the Church, God bless my beloved deacons, God bless their new minister, and may the Church greatly increase and prosper." Turning to Mr. Jackman, he said, "I could compose a sermon now." It was answered, "You could not preach it." He said, "No." It was asked him, "*What* would be your text?" He said, "'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you' (1 John i. 3); but I have done my work; I want to go home."

Some of his last words before he sank into the unconscious state in which he died, were, "Oh, precious, precious Jesus, come; it cannot last long; Oh, come."

Thus he passed away.

"Happy soul, thy days are ended!"

THE FUNERAL

took place on Monday, October 1. At three in the afternoon, the coffin, covered with a pall, was placed in front of the platform in Rye-lane chapel: the pulpit, the platform, and their surroundings, were all covered with black cloth; and on the top of the coffin a wreath of flowers was placed. Mr. Alderson, with the deacons, took seats on the platform, the pastor occupying the pulpit. The chapel was crowded with friends, nearly the whole of whom wore the habiliments of mourning. Mr. Jackman (one of the deacons) very impressively read, and the congregation sang, the sublime hymn of Toplady's,

"Rock of Ages shelter me."

The new pastor of Rye-lane then read Psalm xc., and 1 Cor. xv.; after which Mr. Alderson ascended the pulpit, and offered prayer. After again singing, Mr. Briscoe delivered a short address, noticing some of the principal traits in the character of the deceased. The coffin was then placed in the hearse, and the mournful procession moved slowly to

Nunhead, where Mr. Alderson gave a short address at the head of the grave.

Amongst the ministers who were present at the service in the chapel, we noticed Messrs. Anderson, Meeres, Bennett, Williamson, Dearsly, Masterson, Box, Brittain, Brown, most of whom walked to the ground. Great respect was shown for the deceased by the inhabitants, most of the shops being partly closed along the line the funeral passed. Mrs. Moyle, the widow, who is eighty-one, followed her husband to his last resting place.

On Sunday afternoon, October 6, a SPECIAL SERVICE FOR THE YOUNG was held in Rye-lane chapel, conducted by Mr. Congreve. The centre of the chapel was occupied by senior scholars, and every other part filled with old scholars, visitors, and friends. Addresses having reference to the decease of Mr. Moyle were given by Mr. Creasey and Mr. Congreve, who spoke of the late pastor with much love and affection, noting the following prominent traits in his character:—His child-like simplicity; his keen perception of the beautiful; his humility; his gentleness; and his consistent godliness of life. The following hymn, written by Mrs. Moyle, "In Memory of a Beloved Husband"—and altered a little to suit the occasion—was sung at this service (a printed card having been distributed through the meeting):—

Our dearest old friend has now fled to his rest,
And no longer is sighing with pain;
That poor worn-out body, now sleeping in dust,
Will never know sorrow again.

He *once* sowed in tears,—*now* is reaping in joy,
For Jesus has wiped them away,—
And to fountains of waters is leading him on,
Where bliss cannot yield to decay.

What must be the transport of joy and delight
To the soul that was fettered so long!
Just bursting the shackles of earth it ascends
To join in the angelic song.

It cheerfully leaves its poor cumbersome clay
To slumber awhile in the tomb;
But Jesus ere long will revive it again
In full immortality's bloom.

Like a poor worn-out sailor, he longed for the port;
He had fainted unless he believed,
To see Zion's King in His beauty at home,
And his soul to His glory received.

And now safe arrived at the haven of rest,
Where sorrow shall never be known;
Hark! how he is singing with angels above,
To the Lamb in the midst of the throne:—

"To Thee who hath loved us and washed us from sin,
Be blessing and honour Divine;
And since Thou wast slain to redeem us to God,
All glory and honour be Thine."

The FUNERAL SERMON was preached by Mr. Briscoe the same evening, from the words (chosen by the deceased), "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus ii. 13). It was a solemn season. The vestry, the aisles, the lobbies, and gallery stairs were densely crowded, and many persons went away, unable to find standing room.

SOLEMN LETTER TO MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,
AND HIS NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

The following is my brother's letter:—

MY DEARLY-BELOVED BROTHER ISAAC,—I can assure you that never in my life have I experienced a more painful hour than that of last week, when our beloved father informed me that you had become a *Meshumad*. I have read the last letter that father wrote to you, and I can assure you that father wrote the very feelings of his heart. It is not my wish to pain you by writing to you, or repeat the same words in my letter like the words that father wrote to you; but it is my object to call to your attention a few very important facts. You know, my dear brother Isaac, that I am not a fanatic, nor do I possess any religious fanaticism, as some of our nation possess; but very rationally I would like to point out to you two or three things. In the first place, I earnestly ask you, Where is your reason, your judgment, yea, your common sense? Where is the affection of a child towards his parents? Only think, you have not only forsaken the ways of God, but you have turned against your own father and mother. I ask you, Can a murderer be more cruel than you? for even murderers possess love to their parents; but you have turned away from your parents. Oh, how awful! I can understand men, who are philosophers, &c., who care not for religion, for they say that, conscientiously, they cannot believe what they cannot see, although this is foolish and absurd; but I would pardon them much before you; yea, there is no pardon for you; for if you had said that you can no longer believe in God, whom you cannot see, I could pity you, for it is quite rational to disbelieve in something which men cannot conceive. But I solemnly ask you, How can you forget the affection of our beloved father and mother? Ever since our beloved parents have received the bad news that you have become a *Meshumad*, I have been quite surprised by the change in them—they are not the same people; misery on them can be read by all who see them.

And then I would also call your attention to the great commandment given by the great God to His servant, our lord Moses—"Honour thy father and thy mother." Remember, my dear brother, that you break the laws of social and moral society, and, above all, you break the great laws of God.

One more important matter I would mention to you is this, you still have time to repent and become a Jew again—whether pious or not I do not care—for the name of a Jew is better than the kingdoms of the earth.

Father is now making out his will, and he says, if you wish to repent and become a Jew, then you shall have your portion. The way he wishes to settle the matter is this, that the hotel and the ground around it, and also the fields at *Marriepolski Uesdi*, be given to you, and the baking department be given to me;* and that you and I be

* The above are the two business establishments my father has—an hotel and also a baking department, wherefrom he supplies bread to all prisons, hospitals, and other Government establishments in Kovno. I must confess that this statement was a very great temptation; only by Divine grace could I have ever overcome it. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

responsible for mother and sisters, in case of his death; therefore, if you wish to take my advice, you had better return home at once; I shall be too happy for you to have even the portion allotted to me, rather than you should be a *Meshumad*. Consider, my dear brother, if you remain in England, you will have to work hard for your livelihood; but at home you will be happy and be a man of large property. I really think that you must consider; for unless you return home and become a Jew, father and mother will never be able to bear that, for I do believe that mother will never get over such trouble. Only think, my beloved brother, the tenderness and love of a mother. With money you can buy many friends, but never a mother, never a father—especially such parents as the Lord has blessed us with. I do not think that there is any necessity for me to write to you much, for I am sure that you are old enough, and you have sufficient mind to think over this painful matter. Dear brother, let it never come to pass that our very beloved parents should go to the grave with sorrow before their time. I do believe that beloved mother will not live long if her state of trouble be as it is. Should you consider your ways and repent, and turn to the God of Israel, I wish you joy and happiness, and may God bless you; but if you do not take our advice, if you wish to remain a *Meshumad*, then adieu, adieu. I am no longer your brother. But still, Isaac, Isaac, I do hope and trust that, for the sake of our dear and devoted parents, and for the sake of our whole pious family, it shall never come to pass that you shall remain a *Meshumad*, and leave everlasting shame and disgrace on us all.

Once more. Do turn, do repent; but if you do not, then good-bye, good-bye, for ever and ever. Never shall we know—neither do we want to know—anything about you in this world, nor in the world to come.

I am, your brother in deep trouble and lamentation,

JOSHUA HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

Kanceliaria, Novi Gorada, Kovno, March, 1872.

P.S.—Unless you repent and become a Jew, I ask you please not to write to me, for I count you as if you are dead—and would to God that it were true. I must mention to you this—for I don't think I shall ever write to you again—our darling brother Jonah Abel is dead. We are all convinced of the fact, that if you had not sinned against the great God by turning away from Him, our house would not have been visited by the angel of death. Remember, dear Isaac, that our beloved Jonah Abel died through your sins. Oh! bitter, bitter is our life, because one has become a *Meshumad*, the other has died. What will become of us? Would to God that we all died, or else that you might be cut off by death.

[Of all the heart-rending appeals, of all the soul-piercing temptations we ever read, this, to us, is the keenest. Surely, every true disciple of our adorable Redeemer must, with intensity, cry unto the Lord God Almighty to hold up our young brother Isaac Levinsohn in the true faith of Christ. Neither Geo. Abrahams, E. Samuel, friend Karger, or any other Jew of which we have known or read, ever passed through such a fiery ordeal; but we turn to Matt. xix. 28, 29:—"And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed Me, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones,"

&c. "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." In those words, our Lord anticipated such persons as Paul, and others—even our young and painfully-exercised brother Isaac Levinsohn. We could, with him, weep over the natural grief and blindness of Isaac's father, mother, and brother. Would to God we could convince them of their enmity! May the Rock of Ages be our brother's refuge all his journey through. So prayeth C. W. B.]

ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

MY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE BROTHER HESSEL,—I have received your letter, and can assure you if ever I cried and shed tears over anything, it was over the letter I received last from our dear father, and then over your letter. In my previous correspondence I have expressed my ideas about my faith in Jesus Christ, in whom I believe as the promised Messiah. Dear Hessel, you know how earnest I always was in serving our God, and in living a holy life. Well, this is just my present feeling and desire. The same God I believed when at home, I believe now—**JEHOVAH IS MY GOD.** Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and our fathers, in whose merits I rejoiced when at home, I rejoice now; but the only difference of my faith is now, that it is impossible for me, as a sinner, to be justified through Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob. I believe that the **MESSIAH**, who was promised to come, **HAS COME**, and through Him alone sinners can be saved, and be made just in the sight of the great God, who is holy. My feeling toward this is, that even if I am called not only to sacrifice riches, but my own life, then I must say, "Here am I: I go!"

Dear Hessel, I can assure you that my love towards our very beloved parents will never fail; yea, it will increase the longer I live. I am always ready to make the greatest sacrifice, even to shed the very last drop of blood in my heart for the good of our beloved father and mother. If ever a son has loved his parents, I believe I love my parents more; but I must confess that I love my Lord and my Redeemer more. All my powers and graces are His. I am His property. He bought me with the great price of His own holy, and innocent, and precious blood.

You also mention in your letter about the portion that father wishes to leave to me. To this I say, I know how good it is to have happiness—especially as I should have if father would give me my portion—but yet I feel if this our earth were not earth, but gold, and if that even had been offered to me in preference to **JESUS**, I would then say, "**GIVE ME JESUS**, and I shall be happy as an angel in heaven!"

Dear brother, you may depend upon it, all I say are the very feelings of my heart. I know well that riches I shall never have, especially as I am looked upon as a foreigner in England. Surely English people will not have much to do with me—a poor Jew; but, yet I thank God that He has made me worthy to become poor, and be a follower of the Lord of life. I was informed that unless I return to Russia, I shall lose my Russian nationality. To this I would say, it troubles me very little, for I rejoice that this world is not my resting-place; the Lord of life has promised to give me a heavenly home.

My dear brother, although father and mother, and brothers and sisters cut me off, yet will I trust in the Lord, who will take me up. I

am very thankful that I am in England; the English people, I think, are the best people I ever saw in my life, except our pious Jews. If God should permit me to live all my life in England, and even if my life is to be poor, and work for my meal till the very last hour of my life, then will I be satisfied. May God in mercy bless the Queen of England, and all the English people, where I hope to remain as long as I live; for I would much rather live in England than in Russia, Germany, Poland, Austria, or anywhere else. I must say, dear Hessel, that having read in your letter of the death of our beloved brother, I mourn. My heart is full of sorrow; I shall always feel the loss; but I rejoice in knowing that all things are governed by the Most High, and whatever man may think or suppose, yet He will work in His own way. An English poet says the following true words:—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
In deep unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.”

Dear brother, I do sincerely hope that it will never come to pass that you will forsake me from your memory, for I only act as I believe I ought to act, according to the Bible. I sincerely pray that the Lord may visit you and our dear parents with His salvation; and Oh! that the time may come when Israel shall be brought to the truth, and have faith in believing in the only Name given unto man whereby to be saved.

I remain, dear Hessel,
Your affectionate brother,
ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

12, Palestine-place, Cambridge-heath, London,
March, 1872.

I have written several letters to my dear brother after the above, but, to my sorrow, he never answered one; and thus I was left entirely alone. No more father, no more mother, no more brother, no more sisters, nor friends for me. I sometimes wished I never was born than to be in such solitary circumstances; but, thanks be unto the Most High, He never leaves nor forsakes those whom He calls by Divine grace.

(To be continued.)

BAPTISM IN RELATION TO THE JEW AND THE GENTILE;

OR,

APOSTOLIC PRACTICE IN RELATION TO THE ORDINANCE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—While reading you notice in this month's VESSEL of a book recently published hostile to baptism, it struck me that a few remarks on the above subject would not be unacceptable to your readers.

(1) The first sermon preached after the ascension of the Lord and the descent of the Holy Ghost was preached by Peter on the day of Pentecost.

to an audience composed exclusively of *Jews*.* At the close of his sermon they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" He replied, "Repent (change your mind) and be baptized every one of you into the name (the confession) of the Lord Jesus Christ (Jesus the Messiah), and you shall receive the Holy Ghost." Now here the command was positive and absolute for them to be publicly immersed into the confession of the crucified Jesus as the Messiah; and they could not receive the Holy Ghost till this had taken place; for the Holy Ghost could only be received through Jesus. But they had a few weeks before denounced Him as an impostor. On this subject they must "change their mind," and confess Him as the Messiah, before they could receive the Holy Ghost.

(2) In Acts x. we have Peter preaching the first sermon that was ever preached to Gentiles. It was in the house of Cornelius. The vision of the sheet, three times repeated, had prepared Peter for this unexpected and undesired mission to the Gentiles. He took with him six Jews to be witnesses of all that took place. *While* he was preaching the Holy Ghost fell upon them—that is, they received the Holy Spirit *previous* to baptism. And then Peter commanded the six Jews that he brought with him, in order to break down their Jewish prejudices (which were very strong, as we see from the next chapter), to immerse these Gentile converts in the name of the Lord.†

(3) When the same question was put to Paul by the Philippian jailor, as was put to Peter by the 3,000 Jews, his answer was somewhat different: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The jailor was a Gentile; and inasmuch as *he* had never regarded Christ as an impostor—for he had never heard of Him—he was not called upon to repent (Metanoia), or change his mind, on that subject, as the Jews were. Nor was there such a direct command by Paul as by Peter in relation to baptism, though we find from the context that he was immediately immersed. Peter was the apostle of the circumcision, or the special apostle to the Jews, and in every case enforced baptism on his Jewish converts. Paul was the great apostle of the Gentiles; and when the apostolic commission, as recorded in Matt. xxviii. and Mark xvi., was given by the Lord to the disciples, Paul, as we all know, was not present, being still an unconverted man. These two facts, combined with what is recorded of his conversion in Acts ix., and of what the Lord said to him there, will help us, perhaps, to understand his language when writing to the Corinthians (1st epistle, 1st chap. 14—17 verses), "I thank God that I baptized none of you, save Crispus and Gaius; lest any should say that I had baptized in my own name. And I baptized also the household of Stephanus: besides I know not whether I baptized any other. For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel"—*i. e.*, in his recorded commission in Acts ix. 6—15 and chap. xviii. 9, 10, baptism is not mentioned. What was an obligatory duty to the Jewish convert in apostolic times, was a privilege to the believing Gentile.

I remain, yours most cordially,

B. B. WALE.

* The phrase, "Parthians, Medes, Elamites," &c., means Jews born or residing in Parthia, Media, &c.

† The construction of the Greek shows that the command was given, not to the Gentile converts, but to the Jews whom Peter had brought with him.

SEVEN NOTES ON THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

[MY SECOND LITTLE LEAF.]

“And shall I not His cross take up,
 Who died upon a cross for me?
 Jesus, through good and ill report,
 I in Thy strength will follow Thee.
 My Master lived, despised, abhorred,
 And I am not above my Lord.”

GO wherever I may, the people of the rising age taunt me with having such a large heart—so exceedingly charitable; they are much more profoundly wise, careful, prudent; they have discernment; they can patiently wait until they behold a young tree fully grown, richly laden with fruit, then they will come and share in the feast. While, if I meet with a young tree, and in the fear of the Lord, and from a deep-rooted love to Him and His Gospel, help, in any measure, to support and encourage this young tree, I am sure to meet with reproof; and behind my back, the sneers of the proud and the lofty cause much amusement for the company surrounding these potentates of the time—these superior dignitaries who look down with pity upon one so soft.

Returning from one of these meetings the other evening, where the usual measure of criticism had been thrown upon me, I silently investigated the motives which had moved me in carefully encouraging some hopeful young men who were introduced to me as being qualified by the Lord to work in His vineyard. This silent consideration was productive of some painful reflection. I saw by the eye of an investigating memory that not a few to whom I have been useful have turned out to be my secret cruel foes; while on the other hand many have worked on successfully, although they may have forgotten by whose instrumentality the Lord first gave them a start.

As regards the large and loving heart, the question searched me, “How is this that your so-called charity brings you into reproach?” Ah, how is this?

It is but seldom that any serious internal investigation has penetrated itself into my inmost soul, but the difficulty has been, at least, in some measure, removed by the unfolding and gentle application of a portion of the Word of God. And my conviction is, that the fearful Christian is more instructed into the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures, from its seasonable incoming by the mysterious operations of the blessed Spirit, than by any other means. Hence, in the case referred to, my secret conflict as to why it was that the bold contenders for the faith, were always looking down upon me with such pitiable contempt, relief was found by the whispering inside of me of that conclusive sentence of Jesus to Simon the Pharisee, “Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins which are many are forgiven, for she loved much; but

“*To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.*”

Crushed in the bud, as my poor Christ-loving soul was, broken in all the branches, held up to ridicule, trampled down in the dust, constantly kept under a heavy cross, met in every effort by heavy blows, I have learned what it is that mysterious man of God did mean when he wrote, “The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise;” and, under all, having such

streams of forgiving mercy poured into my soul, I must believe much has been forgiven, and much love to Jesus has flowed therefrom; so much so, that if any one manifesteth love to our Lord Jesus Christ, I feel constrained to make any sacrifice to serve them, if it be possible that thereby I can prove my love to the Lord to be sincere, genuine, and productive of fruit to His glory.

Contrarywise, alas! alas! where knowledge puffeth up, where public confessions are mere mockery, where forgiveness is unknown, there, pride will lead to presumption, and jealousy will be as cruel as the grave.

In the remarkable first chapter of Paul to the Ephesians,

“THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS”

is in the very centre of such a revelation of saving truth as is scarcely equalled in the whole of the Bible; and this absolutely essential part of the Christian's experience has lately been much upon my mind, and, if it be pleasing to the Lord, if it can be useful to the trembling and troubled saints, I wish to lay it open before them, because it has appeared to me from the Scriptures, and from the exercises of my own heart, to be of paramount importance.

Referring to page 307 in last number of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, the reader will see Seven Notes were promised this month. That promise I wish to fulfil, by simply recording the outline of the notes as they came up before me while in a silent waiting upon the Lord.

Beside the revelation of the glorious Persons in the Trinity, I know of nothing so fully, so frequently, so freely drawn out in Scripture as is God's merciful forgiveness of sin. See you—

1. It was by this the Lord proclaimed His Name. As one saith, Moses wanted to know His Name, and God saith, “If you desire to read My Name, here it is” (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7). The Lord having descended in the cloud, and passing by Moses, proclaimed, “The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands,

“FORGIVING INIQUITY AND TRANSGRESSION AND SIN,

and that will by no means clear the guilty.” A full body of Divinity is found in that proclamation of the Name of Jehovah. I am tempted to specify its different parts; but I must hasten on.

2. It is with the promise of this, God inviteth the deepest-dyed sinner to come unto Him (Isaiah i. 18): “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord” (mind you, this is no man's calling, it is the Lord's; and He saith): “Let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” Here is a second volume of the Gospel of Divine grace; perfectly marvellous. I trust the spiritually-taught in the experience of grace will give us some testimonies of the truth of these fulnesses of saving mercy.

3. This is the theme—God's forgiveness of sins—which is to be the principal note in the Gospel. The letter-preachers, who desire to make a fair show, are busy in working up the old types; and if they can get at the marrow which is in those ancient bones, they will help to feed the Church of God. But when the prophet Isaiah received the grand commission of the Gospel ministry—without any long preface—most

emphatically is this demanded of all the duly-authorized ministers: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith your God. Speak ye to the very heart of Jerusalem; cry unto her" (she is deaf and hard of hearing through unbelief; therefore, do not go with your manuscript-mutterings, with your politely-polished phrases, nor with your apologies for vehemently sounding forth the truth; but cry unto her) "that her warfare is accomplished:

"THAT HER INIQUITY IS PARDONED;

for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

"O Love Divine, Thou vast abyss,
My sins are swallow'd up in Thee."

Whoever did that verse expound, "She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins?"

4. It is to express and to declare the great fact, the Church's pardon, that God useth all the strongest figures of speech which can be found: "Blotting out as a cloud;" "cast all thy sins behind My back;" "as far as the East is from the West;" "cast them into the depths of the sea;" "though sought for they shall never be found."

Believing sinner, "will not this suffice?" In Zechariah's stone with seven eyes, and in metaphors many, doth the Holy Ghost this glorious truth declare, and yet how few its richness do enjoy!

5. It is for this forgiveness the godly shall pray (Psalm xxxii.). O, what a corn-field of ripe heavenly grain is that thirty-second Psalm! If you would look into God's revelation of what it is that constitutes Christian experience, you will find it is that Psalm xxxii.: "Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found." Lord! help me in some future numbers to bring out some of the deeps, both of the sinner's miseries and of the Saviour's mercies, as are, sea-like, rolling up and down in this splendid Psalm.

6. It is the sense of forgiveness of sin that maketh Jesus so precious. Paul and Peter are very great on this: "Unto you that believe." What is that? Believing maketh the poor sinner one with God, one with Christ, one with the Holy Ghost, one with the covenant, one with the Gospel, one with the Bible altogether; and in the regenerated saved believer, will that prayer of all prayers be answered, "That they may all be one, as Thou Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us." To all such believers who believe into Christ, He is precious indeed.

7. It is of this forgiveness they sing in heaven. In their new song, they sing, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain, and hast

"REDEEMED US TO GOD BY THY BLOOD."

Men! Brethren! and Fathers! as one on the verge of eternity, I address you and beseech of you not to build up yourselves or your people upon anything short of this all-essential grace, this inwrought knowledge, that "The blood of Jesus Christ (God's Son) cleanseth us from all sin." This pledge of joys to come, may we all prove,
prays

C. W. BANKS.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION,
PASTOR JOHN SLATE ANDERSON.

“**G**ROWTH!” On attempting to finish this little sketch of one of our established ministers of the Gospel in London, my mind was arrested with this word, this idea, this figure, “*Growth.*”

The mind of the greatest TEACHER ever this world saw once appeared to come to a pause. When about to set forth the Gospel dispensation, He said, “Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it?” Then He produceth that figure which illustrates the original *littleness*, the steady *growth*, and the ultimate *largeness* of this exceedingly merciful economy, the Gospel kingdom. “It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth.” How small, when only Abel appeared to worship God aright, and he speedily cut down! How small, when the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee to a virgin whose name was Mary, and said unto her, “Fear not, Mary: behold, thou shalt conceive, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name JESUS! He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David!”

Has there not been *growth* since the angel first came bringing the good tidings, “Unto you is born this day in the city of David a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST THE LORD!” Since then, what persecutions! what slaughtering of the saints! what awful overthrows of the apostles, the martyrs, the ministers, and the witnesses for Christ! Yet there has been *growth*. The grain of mustard seed has been sown in the earth, it hath grown up; it is destined to become greater than all the plants in the earth; its branches are shooting out in all directions, so that the fowls of the air lodge under the shadow of it, while the branches themselves bear fruit unto the glory of the eternal God.

Where there is the Divine life, there must be growth. How splendid are the declarations of Psalm xcii.: “The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: HE SHALL GROW LIKE A CEDAR IN LEBANON!” Very much depends upon the *nature* of the tree, and of the kind of soil in which it is planted. Therefore, a correct distinction is made: “Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. *They* shall still bring forth fruit in old age; *they* shall be fat and flourishing, to shew that the Lord is upright.”

“*Faithful to His promises, faithful to His Son.*”

Persecution and temptation have been permitted to cut down many—John the Baptist, James, and Stephen, and thousands besides; nevertheless, forasmuch as their blood produced a still larger harvest, even so of the one whole Church it is declared that “*it* GROWETH even unto an holy temple in the LORD!”

Looking at Zion chapel, in the New Cross-road, Deptford, whether you look at the building, at the congregation, at the Church, at the school, or at the pastor and minister, you must acknowledge “here has been, here still is, GROWTH!”

About five-and-thirty years ago we heard William Felton in the little old-fashioned meeting house in Deptford. Afflicted as he was with gout in the nerves—and we believe that is a fearful malady; in fact, we remember

seeing dear William frightfully distorted with that grievous distemper—yet still he grew, and we believe he was the Lord's instrument in raising that *now* beautiful and commodious chapel where Mr. Anderson preaches the Gospel with success, and so profitable to the many hundreds who worship therein.

What amount of internal, of experimental chastisement has fallen to the lot of our brother we do not know; his first soul-trouble was severe. After that we see him in the City Missionary Society. Then, twenty years ago this very month, he was settled as pastor over the Church in St. Luke's; there he grew in usefulness for six years. The Lord then removed him to the Church at Deptford; there he has grown steadily for fourteen years, and we presume he never stood in a more prosperous position than at the present time. Unto the Lord our God be all the glory given.

During his pastorate there, new schools have been built and paid for, at a cost altogether of near £500; the old debt of £500 on the chapel has been quite cleared off; the chapel itself enlarged and improved (so that it is like a new one) at a cost of over £2,000. Besides all the current costs of this cause, an extra £3,000 has been raised; and every branch of the institution is growing and bearing fruit. Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord! Of course, Mr. Anderson has had many wise, willing, and wealthy friends around him, or such results could not have been produced.

We painfully fear that now we shall not find a parallel case in any of our London Strict Baptist Churches, although, bless the Lord, if spared and permitted, we shall be able to present our readers with reviews of many blessed servants of our Divine Master, who are as faithful and as powerful as our genial and devoted friend, Mr. John Slate Anderson.

We must not close this imperfect sketch without referring to Mr. Anderson's removal to Bradford, in June, 1867, and his return from thence to Deptford, in January, 1869. That little gap in his Deptford pastorate furnisheth a lesson too full of meaning to be slightly passed over. But that and a more special review of the ministry itself (wherein Owen's four P's we think are to be found) must be reserved for a third paper. We dare not occupy more space this month.

C. W. B.

LINES FOR MY SORROWING MOTHER.

<p>OH! how these yearning hearts of ours Will sometimes fondly cling To fleeting treasures here on earth. Perhaps some gentle thing Has made our darkened path grow bright, And cheered the lonely hours, And scattered round us, as we went, Some of earth's fairest flowers.</p> <p>But, Oh! how soon these flowerets fade! Alas! what sorrows spring From grasping tightly these frail reeds— It mars the peace within. Sweet are these short-lived joys; But, Oh! the bitter grief and woe</p>	<p>When we deplore our blighted hopes, And see the loved ones go By death, or change, or absence long, Or rolling sea between.</p> <p>Turn, turn, my spirit, far away From each dark painful scene; Be strong, be faithful, tempted one, Though earth's bright suns may set; Be undismayed when clouds loom dark. Will God his child forget? Ah, no! The love that moved His heart To give His Son to die, Will guide thee through the intricate way With His far-seeing eye.</p>
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THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

MONTHLIES, &c., RECEIVED.—*Hand and Heart* has circulated four millions of copies since its first commencement. It may not quite please everybody, but it cannot offend many, it is so pretty, so pure, and pleasingly edifying.—*The Fireside* for October says, in its admirable sketch of the founder of Sunday schools. "What George III. wished, Robert Raikes did much to secure." The good old king said, "It is my wish that every poor child in my kingdom should be taught to read the Bible." We must believe both George III. and Robert Raikes are now in heaven. Robert began a good work for England. Blessed be God, tens of thousands have instrumentally carried on this great national enterprise.—The burning of parson Taylor, the rector of Hadleigh, is in *Day of Days* (office now at 1, Paternoster-buildings).—*The Gospel Magazine* for October tells us they have made Dr. Thomas Hubard Gregg a bishop of the Reformed Church of England; his palace is at Southend. How we wonder what the Church of England and its seceders will do next?—*Sword and Trowel*, on "Earnestness in Ministers," gives, in advice, "the very sinews of war." "Segregate before you congregate," as Charles Stanford said at the Welsh Congress.—Thomas Bradbury's sermons every week are packed in well with Bible truth, and the experiences of the Christian much interwoven.—*The Monthly Record* and Robert Steele are still exposing the Romish Jesuits in England; yet, how fast they grow!

We see from *The Banner of Israel* for October 10 that this neat, learned, and highly-prophetic journal is now the property of Mr. Guest, the publisher, and Mr. Robert Banks, the printer, while Philo-Israel is still the sole editor. With such a trio of happily-successful, intellectual, and persevering labourers, *The Banner of Israel* will soon attain a more eminent position than it has hitherto reached, especially as the editor has the promise of original papers from some of the first penmen in this, to us, almost new line of literature. A flood of light breaks forth on the Eastern Question from a leader in this *Banner*, under the heading of "Constantinople is to Russia the Coveted Gate of Jerusalem." Out of dark places many a bright star is twinkling.

Sydney Evening News furnisheth a report of Mr. Allen's lecture on "Convents." When on the platform,

there were with him, magistrates, ministers, clergymen, and crowds of people; and Daniel poured out an eloquent stream of information from sources ancient and modern against the soul-defiling influences of Convents and Confessionals. Bursts of applause, and vote of thanks, clearly shew how high in estimation, and how practically useful, Mr. Allen is in Sydney.

Criticism on John Wesley's *Prophetic Kingdoms*.* DEAR BROTHER,—I am pleased at your notice in the *VESSEL*, of the "Things That Shall Be Hereafter," by our brother Septimus Sears. At your office I bought the one on the *Prophetic Kingdoms*, by J. Wesley. After carefully reading it, I wrote, "If S. Sears is right, J. Wesley must be wrong. Sure I am the year-day men cannot show that the Lord Jesus rose from the grave on the third year, and not on the third day. J. Wesley's observation on prayer, in his *Prophetic Kingdoms*, is worthy of notice. But I had expected to find a further unfolding, or confirmation of that I have received, which I am to hold fast, and was concerned about forty-five years ago, and set at nought on account thereof. Alas! alas! John Wesley has toiled all night and caught nothing; he has thrashed so hard, that he has beaten all the corn away. (I do not refer to the Chronology.) For, without doubt, the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, is the Stone that the builders refused; it is He who sold all that He had, and bought the field when He had found the treasure hid in it; it is He who, having found one pearl of great price, sold all that He had, and bought it; it is He who shall destroy the anti-Christ that shall come (1 John ii. 18) with the breath of His mouth and with the brightness of His coming, at whose coming "His all" shall be made alive (1 Cor. xv. 22), whose millennial reign of a thousand years having come to an end, He shall deliver up the kingdom to God even the Father (1 Cor. xv. 24). As for Daniel not understanding, we are told that not unto themselves but unto us they did minister, therefore it is for us to understand God's time, times, and a-half, which will not begin till the last half of the seven years' reign of anti-Christ that shall come (Dan. ix. 27; 1 John ii. 18; Matt. xxiv. 15; Mark xiii. 14), and

* "The Prophetic Kingdoms; or, the Dream and the Interpretation." By John Wesley, of Leicester. London: R. Banks.

does not refer to the Papacy, during which period will be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time; no, nor ever shall be (Matt. xxiv. 21). When for three years and an half the woman (true Christianity) clothed with the sun will not be permitted to buy or sell, not having received the mark of the beast (Rev. xii. 6—14, xiii. 17). For reply to man's year-day theory, see Bonner's "Development of Anti-Christ." I would recommend J. W. to go out into the deep and cast his net on the right side; if he wants a man at the helm, let him take "The Prophetic Vision of the Book of Daniel," by Dr. Tregelles; "The Things That Shall Be Hereafter," by S. Sears; "Aids to Prophetic Inquiry," by B. W. Newton. Sold by Houlston and Son, Paternoster-square.

A LATERAL OF THE TRUE VINE.

[Mr. John Wesley's *Prophetic Kingdoms* has a great feature in its "Chronology." Of course, students of the opposite side will criticise; but we think every one should well study John Wesley's book for themselves.—ED.]

The Gospel of Christ, the Antidote for Intemperance, &c. By Francis H. Holmes, of Higher Bentham, near Lancaster. This is the testimony for the times we live in. Mr. Holmes, with argumentative power, and with Christian propriety, sets Christ and the Gospel in the front. We cordially welcome this new and honourable pleader for truth in the field of literature. He shall not be hidden if the blessing of the Lord enable us to encourage and help him.

James Child's Meditations on Ephesians, Hebrews, and Revelation. This volume is from the pen of a very eminent man of God. All who attended the late Thomas Hughes's ministry in Hackney, knew and esteemed the saintly James Child, a brother who has been, under God, a strong pillar in the Church for many years; a modern Barnabas indeed. These meditations are profoundly truthful upon the great principles of our faith. G. Dawson, printer, of 239, Well-street, will send the vol. for 1s. 8d.

The Anti-Christ! The Man of Sin! A new edition of *The Things Which Shall Be Hereafter*, by the Editor of the *Little Gleaner*, is now issued by Houlston and Sons. This is a safe guide to the study of prophecy. It is one good illustration of that apostolic injunction, "Rightly dividing the Word of Truth." We thank brother Lynn for his kindness.

The Sydney Morning Herald of August 18 gives articles and notices of pastor Daniel Allen's lectures on every branch

of evangelic and philanthropic labour. He is a busy bee; his hive is well stored. We greatly rejoice in his undaunted perseverance. The discussion on fermented and unfermented wine we have forwarded to the Rev. T. J. Messer for review.

"Oxford Under Two Queens." Red Mary and Royal Victoria was the leading address at the Evangelical Alliance, as reported by *The Rock*, whose searching critiques on the Croydon Congress represent a regiment of reverends, of various uniforms, with as many creeds as there are colours, all marching down the Surrey hills to discuss the question of Popish, Puseyite, and Protestant practices. Oh, sirs, is it not calculated to make us wax warm with anger? Hundreds of so-called "cures," who are well paid for taking care of the people's souls, spending their time, their talent, their strength, in discussing which phase of thought is correct. Oh, that another Martin Luther, another John Knox, and another Cromwell might be sent to give these mongrelising Gospellers a thorough thrashing, sending them out of their office, or to go and do the work they profess to have taken in hand.

"The Congress is on, sir; and I'll be your sponsor;

You never beheld a more marvellous sight;
The sisters coquettish, the brothers so pettish,
They're wrangling and jangling from morn-
ing till night."

A world of nature's necessities, varieties, and beauties always rolls upon us in *The Gardeners' Magazine* (office at Allen's, 11, Ave Maria-lane). It gives you, too, a touch of the good and the gracious as well. Here is one of Long-fellow's aspirations:—

"Into the silent land,
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and
band,
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land.
O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons—and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand—
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the silent land.

Drawing Nigh unto God. An expository and practical discourse by Mr. Shaw, the minister of Zoar Baptist chapel, Gravesend, has been published. We have feared that this most essential privilege of "drawing nigh unto God" is not generally appreciated; it is a blessed source of spiritual power; happy is the man who can, with a hallowed sincerity, exclaim, "It is good for me to draw near to God!"

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

CHAMBERS OF AFFLICTION AND DEATH.

"I sink in deep waters."

OF the many scenes of sorrow which I have lately witnessed, I may mention the following:—

All our ministering brethren who have for years visited Salem chapel, Two Waters, will remember that active and devoted man of God, Charles Wootton, one of the deacons; a long and laborious friend to the cause, but a man of heavy affliction and of terrible sorrow. Sept. 24, 1877, I visited him twice in his chamber, where in intense agonies he was crying unto the Lord to take him home. No wife, no sister, no brother had he; a kind little daughter was doing her utmost to alleviate her poor father's grief; and there were three little children besides. I was that filled with pain to see him, I knew not how to remain. I had two sermons to preach in Salem that day, and in melancholy meditation I walked to and from the chapel and his house; and I promised him I would do all I could for him, and his four orphan babes when left; but our means are not in any way adequate to meet the many cases surrounding us. The friends at Salem do their utmost; but they are not rich, they have no pastor, and to meet the expenses arising out of carrying on the cause is no small matter. One friend writes, Oct. 8, and says:—

DEAR MR. BANKS,—You feel anxious about poor Charles Wootton. Well, a few days after you saw him, another doctor came and gave him something to ease him; I think he found relief, but he is sinking. Dear Miss Toms, at chapel house, sat up with him last night; she says they had a quiet night; he sent word that he felt very low, but he had not lost his hope. One friend wishes me to tell you she much enjoyed your preaching on the harvest meetings. I trust a future day will prove your labour was not in vain. I will give you any information about poor Charles.

The other case I visited, Oct. 6, 1877, was that aged and almost paralysed brother in the faith, James Lingley, of 121, Princes-road, Lambeth, who with his son, a fine young man, are in one room; the son is rapidly going down to the grave. In a note from the father, dated Oct. 8, he says:—

DEAR KIND BROTHER,—Friend and follower of the dear self-denying and loving Redeemer, to whom I am under deep obligation, as the instrumentality employed to minister to a poor old cast down cripple of humanity; and now, in the time of lamentable addition of affliction heavily on my son, in the very flush of manhood, stricken down, too plainly to be mistaken, by the hand of death, though the felt stroke may not perhaps be till after the lapse of another week, I avail myself of your kindness, to inform you that every day serves to confirm the impression that his end draws nearer and nearer.

His prostration yesterday became so intense towards evening, that it was indispensable to have a nurse the whole night to wait upon him; and till I am destitute of the means to employ and pay for the same, it will be far better than for me to sit up, being so completely incapable of waiting upon him day and night too; in fact, I am unable to do it properly at any time. Yet the Lord has marvellously upheld me year after year, and brought me through, or over, almost insurmountable difficulties, forbidding despair. Who can wonder that I am often hanging down my head, and crying, "When will the night be gone?" "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me."

"Our lives through various scenes are drawn.

And vexed with earthly cares;

But His eternal thought moves on,

His undisturbed affairs.

But "He rests in His love," and no weapon formed against the objects of that love shall ever prosper. The Lord Jesus Christ is the unfailling foundation of all, and on Him alone, as the sinner's Saviour, Friend, and Advocate, is all my hope and trust built. Blessed be God for this, whatsoever, or whosoever else may be taken from me. The Lord help me cheerfully and humbly to cry, "Abba, Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—Yours in love, admiration, and gratitude,

JAMES LINGLEY.

THE LATE MRS. JOHN RAYMENT.

BY HER HUSBAND.

My beloved wife was removed to her eternal home, August 8, 1877. For forty years we were in union in truth and in true fellowship. She was born March 25, 1810, in the city of Rochester, in Kent. Her father was a tree-man of the borough, and took an active part in all public matters, being in business as a tailor and draper in the High-street. In early life it pleased God to deprive my wife of her father; she was the youngest of a large family; her mind was much impressed by his death. Her widowed mother removed to London; after a short period the excellent mother was also taken away. Left as an orphan ere she had reached twelve years of age, her young heart often mourned in solitude, feeling her loss to be great; yet, as a child, she tried to commit all to God, of whom she had heard through reading the Prayer Book; and in a marvellous manner the Lord did watch over her. When nearly twenty years of age, it pleased God to call her by His grace in a marked way. Having felt for some time she ought to be religious, she followed the Wesleyans, and worked hard, finding nothing but labour and sorrow. One day, when staying with her brother in Liverpool, and while putting her young niece to rest, a power fell upon her. "A sinner lost!" sounded in her soul. Hell seemed open to her view; for many weeks she dared not go into that part of the build-

ing, so greatly were her nerves wrought upon; the flames of hell seemed to encircle her person for a month; it brought her into a state of nervous fever; no medical man could find the cause; the terrors of the Almighty drank up her spirit. It was believed that nothing could restore her but to return to her native air; days and nights she travelled by stage from Liverpool to London, and then into Kent; still all was darkness and death. She removed to Camberwell; a friend, now living, said, "Miss Phillips, come with me to hear my pastor, Mr. Irons, in Grove chapel, Camberwell." There God met her with sweet words of peace; a day superabounded over all her months of destruction; there she found a home; fixed her upon the Rock; her's was a sacred experience. For fifteen years she was unable to hear an entire sermon from deafness; yet she lived on the truth so clearly declared by that true servant of Christ. Christ was her Husband, electing love her stay; her joy was in God her Saviour even to the close. Last August, after an excellent night's sleep, she awoke much refreshed, raised herself up, asked for drink; then a blood-vessel burst; she laid her head on my bosom; in sixteen minutes the spirit of one of the best of mothers took its flight to her Redeemer-God, leaving me to mourn the loss of one of the dearest of wives, a mother beloved, a true help-meet, a real friend in times of need to all that needed help.

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be."

I find her card of admission into the Church at Grove chapel; it has on it, "Member's Ticket, No. 774. Admitted member, Jan. 2, 1835. Caroline Phillips. Eph. ii. 19; John xi. 12; John vi. 53. 'Examine yourselves.' Joseph Irons, Pastor."
Fulbourn, Cambridge, Oct. 8, 1877.

IPSWICH.—The recognition tea service was in Temperance hall, not Town hall. Mrs. Sayer gave tray. Mr. Kern's address is 63, Woodbridge-road. Some are leaving Zoar to worship in Bethesda. We should rejoice to know many from the world were by the power of the Holy Spirit called in, converted, savingly, to God, and vitally joined to our Lord Jesus Christ. To see members running from one Church to another, simply because a new minister has come, is not extending the Redeemer's kingdom at all. But for full forty years we have watched these movements, and have reflected seriously upon them. How far they are of the Lord puny worms dare not to judge.

HEYWOOD, LANCASHIRE.—Friends of truth are affectionately informed our new Strict Baptist chapel is now in course of erection. We hope to open it in November. C. W. Banks, Isaac Levinsohn, and J. B. McCure are invited. We have a heavy sum to meet. May our Lord constrain many hearts to help us.—On behalf of the Church, WILLIAM HOWARTH, 2, King-street, Hoolley-bridge, near Rochdale.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH AT WEST HAM.

The concluding account of the recognition of Mr. G. Elven, as the pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, West Ham, which took place May 15, 1877.

The tea meeting was well attended. At the evening service the chapel was filled to overflowing. Mr. Anderson presided. A hymn being sung, Mr. Langford implored the Divine blessing; and after the chairman had given a suitable opening address, he called upon Mr. D. Worthington, deacon, to give his account of the origin of the West Ham cause and of the Lord's leadings in the Church's choice of the pastor which he had not time to do in the afternoon, which account was as follows:—

In the year 1839 a few Christian friends (some of whom had formerly worshipped at Zoar chapel, London, and some at the Ark chapel, near the Point, Stratford) desired to have a cause of truth at West Ham, when Mr. Champness opened his house for preaching, but they soon found this too small. The friends then sought a larger place. They hired a loft over some stables, which they fitted up for a place of worship, and called it the Granary. The friends invited faithful ministers to preach to them, some of whom were free-grace Baptists, some free-grace Independents, of the latter were Mr. Abrahams and Mr. West. On January 21st, 1840, eight persons were formed into a Church by Mr. Milner and Mr. Curtis. Mr. Milner was a real father to the cause as long as the Lord spared him to preach. After the formation of the Church a special Church meeting was called to consider the necessity of making the Church Strict—a Strict Baptist Church according to the New Testament order; and a resolution was passed that in future no ministers should be invited to preach but baptized believers, whose views of doctrine and discipline were according to the rules of the Church; and it has been continued a particular Strict Baptist Church to the present time. The new place of worship was soon found to be very unpleasant to meet in, the wet coming in through the roof and the men swearing at the horses below; so the friends decided upon looking out for a piece of ground to build a chapel upon. A building committee was formed, and a penny a week subscription fund. They were led to fix upon the plot of ground the chapel now stands on, and succeeded in obtaining it on a lease for ninety-nine years at a ground rent of £8 per year, to commence August, 1842. They agreed with Mr. Thomas Curtis to build the chapel for £376, including the seats. They paid him £100 before he commenced to build, the remainder was to be paid as they could obtain it; so in March, 1843, the building began, and, by the goodness of our God, the chapel was opened for worship on April 30th, 1844. Brethren Kershaw, Foreman, and Milner preached on the following Lord's-day; J. A. Jones, Moyle, and Curtis preached to good congregations, December 25, in the same year. Mr. John

Best was ordained as pastor over the few poor people then forming the Church. The friends who had worshipped at Zoar could not hear Mr. Best to profit; but Mr. Champness, being very much attached to him, wished him to remain, which he did for about nine months. He told them he was not able to preach to them any longer, so he resigned, leaving the Church in debt. After him came Mr. Louthen to preach to us, who continued with us about five years. We had peace and some prosperity under his ministry; but towards the latter part of his time, the Word ceased to be profitable to the Church, so that the members and congregation became so few that he only had twenty-five on Lord's-day to hear him. We had a struggle to keep the doors open. At length the Lord opened a way for him to leave, and Mr. Bentote succeeded him; he preached to us for two years; but no prosperity attended his ministry, not one being added to the Church by his instrumentality, though he was a good and gracious man. He received for his preaching only five shillings on the Lord's-day and sixpence for week evenings. When our brother left us we had supplies, and among them the Lord sent us brother Bracher. It soon became evident that he was the one the Lord intended to bless to us, by His owning the Word preached, so that we soon had a revival in our borders. The chapel began to fill, and souls were blessed. The Church then invited him for six months, with a view to the pastorate, which he accepted, and which office he filled for seventeen years. He came among us when we were in a very low state. We could only give him six shillings a week at first, and then twelve, and when we cleared off the debt we gave him £1. The Lord so laid the Church upon his mind that he said, "If he had nothing for preaching he felt he must come to West Ham." He was made a great blessing to us both temporally and spiritually. In 1860 there remained a debt on the chapel to the builder; but no one knew how much. Mr. Worthington, deacon, felt anxious to have it settled, as Mr. Curtis, the creditor, was likely to live but a short time. He told the Church that if they would allow him to go to him upon the subject, he believed he could arrange with him to take half the amount if paid in three months, because he was well known to him. The debt was £85, and Mr. Curtis consented to take £50, and give a receipt for the £85. We had subscription cards printed and we collected £72, with which we cleared off the debt and built a wall at the side of the chapel and boarded round the walls inside the chapel. After this another trouble appeared. Mr. Worthington was informed that the chapel ground was to be sold by auction, and the Church deputed him to go to London and bid for it; but he was desired not to bid more than £160; but the all-wise God caused him to bid £180, and it was knocked down to him, for the trustees of the chapel. Mr. Moté was employed to make out the conveyance, and to obtain the documents connected with the latter; and he procured the lady's father's will, and in that

will the lady that granted a ninety-nine years' lease had only a life interest in the land, and she had been dead six years before her sister sold all the estate, therefore the lease was useless, and we were liable to be turned out of our home with a week's notice, if we had not had the Lord on our side; but He appeared for us, and we had a thanksgiving meeting soon after this to acknowledge His goodness to us as a Church and people, especially in this instance. I would here say that we borrowed £200 at 5 per cent. interest, to be repaid in ten years at £20 a year, and we cleared it all off in that time. In January, 1873, we opened a Sabbath school, and built a gallery in which to teach the children; but this is too small, consequently they have to be taught in the chapel; but we hope the time will shortly come when we shall have a suitable school room. A committee has been formed for this purpose, and secretary and treasurer appointed to receive donations in aid of the fund. Mr. Lee, of Bow, the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and three other friends have promised £5 each when the stone is laid. The teachers are very attached to their labour of love, and the school is in a prosperous state. In 1875 the Lord was pleased to take to Himself our beloved pastor, brother Bracher, on the 1st of February, and then we again had supplies, amongst whom was our brother Elven, who preached to us the first time in April, 1876. His ministry was so blessed to the Church and people that we gave him an invitation to supply for three months; but he declined to accept it, considering one Lord's-day not sufficient to justify the Church in giving, or himself accepting it; but he agreed to come two or three Lord's-days in each of the three months, in order to see more clearly the Lord's will in the matter. However, when about half that period had expired, the Church being of the same mind, the Word continuing to be blessed, each member was supplied with two tickets, one for and one against to invite him for six months with a view to the pastorate. There were 53 members that had heard to profit, that being all the hearing members we had, and they all voted for him, not one against him, not one neutral. The people continued to hear the Word with savour and power. On the first Lord's-day in January the members increased to 66. They were again supplied with two tickets; each and all voted for him to be our pastor, not one against as before. He was written to to this effect, and the Lord inclined him to accept the invitation, and the Holy Ghost waters the Word preached by him to the comforting and building up of His people. And the Lord is pleased to bestow upon His people a spirit of prayer on his behalf; and we can say there is love and unity dwelling amongst us as a Church. Fifteen have been added to the Church since our brother Elven came amongst us, and others are waiting to cast in their lot with us; so that we have every reason to think the Lord has sent him to be our minister, for which we desire to be thankful that He has given us such a man of truth to feed his flock at West Ham.

THE NEW SONG WE HOPE TO SING.

Third anniversary of Mr. T. Stringer's pastorate at Earl-street was September 30 and Oct. 2, 1877. Six sermons were given by the brethren T. Stringer, C. Cornwell, Henry Hanks, R. C. Bardens, and H. Myerson, which the venerable James Thomas Messer declared to be magnificent exhibitions of the Gospel of the grace of God.

Mrs. Stringer and her lady-helpers served up a wholesome and bountiful tea. James Mote, Esq., was to preside at public meeting, but being called to go on the Continent pastor Stringer took the chair; passed a high compliment on the honour, charity, and usefulness of Mr. Mote, and called for a vote of thanks for Mr. Lynn, his beloved wife's father, who had so zealously and successfully worked in obtaining for them the lease of Trinity-street chapel, where they would meet for worship Oct. 21; hoping therein to continue prosperously to proclaim the Gospel and to worship the Lord until his work on earth was finished.

The title of the evening subject was "The New Song and Its Harmonious Parts," which was opened by brother John Bonney in a Scriptural exposition, which evinced close study of the Word, and the gift of a sanctified memory. Our favoured friend, T. J. Messer, next flew through the souls of the people with a stream of eloquent fire, which set us all alive. C. W. Banks referred to the Harmonious Parts of the New Song, showing the 4th and 5th chapters of Revelation revealeth the way in which Christ entered into the presence of His Father after His ascension; in which vision John saw, and through his testimony is revealed to the redeemed family, the original source and the eternal security of the salvation of the whole election of grace. John saw

1. The covenant of God in the rainbow.

2. The throne of God, expressive of the Divine sovereignty.

3. The Book of God, with all the decrees of heaven; the Church's career being written inside, and the world's government written outside; from whence the poet drew forth that significant verse—

"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."

4. John saw the Christ of God, "Who came and took the book out of the hand of Him that sat upon the throne."

5. The Spirit of God, called "The seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth."

6. He also saw and heard the angels and their voices in harmony with the whole Church of God represented by the living creatures, and by the four-and-twenty elders.

Last of all, as the end and desire of all this grand work, John saw the pure worship of a Triune-Jehovah, when they fell down before the Lamb, and commenced the New Song, ascribing glory to God in Christ for His perfect work, in the redemption of all who had been given unto Him by His Father.

What C. W. B. desired to say on the New

Song (but was afraid to occupy the time as other brethren had to speak) is to be found in *Cheering Words*.

Interesting addresses were also delivered by R. A. Lawrence and C. Cornwell, which we hope they will send us when convenient.

We were happily delighted to see our brother Thomas Stringer in such healthful vigour of spirits, and strong in body. May his removal to Trinity be a special blessing to himself and to thousands of souls. Amen.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

Being with our dear brother J. B. McCure when the following note came into his hand, we asked to be permitted to give it in "E. V.," in order that our friends might see the strong attachment of one brother toward another; also that the strong conviction of brother Benjamin Taylor concerning the future of our esteemed friend, whose labours in Australia and in England have been too much for any man very long to endure. We saw, conversed, and prayed with, and tried to preach for, brother McCure; and we realised a hope that yet the Lord may restore him to labour again in the Gospel. The following is the note we refer to:—

MY DEAR BELOVED BROTHER,—Many thanks for your kindness in aiding me in the circulation of my forthcoming work. I do sincerely sympathise with you, and after reading your short note, I was led to pray earnestly for you, and do trust the good Lord will favour you with grace and strength sufficient: I feel sure He will. It is my firm impression that your laborious work is done, and that you ought to rest entirely during the remainder of your days. Is not this the only way to secure to you that which is absolutely necessary? No doubt, perfect quietude, air, and gentle exercise will do much for you. This seems to me to be the mind of the Lord, and I think you ought to submit to it. Recollect, your life is the life of two strong men, and I hear the Master's voice saying unto you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Try now and reap the fruits of your hard labours in admiring the wonder-working hand which has led you, guided you, supported and sustained you in all your career. Your strength now is to sit still (Isa. xxx. 7). May the Lord give you submission and patience, combined with your zeal for Him; and when your sands are run out, may you receive the crown of life which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give unto you. I feel you to be in my very heart and affections, and seem as though I could lay down my neck for your future rest, peace, and comfort, in retiring from a work too great for you, and which, if persevered in, must result in very terrible consequences to you. May the good Lord help you to consider, devise, and act in that way which shall be for His glory and your good. So prays your most affectionate brother in Jesus,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Sept. 20, 1877.

THE HAYES HARVEST THANKS-GIVING MEETING.

One of the happiest and most successful of meetings held at the tabernacle, was that of Wednesday, September 19. The sanctuary and its surroundings shewed evident signs of plenty, and the general tone of the multitude of worshippers was that of thankfulness and praise.

Several ministerial brethren and friends arrived at Southall station shortly after 12, and the more part were conveyed to the rural village of Hayes in vehicles that once bore the stamp of greatness. On reaching our destiny, we were cheerfully greeted by the honest and blithesome-faced pastor, Mr. R. C. Bardens, and his excellent and generous friends, Mr. Wild and family.

At 2 o'clock a substantial dinner was served up in the schoolroom to a good company of friends, many of them sons and daughters of the soil and their chubby-cheeked offsprings, which, from the eager interest they exhibited at the approach of the burdened dishes, forcibly reminded us of Cowper's pert couplet—

"There's little talking, and no wit;
It is no time to joke."

But, in due course, the clamour of satisfaction began to increase, and after grace the friends removed to the chapel, gazing with admiring eyes on the splendid table of first-ripe fruits, that was well worthy of a niche in the great Crystal Palace fruit-show. In front of the table was a neatly-worked banner bearing the appropriate motto, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." It is also worthy of note here that the sumptuous dinner and tea was gratuitously supplied to the labourers of the village in waiting by Messrs. Wild and Gregory; would that we had more of such like free-hearted men in our little Churches, who are not only able, but willing to help those that cannot help themselves.

The hymns to be sung on the occasion were strictly appropriate, and well printed by Mr. Banks.

Mr. Forman, of March, preached in the afternoon from Rom. i. 16. The evening was commenced with a hymn—

"Britons! now your harvest ended,
All your fruits securely stored,
Come with grateful joy attended,
Praise and bless your bounteous Lord."

Mr. Newby presided. After prayer by Mr. Waters, the chairman spoke of the occasion of the meeting, illustrating the various labours of God's messengers by the interesting and important pursuits of the tillers of the ground. C. W. Banks gave some solemn and thoughtful words on Matt. iii. 12, "Whose fan is in His hand," &c., which fell with great weight on the ears of many present, and which will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Griffith, of "Hope" chapel, a kind, open-hearted, "safe man" in Gospel truth, spoke with freedom and profit on the goodness of God (Psa. cvii.). Mr. Ponsford, a venerable servant of Christ, spoke of the abundant harvest and spiritual fruits of

Christ, the unspeakable gift, the possession of which enables the living family of God to render praise to His holy Name. Mr. Beazley gave us a warm speech on the wise and foolish virgins, which was closely followed by some words on Boaz and Ruth, and the injunction laid down in Ruth ii. 8, by the writer; and a few remarks on the two benefits of the Christian, grace and providence, by Mr. Forman, terminated the happy meeting.

To God be all the praise, says

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

NOT FIT TO PREACH AT ALL.

MY DEAR BROTHER BENJAMIN TAYLOR,—I have read your letter in EARTHEN VESSEL with such great pleasure that I feel I must drop you a line to thank you for it. It is a favour when we can meet with, or read of, others that are exercised in the same way. Truly we are left at times to question everything, and to wonder where the scene will end. And what is strange, and still we need not think it strange when we have been deeply exercised in our poor souls, and tempted as you speak in your letter, and they experience a gracious deliverance, we are obliged to use the language of the Psalmist and say, "Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me." But how experimental preaching is despised in this our day. And the dear servants of God, exercised in these things, are looked upon by some as not being fit to preach at all. And, alas! they feel so themselves *at times*, if I may judge by myself and your own words. How very precious the above Scripture was to my poor soul the other morning at Croydon. About six o'clock I turned to my Bible, and was directed to the 66th Psalm. The whole of it seemed sweet; but when I came to the last words, "Blessed be God," &c., my soul seemed to mount at once, and I began to look back to view the way the dear Lord had led me, and the many afflictions, trials, persecutions, crosses, temptations, and enemies the gracious Lord had delivered me from and out of. And still I find fresh ones come every day, more or less. I could feebly say, "Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer." O how many times I have entered the pulpit with darkness of mind, cast down, and have cried out, "Help, Lord, help, Lord;" still have almost despaired of help; but the Holy One hath graciously visited my soul in reading the Holy Word, or in prayer, or in singing a hymn, and the fire has begun to burn, and the barren heath turned into a fruitful land. Yes, my poor soul has been set at liberty, and others have been refreshed; therefore God shall have all the praise. Surely His blessed Majesty knows how to exercise His own servants, and thus to make them useful to His own dear tried family. O for more grace to watch and pray; and then to have a willing mind to follow where He goes. We surely have no *just* cause to complain, especially when we find that others are benefitted and helped

through our deep exercises. I have often asked the blessed Majesty to make me useful to His dear people. But when I have been shut up in prison, and could not come forth, have tried to pray, and read, or meditate, and could get no nearness to the throne, no entrance into the Word, no sweet train of thought, I have sometimes said, "Surely the Lord hath no pleasure in me."

Through mercy I still keep on trying to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ, who hath at times been very precious to my soul. I am now moving about from Church to Church. I ministered to the Church at Gravesend for a month; and truly I felt the dear Master with me there in my work. O that some precious souls may have to praise the Lord eternally for the Word of His grace feebly spoken by His unworthy servant. I am now very anxious to know the will of the Lord, and am trying, through grace, to call upon Him to lead me only where I best and safest may abide.

You will forgive me for taking such liberty, and accept of my best wishes for your welfare. May the Lord still enable you to sound the Gospel trumpet, and give you much enjoyment in the Divine realities which you have contended for for many years.

Hoping you are well, I remain, yours in the love of the truth.

WALTER WRIGHT.

25, Whiting-street, Bury-St.-Edmunds,
Suffolk, April 6, 1877.

KING'S CROSS.—Bethel chapel anniversary. In a rather quiet street, called by the sweet appellation of "Lavina," leading out of Wharfdale-road, is situated a neat sanctuary, rightly named "Bethel," and in support of which persons, as they cross its threshold, are exhorted by somewhat formidable words to exercise their "free-will." Such practical free-will, when put forth in the manner of "offering," is in every way commendable. We were glad to be present on the celebration of the twelfth anniversary of the cause, over which the Holy Ghost has made our brother, Mr. W. M. Haydon, overseer (*i.e.*, bishop), and in which sacred office he has been sustained for one year. Two sermons were preached by the pastor. At Tuesday evening service the pastor presided, and called Mr. Green, a worthy member, to speak of the progress of the cause during the past forty-five years he had known it. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn addressed the friends on Christian unity. Mr. R. G. Edwards on Christ, His Person, His Name, His Peace, &c. C. W. Banks made some suitable and reasonable remarks on the nature of the work of a pastor, which were well received. Mr. Gander on the Vision of Ezekiel. W. Winters on the last great act Jesus performed just before He ascended to glory (the blessing). Mr. W. Archer gave encouraging remarks on the work of itinerating ministers in the Strict Baptist Association, of which he is the secretary. The pastor closed this excellent meeting with prayer.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

FULBOURN, CAMBRIDGE.—The Strict Baptists held annual harvest thanksgiving services on Sept. 21, when Mr. J. Rayment, their present minister, late of Camberwell, gave us an excellent discourse on Hosea vii. 14. C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon and evening. A good number gathered from Bottisham, Balsham, Willbraham, also from Cambridge, who cheered us by their presence and help. Mr. Hanger opened the evening service. A substantial dinner and tea was enjoyed. We desire to thank our friends in the name of our God for their help and presence. Especially would we record the great kindness of our brother Banks in coming to us and giving the whole of his expenses of the day as well as his services; also the whole of the expenses of the printing in connection with announcement of meeting. This Strict Baptist chapel was built in the year 1855. The ground for same, with a large burial ground there, together with some sixty or more feet in front, was the gift of the late Mr. Fuller, by whose kind aid and the united efforts of a few poor saints the present neat little place was erected, leaving ample frontage for a much larger building. The whole being freehold and free from debt is now enrolled as a Strict Communion Baptist Calvinistic Society or Church, and put in trust of trustees only that hold those principles and practice for ever; it also provides that the entire control lie in the hands of the Society or Church; and the minister, must abide by the letter of the deed, or the trustees have power to remove any that commit a breach of practice. So excellent a deed of trust the writer never before read. Two years ago this cause had sunk so low that they closed this excellent freehold house built for the worship of God, not having funds from which to pay fare for supplies of the pulpit. Just at that moment the Lord moved our dear brother Banks to come over and help us by his personal aid and the fund at his disposal. We have continued praying, and at times we obtained the help of brethren on the Lord's-day. Thus we continued looking to the Lord for aid until August 26. Through severe domestic affliction, and the sudden death of beloved wife, Mr. J. Rayment was compelled to seek the quiet needed for brain and nerves. His attention being directed to this spot, he has continued freely serving us and the villages near; and we are cheered to see signs of blessing on his earnest endeavours to raise the little one, speaking as he does in two villages every Lord's-day and others in the week, in addition to giving his services to us here. In humble dependence upon God, friend Rayment has consented to stay, C. W. Banks having promised to aid us if possible. At present we ask the assistance of our friends. We have expended all the fund kindly sent for repairs, and now we must new floor a good part of the building. For this purpose and the continuance of our friend Mr. Rayment, we must earnestly entreat the kind contributions of those whom the Lord hath blessed. P.O.O. may be made payable to Mr. John Rayment, Fulbourn, Cambs. F. M. H. D.

AUSTRALIA.

DEAR EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL,"—The Church at Port Adelaide, worshipping at the Odd Fellow's hall, as a Strict Baptist Church, received a visit of pastor John W. Bamber, of Eagle Hawk, Victoria, last March. We invited brother Bamber as pastor of the little flock that has been striving to hold its own for some years. Some came from the old mother Church (Salem, North Adelaide), which has been scattered. The Church, which has been held four years at the Odd Fellow's hall, sent an invitation to our dear brother; he accepted it; arrived here June 28, 1877, commenced his labours amongst us on the following Sunday. Sunday, July 15, recognition services were held; brother Bramber preached morning and evening. On the following Wednesday, in connection with the foregoing services, an excellent tea was provided by sisters Beasley and Thompson, which was given gratuitously; a good number sat down; a public meeting succeeded. On the platform were Mr. Hooper, of Glenely (chairman); Messrs. Murray and Mason, of North Adelaide; Kither, of Hermitage; Fletcher of Salisbury; and brother Allen, of Lefevre's Peninsula, Port. Opening address of chairman: brother Bamber was then introduced; deacon Jesse Allen gave the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the Church; brother Bamber gave interesting account of the Lord's dealings with his soul; his call by grace; his call to the ministry; the mysterious way in which the Lord had led him to Port Adelaide. It is truly mysterious. Mr. Kither addressed the meeting on "The Faithfulness of God;" Mr. Hooper, "The Wisdom of God;" Mr. Murray, "The Power of God." Mr. Mason, after singing, engaged in prayer and closed. I am happy to state our congregation is double the number since Mr. Bamber came. The Lord be gracious to us! May the set time to favour Zion be drawing very near; and Jesus, our Elder Brother, see the travail of His soul, and be abundantly satisfied.

JOHN LEWIS WILLIAMS,

(Secretary to the Church).

Port Adelaide, South Australia,
August 8, 1877.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

To thank the Lord for His numerous mercies toward us as a nation, in giving us many good things which the earth has yielded; in preserving us in peace, and petitioning Him to stay the fearful war now raging between Turkey and Russia, special services were commenced in our South Hackney Baptist chapel, on Lord's-day, September 30, when the pastor preached morning and evening. The evening service was particularly solemn. The sermon was founded on the words recorded by the inspired evangelist Matthew (iii. 12): "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." The note of alarm and warning was sounded out in language which it has

not been ours to listen to for many years. The preacher waxed warm with his subject, even at times to emphasis, and evidently feeling the weight and responsibility of such a searching portion of Scripture, waned not, throughout the discourse, in (to use Paul's words) "warning every man."

On Monday, October 1, which was the forty-sixth anniversary of Mr. C. W. Banks's first going out to preach, in the afternoon, prayer and praise were offered to the Lord for His many favours from the hearts of those thus gathered, which service, after tea had been served, was continued until our excellent friend, Mr. J. S. Anderson, arrived, when he ascended the pulpit and delivered a thoughtful and experimental discourse from the words, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord," which found a response in the hearts of those who were privileged to listen to it.

On Friday afternoon the services were resumed, it being the eighth anniversary of laying the foundation stone of the chapel. In the afternoon, brethren met together and sang praises unto the Lord, thanking Him for past mercies, and asked Him for a continuance of His favours toward His people in this and other lands; addresses were also delivered by brethren Dearsly, R. G. Edwards, T. J. Messer, T. Steed, and Austin, and others. In the evening Mr. J. L. Meeres came up and told us, "The Lord was good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Mr. Meeres preached a sermon, which commended itself to the hearts of all present; it was sound in its doctrine, evangelical in principle, and delivered with a clear and distinct voice, occasionally emphatic, never tedious, unassuming, yet demonstrative. It was eight years ago that day when Mr. Meeres was in Speldhurst-road. We hope to be often favoured with his company.

Between the services tea was provided, and the friends enjoyed sweet intercourse. There were other services in the week.

SPELDHURST-ROADITE.

ESSEX.—At Bexley-heath this autumn we met in a cottage with two ancient believers, both over eighty, who were two out of the three members who formed the Church at Chelmondistone fifty years ago. These good old disciples have not been moved away from the faith and hope of the Gospel for more than half-a-century. We enjoyed their testimony concerning the mercies of the Lord unto them. Ye cannot find such good savoury fellowship with many in these days of "PROGRESS."

COLCHESTER.—"The Bible room," says a friend, has again been opened for the preaching of the Gospel. What does this mean? K. F. notes the visit of Mr. A. Hall has been profitable to some hundreds, who heard him gladly. Thanks for tidings of new chapel. Everywhere two things are required—more spiritual and Gospel power in the pulpit, and more financial power in the exchequer.

CAMDEN TOWN.—MILTON HALL. Fifth anniversary of the opening of this hall as a Strict Baptist Church, was celebrated on Sunday, September 16. Two sermons by Mr. D. Gander, and one by Mr. T. Stringer. On the Tuesday following, an excellent tea was served to a respectable company. Mr. D. Gander presided; Mr. N. Oakey prayed. The chairman, in his opening address, was terse and faithful, noted the goodness of God in his ministerial course from Claygate to Milton hall, London, during a period of eight years, five of which have been happily spent at the last-mentioned place, where he (the pastor) hopes to remain throughout his mortal existence (*Deo favente—jurante—rolente*), he having obtained help of God continues to this day. Mr. Cornwell spoke well on the Tree of Knowledge, God's sovereignty in planting it, the prohibitive nature of the command of God, the freedom of man's will in the matter, and the result of the breach—man's mortality. Mr. R. G. Edwards gave some original thoughts on the Tree of Life, which would bear reiteration to the reflective mind. Mr. R. A. Lawrence gave excellent lessons drawn from the Palm Tree—a tree in great measure characteristic of himself (!), upright, and bearing fruit at the top; by this, we do not infer that our brother bears fruit only from his head naturally, but from his heart through his spiritual Head, Christ. The speaker treated the subject in an able manner, making mention of a variety of uses for which the tree was famous, beautifully corresponding with the perfections of Jesus and the graces of the Church in Him. The subject of this tree was followed by one of equal importance—namely, the Olive Tree, by Mr. Nugent, after which Mr. G. Pung spoke briefly, making honourable mention of the Cedar Tree, and W. Winters wound up the meeting by some remarks on the Myrtle Tree; but as he had to take notes it is not necessary for him to say more. **W. WINTERS.**

Waltham Abbey.

BETHNAL GREEN.—HOPE CHAPEL. The twenty-third anniversary services were held as follows: On Lord's-day, September 30, three sermons were preached; morning and evening by J. Griffith (the pastor) from *Psa. lxxxvii. 3*, "Glorious things spoken of Zion;" and 2 *Cor. iv. 7*, "The Gospel Treasure." In the afternoon, Mr. Langford from *Rom. xii. 1*, "Living Sacrifices." On Tuesday, October 2, Mr. Hazelton preached a good and refreshing sermon from *Luke xii. 32*, "Fear not, little flock;" noticing the flock, the encouragement, and the Father's munificence. The existence of the flock includes the existence, character, and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ brings His sheep into being; He gathers them, He comforts them, leading them into green pastures. There is unity and variety in the flock, sheep and lambs; but all are born in the same way and loved with the same love. They need not fear anything in heaven, in the moral government of God, in providence, the devil, or the world, or anything on earth.

Then death must be a blessing. The Father gives a kingdom; saints are honoured; they are appointed to a kingdom. A large number sat down to a tea well provided and managed by the lady friends. In the evening a public meeting, when the pastor presided, and brethren Meeres, Webb, Masterson, Langford, and Myers spoke from the following subjects: Glorious Liberty, Faithful Promises, Acceptance in the Beloved, and the Kind Assurance of Christ, "I will not leave you comfortless," &c. These services were characterized by sacred pleasure and profit, Christian fellowship, good congregations, and large collections; in all senses a good anniversary. Friends from other Churches came to manifest their good feeling to the Church and pastor. That grace and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ may be with them, is the desire of the Church at Hope chapel and of

ONE THAT WAS THERE.

BOSTON.—Recognition services, Bethel chapel, Trinity-street, Boston, in connection with Mr. John Bolton's settlement as pastor of the Church, Tuesday, October 9; we met at 2.30. Mr. Richard Sneath read and prayed; Mr. William Wilson preached. At 5, between seventy and eighty partook of the bounties of a kind Providence. At 6.30, commenced one of the most interesting services ever held since the erection of this neat little chapel. The presence and power of the anointing Spirit was there; the Lord did indeed make the place of His feet glorious. Mr. Bolton read *Romans xii.*, and prayed; Mr. Sneath occupied the pulpit, and asked John Bolton to relate the Lord's dealings with him. Mr. B. was enabled to trace clearly the work of God the Holy Ghost upon his soul. He also gave ample testimony to the leadings of Providence and grace by which he was brought out as a minister of the Gospel. Mr. Sill, the senior deacon, then made a brief statement concerning the way in which we, as a Church, came to hear of the miner in South Wales, and how God has heard our earnest supplications when we begged of Him to send us a man to preach the Word in our midst, which He has graciously done in sending Mr. B. The deacons and minister elect joining hands, Mr. Sneath prayed for the Divine blessing, and declared Mr. B. to be the pastor of the Church at Bethel. Mr. Sneath then gave the charge.—Yours affectionately in the truth,

J. SHARPE.

CLAPHAM.—Ebenezer chapel harvest thanksgiving services, on October 3, proved very excellent. Mr. Shepherd preached an impressive sermon; in the afternoon an excellent tea was enjoyed; and the public meeting in the evening, well presided over by our excellent friend Mr. Wild, of Hayes, was a good one; the many and various brethren delivered themselves well on the one grand and glorious theme, the Gospel. The people enjoyed what was said thoroughly; attendance and collections were good.

CAMDEN TOWN.—A few minutes' walk from Camden Town railway station, on the North London line, up College-street, in a quiet passage, stands "Avenue chapel," where, for several years, the Gospel has been proclaimed, and a Strict Baptist Church has flourished. Mr. Higham was long esteemed here as a quiet, useful pastor. His successor, Mr. W. H. Evans, has been the Lord's servant to revive the cause, to renovate the building, and to diminish the debt. Special services were holden October 14 and 16. Sermons were preached by W. H. Evans, the pastor, G. W. Shepherd, and C. W. Banks, and supplementary addresses given by the brethren Griffith, Box, Langford, and G. Webb. The pastor's introduction was cheering; it showed the Church at the Avenue had paid off in the last nine months about £130, besides carrying on their schools, and other charitable efforts. They require £150 to quite remove their debt. The expositions given at public meetings were sacred in tone, clear, and excellent in matter. Mr. Box gave a well-expressed and intelligent discourse, illustrating the capacity of the soul, its constant revolutions and deep exercises; how the Spirit of God new creates, convinces, empties, and then leads it to enjoy its justification in the righteousness of God and its happy fellowship with Christ. There is scholastic growth, spiritual depth, and an increase of Scriptural light in our rising men. Mr. Langford declared himself a believer in the eternal God, in the immortality of the soul, and dwelt with force upon David's Word, "Come unto me all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." God hath done something for the soul; the soul is brought to know God hath done it, and thus what God hath done for the soul must be spoken out, declared, and published. Mr. G. Webb and pastor Evans closed a meeting much calculated to edify the people.

CROYDON.—There has been another division in the Church meeting in Tamworth-road Baptist chapel, Croydon, which is the old Church that met for more than 100 years in Pump Pail. It will be remembered that the late pastor, Mr. J. C. Thurston, who occupied the pulpit about eleven years, resigned two years ago, and being joined by some friends of his Church and congregation, they held services in the public hall, subsequently building that nice and compact chapel in Derby-road. Since he left, there has been no stated minister at Tamworth-road; but, by the energies of the deacons, it has been supplied by excellent men of God. It is painful to find that there should be any cause for another division, but such is the case. Some of the members have opened (on an upper story over some brewery buildings) what they term "Baptist Meeting Room," situated in West Croydon station yard, about four minutes' walk from Tamworth-road chapel, and two minutes' from Mr. Thurston in Derby-road. Mr. Wise and Mr. Kempston were the first preachers in this new place.

BUCKLAND COMMON, NEAR TRING.—MR. EDITOR,—We desire to thank God for His kindness in sending His Word by His aged servant to us poor people in such a way as He did. Friends, thank God for us! People, praise God with us! Christians, adore God with us! We had a good day; bless the Lord! His Word touched our hearts, and made us weep for joy, to think that through our precious Christ poor guilty sinners are welcomed to Him in their heaviest trials. At our anniversary we had large attendance afternoon and evening. Friends from Tring and places around had a good tea. Our friend C. W. Banks came quite free; a faithful warrior in the field of battle; many wounds has he received, but is not killed, not stopped; many have thrown at him, many have shot at him, but the Master of all masters is on his side. I wish there were more like him to care for the cause of God and for precious souls. We are a small part of the one Church of God; we are weak, poor, and despised, but the Lord has blessed us; we hope He will come and bless His cause again. So prays the Church. Friends, pray for us; if you cannot help us, pray for us! The Lord be with all Christian readers of the *VESSEL*, and our aged friend, C. W. Banks. Grace be with all. Amen. So prays the deacon, **ABSAIOM TURNER**, Buckland-common, near Tring.

DEVONSHIRE.—"The History of Trinity Chapel, from its Commencement to the Present Crisis, with Unbiased Sketches of its Numerous Ministers, &c., &c.," is a literary production of extraordinary magnitude; but what to do with it requires grave consideration. "Thoughts on the How" are beautiful; we could not give them yet. We are thankful to hear that Mr. Collins has many friends faithful in the truth, and that Ebenezer holds her own: genuine practical godliness is not dead. As regards Mr. Parnell, his antecedents fully justify the hope that, in Devonshire especially, he may make a useful witness for Christ. "A Deaf Hearer" distinguisheth wisely between the enunciation of the first principles and the kingdom of God within: between Christ's friends and His servants. We have always thought there were those who sit in spiritual judgment and can distinguish the letter from the spirit, and the gift from the grace. We tremble to think the gift stands instead of the grace. The gift is bold, clear, and always ready; the grace is humble, and more dependent on the power of the Spirit.

ROCHDALE.—At Newbold Baptist chapel we are holding on in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Mr. Marsden, of Elland, lately gave us precious discourse from the words, "The Lord knoweth the days of the upright; and their inheritance shall be for ever." Here is a large field to labour in, it please the Lord of the harvest to send us a faithful man of God.

HOXTON.—Special services were held at Bethel chapel, Newton-street, Hoxton, on Lord's-day, September 30, to commemorate the ninth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Osmond, when three sermons were preached: in the morning and evening by our pastor, in the afternoon by Mr. Box, of Soho. On the following Tuesday, October 2, a tea and public meeting was held, at which brethren Anderson, Evans, Dearsly, and Brown were present. The chair was taken by our pastor; Mr. Miller implored the Divine blessing. The pastor expressed the delight and pleasure he experienced in seeing so many friends present on that occasion, and gave a brief history of his experience during the period he had been connected with the Church. Although he had been called to pass through deep waters, he had been upheld by the everlasting arms, and had oftentimes proved that God's grace was all-sufficient for him. Our brother Anderson addressed us upon the subject of "The Branch;" our brother Evans upon "Christ our Fulness;" our brother Dearsly upon the "Sword of the Spirit;" and our brother Brown upon "The Balm of Gilead," which gladdened the souls of the Lord's dear people. We desire to praise our God for the union, communion, and sweet peace which rules and reigns with pastor, deacons, Church, and congregation; may it continue to the praise and glory of His holy Name. 120 friends sat down to tea, and the chapel was crowded in the evening. H. M.

LONDON ITINERANT BAPTIST MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held September 20, in Little Alie-street chapel, Mr. S. Dickerson in the chair. The secretary read an interesting and encouraging report, explaining the object and work of the Society. During the year two members have accepted pastorates; one new cause has been opened; and over 100 Churches have been supplied by the brethren, whose labours the Lord has blessed. Mr. Mayhew opened the meeting by prayer; and Messrs. Shepherd, Woodard, Isaac Levinsohn, and Dearsly, gave some animating addresses. There was a good attendance. Young men possessing ministerial gifts were invited to attend the Society's monthly meeting held in the vestry of Little Alie-street chapel, Commercial-road, E., on the evening of the first Tuesday in each month.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH.—Sunday, Sept. 30, 1877, was the last Lord's-day of Mr. Inwards's ministry here. At half-past ten o'clock Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached to a large congregation on the safety and security of the Church and of its individual members. In the afternoon and evening, before the preacher entered the pulpit, the chapel was crowded in all parts; many people could not get in, but stood in the chapel-yard. Collections were made after each service for Mr. Inwards, who has served the Church for several years very faithfully. We had a very happy day; the Lord was with us, and our souls were refreshed.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Harvest thanksgiving services in Speldhurst-road commenced Sept. 30. First text: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may he meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith," &c. A quiet solemn day. Oct. 1: In afternoon prayer was offered by brethren Fountain, of Ilford; Francis, Matthew Branch, J. Mayhew, S. Banks, David Stanton, and J. J. Fowler. Mr. J. S. Anderson's sermon from "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord," came home to the hearts of many who heard. Oct. 4: Our Sympathetic Society met. A little sermon by C. W. Banks, from "For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt Thou compass him as with a shield." Oct. 5: A few friends met at 3 for prayer, and some encouraging words were given by the brethren Dearsly, Austin, Messer, T. Steed, and R. G. Edwards. After tea we had a service of soul-reviving. Prayers were poured forth by brethren Benford, F. Green, and J. L. Meeres, who gave us a discourse full of holy truth, and delivered with heart-touching power from Nahum, "The Lord is good; a stronghold in the time of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Our October meetings as yet have been sanctifying seasons, although far from crowded. If spared, we shall notice the others next month.

ISLINGTON.—In remembrance of William George Butcher, who entered into rest, August 27, 1877, in his 55th year; interred in Islington cemetery, Finchley, September 1, 1877. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Our esteemed pastor, Mr. Styles, preached his funeral sermon the following Lord's-day evening to a large congregation, all of whom who knew him feeling that indeed a good and Christian man was sleeping in Jesus. His death was somewhat sudden, of heart disease, and therefore not much to record of the death-bed scene; but his life speaks powerfully. His many years' consistent membership at Providence chapel, Islington, where his public prayers were appreciated (which were short, and pithy, and spiritual), as also his opinions on Church matters, which were always considered weighty. He was respected by many friends, having been a member of Shalom, Hackney, and led the singing there many years back; but now he rests, and his family and the Church mourn his loss; but he is happy now and we soon his happiness shall see.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—Zoar harvest thanksgiving services were held on Tuesday, September 25, when brother C. Cornwell preached two excellent sermons; the tea was given by the ladies, as is usual with us; over 100 partook and enjoyed. We had a good day in spiritual things; brother Cornwell felt at home with the people, which feeling was mutual. Total proceeds were £9 2s. 3d., so that we again praised the Lord, and rejoiced in His goodness to us as a Church and people. W. H. LEE, Pastor.

WEST HAM, ESSEX. — BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The pastor's annual tea and public meeting took place Tuesday, Sept. 25. Mr. Witmore preached an excellent sermon from Job xxv. 4. Tea was provided, of which a good number partook, after which a public meeting was held. A hymn being sung, Mr. Grey engaged in prayer. The chairman then made some appropriate remarks, after which addresses were delivered on the following subjects:—Mr. Meeres, Christ the Wonderful; Mr. Woodard, Christ the Counsellor; Mr. Webb, Christ the Mighty God; Mr. Grey, Christ the Everlasting Father; Mr. Brown, Christ the Prince of Peace. The brethren spoke upon their subjects. The attendance and collection were good, and some of the friends said that it was one of the best meetings they had had.

WORTWELL, SUFFOLK.—Harvest home services of an interesting character were held on Tuesday, Sept. 25, when two sermons were preached by Mr. W. F. Edgerton, of Beccles. The discourse in the afternoon was from Matt. xiii. 30; evening, Matt. xxvii. 42. True Gospel sermons. The attendance at both services and at the tea was encouraging. Mr. Brand, pastor of the Bungay Church, gave out the hymns. Several friends visited from Beccles to encourage God's saints here. Brother Everett has ministered here for several years past; the people gather round him; they are neither numerous or rich, but they are among those who hold forth the Word of truth in the midst of darkness, the excellent of the earth in whom is all the delight of

ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—Zion chapel anniversary of laying of foundation stone, Tuesday, October 9, 1877. Mr. John Hazelton preached the sermon from the words, "Seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us." The necessity, the manner, the prevalence, the extent, and the perpetuity of Christ's intercession, and the blessedness resulting to those interested, lucidly shone forth. Collection amounted to £7.

A GRATEFUL MEMORABILIA.

When I look back on years long gone,
How many things I see;—
Things that remind me of the care
And love of God to me!

Scenes after scenes appears in view,
At sight of each I feel
'Twas His kind hand of Providence
Moved the revolving wheel.

Nor will He take that hand away,
That turns it at His will,
But, as He's done in years that's past,
Will guide it for me still.

Sure I have cause to praise His name
For mercies shewn to me,—
Mercies unnumber'd as the sand,—
Mercies, so rich and free.

And praise I would for all the past,
And present mercies, too:
And pray that, when I breathe my last,
Heaven may be in view!

Woolwich.

H. H.

LAXFIELD.—Since, to the regret of not a few, our pastor resigned, we have enjoyed some healthy supplies, although our brethren find it a responsible work; still how grateful to our Lord we all should feel for raising up such a number of favoured men willing and qualified to come with messages of mercy. Some think, a more patient, persevering, calm, and thoughtful preacher, than is our brother William Tooke, of Norwich (who came to our request), cannot be found in every village. When we hear the Gospel honestly published, with a kind manner and spirit, we are so bappy.

RINGWOOD.—Our Baptist cause here, under brother David B. Garnham's ministry, has a hopeful prospect. He cries constantly for unction and power, and sings and preaches the eternal truth embodied in the following lines:—

"Amazing grace, and love beyond degree—
The Offended died to set the offender free."

[FROM ONE OF DAVID'S FRIENDS.]

WOKINGHAM, BERKS.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS.**—Wokingham is destitute of the pure truth; many here would prize it. Could you stir up some disinterested person to come? No doubt a little cause would soon be raised.

Notes of the Month.

KENT.—Pillow'd-up in his bed, dear Samuel Foster, of Sturry, has sent us the announcement of the sweet, sudden, happy death of that most blessed patriarch, brother Barnes, of Boughton, behind whose chest of drawers, in his own house, we preached salvation more than forty years ago. This faithful man of God lived to a great age; honoured, beloved, devoted, and useful to the last. Of his life and death Samuel Foster promised us particulars if the Lord spares him.

HACKNEY.—Mr. Morgan, a new minister, has settled in "Hampden chapel," and the Noncon. nobility have assembled to wish him success. Hampden chapel has had a variety of pastors and preachers during the last few years. This last enterprise is anticipated more cheerfully. From the numerous entertainments constantly offered to the public in this district, it is quite clear no stone is left unturned to gather in the people. Our churches and chapels are busy scenes. Is 1 Kings xix. 11, 12, still true? The only man to win the people in all Hackney is Mr. Cuff—he reaches the masses, and the masses reach him.

SHREWSBURY.—Mr. George Drayton, a preacher of this town—also a printer and bookseller—was accidentally drowned in the river in September. How many sad calamities do befall the sons of men in this world of dangers. To have your life hidden with Christ in God is the only safe ground here, and assurance of entering into that kingdom where shipwrecks or sinking in sorrow never can be known.

DECLAMATORY PREACHING.—DEAR SIR,—Cannot a word to profit reach not a few of the brethren engaged in the work of the Lord against the frequent practice of declamation, when, as it is said, “they get a little warm on the subject?” To pursue the treatment of any portion of the Word of God monotonously, is to go to the other extreme; a variation cannot be helped by any faithful minister of the Gospel; it is the excited, noisy voices, including numerous thumps with the hands on the desk, I specially refer to. That sort of earnestness must injure any cause where the building is small and ill-ventilated, inasmuch as the vibration acting on persons of nervous temperament is agonising to a degree. Not a few of my friends have been obliged to cease attendance at several chapels from that one cause, to their own regret, and certainly to the loss of the Church as good helpers. On Sunday last, a party of friends went to — chapel, at —, Kent, and with difficulty they remained at the morning service, owing to the vehemence of the preacher; they had had enough to upset their nerves for a portion of the after-part of the day, and in the evening went to hear a Gospel minister in the Church of England.—Yours truly, J. M., Hampstead. [This is a useful hint; we hope it will be well laid to heart.—Ed.]

“THAT WICKED ‘ROCK.’—It is enough to make the stoutest heart tremble when a bishop can thus angrily speak of almost the only cheap weekly paper which dares boldly to expose the Clerical Congress as “a sham,” and to demand honesty and sincerity in those immensely numerous clerics who are paid expressly to watch over the flock of Christ, and to publish to all mankind the Gospel of God’s eternal salvation. *The Rock* will not wink at the hypocrisy of those Jesuits who are selling England’s liberties; therefore, it is denounced as “That Wicked *Rock*.” Alas! what are we coming to?

BOSTON.—Our venerable friend, Mr. John Stubbley, departed this life October 3, 1877, aged 83. His remains rest at Billingshay. For many years he was a steady friend to the cause of Christ. Beneath his roof the late blessed David Wilson and other friends with us have enjoyed true Christian converse.

How few are in the desert found
With whom we’ve labour’d here.

SYDNEY.—“An Englishman”—Yes, papers came; they give continued proof of Mr. Allen’s earnest and intelligent work as pastor, preacher, and lecturer. In July last, the Sunday school meeting was supplemented by a lecture on “The Noble Army of Martyrs” by Mr. Allen, who carried his audience back to the persecutions of Nero, travelling down through the Roman Inquisition to the Marian cruelties of Protestants in England. The Baptist Church in Castlereagh-street, Sydney, has become a great centre for the defence of the Gospel, and the diffusion of truth in every branch.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. John Dickinson, minister of Mount Zion chapel, thinks of resigning that pastorate at the end of the year. We believe him to be a devoted and able minister of the Gospel, and we wish the Devonport Church could have retained him.

WELLINGTON.—“S. P. F.” says it is not true that Richard Weaver is dead. “He has been holding special services here, preaching to many hundreds.” [We never announced any death of the kind. Is the man truly alive in that way Jesus described? See Matt. xix. 28.]

“CHEERING WORDS.”—A kind friend says: “I have been, through illness, deprived of the ordinances of the Lord’s house for the last fifteen long months; during that time I have often been refreshed with a few crumbs, both from “Cheering Words” and **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and while I have earnestly longed for the courts of the Lord, just a little crumb has sometimes helped me to say, ‘Dear Lord, not my will, but Thine be done.’”

HART’S HYMNS.

In his first love, Hart did write
Hymns for Christians good and bright,
Which all the brethren everywhere,
When they have read them, can declare;
And if we search the world all round,
No better hymns can e’er be found.

So believes, W. POSTLETHWAITE.

PECKHAM.—Some one signing “Leggatt,” has almost threatened us if we do not take up Mr. Margerum’s case. We would gladly do good to any good man, but we cannot send ministers except Churches require them.

SOMERSHAM.—Recognition services were held in October, when brother Edgar Haddock was received as pastor of the Oburch. Mr. Kern presided; Mr. Cooper, of Wattisham, had been invited, but declined on account of infirmities. Mr. Houghton, of Ipswich, and Mr. J. Debenham, of Stowmarket, took part. Correspondent says: “I am very much interested in brother Haddock, as he is a member at Bethesda: was once a teacher in the Sunday school, is generally esteemed by all—not universally, as he is too straight, too honest and outspoken for a few.”

FROM THE PULPIT TO GLORY AND TO THE GRAVE.—The men whose names were known in all our Churches are quietly, quickly, solemnly passing away. The late Geo. Moyle was almost the last of a circle of godly men in London, of the middle part of this century. Thos. Godwin, of Godmanchester, went in August last, at 74. Simeon Burns in July, at 66. John Turner, of Heckington, departed in May, aged 67. Mr. Boorman, of Buntingford, and Henry Nightingale, of Southwick, both died in September, 1877. Young Mr. Pritter, of Middlesborough, only 26, has been suddenly removed; also Mr. Gay, of Knighton.

Marriage.

On the 11th October, at St. John’s Church, Brixton, by the Rev. T. Cooke, David C. Preston, Esq., of Wellington-lodge, Nunhead, S.E., to Jane Mary Eliza, daughter of the late J. T. Hewes, Esq., of Brixton-road, S.E.

Death.

On September 13, at Southend, Essex, Lydia the beloved wife of John S. Barton, aged 66.

Sins' Delusions; Law Terrors; A Free-Grace Salvation.

A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF
THE LATE MR. EDWARD JOY.

[This memoir was commenced by dear brother Joy himself. It has been finished by his bereaved widow; re-written by our esteemed friend, Mr. John Bonney. Having revised it, we affectionately solicit a careful perusal of its several parts. May the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit attend its publication. Amen.—C. W. B.]

DEAR MR. BANKS.—I send you a sketch of the late Edward Joy, Baptist minister, Knapp-hill, Surrey, condensed from narrative written by himself, and some particulars by his widow.

I EDWARD JOY, was born 1820, at Millbridge, Farnham, Surrey, the eleventh child of poor parents who had me half christened when an infant, being sickly, and fully christened afterwards, and, in due time, confirmed. Thus, according to Church of England teaching, I was made a member of Christ and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

BOYHOOD AND EARLY CONVICTIONS.

I went to school from 5 to 12 years of age, learned to read and write a little, but never heard of grammar, or knew what "Dictionary" meant; had many convictions of sin; was afraid of death and appearing before God, though once a strange feeling of love to God sprang up in my mind. A fever seized and prostrated me for sixteen weeks. For fourteen days I eat nothing. After this I craved water. Doctor forbid it; said it would kill me. Hearing mother go out I crept downstairs and drank about three pints. Profuse perspiration followed; the fever left me. I then spent Sundays in squirrel hunting and other amusements. I fell off a tree and ruptured a blood vessel—my life was in danger. In alarm, I made many vows and promises if God would spare me. Fears soon subsided with returning health, and shortly after I narrowly escaped drowning.

UNGODLY YOUTH.

I now became wayward, disobedient, indulging in all sin. When conscience smote me, I resolved and promised to lead a better life, sinning and vowing alternately. My conscience rebuked me for hypocrisy. I expected God's judgment, and made many promises if God would spare my life. With a number of my companions I went to a neighbouring church to be confirmed. After confirmation we indulged in singing and dancing. Some reached home very badly. Conscience fiercely accused me. I had no peace, and was a terror to myself, but I returned to sin to drown convictions.

COURTSHIP: PROMISED REFORMATION.

I formed acquaintance with her who is now my wife. This took me for a time from the society of ungodly companions. I kneeled down

and told the Lord if he would forgive me for the past I would do better in future. I resolved, after marriage, I would reform, go to church twice on Sundays, and get fit to die; but alas! I went further wrong. Sometimes I sat down and read thirty or forty chapters of the Bible right off, with many solemn convictions. While working in a gravel pit by myself, I suddenly thought, "Suppose the earth fell in upon me." I stepped back alarmed, being in constant fear of death. In an instant the earth fell in, and I narrowly escaped being buried alive. I fled from the pit in terror. A dying brother solemnly warned me to lead a different life. At his funeral I was in a dreadful state of mind, full of fears of hell and damnation on account of my sinful life. I now thought of marrying, but, having made so many vows to reform after marriage, I was somewhat unwilling, fearing my intended might hinder my reformation, so I kneeled down and prayed to God that my wife might be a godly woman as I meant to be a godly man. I married July 24, 1841.

REFORMS AND BEGINS PROFESSION OF RELIGION.

After a few weeks I began my reformation, became a strict Churchman, and hated Dissenters. I attended church twice on Sundays, but could not give up skittles. I now met with a working man, a Baptist, who preached in his own house on Sunday evenings. I was persuaded to attend his meeting in addition to attending church twice. I considered I was another step towards heaven. I was soon quite set on fire with religion, and every night said my prayers. I was filled with light, life, and liberty.

BECOMES VERY ZEALOUS.

I got very proud of myself, and began to warn sinners. I thought I ought to preach. However, I stuck to the church, and solemnly said I would live and die there. I thought if only two persons went to heaven I must be one of the two; though now I do not believe in all this religious fire. There was a spark of grace: I knew Christ's name, not His person, not His blood, I never felt my need of it, nor of His righteousness. I had never heard of them. With all that religion, I now considered I was as much without God and real hope as when in open profanity. I left home to work at a distance, and lodged at a beershop, and delighted to talk to my companions about religion; but I soon broke out, took to the card table, and was left to an awful condition. I returned home the first Sunday in 1843. I was sitting by my fire ridiculing my wife's sister about Dissenters. She went out.

A REVELATION FROM SINAI.

Suddenly a solemn feeling came over me, "I MUST DIE!" God appeared a consuming fire. All my sins came before me in a moment; death seemed to stand ready to cut me down, and justice shone in its holiness. I staggered across the room, took the Bible and read Psalm li. I expected to drop into hell before I finished it. My countenance changed, my voice altered, my breath seemed going, and hell was before my eyes. I was afraid to ask God to have mercy upon me. My wife said, "What is the matter?" I replied, "I am a dying man!" My wife ran about the house like one distracted. She ran for the doctor. In my feelings I was sinking into hell. I trembled from head to foot, and solemnly felt Zech. ii. 3: "Be silent, O all flesh,

before the Lord," &c. The doctor came and ordered me to bed. He asked what ailed me; he said he could not tell; something strange had happened to me. I laid in bed under the doctor's hands a month, my body consuming away. I could not close my eyes, or rest day or night, till I was wasted to a skeleton. God was continually before me; His holiness against my sin, by night and by day. Every portion of His Word stood against me. I believed I must lay under His wrath for ever. I got up in a month, though for four months I got no proper rest or sleep. Every night I expected to be in hell before morning, and every morning before night. *Who can tell the feelings of a wounded conscience?* "While I suffer Thy terrors, I am distracted," said one. That was my case. I got about again; I envied the brutes; I looked at the churchyard, expecting my body would soon be there and my soul in hell, heaving under that wrath which had lighted on my conscience. This portion terrified me, "For this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew My power in thee" (Rom. ix. 17). Reports of my condition being circulated, some advised my wife to hide the Bible, and some advised that I should get into company. Quite a stir was made about me.

LAW HAD ENTERED—REVOLT AGAINST ITS AUTHORITY.

I yielded, and commenced cards and skittles; but, in such terror of mind, I hardly knew what I was doing. A neighbour who, with his great prayer book, went constantly to church, reading aloud after the minister, I greatly envied. He seemed so happy in the skittle-alley, whilst I was sinking to the borders of despair. I considered I had sinned beyond reach of mercy. Jude 1—"Preserved in Christ Jesus and called"—seemed to make my case hopeless. If I had been a called one, I should have been preserved from such awful sins. Under forebodings of death and fears of hell, I went to the chemist. He asked what ailed me. I told him my dreadful fears. He shook his head, and advised me to get into more company. I went to the ale-house; my companions did not know what to make of me; I seemed a terror to them. I called for a pint of ale, and sat, with my head in my hands, crying till eleven o'clock, and went out, leaving my ale in the cup. I went in the pains of hell and came out the same.

MOUTH STOPPED (Rom. iii. 19).

I wished I could pray, but dared not, fearing God would cut me down for insulting His Majesty; but if a broken heart and groanings were prayer, I prayed indeed. The Independent minister came to see me, and spoke many of the promises; but he came not into my prison. I am now persuaded that a minister must be a partaker of some such afflictions, or he cannot know how to speak a word in season to spiritually afflicted, burdened, and distressed sinners. A pleasure fair occurring, I was persuaded to go. I went, but my feelings were dreadful. A picture of the battle of Waterloo on one of the shows met my eyes. I said, "If those killed were like me, they went to hell." I stood about two or three hours, then went home in terror of mind, crying, "*What shall I do?*" I attended church; the minister spoke of perfection, and recommended doing this and that. I thought I would try; but, alas! I got no peace; death was a terror night and day.

“HOW SHOULD MAN BE JUST WITH GOD?” (Job ix. 2).

I went to the Independents, then to the Wesleyans, hoping to hear how God could have mercy on a sinner like me; and whether there was any other way to heaven than by “*doing*.” My trying ended in a failure. I said, “If there is no other way God can bestow mercy, I am damned for ever.” Both preached Christ died for all, and it was their own fault if they did not come. I could not do what they told me; guilt, wrath, and darkness still attended me; I was full of confusion. I went back to the church. The minister preached on the Lord’s Supper. He said it was a passport to heaven, and if any wished to take it and were not fit, they were to repent for a week. At first I thought, “Perhaps this is why I cannot get peace. I have not taken the sacrament.” I could not do it.

THE ENEMY COMES IN LIKE A FLOOD.

After this, I laboured under fearful temptations to blaspheme God, especially when I tried to pray. I feared to open my lips lest the blasphemy should come out; for three months it seemed continually running through my mind, sometimes as though I was speaking it; this made me tremble. Another temptation strong upon me was to commit suicide; in a few moments it was suggested I should know the worst. One day this came upon me like a flood. The way and place came before my eyes in a moment of time; I said, Judas sold Christ and hung himself. Peter denied Him and obtained mercy. I cried, “Lord, save me, as Thou didst Peter.” The temptation left me for a season. At this time a man C—— hung himself; he had been a hard drinker; he was buried in the churchyard without service; I went to his funeral labouring under the same temptation. Satan seemed to say, Such will be your end. If he was seven years about it he would overcome me. It is now eight years ago; and with gratitude I say, “By the help of God I have continued until this day. Another poor man, M——, was under the terrors of the law as I was. We went together to hear J. H. preach; he said we both were savingly wrought upon; I thought M—— may be, I feared my case was hopeless; we seemed to differ in nothing only when terrors came upon him he would run to the Wesleyans to pray for him; this I never could do, but I could have given a world to know if the Holy Spirit had given me the grace of real prayer.

A DARK AND SOLEMN TRIAL.

Temptations to self-destruction still followed me, and one Monday morning, when almost overwhelmed with them, tidings came M—— had hung himself and was dead. My heart sank within me; I burst into tears; cried all the way home to breakfast, believing that to be a sign the Lord had given me up to a reprobate mind. I sat down to breakfast; the tears rolled down my wife’s cheeks on seeing me in such trouble. She said, “I cannot think what has happened to you, Edward;” I replied, “I am come to my end, I am undone for ever, there is no mercy for me;” we wept the breakfast half-hour way, but eat nothing. I went to work, but was crying the whole day; sorrow had broken my heart. Some of my fellow-workmen pitied me, others were angry, declaring the Bible would drive me mad. I feared it would be so. I wanted to tell my wife the temptation I laboured under, so that she might watch me and prevent it; but I dared not, fearing she might tell others and I should

be taken to the madhouse. I knew not one child of God to whom I could tell my troubles. I had now given up all my old prayer sayings, but could not help creeping away and kneeling down to secretly groan out my wants, from real necessity, to God.

[Deceased's own narrative here breaks off abruptly; the following is supplied by his widow.]

My husband now met with a Christian man, who asked him what troubled him? He replied, "Would to God I had never been born, or never sinned." The man said, "Come to my house, we will talk over this." He went. The man took his Bible and read of David, Manasseh, and many others; he then said, "Can you say, in sight of a heart-searching God, you are a greater sinner than all these? they all obtained mercy." He replied not, but went out, saying to himself, "Who can tell? who can tell? who can tell? but what God may have mercy upon me?"

"THE MORNING COMETH" (Isa. xxi. 12; Amos v. 8).

My husband now met with a printed sermon, by W. Gadsby, from Psalm xxxv. 3, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" that sermon shed a light upon his path. He said, "That man knows what I want; if I knew he was within fifty miles I would walk to hear him." Being told the Gospel was preached at Ropley, seven miles off, he went to hear what the Gospel was.

THE SUN RISES (Mal. iv. 2; Isa. lx. 1).

Starting on Sunday morning, he lost his way, but arrived in time for sermon. The minister, Mr. Powell, showed by the Scriptures the exercises, trials, and longings of a sinner born of the Spirit, with the Gospel provision for such, the promises to such, all centreing in the person and work of Christ crucified. Edward Joy said the minister told him all his heart. Coming home he said, "If that man's right, I'm right; and if the Bible's right, he's right." He continued to hear Mr. Powell, and under his ministry found rest from his sorrow and hard bondage. Faith in that atoning blood, which satisfied God against whom he had sinned, whose wrath he feared, brought peace into his conscience, rest to his soul, and liberty to his spirit. His bitter soul winter was now passed; law terrors, guilty fears, and horrors, which so long had fallen upon his spirit like rain, were over and gone. The flowers of love, joy, peace, appeared on the earth, singing was come, and the voice of the Turtle was heard in the land of the soul, bearing witness with his spirit (Song ii. 12; Romans viii. 16). A Church of twelve members was formed under Mr. Powell, at Ropley. Edward Joy was one; he was baptized at Hartley-row; went on his way rejoicing for some time; then had many thoughts of speaking publicly of Him who had done so much for his soul; was much exercised. About two years after, the minister being absent, the Church requested him to read and expound; this caused much conflict; resolved not to speak again; but many times after was called upon to do so.

CALLED INTO THE VINEYARD.

In 1849, he removed to Shalford, and was called out to speak in the Lord's Name at various places. In 1854 he removed to Knapp-hill, Surrey; he became pastor of Ripley Baptist Church; remained six years,

then supplied at Hungry-hill twelve months, when he received a call from the Church at Horsell-common, where he sustained the pastorate till his death, seventeen years; he built a chapel near his own house at Knapp-hill, and for many years preached on Sunday evenings, after morning and afternoon services, at Horsell.

Edward Joy, as a man, was of middle stature, dark complexion, square build, inclined to be stout; somewhat cheerful, though of late tribulation clouded his brow. As a preacher, earnest, sober, grave, and decisive, clearly distinguishing between law and Gospel, creature efforts and the Holy Spirit's work in the soul. Salvation by grace, and Christ the sinner's only hope, were his themes. Free-will and duty-faith he abhorred as a mockery to God and a delusion to the sinner. His last sermon, preached three days before his death, was from Zech. iii. 4: "Unto him he said, Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."

He died suddenly, his wife finding him dead in bed by her side, about five o'clock, Thursday morning, August 23, 1877. He was buried in the graveyard of Horsell-common chapel, by Mr. Thomas Stringer, of London, upwards of 500 persons attending the funeral.

"Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep."

THE ONLY TRUE PLEDGE, AND THE ESSENTIAL PASSPORT TO GLORY.

[MY THIRD LITTLE LEAF ON FORGIVENESS.]

WHATEVER heaven may be, or may not be, one thing is beyond dispute—it is no mean place. Nothing low, nothing unclean, nothing imperfect ever can find acceptance or entrance there. When John began to write to the seven Churches, he was so filled with grateful adoration toward his blessed Lord, that he could not proceed until he had penned that comprehensive and complete doxology, "Unto Him that loved us, and

"Washed us from our sins in His own blood,

and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father. To Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

There you have expressed the three essential qualifications for the heavenly glory:—

I. Perfect cleansing—"Washed us from our sins in His own blood."

II. Dignity of character and of position—"Made us kings."

III. Holiness of service—"And priests unto God and His Father."

Who, of all the sons of men, will ever attain unto this supremely perfect state of exaltation?

There are many very different classes of men. Multitudes care nothing for the future. In the circles which make up the Christendom of our time, there are hundreds of thousands of zealous folk; but only here and there can you find one like the poor publican, who, being ashamed, afraid, and conscience-condemned, smites upon his breast, bitterly crying, "God be merciful unto me a sinner!"

Art thou such an one? Art thou a *sinner*? In reviewing thy life, have the black clouds of sin marred it? Dost thou fear thy sins are not washed away by the blood of the Lamb? Dost thou look forward to the departure of thy soul with a terrible dread and terror? If this be thy condition, let me beseech of thee to give thy soul no rest until the Lord arise and shine upon thee, saying to thee, even in the deep and secret places of thy heart, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee!"

For, we must see that for the bestowment of this rich mercy upon the redeemed, Jesus the Son of God is "exalted as a Prince and Saviour to give repentance unto Israel, and the forgiveness of sins."

An old man lay on his bed the other day, and he said, "It is the sacred sense of all my sins being forgiven by God Himself, through Jesus His Son, is the only mercy that will satisfy me." He continued, "That verse comes often up in my mind:—

"Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And Thou canst bear me where Thou fly'st,
On Thy soft wings, celestial Dove."

Ah! I said, that verse is a living cry in my soul. But, dear aged friend, I cried, will you let me lead you to one loud proclamation which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself sounded out when He was on this earth? It is given us in John v. 24:—

"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."

What an excellent Gospel text is that, dear friend.

Yes! Can ye expound it to me?

Well, there is regeneration to begin with. The man was dead in sins—dead under the curse of the law. The Holy Ghost, by a new celestial birth, caused his soul to pass from that death into newness of life. The life of God, the fear of God, the knowledge of God is in his soul. Sin, death, hell, the curse, and black despair are left behind for ever—that is, as far as his heaven-born soul is concerned. That is hid with Christ in God. In his natural feelings, this man may have a thousand fears, temptations, and sorrows; but the Holy Ghost has taken his soul out of the fall: in that soul is God's workmanship, "created in Christ Jesus unto good works," has a vital union to Christ, can hear His Gospel, does truly believe in the Father, who sent His Son. Now what saith the Saviour of this man? With a kind of double asseveration, He declares this regenerate, this believing man "hath everlasting life;" and neither in this life, nor in the article of death—no, nor in the final judgment—"shall he ever come into condemnation."

Will not this suffice? "If the Spirit of the living God will give me the power of faith to grasp it, I know it will take me safe over." Ah! said I, of that rich and blessed Scripture, my soul saith—

I know, by the flow of the river,
That it came from the fountains on high;
As it shines with the smiles of the Giver,
"A safe passage over," I cry.

The dear old soul wanted me to open up the God-wrought experience of that believer who has realised the forgiveness of sins. I told him

it was my desire to attempt this subject if the Lord spare and enable me next year.

He said, "It is the true pledge of being found with Christ at last. There may be many religious attainments; but, without the knowledge of salvation by the 'remission of sins,' there cannot be a blessed assurance of the safety of the soul."

"Farewell for the present. I hope to see you again."

"Ere long," said he, "I must be gone. Remember, the living in Jerusalem long more fully to realise, and to understand this holy mystery—the forgiveness of sins!"

Readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, my soul's careful concern is to be useful to you all, and to thousands besides, in unfolding the different branches of that salvation which is alone of the Lord. May He pour upon you all the sacred showers of love and peace. Amen.

Obediently,

CHAS. WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
November 13, 1877.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 336.)

IN THE EPISCOPAL JEWISH CHAPEL.

I REMAINED in the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution for twenty-two months. During that time I attended the Episcopal Jewish chapel (Church of England). The Rev. G. W. Butler (who was the superintendent) manifested great kindness and sympathy towards me. After some time, when I could read and understand a little of the English language, I made very particular study of the Common Prayer Book used in the Church of England, whilst I perfectly admired most parts of the prayers, because in sublime language and thought; yet, I could not go away from the fact that some things there are far from pure doctrine. I could not possibly believe that our Lord gives power to priests and ministers to pardon and absolve; but still I revered the book and the order of the Established Church, especially when I considered that the Church resembles much the Jewish synagogue—for instance, three services a-day, &c.

In 1873, the inmates of the Institution received notice that His Grace the Bishop of London would visit the parish church to confirm, and the inmates were to be instructed, and be prepared. I fully objected to be confirmed by his lordship or by any other man. Most of the inmates considered that I was right; they, therefore, all refused to be confirmed that year. After some time, when I considered myself not a strict Churchman, I did not feel justified to be in an Institution supported by members of the Church of England, and yet not believe in the teaching of the Church. I then requested the superintendent to give me permission to leave the Institution; but the Rev. G. W. Butler, a wise and true Christian man, persuaded me to remain, and learn a trade first. I then said I did not like to learn a trade in the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution. The Rev. gentleman then advised me to study, and then he would help me. Several of my friends,

members of the Church of England, strongly advised me to study and prepare myself for entering a theological college, and become a minister of the Gospel; but as I could not possibly agree with the teaching of the Church, I refused. Several months had passed; I took the advice of the superintendent, and learned a trade; but, at the end of twenty-two months, I felt I could not possibly remain. I then informed the master of the bookbinding department that I did not intend to remain long in the Institution. The master then communicated the same to the committee. I was then asked if I intended to learn a trade and remain in the Institution; but I replied, No; after which the order of the committee was given for me to leave the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution. During the last two or three months of my stay in the Institution, I continually went to different Nonconformist places of worship. At last, I entered a small chapel in Hackney-road, called Shalom Baptist chapel, Oval. I heard the minister, Mr. H. Myerson, with great delight; and on my leaving the Institution, I attended for a few Sundays his ministry.

When I left the Institution, most of my friends—although very few—were very angry with me, and especially because I did not attend the church. A few days passed; I had nothing to do. I then visited the Rev. G. W. Butler, asking for an occupation. He then assisted me in obtaining a situation, by recommending me to Dr. G. Davies, late secretary of the Religious Tract Society. I then entered into the services of that noble establishment, where I found several good friends—men of true Christian spirit, and genuine principles, and that always gave me pleasure to have the honour of being in that noble Institution, under the superintendence of the Rev. S. Manning, LL.D., who is a man of true piety, and zeal, and of love to Christ, and to all who are around him.

[The Lord has, in providence, mercifully appeared for our young brother. We know, from observation, he is much esteemed and confided in by the authorities of the Religious Tract Society, where, with the Divine blessing, he may be useful for many years to come. Brethren, pray for us! These are exceedingly sacred and solemn times with us all.—ED.]

The following is a translation of my beloved mother's letter to me:—

To my most affectionate and darling son Isaac.

DARLING CHILD ISAAC,—I take the pen in my hand with a sincere hope that the words which I am trying to write may not be in vain; but that the God of our holy fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, may apply them to your conscience and inmost soul.

My dearest and loveliest child Isaac, I know that you have forsaken the holy and precious religion of Israel; but still I am convinced that all the steps you have taken are not for the sake of doing wrong; I have not the least doubt in my mind that you have been persuaded by the so-called Rabbi Stern. (Cursed be his name for ever and ever! Amen.) Let me just state to you, my darling child, a very few observations, and reason with yourself and see if you are right or wrong.

In the first place, my dear child, I would call your attention to the fact that the Christian religion is an idolatrous religion. The heathen worship wood and stone images, and the Christians worship JESUS

CHRIST whose name is as hateful to us as swines' flesh,* and much worse, whose life, when in this world, proved to be most blasphemous.

I candidly ask you, darling Isaac, to think of the steps you have taken; for remember that your soul is damned for ever. Oh, how grievous this is to me, to think that my own child, my own flesh and blood, he for whom I always sacrificed all that I could in order to secure happiness for him, yet shall be eternally damned. Woe! Woe! Woe! better would it have been if the Almighty had dealt with me as He dealt with Lot's wife; much better would it be indeed if my mother had died before she travailed with me, than for me to have been brought up, and in my old age, to see my most beloved son fall into the hands of the devil and be for ever damned. Isaac! Isaac! Isaac! remember that, through your perversion, our family shall also be damned; for there will always be a curtain between the throne of God and our family. Think of me, your tender and loving mother, of your devoted father; through you we shall be for ever cursed by God. Isaac! Isaac! think of the young blood of your two little sisters, how you have clothed them with everlasting shame and disgrace; they are ashamed to go out in the open street, for the children of the neighbours run after them and cry, "These are the *Meshumad* Isaac's sisters!" Oh! would God be very gracious unto us, and take our lives from us, and blot our names out from the remembrance of man's mind.

Dear child, can you not have mercy upon your mother? Can you not have mercy upon your zealous and pious father? Can you not have compassion upon your beloved sisters and brother? Father does not know that I am writing this letter; in fact, he has determined not to know anything about you; he does not wish to hear your name mentioned in his presence; he has thrown away all things we had at home that belonged to you: all this in order to forget you from his mind; but I thought that I should like just to write to you, with a hope that it may touch your heart and bring you to repentance.

Isaac! I hope that you will repent and turn to the true Jehovah. Your father has just made out his will; but if you turn back at once there may be still time for you to have your portion; if you delay, then you shall not have anything. Should you like to go to America and become a Jew? I will gladly send you from my own private purse 800 or 1000 dollars. I will send it to our friend Chaim Hessel Lewin, who is now in New York, getting on wonderfully well; but if you refuse my advice, if you will not turn, then I am no longer your mother. Please do not write to me any more, unless you repent. If you will not repent, I do not want to think of you; but my only prayer is, that you may repent, or else for God to take your life or ours. Amen.

Your grievous mother,

Zelioni Gara, Garad Kovno, June, 1872.

BRAINA LEVINSOHN.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S LETTER TO HIS BELOVED MOTHER.

To my soul-beloved mother; may you live long in peace and happiness. Amen.

BELOVED MOTHER,—With unspeakable joy have I read your letter, and my heart is full of gladness to know that my darling mother still

* There is nothing which is more hateful to the pious Jew than the flesh of swine; therefore my mother expressed her thought as above.

thinks of me. My dear mother, you know very well how I was always anxious to do your will, and do good to all, and observe the *Taryag Mizweth*, in order to obtain peace in my soul. You remember well how my heart thirsted after satisfaction; and you also know very well that over and over again I came to you and cried very bitterly, because I could not possibly obtain that satisfaction for my soul.

Dearly beloved mother, you know very well that there is nothing in the world which convinces our finite minds better than experience. Our holy nation, when in the Holy Land, often asked of Moses and his successors for signs and wonders, and when the Holy One—blessed be His Name*—had revealed Himself unto them, and done wonders for them, then they believed. So you see that experience convinces, and makes men believe. So in relation to the steps I have taken since my arrival in England. I know and believe in things which I feel in my heart and soul to be the truth. If you only read through carefully the several letters I sent to father lately, and read the little book I sent not long since, you will see, I hope, that I am in the right way. Mother darling, I have learned by experience that by nature I am a sinner, not because I have read or been told by any one, but because I feel that I am such. I have also learned by experience that there is no one that can take away my sins save Jesus Christ, whom you hate; for I have tried to secure my happiness in various ways. I tried to silence the yearning of my soul by giving myself to the written and Oral laws, and that filled my soul with misery. I have also thought that giving myself into the service of a judge I should be satisfied. I thought by studying the German and Russian languages, I should feel satisfied; but, darling mother, I have told you before, when you saw tears on my face, that there was nothing that I could obtain to satisfy me. All this, therefore, you know, was my sorrowful experience; but, darling mother, it has also been my sweet experience to realise pardon for my soul by believing in the Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth; though rejected of men, yet in Him I will trust all the days of my life; for He only can and does save me a poor Jewish sinner, and also the Gentiles. Oh! what a wonder, when considering that great love! Above all, why I believe in Jesus is because I feel that the yearning of my soul He has silenced. And I have learned that there is a heavenly home prepared for me by Him. Death, therefore, with its icy hand, shall not hurt me; for the Messiah has conquered him who had the power of death; there is, therefore, no death for those who believe, but eternal misery to those who do not believe.

Oh! dear mother, I feel that I would not mind giving my life if only I could convince you by making you believe in the Messiah; yea, I feel that I would not mind to be accursed if only I could bring you and my dearly-beloved father, and brother and sisters, to believe in the same truths that I believe; but I know that my writing to you will not convince you, unless you are convinced by the same power that convinced me.

Dear mother, in closing this letter I would say that I love you and beloved father more than any one in the world. I will do anything

* The above expression is often used among the pious Jews to prevent mentioning the name of Jehovah, which is considered too holy to be taken upon sinful lips.

you like for you; nothing shall be too hard for me; but I feel I must obey my Lord and my Redeemer more even than you; so that I cannot possibly give up being a believer in Him. Most beloved, darling mother, if you cannot conscientiously believe in Him, then I would ask you not to condemn me for believing. Oh! dear mother, do not cut me off from your mind. Oh! mother darling, forget not your Isaac who loves you with all his heart and soul; but if you should cut me off, and entirely forsake me, then I will still love you and pray to God for my dearest and most affectionate mother. Darling mother, I do trust that you will be for ever a mother to me, and I shall rejoice; but if you do not wish to have anything to do with me, then shall I trust in the great God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and in the great Messiah, the Saviour, Jesus Christ, who will never cast me off.

Good-bye, loving, darling mother; good-bye; it is sweet to me to think of you. When shall I hear from you again? I pray, my darling mother, that the Lord, who made me to believe in the truth which is in Jesus, may do the same to you; and Oh! that the time may soon come when the spirit of grace and supplication shall be poured out upon Israel, and that Israel may be gathered together, and worship the Messiah, Lord of lords and King of kings. Please remember me to my ever-loving father, sisters, and brother.

I remain, your ever-affectionate son,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

7, Sewardstone-road, Victoria-park,
London, England.

(To be continued.)

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF JOHN GEORGE,

WHO DIED APRIL 28, 1877, AGED 77 YEARS.

“But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me.”—Psalm xlix. 15.

OH, the sweetness and blessedness of the everlasting shalls and wills of our Triune-God; how they support the weary pilgrim through many a scene of trying adversity, producing a heavenly calm in the soul in the greatest storm; but where is there sweetness and comfort so much felt and enjoyed as in the contemplation of death? “He shall receive me.”

It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy that we have to record the death of our beloved brother John George—sorrow on account of our loss, joy on account of his eternal gain. He was baptized by Mr. Porter, and stood for some years an honourable member of the Church at Ludham. In the good providence of God he was led to cast in his lot amongst us in 1872; and if there was one who delighted in the courts of his God, it was our departed brother; his seat was never vacant when it was possible for him to fill it. He was for years a great sufferer, and a prey to rheumatism—often so full of pain that he could scarcely stand while trying to pour out his soul in fervent prayer to his God. While by grace he was numbered with the heirs of an eternal kingdom, he was by the providence of God numbered with the poor of the flock here. It was his delight to be recounting the many gracious dealings of his heavenly Father in providence towards him; again and

again has he been reduced to his last farthing in this world; and, with tears of gratitude, I have heard him tell how he has been supplied, after pleading for it from the Lord, oftentimes rejoicing in the promise that his "bread should be given and his water should be sure."

In February last he was taken seriously ill, and great doubts were entertained of his recovering; he, however, seemed to rally round, and we once more hoped to see him in our midst; but his heavenly Father had ordered it otherwise, though our brother's hopes remained sanguine to the last. I visited him a few weeks before his death, when he said, "Though I hope to get to chapel once more, I feel the pins are being rapidly removed from my poor tabernacle; but I am ready to go; there is nothing in this world I care for; I sometimes long to be at rest." Ah, the time was not far distant! Throughout his illness he had never kept his bed; and on Saturday evening, April 28, he was sitting by the fire, saying he would have a good warm before going to bed; he got upstairs, and just put his hand on the bed, when his immortal spirit took its flight to the regions above, while the lifeless clay fell backwards in the room. Thus passed from our ranks one of the faithful and tried soldiers of Christ. He was beloved as a brother by all, and valued as a father in Israel by the youngest member of the Church. We have had to part with him that his Lord might receive him. His mortal remains were interred in Yarmouth cemetery, on Thursday, May 3, by his beloved pastor, Mr. F. S. Reynolds, who spoke with much feeling at the grave, directing our minds in particular to the fact that we were but depositing the clay tabernacle beneath the clod, his spirit having entered its eternal rest, there to await its re-union to an immortal body.

The funeral sermon was preached on the following Sunday evening, from Isaiah lvii. 1: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come," unfolding the text:—(1) by speaking of the Scripture characters, the righteous and merciful man; (2) his removal; (3) what he is removed from; and (4) what he is removed to; showing how, by the imputed righteousness of a precious Christ, our brother answered to the character, proving the same to the world at large by his walk and conversation. After dwelling on his removal by the hand of death (wherein was no curse) he proceeded to speak of the changing scene of sorrow from which he was removed to his inheritance above, laid up in store for him by the redemptive work of Christ.

One cannot help exclaiming, who has known and loved our departed brother, "Oh, that like him I may be enabled to live as a peacemaker on the earth, that my last end may be like his." E. M.

It is one of the highest exaggerations of the glory of heaven, that is not only eternal, but requires eternity to unfold it, there we may say, indeed, Soul, take thy rest, thou hast goods laid up for many years which cannot be spent out, spend as fast as thou canst; yet herein we are sailing over a sea of infinity, where we see nothing but sea, and over which we are eternally sailing, having a new horizon: every hour's sail in those rivers of pleasure ever fresh.—From *Goodwin's Marrow*.

A PAUSE AND A PRAYER.

IT is time to pause. On going to Silver-street meeting my thoughts run over this October month which is now closing in, and I find I have been in twenty-eight public services this month; now comes the closing one. Taking up my little Bible this morning, that short, serious seventieth Psalm met my eye. Only five verses! But, O Christian, how much is therein contained! It is a direct and pressing appeal unto God. It is,

First. An appeal against his enemies. He describeth them three ways:—He tells the Lord,

“They seek after my soul;”

“They desire my hurt;”

“They say, Aha! Aha!”

Poor David! He cries bitterly against his foes, and his cries are recorded that we might see we are not alone in this fiery sort of persecution. No doubt David’s enemies thought they were quite justified in thus pursuing and taunting his poor soul, as other enemies have done since David’s days.

Secondly. It is an appeal for God to make haste to deliver him, and to help him. We are often so driven into a corner of terrible necessity, and the Lord appears so far off, that with desperate urgency we pour out heart before Him, as afflicted saints of old did do.

Thirdly. Here is a delightful appeal on behalf of the godly: “Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad IN THEE; and let such as love Thy salvation say continually,

“LET GOD BE MAGNIFIED!”

So saith Paul, whether it be by life or by death. This is the very Alpine peak of all true religion, it is that

GOD IN CHRIST,
THROUGH THE SPIRIT,
IN THE CHRISTIAN, IN THE CHURCH,
AND IN THE WORLD,
SHOULD BE MAGNIFIED.

That is the motive and the ultimatum of all our service and our sufferings here.

Last of all. David confesses he is poor and needy, but the Lord had been his help; hence, he takes courage and cries out, “Make haste, O God, Thou art my help and my deliverer: O Lord, make no tarrying!”
Even so, in retirement, crieth
C. W. B.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

LADEN with delicious fruit, luxuriant in primeval beauty and majesty in the midst of Eden’s paradistic bowers, was there the Tree of Life; but no type of Jesus can I see. Primeval man did not feed on a Saviour; and when he sinned, he was driven away from it; but no seeking penitent sinner was ever driven away by Jehovah from a precious Jesus. No hostile cherubic guard ever surrounded Him; never a flaming sword turning every way to prevent a sinner coming to Jesus. May I not, then, behold that tree as emblematical of immortal happiness, which

man could eat to his full in his sinless state? This tree was not the antidote of sin, but the antidote of death; and as man had lost his natural happiness by forfeiting his holiness, it would have been an awful matter to have had immortality attached to sin and misery to all Adam's race in this world. Besides, grace ordained contrary. Also we see Divine Justice, with flaming sword of vengeance, proclaiming "the soul that sinneth shall die." No sinner can ever pass that fiery sword into immortal happiness, "the Tree of Life." Yet when this fallen world had passed more than four thousand revolutions round the golden orb of day, a mighty Hero was seen travelling in the greatness of His strength towards this Tree of Life, and a voice was heard, "Who is this that engageth His heart to approach unto Me, saith Jehovah?" and also another voice, "Awake, O sword, against My Shepherd, and against the Man, My fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the Shepherd." Then that flaming sword Justice sent into the heart of Jesus, and was then quenched in blood, whilst the Tree of Life appears again in the true paradise (Rev. xxi. 2), the holy city, the new Jerusalem (xxii. 2), in the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, bearing twelve manner of fruits, and the "leaves of the tree for the healing (or health) of the nations." No obstacle now between immortal happiness and the broken-hearted sinner, no flaming sword ever to be seen again; the cherubim guard are "become as dead men." But we hear the lovely voice of Jesus saying, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God" (Rev. ii. 7). "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right (testimonially) to the Tree of Life." Their meritorious right is the blood and righteousness of Jesus only. "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb," and this is their never-ending song.

R. G EDWARDS.

103, Oxford-street, Steney, E.

THE "HISTORIC" AND THE REVEALED CHRIST.

I ONCE had occasion to visit, day by day, one of high intellectual gifts and attainments, whom it pleased God to lay on a bed of distressing and mortal sickness. He had all his life believed in the "historic" Christ; but when it came to the last, he found that mere intellectual belief, the mere assent of the mind to the facts of Christianity, did not bring with it that which he wanted, and for which he craved. It did not bring him *peace*. Christ was not "in him, the hope of glory." Jesus had not been revealed *in* him. All this he felt, and eternity was to his mind an awful blank. Never, never, shall I forget the agony of prayer of which his death-bed was the scene. Day by day the same bitter cry was his, "Oh, that I might know Him! Oh, that I believed in Him! Oh, that He would manifest Himself to me!" God put a word into my mouth to speak to this poor sufferer. He earnestly and perseveringly prayed to God in the name of Jesus. At last the answer came, to his great rejoicing, to his unutterable peace. When I saw him for the last time on earth, he feelingly took my hand in his, and, pressing it, said, "Thank God, thank God. The answer has come. All now is joy and peace." Shortly after he fell asleep in Jesus, and entered into rest.—*Pigon*.

THE VENERABLE PASTOR OF SYDENHAM.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—At the wish of my esteemed deacon, Mr. R. Collins, I send you a short statement concerning our late brother and confederate in the Gospel, Mr. William Allnutt, of Henton, Oxon, upwards of fifty years pastor of the Baptist Church at Sydenham. He died October 24, 1877, aged 80 years. In early youth he worshipped with his parents in the Independent Church at Chinnor. His mind was impressed with the Scriptural mode of believers' baptism, and he resolved in the strength of the Lord publicly to obey the Divine command, and was baptized at Newland chapel, High Wycombe, by Mr. Pace, the then pastor, about the year 1822 or 3. He then appears to have commenced speaking in the name of the Lord to a few believers meeting at Sydenham; they soon increased and were formed into a Church; and in the year 1825, our brother was called to the pastorate, which, with much patience, diligence, and a goodly measure of success, he honourably maintained over fifty years.

During the ten years I have known him, and had the pleasure of preaching at every anniversary, I shall not soon forget the dear old saint standing in the midst of his assembled friends, while the joy of soul appeared so full as only to be expressed through the big tears that rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

I visited him in September last, when it was evident disease had laid destructive hold upon him, and that his end was near, his mind being calm and resigned, his hope steadfast on the Rock of Ages. He said, "Brother Chivers, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day;'" and after prayer with him I took my last farewell, until we shall meet around the throne in glory. Amen.

Yours truly,

THOS. CHIVERS.

High Wycombe, Nov. 15, 1877.

LINES SUGGESTED ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF MR. JOY,

Baptist Minister of Horsell and Knapp-hill, Surrey,

WHO DEPARTED IN HIS SLEEP, AUGUST 23, 1877.

"To be with Christ, which is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

SLEPT on earth to wake in heaven !
 What a change from all below !
 Now, indeed, to him is given
 All his Saviour's love to know.
 'Twas his sweet and lov'd employ,
 While on earth, to preach His Word ;
 Now he's entered into joy,
 Ever present with the Lord.
 Jesu's love his only theme,
 While an under-shepherd here ;
 Truly he exalted Him,
 Oft his little flock did cheer.
 Simple-hearted, loving, meek,
 Yet contended for the faith ;
 And assuring all who seek,
 They should prove what Jesus saith.
 Such He never will cast out,
 But receive and give them rest ;
 Richmond, Aug. 24, 1877.

Take away their fear and doubt,
 They for ever shall be blest.
 How each living soul will grieve,
 That has listened to his voice !
 Dearest Lord, do Thou relieve,
 Bid them all in *Thee* rejoice.
 Comfort his dear partner's heart,
 Thou alone canst her sustain ;
 Gracious Lord, to her impart
 All the bliss Thy words contain.
 Be her Husband and her Friend,
 Thou art all her soul can need ;
 May she on Thyself depend,
 Till from sin and sorrow freed.
 Time is passing swift away,
 Soon Thou wilt her spirit call ;
 Re-unite in endless day,
 There to crown Thee Lord of all.

F. CLARKE..

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Need of Decision for the Truth! Such is the subject of the third of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's *Lectures to My Students* (second series). We anxiously read it, and it will kindle the fire of zeal for out-and-out Gospel preaching wherever a spark existeth. These lectures cut right and left at all the errors of the age we live in; they aim to correct bad manners and insist upon the proclamation of a free-grace Gospel. Let our readers test the truthfulness of our notice by carefully reading these lectures for themselves. The volume is sent to us for review, and, as in the sight of God, we must pronounce the whole course worthy the prayerful attention of all whose aim is to glorify the Lord, and to be useful unto men by the ministry of Christ's Gospel. Singular preachers must not be offended at the little sarcasm they may meet with.

Is the Soul Immortal? (published by R. Banks). Mr. W. Winters, the author of this pamphlet, is no mean scholar, no petty penman, no nominal professor; he is a godly, growing, zealous, truthful minister of Bible verities. To strengthen our own convictions, to arm us for the fight of the present day, we must read Mr. Winters on the soul's immortality, with the Bible by our side.

God's Wheat and Satan's Tares. A sixpenny pamphlet by Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk. Mere lettermen may push this treatise on the Christian's warfare aside, but souls enlightened from above, seekers after God's mercy will prize it very highly.

A Revised Translation of the Book of Proverbs. By John Stock, LL.D. (published by Elliot Stock). The sayings relating to different topics are here grouped together under expressive titles, whereby Dr. Stock has rendered valuable aid to the world at large, but especially to all devout students.

PAMPHLETS AND MAGAZINES

RECEIVED.

Mr. Moyle's Funeral Sermon. By John T. Briscoe (published by Briscoe, Bannerstreet).

"The Jesuits in Bohemia" is a paper in *The Sword and the Trowel* for November, which traces the ruin of Protestantism in Bohemia up to the stealthy, crafty, wickel, murderous work of the Jesuits. Mark you, you self-confident and flesh-boasting English people, as the Jesuits gradually stole their march upon Bohemia until they could crush it beneath their feet, so will they trample down this once

glorious Gospel land. Ask them if that is not what they mean? They will say, "Most certainly!" Read in Mr. Spurgeon's magazine the more than monstrous cruelties of the Jesuits in Bohemia, and then petition him to set the English Protestants all on fire with a zeal united and strong enough to send these horrible serpents, the Jesuits, out of our fair country. Baron Budowa was a vigorous nobleman which the wretches slew in their malice. It is said just before his execution, the Jesuits said to him, "We would like to gain your soul to salvation." "You help my soul to salvation?" cried Budowa, "I wish your souls were as certain of it as I am, through Jesus Christ." On the scaffold he was cheerful unto death.

The Rock of November 2nd, reviews the Religious Tract Society's new edition of "Foxe's Martyrology." One sentence on the character of the Reformation exhibits the difference between the Romanist and the thoroughly godly Protestant. He says, "Compare Bishop Bonner with Bishop Latimer. Bonner was a fierce, blood-thirsty bigot, while Latimer was an honest, outspoken, preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Bonner might call his religion Christianity, but it was Satan's version of it; whereas Latimer, at the stake, compared the Reformation to a candle lighted once more by a ray from heaven, penetrating the gross darkness of Rome's inferno, and defying all the artifices of man and Satan to extinguish it." We are awfully afraid that the soft veils of Rome's Jesuits, which are filling our churches and chapels, our mansions and mechanics' halls, will, ere long, extinguish the candle for a time. *The Rock* does its best to keep the Reformation candle burning; but the very fact that thousands of the clergy speak evil of *The Rock* shews plainly enough that they are Bonner's slaves, and not the true successors of Latimer.

Our Own Fireside. We are more fond of this monthly, as a family entertainer, than any issue we are acquainted with. A pleasant talent runs through the whole, with a vein of godly instruction in every page. From one of its reviews we quote the following:—

"Across my path Death flings
Cold shades that quench the light,
When, lo! with angel's wings
The darkened vale grows white.
Thy rod and staff my guide appear,
And Thou art better than my fear."

How true is every word!

Fifth Annual Report of "Gospel Advocate" Society shows a good balance, progress in its work, and extensive patronage. Thank the Lord, somebody cares for the poor. We often see some of the Lord's poor who are nearly starved, while others roll in riches.

A Golden Christmas, being Longley's Annual for 1877 (39, Warwick-lane). Scenes in all departments of life, plainly pencilled, and printed boldly.

The appeal on behalf of China in the *Report of the Shanghai Presbyterian Mission* makes our very souls to go to that, the largest heathen nation in all the world. But we must be quiet. We are inly condemned to think on behalf of the Chinese Mission we have done nothing. But, ground down in the dust all our days nearly, we have had the will, but the power has been lacking. Young men, go to Mr. Wylie, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and if Christ is your soul's salvation go and witness for Him in China. It is the finest field in all the world.

Old Jonathan is quite a gallery of the fine arts; but the following from dearly-exercised Cowper is precious to us:—

"Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered barque again."

We have seen a letter from Tasmania, which informs us of the extensive interest produced among all classes there by the perusal of our brother John Bunyan McCure's last volume, *Life in England and Australia*. It is the means, in the Lord's hand, of opening the eyes, and of comforting the hearts of many. We thought, from the first, that book must command an immense circulation.

November part of *Hand and Heart* is a current encyclopedia of everything something that can be useful.

The Argonaut is a high-class magazine, to which our beloved W. Winters contributes a series of papers on "Early English Bibles," &c., &c.

Grove Chapel Pulpit (Nos. 42-3) contains sermons headed, "The Devil, the Dog, and the Deliverer." As we read on, we thought this surely must be Mr. Thomas Bradbury's masterpiece.

NEW ISSUES.—*Thou Art the Man! the Cause and Cure of Modern Scepticism*. By a Layman (published by W. H. Guest, 29, Paternoster row). A terrible trimmer for the idolatrous clergymen. Honest laymen should persevere to have it read to their clergy. It is too true to be denied.—*Water Baptism and the Last Supper Viewed in Relation to Ritualism*. By Joseph Cooper (Harris & Co., 5, Bishopsgate Without). Joseph, like the late Thomas Hughes, has followed Dell, of whom, and of our modern Joseph, we may yet write to be heard.

"FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS."

Tune: St. Cuthbert's. Bristol Tune Book.

POOR weeping souls find sweet relief
By dwelling on the Name
Of Him who bare His people's grief,
Reproach and shame.

When guilt lies heavy on the soul,
The law and conscience flay,
The blessed Saviour will condole,
And check dismay.

The failing He will gently raise,
The sinking kindly buoy;
In heavy hearts He perfects praise,
In mourning, joy.

The Church's ransom price He paid,
'Twas paid in precious blood;

86, Exmouth-street, E.

A fountain for vile sinners made
A cleansing flood.

His members were by dying bought,
He purchased their release;
And all the body shall be brought
To lasting peace.

Then let unceasing laud arise
To God, the Three-in-One;
'Tis sweetly harped beyond the skies,
Around the throne.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, each
Be yielded solemn praise;
This blissful, joyful note shall reach
Eternal days.

S. GRAY.

"Go into the pulpit, and preach as though you intended to be listened to." Some people preach as though they wished not to be listened to; and the people instinctively take notice of this apparent desire, and act accordingly.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA.

[We give these as early as possible. They prove to us the Gospel of Christ is spreading, but everywhere pastors are wanted.—ED.]

WHAT A POOR PASTOR'S WIFE SHOULD BE.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Love, mercy, and peace to you from the Lord Jesus. I send you the wife's account of the departure of our very dear brother Sutherland, one of the most honest, straightforward, and godly brothers I have ever met with. He was none of the snapping, snarling, conceited, peacock kind. He was kind, loving, courteous, humble, and meek. He made no arrogant pretensions, yet he was much esteemed by thousands who hated his religious sentiments. He built the house of God upon his own property, at his own expense, and wished to have it stand there, 250 miles from Sydney, a witness for the Lord. By his wish, for his needs, I advanced upon it, and it is mine. I had in view, in thinking of coming to you in England, the getting of some brothers gifted to speak in some five or six places like these; but we were intruded upon in that attempt, but it still seems to be needful. If people were less selfish and proud, it would be much better for Zion at large. In reading the letter I inclose, you must remember the writer and the written about were two very aged persons, who, as brother and sister, husband and wife, loved each other much, and served the Lord constantly. Perhaps her simple way of describing her own conduct may be useful to show what a poor parson's wife should be. However, I leave you editorially to judge. You will see that our friends in New Zealand, a 1,000 miles from us, have finished their chapel, and have commenced the testimony and worship of God therein.

D. A.

Sydney, July 27, 1877.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I received your beautiful letter with the great sympathy you manifest towards me in my great loss and sorrow. My loss is my dear and much-beloved husband's unspeakable gain. O how changing and various are the scenes we have to pass through and trials to endure while here below. The Lord has seen fit to take my loved one to Himself: he had done his work here upon earth: he is enjoying the reward of his love to his dear Saviour by trying to win precious souls to Him. The Lord gave my much-loved one to me for forty-eight years. The event was very sudden. My beloved husband was taken about three weeks before his death, in the Church, with a kind of faintness. After he came out he got better. He was taken again, the Sabbath before he died, with the same faintness, worse than the first time, but he soon got better. He seemed nicely all the week; quite happy and cheerful. He

said to me one night, "I feel rather fatigued to-night." I said to him, "Why do you not take a rest on the bed in the day, it would revive and strengthen you, my love?" "Yes it would, dear, and I do so enjoy a lay down in the day. Well, dear, I will promise you, if I am spared, to begin to-morrow." The night that my beloved husband died, I got the books for worship, and before reading the Scriptures, he always read first of all a portion for every day of the Believers' Daily Remembrancer. O how he loved that book, and wonderful, the very beautiful portion that was laid out for my loved one that night, the last he read; it was, "I go to prepare a place for you." That was the text, and the comment was very beautiful under it. After my dear one had read it, O how he admired it, he was filled with joy and happiness. "O," he said, "Jesus gone to prepare a place for me. O how delightful! and for you, my love!" He said again, "O what joy! what comfort! gone to prepare a place for me. Yes, for me. Very soon I shall be with Jesus, my precious Saviour." Then he gave out the hymn, and we both sang, and his voice was as strong as ever. Then he told me to read. After I had read it, he began to make comments on the beauty of that lovely instruction we had received to-night. He talked on about Jesus and His glory, then he prayed. After worship he seemed nicely, only weakly. Suddenly he said, "I want a piece of flannel to put to my chest." I gave that to him in bed. I had only just got to bed, when he wanted ointment put to his chest. I got it. He threw off the bed-clothes; he felt the faintness coming on him, the same as he had on Sunday. I said, "Shall I get up, my love, and make a fire?" He said, "Yes, do, my dear, and I will get up and sit by the fire." So I did very quickly. Just as I was nearly dressed, he called out he felt sick. I thought it was bronchitis had set in. I said to my beloved one, "Shall I run up for Mrs. Webb? and run down for the doctor?" He said, "Yes, do, my dear, perhaps the doctor may give me something to relieve my breathing." I was back so quick, he said, "I will get up." But he was too weak. All this time I did not think that death was so near. He looked up in my face and said, "O, my dear, death has taken hold of me. O yes, dear, it is death." Then he called on the Lord if it was His will to take him, "Thy will be done." Just as the doctor came, he seemed easier, but never spoke to the doctor; he spoke once to me. So my much-loved one did not suffer long, and that was with shortness of breath. I think the Lord Jesus honoured my dear husband very highly, for He granted him his request in every way. He had prayed for me to be spared to close his eyes in death, and that office I did, for though in such grief, I remembered his words, and I put my two hands on his dear eyes and closed them, and they never came open any more, and nothing was put on them. O what a

beautiful corpse he was! I never saw the like; and every one said he did not look like death; such a sweet, happy face, and he used to pray to the Lord that when He took him to come quickly. The Lord wonderfully granted him all his requests. My loved one had his lamp trimmed and his light burning brightly, waiting his Lord's coming to take him to His glory. He used to say to me when the Lord took him I must not mourn, because we should soon meet again in glory, where we should never part. Dear brother, I have given you the account of my beloved husband's death. I cannot write any more. Our little flock comes every Sabbath and hold meetings, which I am sure you will be pleased to hear. They rejoice my heart to see them come. F. SUTHERLAND.

Braidwood, July 4, 1877.

THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF
D. ALLEN'S PASTORATE IN SYDNEY,
June 5, 1877.

Time's rapid wheels have rolled

Her seven circles round,

Since I, within your fold,

Your pastor here was found.

Seven years of matchless mercy we record,
Full streams of mercy from our gracious Lord.

Mercy supplies our needs,

Mercy sustains our souls,

Mercy the hungry feeds,

Mercy the Church infolds,

Mercy so long, our feeble souls have blest,

Mercy will give us perfect, endless rest.

Our souls shall bless the Lord,

And magnify His name;

His faithfulness record,

Let angels sing the same.

O God of love, accept our humble songs,
The tribute of our thankful, grateful tongues.

Love, health, peace, money, friends,

By Thy kind hand are given;

All answer holy ends,

And help us on to heaven.

Thy hand, dear God, in all these things we view,
And own eternal praises are Thy due.

While thousands now depart

From truth's most holy ground,

Shepherds their flocks desert,

And few are faithful found;

That we are kept in Zion's holy ways,
Is due to grace, and grace shall have the praise.

Again, I thank you, friends,

For all your kindness shown;

I leave you in His hands,

To whom your acts are known.

God bless your souls with holy love Divine,
And cause His face on your dear hearts to shine.

Fathers, martyrs, prophets,

All the reformers too,

Yea, Jesus Christ, who sits

In heaven, where we go,

Stood, and stand, in our holy ground of truth,
The faith proceeding from Jehovah's mouth.

In this, my friends, stand fast,

Though all forsake the faith,

Stand in the storm and blast,

To what Jehovah saith.

Though heaven, and earth, and man shall pass
away,

The glorious truth shall stand to endless day.

Stand by the covenant, too,

Stand by the martyrs' side,

Stand and front the Roman foe,

Stand and stem her tide.

Stand upon the apostles' holy ground,
Stand till the foe receives her mortal wound.

And now let love increase,
As love no ill can work,
O live, my friends, in peace,
No anger e'er provoke.

Say loving words to soothe your rugged way
To your bright mansions of eternal day.

D. A.

COLCHESTER.—St. John's-green chapel was re-opened Oct. 18th, 1877. Mr. W. Kern preached in the afternoon from "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." He gave us an appropriate discourse. Mr. K. has felt the power of Christ's Gospel in his own heart; speaks from, and of, the things he has personally known. After tea a public meeting, presided over by Mr. W. Beach. Messrs. C. Cock, W. Houghton, W. Kern, and J. Smith gave us useful addresses. Mr. Willings prayed. Mr. Secretary R. Wigley (to whom the cause is indebted for constant and willing labours) gave a report, in which he said, "This is a day of considerable interest to us, one to be remembered. About five years since a few friends met to worship in a room; the number increased; the old chapel which stood on this ground being to let, it was taken for public worship. In Nov., 1875, Mr. W. Brown, after supplying the pulpit alternate Sundays for twelve months, was chosen pastor; came to reside in our midst. It was thought wise to secure the chapel, and put it in trust on Mr. Mote's Deed, which has been done; a committee was appointed to repair or rebuild the chapel, it being in an unsafe condition. After much thought and labour on the part of the committee, the result is as you see, a chapel almost entirely new, with seats for 330 persons." The financial condition of the building fund is cheering, over £250 has been raised. Of the larger sums given, or promised, we notice Mr. W. Beach, £10; Mr. C. Cock, £10; Mr. J. Hurnard, £5; Mr. I. Green, £5; Mr. W. Houghton, £5; Mr. R. Wigley, £5; Mr. Sharplin, £5; Mr. Knop, £5; Mr. Thurston, £5; Mr. W. Crowther, £2 10s.; Mr. Blomfield, £2 2s.; Mr. Swann, £2; with a number of guineas and sovereigns. We have not received anything from any other Churches. We hope they will help us to clear off the remaining £150; donations thankfully received by our pastor, Walter Brown, Mersea-road, Colchester.

RICHMOND.—The pastor of Rehoboth, in Park-shot (W. J. Gooding), says:—"Our meeting, Nov. 5, was very good. R. G. Edwards preached from 'Them He also glorified.' J. Hand read and prayed; brother Bonney presided at public meeting, and gave an excellent opening address. B. Woodrow, T. Stringer, and others cheered us. I gave a statement of the Lord's dealings with us as a Church. This month completed the fiftieth year since I was led into a Baptist chapel, where the Lord blessed the Word preached to the regeneration of my soul by the power of the Holy Ghost. Brother Levinsohn preached to a chapel crowded; it was the best meeting we have had; I hope the dawn of a better day."

SPELDHURST ROAD CHAPEL,
SOUTH HACKNEY.

It was understood by friends who met here on one of the most dreary of days in all October, that the meeting was in celebration of the fiftieth year of the pastor's being brought to fear and follow God in the section of truth of which he is this to day a lively partaker. The 29th of October was "a dirty day outside."

Morning service opened exceedingly well with prayer, praise, and short speeches. Many ministers came to welcome the pastor, C. W. Banks, on his reaching the fiftieth year of his visible union to Christ. "By grace are ye saved" may he say as he erects another (helpstone) Ebenezer in honour of the great God who has helped him hitherto, and sing with a sweet songster of the modern school of thought—

"How many blessed gifts of truest gladness
His own dear hand has scattered on my way!
How oft His voice of love, amid my sadness,
Turned darkness into day!"

Psalms cxxii. was read, and brethren J. W. Banks, Huxham, Oakey, Inward, Sack, C. W. Banks, and Mayhew entertained the hearers with spiritual subjects, as varied as they were interesting. Ministers and friends were invited to an excellent dinner provided free of cost. It would be certainly a great piece of injustice to dub the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL and his friends at Speldhurst-road chapel as uncharitable; truly they belong to the largest hearted people in existence—i.e., the Strict and Particular Baptists. (Oh! oh!) The grace being sung and the cloth cleared, the friends discoursed *viva voce* freely till Mr. Banks opened the service with a hymn, and Mr. Holland, the new and beloved pastor of Plumstead Tabernacle, read Colossians i., and Mr. Simpson, pastor of a Baptist Church in the city of Lincoln, engaged in prayer. At the kind request of the chairman the speakers of the day dilated upon the solemn words in Malachi, "Who may abide the day of His coming? And who shall stand when He appeareth?" To this grave question was appended the annexed personal inquiry from a well-known hymn—

"Shall I among them stand?"

W. Winters spoke, as desired, on the words in question, and said whatever the opinion might be of some present on the subject, he believed the words of Malachi were already fulfilled, and the text and context could not with any degree of propriety be made to assimilate with the more potent words respecting the final day of judgment yet to come. Mr. C. Cornwell followed with substantial and corroborative evidence in favour of what had been advanced, that the text had direct reference to the speedy coming of Christ, after His great precursor, John the Baptist. Mr. J. W. Banks read an interesting paper on the nature of public meetings, shewing the good, spiritually, socially, and financially, resulting from them. Cheering and telling speeches were then given on the characters "who shall abide the day of His

coming?" Mr. Baldwin, of Camberwell, prayed, and brother John Sales, of Orpington, gave sterling remarks; also Mr. Simpson, of Lincoln. Mr. T. Stringer came with the force of Hercules armed with gigantic truth, shewing evident proof of his intrepidity and power of thought and action in declaring "who shall stand when Christ appeareth." Mr. Woodrow spoke savoury words to the point, as did also Mr. Branch, much to the gratification of most, if not all, present. Mr. I. Levinsohn addressed the friends on the subject, and gave in detail the character of the Jews at the coming of Christ as recorded by Malachi. Mr. N. Oakey gave a stirring speech on "who shall stand," and "who shall abide." Mr. G. Baldwin spoke well to the point, as did Mr. S. Banks, the latter dwelling on the importance of real spiritual worship. The well-known, but none the less beautiful, hymn, "Nearer Home," was sung when the happy meeting terminated with a short prayer by W. WINTERS.
Waltham Abbey.

THE LATE MR. COWLEY FOUND
DEAD IN HIS CHAIR.

A friend from Bath, writing to Mr. Edwin Langford, says, "I must tell you of a very sudden death which took place early this morning. Mr. Cowley, an old minister from London, who preached at Providence last Sabbath, also on Wednesday night, was found dead in his chair this morning. We went to chapel fully expecting to hear him preach; but to our astonishment we were told he was dead; it has very much upset us all. He was staying with Mr. Denman (where you went when you were here), and last night when he went to bed he seemed very well, and this morning they went to tell him to come down to breakfast, and found he did not answer, so they went into the room, and saw him sitting in the chair quite dead; he must have died in the night alone, yet not alone, for the Lord was with him and took him home to glory. His wife is bed-ridden; they have sent a telegram to her; it is a great upset to poor old Mr. Denman, he feels it acutely; we had to have a prayer meeting, it was very solemn indeed. Oh! how the Lord is gathering in His dear servants. He went home like a "shock of corn fully ripe." [Mr. Cowley had a small congregation in Geestreet, Goswell-road; but was frequently supplying "Standard" Churches in different parts.]

HOLLOWAY. — ZOAR CHAPEL, WEDMORE-STREET. We here received a blessing on Oct. 9. Large number sat down to tea; some friends were then formed into a Church. Mr. Styles delivered an interesting address upon the doctrines of the Strict Baptists; and Mr. Levinsohn preached a sermon. There were a few sheep gathered that night, and the Shepherd's presence was realised. We are led to say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." In Holloway the harvest truly is plentiful; but the labourers are few.—H. THORN.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

Twice in one Psalm (the 71st) does the sweet singer of Israel pour out a fervent prayer for sustentation in his declining days: "Cast me not off," he says, "in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." Again, "Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not." The sequel, as recorded in the last chapter of the first book of Chronicles, proves that God did not forsake him, but enabled him in his dying moments, in spite of all his faults and failures, to sing of a "covenant ordered in all things and sure." And from his day to the present a covenant God in Christ has ever proved faithful to His promise that He will never leave nor forsake those who have put their trust in Him. So has it proved in the case of that aged servant of the Lord (Mr. S. Ponsford) ministering to the Church and congregation worshipping in Zion's-hill Baptist chapel, Courland-grove, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

On Tuesday, October 23, he reached the good old age of 76; and on the following Thursday a tea and public meeting was held to commemorate the anniversary of his birthday. A good number partook of tea, and in the evening the chapel was full; thus showing that the labours of this worthy veteran are not unappreciated.

Although the bills stated that Mr. Ponsford would preside, yet he gave way to that genial and faithful man of God, Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Deptford. Mr. Wild, of Hayes, engaged in prayer, and some appropriate and interesting addresses were given by the pastor, Messrs. Anderson, Bardens, and Nugent, and a letter was read from Mr. Phillips, who, through severe illness, was unable to attend; but is now, we trust, in a hopeful state of recovery. The pastor appeared in remarkable cheerful spirits, and he seems to have regained his strength wonderfully since his long affliction at the commencement of the present year. How many more anniversaries he may see we cannot say, for the very simple reason—we don't know. But if it please Him whose he is, and whom he serves, to see few or many more, our heart's desire and prayer to God is, that each succeeding one may prove better than the preceding, that his last days may be his best days, and that when it shall please God to take him, may he have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of glory.

In his long ministerial career he has, of course, witnessed many changes. The Church comprised only seven members when Mr. P. took the oversight. Of those seven only one now remains—viz., Mr. Long, the senior deacon—the last but one (Mrs. Goodwin) having been removed by the hand of death within the last three months. On Sunday evening, October 23, the pastor made a few remarks relative to her decease, in which he said that she was a most highly-favoured woman, and although for the last twelve months she had been deprived of the outward means of grace, and her mental faculties had given way, yet, at times, she had her seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. She was one of those whose

places are seldom vacant in the house of God, and who received the testimony of the preacher with evident satisfaction and delight. But she is now drinking deep draughts from the fountain-head; and joins in the song of the redeemed, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." To God be all the praise. R. S.

PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. G. HOLLAND AS PASTOR OF PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE.

Sunday, November 4, sermons were preached by the pastor-elect and C. W. Banks. Services were held also on the following day.

Plumstead tabernacle is a spacious building, well situated in a thickly-populated neighbourhood; and is likely to be well filled under the faithful ministrations of our excellent brother, who is a bold champion of Divine truth. We wish him prosperity in the highest and best sense. Mr. J. Wild presided in the afternoon, and adapted himself and his opening speech to the occasion, which was specially interesting. Mr. W. Webb prayed. W. Winters "stated the nature of a Gospel Church," which he endeavoured to do after the following order: I. The inquiry—What is meant by a Gospel Church? II. Its origin and progress. III. Its internal government. IV. Its (indivisibility) union and communion with Christ the Head and Founder. Mr. R. Webb stated the Church's reasons for electing Mr. Holland as pastor. Mr. T. Stringer "asked the usual questions, which were answered most satisfactorily. Mr. J. S. Anderson delivered the charge from "Preach the Word." Having given sound, practical and experimental advice, the worthy speaker advised Mr. Holland what he ought not to do, &c.

A few words by the chairman, in approbation of the service, brought the afternoon's meeting to a close.

The evening's meeting was presided over by I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., a gentleman of excellent parts and well qualified to fill so important a post.

Most suitable addresses were delivered by Messrs. Bardens, Cornwell, Lawrence, C. W. Banks, Stringer, W. Webb, and Holland. It was gratifying to see a good attendance. That the Lord will cement the pastor and people together in love for life, is the sincere hope of
W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—MR. EDITOR, —We are not free, even in this beautiful district, from the influence of Romanism; but our townsman, Mr. Thomas Edwards, minister of Salem, has issued some large leaflets, various in style, striking in character, and useful to warn the people of their danger. We hope a kind Providence will use them extensively.—A. [We have seen specimens, which can be had of brother Thomas Edwards.]

**SPECIAL SERVICE TO WELCOME
MR. J. INWARD AS PASTOR OF
HOMERTON ROW CHAPEL.**

Tuesday, November 6, a number of friends gathered in the schoolroom where tea was provided. A public meeting was then held in the chapel, which is a comfortable place of worship. On treading the verge of places of renown, where famous men have laboured, like Daniel Curtis and the most recent pastor William Palmer, one who has a reverence for the dead in Christ, feels a kind of sacred awe, which is scarcely allowable by some. The chapel has undergone improvements of a very commendable kind; noticeable, also, is the white mineral stones which are to hand to posterity the lives in brief of the above-named worthies. Mr. W. Palmer was a pastor of twenty years' standing in this Church, a no mean sciolist, but possessed to the last an acute and penetrating mind; an able controversialist, who often pushed his opponents with the vigour and intrepidity of a scholar that would not have disgraced an university. Leaving the gifted pastors of Homerton-row with the Lord, who buries His workmen but carries on His work, we notice the living one in the person of John Inward, a fine, bold, and intelligent man of the old school. As minister over an intelligent people, he need to possess spiritual and natural gifts of rather more than ordinary kind, or he will find his congregation a-head of him, and once that is the case his usefulness, in a great measure, is gone. A minister must be an intense reader and thinker, deeply imbued with the spirit of prayer in order to make a stand in the great metropolis in this fast age.

May the new pastor of Homerton-row realise every necessary help from the Lord and from the Church, and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder. The pastor presided, and was surrounded with a full staff of ministers who came to wish him God-speed.

Mr. Eley opened the service with prayer. Mr. Hains, a worthy deacon, gave interesting details respecting Mr. Inward coming among them. Mr. Langford, being a near neighbour, spoke in warm and affectionate terms of his attachment to Mr. Inward, and wished him and his Church every blessing of heavenly worth. Mr. W. Webb, a zealous servant of God, spoke of his union to the late pastor, Mr. Palmer. Mr. Bennett expressed his Christian love to Mr. Inward, and hoped he would realise the fulness of the words—*i. e.*, "Fear not, for I will help thee." C. W. Banks, whom Mr. Inward styled "good brother Banks," spoke next, and we can say we never heard our brother C. W. Banks speak better. God had made him a blessing on one occasion to Mr. Inward, when he (Mr. Banks) preached at Crosby-row. Mr. Banks closed his excellent remarks with words gloriously suitable to the new pastor: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Mr. C. Gordelier, who has a mind well stored with good

divinity of the superlapsarian school of other days, addressed the meeting in a touching manner, which almost produced tears of joy. Mr. Steed, a right red-hot, swift-footed steed of a truth, roused the audience to a high state of pleasurable excitement, and gave some excellent counsel to the pastor. Mr. R. A. Lawrence (a well-taught man of God) spoke on the union of the pastor and people, which greatly tended to encourage both. Mr. Barmore advanced helpful words, and gave Mr. Inward the right hand of fellowship.

Messrs. Dearsly, John Wheeler, Hitchcock, Oakey, M. Branch, and other ministerial brethren were present. The happy and interesting meeting was concluded with prayer by
W. WINTERS.
Waltham Abbey.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS.

We finish this November the Thirty-third Volume of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. Mysterious circumstances led to its commencement; heart-rending trials have attended its progress; numerous testimonies encourage us to hope it has been useful. It goes now to the ends of the earth, as our correspondents prove. One dear Christian brother writes: "I have read the **EARTHEN VESSEL** from the commencement, and I recollect hearing you preach in Windmill-street, Finsbury." God knoweth we have desired to glorify His Triune Name, and still desire it. We review the past sixty years of our life with a mixture of deep humility and of humble hope. All the future we must commit unto the Lord. We tender true thanks to our aged friends who have ever helped us to extend its circulation. While proud men have showered upon us censures and sneers, honourable and honest men, by tens of thousands, have stood by us fast and firm. We would, with sacred feelings of holy gratitude, "praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, from whom all blessings flow." Amen.

We appeal to our friends, one and all, to use their influence at the close of this 1877, on our behalf, so that the volume for 1878 may circulate still more extensively. We have been pained to learn that friends could not obtain the numbers for the past year. We trust in future all will be supplied. Praise and prayer is the life of

C. W. B.

SOUTH WALES.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—With great pleasure I write you of the Lord's mercies toward us as a Church. Brother J. Thomas, of Merthyr Tydvil, has been with us. He had the privilege of baptizing for us, and he spoke well. After the Lord's Supper was administered we received John Thomas and his wife as members; my little heart withiu me said, "Thauk the Lord for this." Hoping the Lord will continue to favour you and all the elected children of His with mercies,—I remain, truly in the Lord's,
GEO. WINSTON, Bargoed, near Cardiff, Nov. 5th, 1877.

FROM LONDON TO BRADFORD AND BACK.

"Proue to wander, Lord, I feel it."

It is possible for good men to leave the straight path and to wander for awhile in the wilderness. Yet how can the positive promises of our God be true if any of His servants or saints are left to stray away? All His promises are true, however they may appear to fail. That omniscient eye, which foresaw everything from the commencement to the consummation of time, anticipated, and made provision for, the fickle movements of His Israel, under all circumstances; hence, that gracious word in Isaiah xxx., "Thine ear shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." There are such depths in the working out of the Divine purposes that no finite being can fully understand them.

The exercise of a special sovereignty is clearly seen here and there. Have we not all sat in solemn amazement while contemplating that sublime passage, "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known?" The most unwise, and the least exercised, will often pass a severe sentence upon such of their brethren as may have appeared to go out of the way, when silence would best become them.

Caryl says, the Lord keeps a close and heavy hand upon some of His children, while others wander as they will. Paul, at one time, was quite anxious to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered him not. Another course was marked out for the apostle, and in that Heaven-directed way He must go; there the Lord honoured him.

Some brethren are left to turn to the right hand and to the left also. And as we look over the long roll of ministers whom we have known during the last forty years, we think of many who have turned hither and thither; but the voice behind them has not been effectually heard. We have never known them to return unto Him whom once they acknowledged as their Master and Lord. What characters! What consciences! What empty professions! What fallings away will the books reveal, when on the judgment day the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open! What God-fearing soul can there be in this dark world who does not tremble at the thought of that universal unfolding of all the deep and secret things of time? Oh! ye sons of men, consider the judgment of God draweth near.

We are involuntarily going away from the subject we contemplated—our final note on Mr. J. S. Anderson's ministry, as referred to in our last.

Bradford has been, if it is not now, a kind of attraction to Baptist ministers. It has a population of some 200,000 souls. It has ten or a dozen Baptist chapels, with a Baptist membership of near 4,000 believers. Some years ago, certain leaders in the Bradford Baptist Churches came to London

to seek for pastors; and they were not a little pleased to find a few inclined to listen to their proposals. We all remember what a thrill of astonishment pierced the hearts of our Churches when one of the sweetest, one of the most pleasing models of humanity, turned his back upon us all, and was cheerfully installed in a Baptist bishopric. From us he is for ever gone.

In the month of June, 1867, our Deptford pastor, John Slate Anderson, left Zion chapel, New-cross, for Bradford, but hearing a voice behind him, saying, "This is the way," he returned again to his Deptford friends in the January of 1869. How was all this going and returning brought about? Simply from making a wrong estimate of certain events. It did appear as though the finger of God pointed that way. Who shall say it did not? The Lord might see it needful that Mr. Anderson should learn such a lesson in this movement as would be useful to him for the remainder of his life. How dare we advance such a proposition? Because the Lord did not forsake him. He preached the Gospel there with some liberty; albeit, away from the pulpit he was severely exercised in his own soul. He was as a fish out of water. He was never thoroughly happy. The Bradford people were happy with him. They were exceedingly kind; and when they knew he was inclined to leave them, they sent in two very numerous signed memorials—one from the Church and one from the congregation, beseeching him to remain; but he could not. They must be a benevolent people; for although Mr. Anderson was compelled to leave them, when he was raising the money to enlarge his Deptford Zion, his Bradford friends actually subscribed the generous sum of nearly £240, to enable him to carry out his enlargement.

The whole nine years since his return from Bradford to Deptford, have been years of peace, prosperity, and extensive usefulness. The seal of Divine approbation rests upon his ministry; his position and prospects are thoroughly good. Long may he live, ministerially and experimentally to extol the Lamb of God. So prayeth his humble servant,
C. W. B.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
November, 1877.

If Providence permit, we hope to give the likenesses and sketches of the lives of many others of the Lord's faithful servants.

SPALDING.—Love-lane Strict Baptist chapel was a scene of beauty, harmony, and prosperity on October 28 and 29; it was the fifth anniversary of brother John Vincent's pastorate there. He had been ill, but the Lord healed him; the people rejoiced, and united together to render this anniversary a joyous occasion. William Hawkins preached the sermons; a bountiful tea on Monday, and a happy meeting, realised the large sum of £36 toward the building debt, which we rejoice to learn is fast dying out. The Love-lane pastor and his people are a working flock; prosperity attends them, for which we most heartily praise our God.

A KIND WORD FROM THE RANDOLPH DISTRICT IN WISCOUSIN, NORTH AMERICA.

[We thank friend C. Dann for the following. It shows how the Lord's people are scattered all the world over. As we served a long apprenticeship of some fourteen years in Cranbrook, we knew, sometimes stole in to hear, and more, revered Isaac Beeman than any minister we ever saw, but then we were spiritually in the land of Egypt.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I wish to inform you that although I have not had the privilege of hearing your voice, you have preached to me ever since the year 1855 through the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

I was born in 1813 in Brightling, in Sussex; from 1821 to 1841 I lived in Robertsbridge; was led in the providence of God to hear old James Funnell, of Burwash; he used to supply Mr. Beeman's chapel when he went to London; and William Crouch, of Wadhurst; T. Pitcher, and James Rainsford; but I believe I heard Mr. Beeman more to profit than any other minister for the last two or three years of his life. I used to walk from Robertsbridge to Cranbrook nearly every Sunday. James Weller was the last minister I heard in England. He preached at Burwash after the death of James Funnell. Your mentioning Mr. Weller's son brought many things to my remembrance. Once James Weller told me how he was blest in hearing Mr. Beeman. I was there the same time, and was blest also. It was before I was brought to a satisfaction of my own personal interest in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Beeman's text was in Isaiah—"For the Lord spake thus with a strong hand, and instructed me." Mr. Beeman was showing how the Almighty instructed the sinner with a strong hand out of His law. I knew I had gone through the teaching that he described. He made a full stop, put his long fingers over the pulpit cushion, and now, says he, "If there is any man here that knows what I have been talking about, as sure as he knows it, he is a happy man, let him be who he may." The hope that it roused in my soul is better felt than described.

In 1841 I left England for America; lived eight years near the city of Troy. Did not find any such preaching as I heard in England. In 1849 I moved to the wilds of Wiscousin, bought eighty acres of wild land, and made me a temporary home. In 1855 a friend told me I could get the "E. V." by sending to Mr. Axford. I have taken them ever since. I feel interested in the experience of Mr. I. Levinsohn. I hope he will give us all the letters that he writes to his father and his father writes to him, for I long to know what effect his regeneration had upon his parents. Young people will read such pieces when they will not some others. I hope you will give us as much as possible of your own writings and pencillings, for my wife and I enjoy them very much; for you are like the dear coalheaver, always exalting the Mes-

siah. There is nothing in this life worth living for, only a knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have been an invalid for years. Four years this spring I settled up all my worldly business; thought I was going to leave this lowland; for what reason I am here the great "I AM" knoweth. The Lord bless you, and enable you to fill the VESSEL with rich provision for poor self-emptied sinners. From your unworthy brother,

CHARLES DANN.

Randolph, Wiscousin, N.A.

[Write us again, brother Charles.]

BANBURY.—MR. C. W. BANKS,—One year, the 16th inst., since we were so earnestly engaged in laying the memorial stones (and in the services in connection therewith) of our beautiful little temple, "Ebenezer," an event, I trust, long to be had in remembrance, and intimately connected with the interests of the Church of God in Banbury and its neighbourhood. A moment's retrospective reflection brings to the mind an host of circumstances which have transpired within so brief a period, some of a tryingly painful, many of a pleasing, encouraging character, all having an effect upon our present existence and future being; all under the control of a Divine Providence; all guided by a Father's hands. May you and I, my dear friend, realise more and more the enjoyment of that peace such an assurance is calculated to impart to the soul. We did not think it prudent to allow the occasion to pass by unobserved; we, therefore, on the evening of the 16th, held an anniversary service, conducted by our mutual friend and minister of the truth, Mr. James Haud. He gave an epitome, so plainly that none could misunderstand them, of the discriminating truths of God's Word, and of the distinguishing character of Gospel ordinances, for the proclamation and observance of which the building was erected and solemnly dedicated. The Divine presence was realised, while the speaker made the little sanctuary ring again, as he powerfully spoke from 1 Kings viii. 29, taking the temple of old to typify the Church of God, upon which the "eye" of His favour and compassion rests, and that continually "day and night," under all circumstances, prosperous or adverse. "Where His name is recorded," Jehovah-Nissi, Jireh, Shaluum, &c., variously adapted to every case of His people's need, building up, comforting, encouraging, reclaiming, inculcating a spirit of prayer, and enforcing the indispensable necessity of an individual and an experimental realisation of the truth. He closed his discourse, which was listened to with marked attention by a fair congregation, by reciting a copy of the imprecation of the promoter's sealed up in the bottle enclosed in the foundation stone: "That should ever this building be diverted from the objects specified for which it was mainly built, may these stones crumble and the building fall."—Faithfully yours, JOSEPH OSBORN, Oct. 19, 1877.

A NOTE FROM MR. JOHN BUNYAN
McCURE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I forward you copy of my letter to the Church at Cambridge, containing the resignation of my pastorate. It was very trying and exceedingly difficult to bring my mind to sever the relation of pastor and Church. But the serious and dangerous condition of my brain and the prostration of the nervous system, demanded that it should be so. Doctors ordered it, several ministerial brethren who came to see me advised it. Brother B. Taylor's kind letter (published in November No. of "E. V.") was received at the moment of doubt and perplexity, and confirmed me in the sorrowful fact that it must be, or paralysis of the brain must follow.

I was advised at once to go again to Scotland. I arrived at the Hydropathic establishment, Bridge of Allan, very ill. After drinking—every morning for one month—three pints of the waters from the Airthrey mineral springs, and the rest and quiet of that comfortable establishment, the Lord graciously restored me.

I have returned and am settled down in my new home, and believe, after two or three month's rest and quiet, I shall yet be well and strong again, and able to go about my Master's business wherever He may please to send me.

For more than thirty years I have been a pastor; but I now hope I shall not again be called to occupy that honourable and important position. I would much rather do the work of an Evangelist among those Churches where my poor services may be acceptable.

Praying that this affliction may turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel,

I remain,

Yours for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

4, Northampton villas, Northumberland-park, Tottenham.

[As the "Eden" deacons strongly protested against our having a copy of the resignation letter, as they consider it their own private property, we seriously pause before we publish it. Cambridge people have been erroneously prejudiced against us for many years. Unless all parties are agreeable, we should not wish to lay ourselves open to the increased anger of enemies.—Ed.]

NOTTING HILL GATE.—SILVER-STREET CHAPEL. Special services Oct. 28 and 30. Mr. Levinsohn preached to overflowing congregations, Mr. J. S. Anderson also preached a precious sermon. At public meeting Mr. Bonney presided; brethren C. W. Banks, C. Gordelier, H. Myerson, C. Cornwell, W. Winters, I. Levinsohn, gave suitable addresses. Silver-street friends, with their pastor, are working hard to liquidate the chapel debt. Friends who have the means, come forward and help them; they would be unspeakably grateful.

KENT.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—
"The state of the Churches down here" is sad. The love of rule, faithlessness, and self-esteem are working great devastation among the people of God, and scattering them over the different sections of the professing Church. That primitive simplicity of "esteeming others better than themselves" is fast dying out almost in all the places where I have been; there is some internal commotion arising from one or other of the causes mentioned above. I do not wonder that many of our Churches are destitute of pastors, since such a state of things exists among us; and I believe that many gracious ministers would rather toil with their hands for a living, than to embark in such a sea of strife as the pastorate in these degenerate times. Many ministers appear persuaded they have a particular vocation to preach down error; they cut and slash at real and imaginary foes without showing any quarter, and it often occurs that there are no such foes within the hearing of their voice; their sermons are worse than useless, they create a rancorous spirit. On the other hand, some Churches are particularly styled "a truth-loving people." When that is true in all its bearing, such Churches are a glory in the land; but we have known such Churches to be shocked at a truly practical sermon, stigmatising it as legality, error, or at best but a milk-and-water discourse. Let the Churches arise to a sense of their duty, let them choose such men as shall preach the Gospel doctrinally, practically, and experimentally, and let them follow the example of their Lord in all things, exercising faith, patience, and charity, and then we may hope for better and more prosperous days to dawn on Zion universally.—AMICUS.

PIMLICO.—Sunday, October 28, was a day of Biblical and experimental testifying and of sacred worship with us at Rehoboth, in Princes-row, where the rainbow of mercy shines over us. Our valiant deacon, Benjamin Woodrow, was gone to Norbiton to preach the Gospel; but that truly sincere servant of Christ, William Simpson, of Lincoln, came up, and delivered to us two truth-endearing discourses. In morning he opened his heart by the teaching of the Spirit, on Psalm xii: "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy; now will I arise, saith the Lord, I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at [or would ensnare] him." The children heard deep things here. In evening, brother William gave us, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," &c. I pray the Lord to greatly honour this gentle, humble, yet faithful herald of mercy.—BATTERSEA.

MARKYATE STREET.—Mr. Wood, the Bedmond Baptist pastor, preached our autumnal praise sermons in September. We are bound to give thanks unto our God for raising up such a host of good and gifted young men, who know, and love, and delight to preach the news which came from heaven eighteen hundred years ago.

WOOBURN GREEN.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I have lost my dear wife, Lord's-day morning, Oct. 28, about 2 o'clock. She did not leave her bed after the Monday, and did not express a doubt of her safety all the week. She said once she should like the joys of salvation; but said, "That don't alter my safety." I asked her a little while before the closing scene, if it was all right; she answered "It is all well," and so passed away without a struggle. I asked her some hours before the close if she should like a funeral sermon preached; she said, No, she did not wish the service at all altered from its regular course, she wanted nothing said about her.—Yours truly in Gospel love, **R. HOWARD.** [Many, very many, of our ministering brethren know what a kind, faithful, and useful friend to the cause our late sister Howard was. She was one of the witnesses that the Lord once used us to open the prison doors to them that were bound. "She is happy now, and we soon that happiness shall see."—**C. W. B.**]

HAYES TABERNACLE.—Sunday school sixth anniversary October 23. Mr. Lambourne, of Warboys, preached "Christ crucified" thoroughly Evangelical. At tea and in the evening, the friends thought it was a little dawn of heavenly joy. The report by superintendent Bardens was cheering. The children looked and sung beautiful. Chairman W. Beach, Esq., was gravely practical. Charles Wilson, Esq., delivered a miniature discourse on "Them that honour Me I will honour." He closed by saying there was a debt of £10, and he called upon the chairman to see it paid. More than that sum was gathered. Samuel Ponsford was savoury. E. Forman, of March, was in full command in unfolding the work of Sunday schools. C. W. Banks spoke of the object, "the promotion of knowledge." C. Cornwell illustrated the manner and matter of our teaching. Mr. Luscombe, Mr. Bardens, and the chairman brought in a good finale.

HACKNEY.—**SHALOM CHAPEL, OVAL.** Beloved Editor,—You will rejoice to hear that our neighbour, Mr. Henry Myerson, had an interesting and profitable meeting on the 13th of last month. The chapel was half-full to tea, and very full in the evening. At the public meeting Mr. John Bonney (in the absence of Mr. W. Beach, who was prevented through cold) occupied the chair. Mr. Hughes (a member of Mr. Meeres' Church, Bermondsey) opened the meeting with prayer. Mr. Cornwell spoke freely and cheerfully on Christ the Foundation; Mr. Griffiths dilated very sweetly on the "Beautiful Stones;" the brethren Meeres, Lawrence, Levinsohn, and others followed in a most happy strain. Mr. King and other friends encouraged brother Myerson by their presence. The object of the meeting was to clear off a debt of £50, which object was accomplished, so that the pastor and his flock at Shalom must have much cause for rejoicing.—**A LOOKER-ON.**

NORWICH.—**A "Friend."** "Sunday, November 11, we have some good sermons in tabernacle from brother Benjamin Taylor. In this old tabernacle pulpit (which belongs to Countess of Huntingdon's connexion), Toplady, John Berridge, Matthew Wilks, and other noble ministers, often preached to at least 1,000 precious souls. Now, alas! the place is all but emptied. It is occupied by some few who call themselves 'Standard' people. Oh, that they had the life, the love, the faith, the zeal of Christ and His apostles in them, so to preach, so to plead, and so to labour, as to gather in the outcasts of Israel!" Friend says, "Mr. Editor, We are in a miserable plight in Norwich, so far as Nonconformist truth preachers are concerned. That fine old chapel, Pitt-street, is desolate. Our tabernacle with very few; Orford-hill is in a wintry state; pastor Tooke is likely to leave. Oh, Banks, why did not you take possession of Pitt-street? With God's blessing, and a sterling Boanerges, it would have been filled." [Satan hindered.]

SOUTHWARK.—**TRINITY CHAPEL, TRINITY-SQUARE.**—We have experienced a little reviving from our long captivity. We held on in weakness for some years. Our brethren Squirrel and Backett did us good service, but as they retired we were left in amazement what to do. Brother Thomas Stringer has come in to our help. Our chapel has been renovated. On Oct. 21, with a grand Trinitarian text and sermon, our pastor opened his commission in Trinity. C. W. Banks came with the Lord's proclamation—"I have placed salvation in Zion for Israel My glory." Thomas Bradbury also testified of the grace of God in truth; and at our public meeting several witnesses exhorted us to continue faithful. We hope good days are before us.—**A SWAN.**

PETERBOROUGH.—**BAPTIST TABERNACLE.** The anniversary of this chapel was held on Lord's-day, October 14, when two sermons were preached by Mr. David Ashby, and on the Tuesday, by Mr. E. Forman, of March. The tables were decorated by green-leaved plants, and an excellent tea was provided. Mr. Forman preached from Rom. i. 16, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek." It was an able, logical, and eloquent sermon in which the errors and mistakes of Antinomians, and also of Arminians, were exposed, yet not in anger, but in a loving and faithful spirit. The collections were better than usual, and the mortgage reduced to £300, with a balance owing to the treasurer. Truly, an Ebenezer can be here raised.

BROADSTAIRS.—Mr. J. W. Carter, of Whitestone, has accepted invite to the pastorate of Particular Baptist Church, so many years in the care of Mr. Kidale, and hopefully commences his work there in January next.

Notes of the Month.

IS NOT THIS A MISTAKE?—Mr. Editor,—Your correspondent, on page 836 of the EARTHEN VESSEL, thought his wisdom would be acceptable to some of your readers. On the top of the next page he wishes to be understood to say, That no person can receive the Holy Ghost without he has first been baptized by immersion. Very well. Then I conclude that such men as Calvin, and Luther, and Huntington, and Toplady, and Romaine, and Berridge, and John Newton, and Dr. Hawker never received the Holy Ghost. The whole of the letter is very unhappily worded and full of incorrect statements, and if it was worth while (which it is not) might easily be gainsaid. Paul preached as much to the Jews as Peter, and we have Paul's word that baptism was not that paramount affair that, if your correspondent had the power, would make us believe.—Yours in a better baptism, H. SOLAY.

“DO WE NOT SING IN OUR HYMNS WHAT WE DARE NOT SAY IN OUR SERMONS?”—W. C. Green has suggested a strong thought. There would be a sad wail in some quarters if some ministers preached according to the tone of some well-known hymns. The references are in abeyance.—Hitchin has 9,000 inhabitants and twelve places of worship. If all are filled, it must be a religious town beyond many. For 300 years the Baptists have had a place and a people in this town of Hitchin; and John Bunyan, of blessed memory, often preached the Gospel here.—Our friend J. E. Cracknell has bid farewell to his friends at South Shields. As pastor, as editor, as preacher, he has worked hard; but his genial and tender nature, and the hard, cold, iron-like atmosphere of the Shields never could harmonise. He leaves a large interest in the Lavgate-lane Tabernacle; with honour, if not with perfect happiness, he turns away from a wide-spread, if not a well-sown, field. We have always loved him as one of our gentle Timothys. If he had grown up with us into a stalwart Paul we should have thanked God, and taken courage. But whose readeth verses 16 and 17 of Psa. xi., will therein find our prayer, our confession, and the source of all our strength. Nature, as in the case of Orpah, may promise fair, yea, may go a long way with poor old Naomi; may even cry over her, and, with Nature's heart and arms, may embrace her; but when Nature discovers Naomi's desolate prospects, and not having the faith of God's elect, she turns back to her native home, and to her gods.

NOTES.—Mr. Geo. Webb, who has for many years preached the Gospel in Camden-town, has, we are informed, received a call to Laxfield, where, no doubt, he will find a loving people, a happy home, and a useful field of labour.—The Sydenham patriarch, William Allnutt, died, October, aged 81. He had been pastor of that Church fifty-one years.—At Thame, Oct. 21, we had brother

Thomas James Messer preaching to us; he was in holy liberty, and we had seasons of joy and usefulness. Praise the Lord.

BUCKS.—“A strong American preacher of that Gospel which came from heaven” will find plenty of work on the borders of Herts and Bucks. On Lee-common, Buckland-common, Berkhamstead-common, Aulbury, Aston Clinton, Two Waters, Markyate-street, Tring, Harridge, Long Marston, Ivinghoe, &c., these are without pastors. They are thirsting for the outpouring of the Spirit upon them. Let the Stronger than the strong one visit them; they will shout aloud for joy.

THE DEACON'S DECISION.—One of the very best of deacons writes as follows: “The love of money, I believe, is a great hindrance to the cause of Christ both with people and pastors. The people are saying, What shall we have to pay? Preachers are inquiring, ‘What will you give?’ A cursed covetous spirit is prevailing in our Churches. The wedge of gold, and the Babylonish garment is lying by concealed in our midst. I burn with holy indignation against this Achan in the camp. It's the pay that stands in the way. [Have not we seen this for thirty years? yet we never charged one penny.—Ed.]

FOR STUDENTS OF PROPHECY.—Dear Mr. Editor,—My readers of “The Prophetic Kingdoms” must please pardon me for not making any allusion to Mr. S. Sears' work; for, although I have had the first edition by me from its first publication, I cannot recollect that it ever once occurred to my mind while I was writing “The Prophetic Kingdoms;” and, in fact, I did not know there was such a disagreement until I read the criticism by “A Lateral of the True Vine.” But I will try to answer, at least, some of the objections in a little work I have in hand. I sincerely thank “A Lateral” for his kind recommendations; but my helmsman suits me well in every respect, and I have no notion of turning him off while I need one. “Jesus, o'er the billows steer me.” May that blessed promise be fulfilled in all of us; “When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.”—I am, dear Sir, yours in the love of truth, JOHN WESLEY, 100, High Cross-street, Leicester, Nov. 6th, 1877. [Mr. John Wesley's new work, entitled, “The Prophetic Kingdoms; or, the Dream and the Interpretation,” can be had of R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street; or of the Author, 100, High Cross-street, Leicester, post free for 13 stamps.]

Marriage.

On the 4th November, at Old St. Pancras, Edward John Clifton, to Elizabeth Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Chas. Brazeley, of Camden-town.

Death.

November 18, at Grange-road, Bermondsey, Hannah Odling, relict of the late Henry Odling, aged 90.