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From my studio,  
W. H. L. Thompson

THE  
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND  
CHRISTIAN RECORD

FOR  
1878.

*EDITED BY*  
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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# THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

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## A Witness and a Warning.

---

“Come, then, a still small whisper in your ear ;  
He has no hope who never had a fear.”

LET me come and sit down once more with you, charitable readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD, at the commencement of this year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Eight, and, with feelings of grief on the one hand, and of gratitude on the other, present to you the strong and holy words of Eliphaz the Temanite, where to Job he said, “Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth ; therefore, despise not the chastening of the Almighty ; for He maketh sore and bindeth up ; He woundeth and His hands make whole. *He shall deliver thee in six troubles ; yea, in SEVEN, there shall NO EVIL TOUCH THEE.*” These burning words of Heaven’s declaration my soul knoweth right well to be sacredly true ; hence, with Martin Luther, my spirit sings :—

“Moved was the GREAT ETERNAL GOD  
To pity my distress ;  
He willed, in His deep boundless love,  
To help my wretchedness.”

There the ancient Reformer points us to the original Fountain whence GRACE first took its rise, and from which the FATHER’S unfolding of His heart to our Redeemer, proceeded :—

“He spake to His beloved SON :  
‘Sweet mercy’s hour draws nigh !  
Oh, Sharer of My heavenly throne,  
*The sinner’s need supply.*  
Help him from sin’s distress and stain,  
*Destroy his death ! the victory gain !*  
AND LET HIM LIVE WITH THEE !’”

All the Divinity volumes in this world could never more perfectly express the freeness and fulness of saving mercy than Martin Luther, in those few lines, has done ; nor could all the tongues of men and of

angels more simply witness to the faith of my Spirit-taught mind, or to the feelings of my regenerated soul. Delivered from sin's distress; the victory gained; living with Christ in faith and in fellowship; living for Christ in continued humble services; in these exercises through another year we have travelled; and, if life, health, and saving strength be continued, we anticipate a daily succession of the same mercies, until, in quiet solitude, on the brink of an eternal world, may the substance of the great Reformer's last prayer be mine, when, almost in death, he poured out his soul before the throne of grace, saying, "O, eternal and merciful God, my heavenly Father, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and God of all consolation! I thank THEE that Thou hast revealed in me Thy SON JESUS CHRIST, in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom I live and worship as my dear Saviour and Redeemer. I beseech THEE, my LORD JESUS CHRIST, receive my soul! Oh, heavenly Father, though I be snatched out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet know I assuredly (blessed assurance!) that I shall dwell WITH THEE for ever; and that none can pluck me out of Thy hands." *Even so prayeth my soul now.* Amen.

Let no one call this presumption. It is a *spiritual* assurance derived from faith in the testimonies given us by the Son of God Himself; derived also from the inward experience of the Holy Ghost in the soul now extended, and continuing for nearly, if not quite, fifty years. This assurance was first given me under a sermon preached by a gentleman (I never saw before nor since) from Paul's text, "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." How the glory of the Lord did that morning fill that house, and fill my soul with the revelation of the Lord Jesus, I never could describe.

There were three things on that memorable morning which have ever been deeply impressed upon my heart, which I can never forget, and without the slightest previous intention to refer to this now, I feel an impulse too strong upon me to resist.

The first was, very early that morning, that blessed and beautiful Sunday morning, as I lay fast asleep in my bed, in Monastery-street, Canterbury, I heard a voice calling inside of me, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Although I had never known the Lord's voice, nor ever once heard the words which then came to me, I had at once such a powerful certainty of feeling that it was *the* LORD who called me, that I sprang out of bed, fell on my knees, and, with much intensity, cried out, "Lord! fulfil this promise in me—'CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT!'" I was then but a little over twenty-one years of age, yet I may say from time to time that promise has been verified—Christ has been my Light, and Christ is the saving life and light of my soul even until now.

Secondly. As I walked out on that sweet and solemn morning, in much simplicity of soul, I said, "Lord, if that word did come from Thee, do speak again!" How soon fears and unbelief will arise in the new man, to eclipse the glory of Christ if possible. But no sooner had I presented this petition than in came the words of the beloved John, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is THE CHRIST, is born of God!" I said, "Lord, I do believe Jesus is the anointed Messiah;



and I am born of God." Onward into the Dane John-grove I went in such a frame of mind, as I have no words to express. Up to this time I cannot think I had shed one tear over all that had taken place; it all came with such amazing power as to fill me with *certainty* that the Lord Himself had come to me; but it had *not* come with an *intelligent* and *melting* influence. Presently, after walking in the grove in silent meditation, I was led almost imperceptibly to walk out of the grove straight into a chapel which, I think, I had never seen before, as I had but then recently come into that city. It was the old Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, wherein at that time they had sound Gospel preachers.

When I sat down in a pew, there did not appear to be another person in the place. I cannot recollect anything in that chapel that morning but three facts. After sitting some time, as though expecting the Lord would come and speak to me again, I saw a tall gentleman, with a black gown on, ascend the pulpit. He read and prayed; then he took the text I have named, "Being confident," &c.; and, as he went on opening up "*the good work*," who began it, and the certainty that THE LORD would perform it until the day of JESUS CHRIST, there shone forth such shining rays of pure white light, there appeared to me such visions of the Person of the Saviour, and there came into me such a sense of the love of God, that I poured out my overwhelmed feelings of gratitude and praise in streams of tears. I felt like a fountain of waters gushing out of my inmost soul, with such inexpressible delight as none but he that enjoys it knows.

When the service was over, I left the place without saying one word to any creature, with an unshaken assurance that I should soon be called home to glory.

For some few weeks after that I attended (with my father and mother) the Baptist chapel; but I could not either hear, or feel, or understand anything under that ministry; consequently, I stole away one Sunday evening, and went to the old Countess of Huntingdon's chapel again. I tried to find the same pew that I had sat in on the morning I have referred to, sat down in the same corner, expected to see and hear the same tall, dark, and godly-looking minister, when, lo! a very venerable silvery-haired gentleman climbed up into the pulpit, and, after he had read and prayed, to my wondering astonishment, he read for his text the same words of Paul, "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it (carry it on successively Himself) until the day of Jesus Christ."

I really do think I shall see and know both those ministers in heaven; for surely they were the Lord's messengers to my soul! What the Lord revealed unto me in the first sermon, that the Lord sealed home upon all the powers of the new man by the second sermon, and by that very *aged man's* ministry.

Thus it was the *assurance* of my interest in Christ was wrought in me. How awfully it was subsequently tried, torn up by the roots, and, as it were, buried in all but black despair; how it was recovered and restored, I must not declare here. Why I have thus been constrained to write out this witness, I know not. I commenced to give my readers another subject for the New Year's meditation altogether, but the Lord knoweth I have involuntarily been led to leave what I intended, and to write to them what I had no thought of giving.

I trust the Lord's hand is in this for His glory, and for some good unto His people, and there I must leave it, briefly stating that my coming into the faith, my being planted in the visible Church of Christ on earth, was effected by a long, a gradual, a singular stream of Providential dealings. Convinced of sin, at seven years of age, by my mother's prayers and teaching, was soon after that placed under the care of my grandfather to learn the great art and mystery of printing, of which business I have been most passionately fond for over sixty years, and always felt determined to stick close to printing. My losses and sufferings through it have been heart-breaking. But I may soon leave it all.

From seven until twenty years of age I was brought up in the Church of England, lived in the old churchyard of Cranbrook, slept in a garret without any windows, read all the prayers, sung all the psalms, heard all the sermons, was christened at twelve years of age at my own request, and yet all those fourteen years of my youth I was one of the most miserable beings in all the world. When about twenty, I was cut down by an old roaring big Methodist parson, who sent me (so far as feelings were concerned) into the eternal pit of woe and death, which caused me to fly home to my parents, under whose roof I dwelt, and where all took place which I have here related; and again I say, why I have written all this I cannot imagine, unless it is to be the last New Year's address I ever shall give.

Thus I was "brought up" in the Church, cut down by the Wesleyans, picked up by the Countess of Huntingdon's, and the Baptists took me in. They continued (by the agency of that godly man, Henry Christian) for nearly four years to seek to get me into their communion, but never could they prevail, until (I trust) the Lord shewed me from His own Word that the baptism of true believers in Jesus, by immersion, was the Heaven-ordained, the Heaven-sanctioned, the Heaven-blessed ordinance whereby the followers of the Lamb were publicly to "confess their faith in," and to "put on, the Lord Jesus," by being baptized in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And from the moment that this "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace" was revealed to me by the Saviour's own submission, by His last ordination commission, and by the pattern of the New Testament Church as given and set up by the promised gift of the Divine Comforter on the day of Pentecost; from the moment that I saw baptism in its Divine, in its Scriptural, and in its metaphorical import, as binding upon all believers in the Christ of God, from that moment until now I have never repented of embracing it, never been turned from it, never dared to slight it; the faith given to me in the glorious Trinity of Persons, in the Godhead, in all the essential doctrines of the new covenant, and in the commandments of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as also the faith given me in the future blissful kingdom of the Son of God—this inwrought faith has held me fast, although storms, temptations, disasters, and trials of every kind have assailed me, so much so, that that curious character at Islington told poor Brett, when speaking of me, that devils could preach and write as well as angels. By that immense host of influence which the higher order of Baptists have exercised, much has been done to hinder me, and to destroy my useful-

ness; but for many years I have committed them, and myself, too, into the hands of HIM that judgeth righteously, who will render unto every man according to His own sovereign will.

But now being considered by some to be an old man; having been in the printing office, in the pulpit, on the platform, on the rail, and on the road over sixty years, I ask, as

### A WORD OF WARNING,

WHO ARE BAPTISTS NOW? AND WHERE IS THE DENOMINATION  
GOING TO?

Being called to speak at Mr. Osmond's public meeting in Hoxton, on December 11, 1877, upon Paul's words in 1 Cor. viii. 6, I was led hastily to review some of the remarkable movements of the so-called Christian Churches in our day; and it is much on my mind to examine these things more closely, and not only to examine them, but to witness against every encroachment which is being made (in these days) upon what may be called the new covenant premises of the Gospel dispensation.

Long have I silently grieved over the declensions in nearly all the Churches. I most acutely sympathise with the late Mr. Philpot, when he said, "*I consider that the time is fully come for THE CHURCHES OF TRUTH in this land to*

"SPEAK OUT WITH DECIDED VOICE!"

Not with a bitter, exclusive, jealous, and censorious spirit, but in a Christ-like, truth-loving, soul-seeking, faithful and firm tone, as Paul did in the text referred to at the Hoxton meeting (1 Cor. viii. 6). The apostle, in the context, draws a contrast—first, between that knowledge which puffeth up, and that charity which edifieth; then, again, he draws a contrast between those idolatrous worshippers—who have "gods many and lords many," and those worshippers of whom Paul saith—

*"But to us*

*There is but ONE GOD the FATHER,  
Of whom are all things, and WE IN HIM.*

*And ONE LORD JESUS CHRIST, by whom are all things, and WE  
BY HIM."*

And in pursuing this investigation, I notice, first,

PASTOR JOHN CLIFFORD'S MANIFESTO,

which is now before all the world; then I notice Dr. Gill's prophecy of what would come upon our Churches, and going on to other witnesses. I have, however, exceeded my limits for this month, and can but briefly notice Mr. Clifford's paper on the general "change of opinion," as regards the place which baptism has, or should have, in the Churches. I may shew in my next chapter that, with John Clifford, it is not what is the will of God, it is not what is the testimony of Jesus Christ, it is not what saith the Holy Ghost; but, "what is the changing opinions of the ministers and people of the present age?" Not the Word of God, but the changing opinions of men.

Five hundred years ago, there was a class called "the schoolmen," and they had what they termed their "*scholastic theology*," whereby

they set up the man of sin, and introduced all those deadly heresies, which even the Reformation did not destroy. That part of history is now repeating itself, of which we have yet much to say; only now we must close by simply

ASKING JOHN CLIFFORD TWO QUESTIONS.

He is carefully (as we have read him) putting baptism out of doors. In doing so, he says. "Of course the Strict Baptists, so called, **STAND TO THEIR GUNS.**" These are John's own words, and he is a kind of bishop over one section of the Baptist Churches, too. Therefore, it seems to come rather cool from such a man to say, sarcastically, "Of course the Strict Baptists stand to their guns!"

I ask John Clifford what he means by *our guns*? My answer is, Our guns are the grand old doctrines, prophecies, promises, precepts, ordinances, and experimental testimonies which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ brought down with Him when He came from the ancient council chambers of His FATHER and of the SPIRIT, referring to which He said in His all-merciful prayer, "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me, and they have received them!"

THESE ARE OUR GUNS, Mr. Clifford; and, blessed be God, some can say, "By grace Divine we will stand by them unto the end!"

But, what is the real character and condition of those who turn away from these guns? Does not Cowper come in with an answer to this last question?

"Man, on the dubious waves of error toss'd,  
His ship half-founder'd, and his compass lost,  
Sees, far as human optics may command,  
A sleeping fog, and *fancies* it dry land;  
Spreads all his canvass, every sinew plies;  
Pants for 't, aims at it, enters it, *and DIES!*  
Then, farewell all self-satisfying schemes;  
Man's well-built systems; philosophic dreams;  
*Deceitful* views of future bliss farewell!  
He reads his sentence at the flames of hell.  
Hard lot of man, to toil for the reward  
Of virtue, and yet lose it! Wherefore hard?  
He that would win the race, must guide his horse  
Obedient to the customs of the course;  
Else, though unequal'd to the goal he flies,  
A meaner than himself shall gain the prize!  
GRACE leads the **RIGHT WAY!** If you choose the wrong,  
Take it, and perish, but restrain your tongue.  
Charge not, with light sufficient, and let free—  
Your wilful suicide on God's decree!"

Lovers and followers of our most adorable Lord, I beseech you to prove that your guns are of Heaven's making, and God-given. Then, stand by them. May a New Year's blessing be given you all—not of my prescribing, but such as your heavenly Father knoweth you have need of. I feel mine is increasingly an onerous post, therefore your prayers are asked for

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E.,  
December, 1877.

“THE EVERLASTING ARMS” WERE “UNDERNEATH.”

MRS. ROBERT WHEELER departed this life October 9th, 1877, after a long illness. An internal cancer shewed its malignant symptoms the early part of this year, and from that time till her soul was taken home to her loved and loving Redeemer, she had but few intervals of freedom from intensely-agonising sufferings. When it first made its appearance she thought that the “sickness was unto death,” and penned some sweet verses on “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.”

She said to me, with tears of gratitude flowing from heart and eyes, “Whether this is for life or death, I am fixed on the Rock. ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’ I know that I do love Him.” This confession comprehends all and more than a multitude of words can convey; and her patient resignation, her submission to the will of her God and Father, fully demonstrated that it was not a mere lip-confession, but the deep Divine operation of the Holy Ghost, to whom she knew she was indebted for that sacred conviction, that knowledge of herself as a fallen sinner, as well as for the enlightening, comforting, liberating power that broke her bonds, revealing pardon and peace, and bringing her soul (after many years of hard bondage) into the glorious liberty of the Gospel of Christ. It pleased God to bring my own soul into its liberty upwards of twenty years ago, and then to use me, by conversation, writing, and preaching, to loose her chains; and, in the depths of her precious soul, He said, “Loose *her* and let *her* go.” From that time we have been indulged to walk in sweet fellowship, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh; to draw water out of the wells of salvation; to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Him; and that increased spiritual knowledge has furnished us with spiritual weapons to meet the enemy in his many and diversified attacks on our otherwise defenceless souls. She has “fought the fight, has kept the faith,” entered the rest “prepared,” and received the crown. I am left to fight on—for how long I know not, neither am I concerned; therefore I ask not. I know I have the earnest (at times to overflowing); that being a part, parcel, and pledge, the whole is sure, secured by the oath and promise of “God that cannot lie,” on whom alone my hopes depend, when He shall also call me hence as He has done her who is gone before, “Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” I have no desire to extol a single moral virtue she possessed (although she had many), but to extol the riches of Divine grace in its soul-sustaining power in the time of extreme need.

It never fell to my lot to witness such a scene of indescribable agonies on the one hand, or, on the other, the power, the amazing power of grace to bring the mind into Divine submission to the sovereign, righteous will of God. I know that rebellious strivings against His will and ways only add grief to grief. This she was spared through her long and painful affliction, but often I could hear her feeble voice saying, “Father of mercies, if Thy will, give me a little relief from these excruciating agonies; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done;” and when near her end, her sympathies flowed to those very dear to her, surrounding her dying bed, looking at us all, asked her God, if His will, to spare us such agonies when our time came. Physical pains then ceased, the struggle with the outer man was over, and, calmly

and peacefully in the arms of Him who had grappled with sin, death, and hell for her, she fell asleep. The veil of flesh hides from us all beyond.

“In vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glory that surrounds the saints  
In yielding up their breath.”

The Divine consolations her soul derived from the Gospel in her life, since she was brought into its “fulness” and liberty, and the support it yielded in her dying moments, confirms in me its deep reality, and encourages me still to go on preaching the same Gospel, in its liberating effects, and to shew that *true* Gospel liberty is not (as some say) a licentious doctrine or liberty to sin; but inasmuch as it is the fruit of the Spirit, so it has an hallowed influence on the *mind*, which regulates the walk and conversation, constraining its possessor to “live as becometh that Gospel,” not from slavish fear, but from the higher and nobler principle of love and gratitude to God for the “abundance of grace” given to dispel the thick darkness, gloomy and desponding fears, triumph by faith, and, by “faith which works by love,” walk in a precious Christ through “cloud and sunshine,” and even in tribulation’s thorny path, when sorrows press, and our dearest objects are torn from us, still clinging to His cross, confiding in His unchanging love; and—

“When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,”

yet,

“Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me,”

is still the breathings of the soul that has once tasted the blessedness couched in the following words—“Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.”

R. WHEELER.

## MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN’S NARRATIVE.

*(Continued from page, 364 Vol. XXXIII.)*

HIS Baptism by Mr. Myerson—Again Visits Mr. Stern—The First Time He Spoke in Prayer at Prayer Meeting—Enters the Sunday School—Visits the Bethnal Green Union—His Converse and Prayer with a Young Jew—Visits the Synagogues, but is Turned Out—Finds a Poor Jew in German Hospital, to Whom Mr. Levinsohn’s Conversation was Blessed of God to Conversion.

**A**FTER I left the Operative Jewish Converts’ Institution I could not find any place of worship where I could make myself at home as I could at the Baptist chapel, Oval, Hackney-road, under the ministry of Mr. Henry Myerson. Although I could not understand all Mr. Myerson said when praying and preaching (being so deficient in the English language), yet I could not help feeling touched by the earnestness of his manner; indeed, I thought that no man could be more earnest than Mr. Myerson. I was also delighted because of the humble spirit he exhibited in his private life, which I am delighted to say he carries with him always.

Having attended the services of the chapel for some time, I made a special business to study the Holy Bible, to see if the doctrines of the Baptist denomination were really right or wrong. I have made

that a special matter of prayer; and, for some time, I earnestly studied the subject, until I came to the conclusion, if baptism by immersion be not right, then baptism by sprinkling certainly could never be right; but as I could not get away from the fact that immersion was the only right and original manner of baptism, I determined to follow the command of the Master.

I then made application to Mr. Myerson for baptism, after which, according to the rule and order of the Strict and Particular Baptist denominations, I was brought before the Church, to whom I briefly related my experience of the work of grace in my soul, so far as I could trace it; after which the members and deacons unanimously agreed for me to become a member of the Church. On Sunday evening, February 14, 1875, I was baptized by immersion by Mr. Myerson, and I shall never regret the step I have taken.

After my baptism, I always felt it a great pleasure to talk to those of my acquaintances of the Church of England, and to converse with them on the subject of baptism. Often, it is true, I met with unpleasant replies. I then visited Mr. Stern, and informed him of the step I had taken. I was surprised with Mr. Stern's reply, which was so charitable and noble. Mr. Stern expressed his joy to find that I did not act according to the advice of man, but according to the guidance of a clear conscience and the Word of God. I remember well Mr. Stern's words to me. He said, "I do not care what you are so long as you are a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ." From that time I have often visited him, and I must say I look upon Mr. Stern as one of the best friends the Lord has given me in England; I always look upon him as a father to me, knowing that he was the means, in the hands of the Lord, to open my understanding and convince me of the truth which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

I attended the services of the chapel, under Mr. Myerson's ministrations, very regularly—every time whenever I found the doors were open.

I shall never forget one Monday evening when Mr. Myerson called upon me to engage in prayer at the prayer meeting. This being the first time, I felt that I could not possibly open my mouth to pray at a public prayer meeting; however, I spent a few moments in prayer, and when I had finished, I felt ashamed of myself, as if I had committed the greatest crime, and I spent the rest of the time at the prayer meeting in great misery and wretchedness of spirit; but I was very much surprised when Mr. Myerson expressed his feelings toward me in his closing prayer, and he very specially prayed on my behalf to the Most High, to prepare me to go forth preaching the everlasting Gospel, which prayer I did not believe for one moment would ever have any effect.

At the close of the prayer meeting, Mr. Myerson had a private conversation with me; he expressed to me his conviction that I was called to go forward and preach the Gospel; but being so ignorant of this language, I could not possibly feel Mr. Myerson's words were of any weight. However, months passed away, and I attended the services of the chapel the same. I then began to feel the importance of not being idle, but doing something, not for my salvation, but to occupy my time in a good work, whereby I might glorify the name of my Saviour.

I was then recommended to enter the Sunday school, by the advice of the superintendent, Mr. Mobbs, whose meek and loving spirit I always admired as a deacon and worker in Sunday schools; also, his humble, Christian spirit in private life. I occupied a position in the Sunday school for some time, until a friend asked me to go with him for once to the Bethnal-green workhouse, to speak to the poor infirm inmates, which I did with much pleasure. I was afterwards requested by the authorities to go there again and again. My soul was filled with joy unspeakable when I was informed that my words were not in vain—a poor old lady, who was on her dying bed, expressed the gratitude of her heart that the words I had spoken were blessed to her.

When I found that the Lord was pleased to bless my labour, I began to feel it to be my duty to go wherever I could and testify of the Saviour, in whom I believed. I went to see a Jewish family in a lodging-house in Whitechapel, with whom I opened a conversation on the promised Messiah. A very intelligent young man was there, who was very anxious to hear on that subject; he joined in conversation with us. I told him how the Lord had dealt with me ever since I had left my native country, and how I was brought to the knowledge of the truth which is in Jesus. We spent between two and three hours in arguing from the law. At last, the young man asked if I would go for a walk with him. I gladly took the opportunity, and we took a long walk, discussing the subject of the Messiah. After we had had a long walk, we went into a coffee-room, where I asked for a private room. We had some coffee. I then proposed to the young man for both to kneel down and pray. He refused to pray on his knees, as it is against the Jewish custom. I then knelt down and prayed in the German language, after which the young man expressed the gratitude of his heart towards me; he said he would be glad for more instruction on the subject. I proposed to him to go and see the Rev. H. A. Stern. I introduced him to Mr. Stern, under whose instruction he was for a few months, and afterwards made a public profession of the Lord Jesus Christ. I was so overwhelmed with joy, that the Lord should bless me to my own brethren, that I felt I must go amongst them preaching Christ crucified and exalted, whether they will hear or refuse to hear me.

I visited several synagogues, where I quietly entered into conversation with Jews on the Messiahship of Jesus Christ; but when they heard me, and found that I was a Hebrew Christian, I was turned out of the synagogues; still I was not very much discouraged when I looked back and thought that some time ago I would have done the same thing to any believer in Christ, and especially when I thought that the Lord had already blessed me with one soul for Christ.

When I found that my poor and blinded Jews refused to hear me, I thought that I must by no means give up speaking and testifying for the Master. I procured some nice tracts from the Religious Tract Society, and went to the London Hospital, from bed to bed, giving away a tract and speaking quietly a word or two about the loving Master. I visited the London and German Hospitals many times. In the German Hospital, especially, I met with encouragement. A poor Jew who was on his bed for many weeks, a native of Germany, had no one to visit him, no one to say a good word to him. As soon as I introduced myself to him, he seemed to be very pleased, and as I saw his willingness



to speak to me, I then made the best of my opportunity. I visited him every time the hospital was open for visitors, and took him some little presents; and every time I spoke to him about the Messiah, although at first he did not like to hear on that subject, but the Lord heard my prayers on his behalf. After an acquaintance of about two months, he expressed his firm belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he then very regularly attended the services of the chapel of the hospital; and his conduct testified that he possessed the grace of God. At last the icy hand of death touched him, and before his death he expressed his joy in the Saviour, revealed unto him in such a marvellous manner at the hospital, and expressed his gratitude towards me, firmly believing that the Lord must have sent me to speak to him, and be the means of his conversion. My heart raised another Ebenezer, and my soul was overwhelmed with joy, that the Lord should honour me so much as to make me useful, and be the means of bringing in the outcasts of Israel into the sheepfold of Christ.

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MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S NOTE TO C. W. BANKS.

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

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I feel it my duty to write to you to express the gratitude of my heart towards you for your kind sympathy with me, as also for the great kindness and sympathy of most of the readers of your valuable magazine. You are well aware of the trials which I had to pass through, especially that great trial and sorrow of my heart, to be cast off from all those who were, and are, so dear to a man—namely, father, mother, sisters, and brothers.

Although greater trials there cannot be than to be cast away by those who are the nearest and dearest, yet, thanks be unto God, when one door is shut, He opens another way. When I first joined the *denomination* of which I have the honour to be a member, I lost even the very few friends I had in England, and I thought that I should never have any one who would be a friend to me—save the Lord Himself. But it hath pleased the Lord to give me many friends; for, on referring to the numerous letters of sympathy I have in my possession from ministers and various members of the Strict and Particular Baptist denominations, I feel quite encouraged to find that the Lord should honour me with such great privileges.

Ever since I attempted, by the aid of the ETERNAL SPIRIT, to go forward and proclaim the unsearchable truth of Calvary, it has pleased the Lord to bless me in my work; and, above all, I rejoice that the Lord has blessed the Word to others.

But, now, I would particularly refer to the last twelve months. Since you have published a sketch of my life in your valuable magazine, almost every place where I have gone to preach I have been encouraged to see the various chapels crowded with those who, I suppose, have read THE EARTHEN VESSEL. Whilst I am glad to see so many gather together to hear me, yet I can never help thinking of the solemn words of the apostle, "*Who is sufficient for all this?*"

Surely I consider, *What am I?* and *Who am I* that I should stand up before the hundreds and thousands of living souls? What can I do or say? I, who never had an English education, never had the privilege of giving my whole time to study; but have to work for an honest

livelihood every day, yet I have to preach to great multitudes. Thanks be unto God, He has never left me alone, He has given me strength whenever I cried unto Him, and I would earnestly beg of you, my dear Mr. Editor, and would beg of all who honour me with their presence, from time to time, wherever I go to preach, to remember me when you are in your closets pleading with your God, that He may give me wisdom and strength from on high. And, though I am labouring under many disadvantages as a foreigner, who has not enjoyed a perfect English education, I pray that the grace of Jesus may be sufficient for me.

I remain, my dear sir,  
Very truly yours in the Gospel,  
ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

S, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, London.

[Altogether unknown to us, and unsought for by us, Mr. Levinsohn was introduced to us. We most solemnly thank the LORD for giving us the privilege of publishing the narrative of his conversion, his travels, his sufferings, his faith in the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and his call to the ministry, all of which, we know (from reports and from letters received), has been acceptable and useful in our Churches, and our increasing acquaintance with Mr. L. only tends gradually to deepen the conviction we received from our first interview with him, that the LORD has raised him up to be a special blessing to the Churches of Christ in this land. May the SPIRIT be poured upon us all, that, through Mr. Levinsohn's preaching of Christ's Gospel, there may be a large ingathering of precious souls, fulfilling yet again that ancient prediction, "*Unto HIM shall the gathering of the people be.*" Such, indeed, is the constantly earnest cry of Mr. Levinsohn's friend, THE EDITOR.]

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THE  
LATE HONOURED PATRIARCH—THOMAS BARNES.

BY SAMUEL FOSTER.

"What awful tidings reach our ears!  
How solemn, yet how grand!  
A brother landed safe from fears  
On Canaan's happy land."

THOMAS BARNES, of Boughton, near Faversham, Kent, suddenly fell asleep in Jesus, aged 86 years, October 5th, 1877. Of the first work of God upon his heart I am not able to tell. The Lord began with him when he was young; at first the work was very gradual. The Lord drew him with the cords of love, but he was made to feel he was a lost sinner; that he needed a precious Saviour to save him; that none but Jesus could save him. I little thought the Lord would take him home first. I think he told me he came to Faversham in 1811, and there he sought the friends of truth. He found about six in number meeting together in a room; from that time he was one with them; they used to read sermons, and at times Mr. Samuel Eyles Pierce preached for them. In 1813, Mr. Pierce formed them into a Church. I believe my dear departed brother was the last one; all went home before him; he was deacon many years; he was a faithful man, made and kept so by the grace of God. In his early days, Mr. Pierce's ministry was greatly blessed to him, and so was Thomas Hardy's ministry. He loved the whole truth as it is in Jesus; he

contended for the whole Gospel—doctrine, experience, and practice. Christ must be All in all. He said Christ is my experience ; “ Christ in me the Hope of glory.” It is about thirty-four years since I first knew him. I became acquainted in going to Faversham to hear godly ministers. At the beginning of 1845, one morning when talking to F——, I felt my soul united to him. He gave me godly counsel. I have ever found him a faithful friend. After I was afflicted some years, he visited me ; three times a year he used to come and see me, and sweet were those seasons, and he always administered to my necessities. I have lost a true friend. The last time I saw him was in October, 1876, and a very blessed time we had together. Seeing me so ill that day, he said, “ You will go home first ;” but that was not the Lord’s will.

“ He’s gone in eternal bliss to dwell,  
And I am left below,  
To grapple with the powers of hell,  
Till Jesus bids me go.”

He well knew the plague of his heart. He said to me one day, “ The longer I live, the more my heart plagues me. Oh, what should I do if salvation from first to last was not all by Christ Jesus ! By grace we are saved ;” and this was a favourite portion of his : “ But the God of all grace ! all grace ! all grace !” He would say, “ For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” For a long time he was not able to attend the house of God, but many precious seasons he had alone in his room. The Word of God and Pierce’s Letters were much blessed to him ; the Holy Ghost was his minister. Once, when I was telling him my ups and downs, he said, “ Don’t you make a salvation of your frames and feelings ; Christ is my salvation.” In a note to me in March he says : “ Our time on this sinful earth cannot be long ; but, O the blessedness, death being swallowed up in victory by our adorable Lord !” In a note in July he says : “ I hope and trust, when my time comes, I shall be enabled, by faith, to rest implicitly on the finished work of Jesus, as all my salvation.” And this he was enabled to do. The last note he wrote to me was on October 1st. He told me he was poorly. I heard no more until his daughter sent me word that he had entered into rest. What I felt I cannot describe, but his end was blessed. The Lord heard his prayer ; he did not lay and suffer. On Friday, October 5th, he was in the shop talking to his daughter ; he went to bed about nine o’clock no worse ; when his daughter went to bed she looked at him ; he was in a comfortable sleep ; at half-past eleven he knocked for her ; she went to him ; he was out of bed. She said, “ What is the matter, father ?” He said, “ I am had.” She said, “ Shall I send for the doctor ?” He said, “ No, he cannot do me any good ; I am going fast.” He lifted up his dying hands, and exclaimed, “ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.” He paused, and then said, “ What a mercy Christ is gone before, and taken away the sting !” and, without a struggle, he fell asleep. “ Absent from the body, present with the Lord.” “ O may my last end be like his.”

“ Methinks I see him now at rest,  
In the bright mansion Love ordain’d ;  
His head reclines on Jesu’s breast,  
No more by sin or sorrow pain’d.”

S. FOSTER.

## "ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED."

EPHESIANS i. 6.

**J**ESUS CHRIST is "The Beloved." He is dear to God the Father *because* He is God's Son. We love our children simply because they are our children. We don't require any inducement; it is natural that we should love them. Love does not beget relationship, but relationship begets love. I speak of paternal love. This love is also very strong and lasting.

What has love induced the Father to do for His Son Christ? God had it in His power to make Christ Heir of all things; and He has done so. He said, "Let all the angels of God worship Him;" and they do so. "Let Him be anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows;" and it was so. "I will beat down His foes before His face, and plague them that hate Him;" and God will certainly do it. God has said, "Also I will make Him My firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth; and He has a name given Him which is above every other name." Christ said, "Therefore, doth My Father love Me, *because* I lay down My life for the sheep." Is it possible that the Father's love for His Son can increase, because of the loving and lasting obedience of the Son? I will not reply to the question.

Christ is also dear to the Church of God. She calls Him her Beloved. Her love for Him is strong as death; many waters, or afflictions, cannot quench it, floods of trouble cannot drown it. She leaves her own people and her Father's house for Him, and in her eyes Christ is altogether lovely. He has no equal among ten thousand. Her love for Him is due to His love for her. He loved her into loving Him.

"Accepted in the Beloved." We must be *in* Him before we can be accepted. Men cannot put themselves in Christ; no amount of good works, so called, or prayers, or penance can put a man in Christ. If we are *in* the Beloved, it is attributable to Divine grace—"Chosen in Him." By a *gracious experience* we are in Christ. We have the proof within; there is external evidence as well as internal; "for if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away, and all things have become new." The man thinks, and talks, and acts like a new creature. "In" is an important word, though it be a little one. "God was *in* Christ reconciling," &c. "It hath pleased the Father that *in* Him all fulness should dwell." This monosyllable has an important place in the economy of redemption.

"In the Beloved"—where Satan cannot reach him, where sin cannot harm him, where the law cannot condemn him, where he can know no inflictions from the rod of retributive justice, where he can sing because he has nought to fear, where he can die with composure, for, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"Accepted" personally. God accepts first the man and then his offering, as in the case of Abel. The text is an answer to any poor sinner who is perplexed because he does not see how it is possible for God to accept such a vile, guilty wretch as he knows and feels himself to be. My fellow-sinner, hear the words of the Holy Ghost by His servant Paul: "Accepted in the Beloved." The problem is solved. May the Lord apply the words to your heart; then will you

"Give to the winds your fears,  
Hope, and be undismay'd."

"Accepted in the Beloved." What a blow to all the proud pretensions of the self-righteous Pharisee, who has been heaping up works as high as Babel, from the summit of which he anticipates heaven! He will certainly be mistaken, to his eternal dismay.

The text is full of inexpressible blessedness to believers in Jesus. It has been the password in the lips of many of the Lord's saints, when, dropping dull mortality, they have soared aloft to claim their mansion in the skies.

Lord, seal this truth upon our hearts. May we wear it as a frontlet between our eyes, as a bracelet on our arm. May we walk abroad in the security of it, and lie down in the blessedness of it. God grant it, for His name's sake.

"Art thou in Christ, O soul of mine?  
Art thou in Christ through grace Divine?  
Hast thou the proof within?  
Thanks to my God, the stream of love  
Has reached my heart from His above,  
And bore away my sin."

E. LANGFORD.

Chatsworth-road Baptist chapel, Clapton.

## THE ELDER'S DREAM AND THE PASTOR'S BROKEN HEART.

**I**N one of Scotland's Northern towns, a family were seated round the breakfast-table, waiting for "the father," wondering why he was so late. At length, he appeared: his step was heavy, his brow cloudy. Having asked the blessing, he sat resting his head on his hand, wrapped in melancholy thought. This unhappy-looking man was one of the elders of a neighbouring chapel: he possessed much energy and zeal, and it was hoped real piety. Alas! he was governed by a bad temper, and too often forgot the words of the wise man,—“He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.”

In consequence of his unrestrained temper, the meetings for chapel business were constant scenes of noisy strife. The venerable minister, being a true disciple of the Prince of Peace, deeply lamented his elder's un-Christian spirit. On the previous day a meeting had been held, which was even more contentious than usual; for the elder had been particularly quarrelsome. The good minister's heart sunk within him, while he sat amidst the strife of tongues; and most thankful was he that evening to retire to a friend's, some miles from town; for the peace and quiet of the country is soothing to a wounded spirit.

It was on the following morning that the elder came down to breakfast in so melancholy a mood. His wife—after looking anxiously at him for some minutes—said, “Are you ill, my dear?” “No!” “Then what has happened to make you look so sad?” He slowly raised himself up, and, looking earnestly at her, said, “I have had a most extraordinary dream.”

The look of anxiety vanished from his wife's face, as she said with a smile, “Why, you always laugh at my dreams!”

“Yes; but mine was so remarkable. I dreamt I was at the bottom of a steep hill, and when I looked up I saw the gate of heaven at the top. It was bright and glorious, and many saints and angels stood there. Just as I reached the top of the hill, who should come to meet me but our aged minister! And he held out his hand, crying, ‘Come awa’, John, come awa’, come awa’; there’s nae strife here!’ And now I cannot help thinking of the grief my contentious spirit has given to the dear old man!”

The husband and wife sat for some time in mournful silence, which was broken by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The elder hastily read it; an expression of deep grief overspread his face; he wished to hide from those around him the bitter anguish of his soul.

His wife took up the letter, which was from the minister’s host. Its contents were as follows:—“My dear Sir,—We had the great pleasure yesterday of receiving our dear minister, little thinking it would be the last time we should welcome him to what he called his peaceful retreat. When we sat talking together in the evening, he spoke with much grief of the chapel meeting. Indeed, he added, ‘I am so tired of all this strife and turmoil, that I wish my dear Lord would take me home!’ In the morning, as he did not come to breakfast, I ran up and knocked at his door, but receiving no answer I went down-stairs again, thinking a longer rest than usual would do him good. After returning to his door once or twice, and hearing no sound, I went in. He was in bed, and apparently asleep. I spoke to him, but received no answer, yet it was long, very long, ere we believed it to be the sleep of death, for a heavenly smile rested on his placid face, and his snowy locks lay unruffled on his pillow; but he slept in Jesus, for his dear Lord had taken him home.”

The elder never recovered this shock. He sorrowed for his friend, but still more for his sin in breaking his pastor’s heart. He gradually sunk, and in three weeks was laid by the side of his aged minister.

“Oh, then the glory and the bliss,  
When all that pained or seemed amiss  
Shall melt with earth and sin away;  
When saints beneath their Saviour’s eye,  
Filled with each other’s company,  
Shall spend in love the eternal day.”

[A long-tried, well-known, and much-honoured, now afflicted minister sends and authenticates the above solemn narrative.—ED.]

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#### FULL REDEMPTION.

FROM all iniquity  
The Lord redeems the soul,  
And sets the captive free  
From death and hell’s control.  
Thus out of depths of guilt and woe  
Is Israel brought, His praise to shew.  
He separates from sin,  
And rescues from the fall,  
Creates a life within,  
Secure from Satan’s thrall.  
Forgiveness, too, with Him is found  
By all who’re in life’s bundle bound.

The ransom He provides  
In an incarnate God,  
And in *that* ransom hides  
The purchase of His blood.  
The Spirit seals the pardon bought  
In every one that’s by Him taught.  
With such a three-fold cord,  
Entwined by love Divine;  
The Father, Spirit, Word,  
In all their glories shine.  
This lifts the soul to joys on high,  
Where solid pleasures never die.

Brixton, 9th December, 1877

R. RUSSELL.

## THE VITAL QUESTION OF THE DAY:

“ART THOU AN IDOLATOR? OR, A TRUE WORSHIPPER OF THE LIVING GOD?”

THOSE men of God whose whole time and talents were devoted to the prayerful examination of the deep mysteries of godliness, and of the workings of “the Man of sin,” were led to draw out the lines of distinction between the worship of God—“the God of the whole earth,” THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY—and that specious, varnished, veiled worship of idols, which has so deceived the sons of men that it has swallowed up nations, cities, and peoples, by immense multitudes.

The shades of night are falling fast upon us; the Gospel dispensation is returning to her rest; there is but a remnant left. The Assyrians are gathering with thickness and with threatenings around the walls of our Jerusalem; the little cities of Judah are almost all taken. The idols are in the temples; “men”—so-called—are filled and covered with pride. O, what strutting pigmies! What inflated pieces of fallen humanity! What hosts of “tinkling cymbals,” of “sounding brass,” of fiery meteors, of deceitful workers! Some pass for “the pastors of our Churches,” for the foremost captains of the armies who call themselves Christians! We are constrained to cry out, as Hezekiah did to the prophet Isaiah, “*Wherefore lift up thy prayer for*

## “THE REMNANT THAT IS LEFT.”

With the veteran of days long since left behind we would say, “That is a fond scrupulosity which would press us in all things to a strict conformity to the primitive times; as if the spouse of Christ must never wear a piece of lace, a ribbon, or a border for which she could not plead prescription.” Nay, if one clearly discerneth things in our own gates, it will be seen that where “*the substance*” is in possession, for the firts and fancies of the *shadow*, God leaveth the children somewhat at liberty. The fatal evil is when the shadow is worshipped, because there is *no substance* whatever. Where there is no living Christ, no quickening Spirit, no “faith of God’s elect” to carry the soul up to the throne of the ETERNAL FATHER, there is an awfully soul-deceiving idolatry.

My reader, we are getting fast into the export docks! The vessels are ready to carry us away from this land for ever. The boundless, the inexplicable sea of Eternity is rolling on before us. What is the name of the vessel in which you have secured your passage. Is it “*A Name to Live?*” or is it “*The Ark of the Covenant?*” The former will never outlive the storm. She will sink, with all her crew, in the deeps of woe; the latter will land you safe on Canaan’s shore.

May the Holy Lord God help us, in some future papers, to probe the question “*Art thou an idolator?*” or, “*A true worshipper of the living God?*”

C. W. B.

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THE Esaus have but earthly and carnal things, but saints have all blessings; they hang in a cluster together; not one is wanting. Let us, then, rejoice in our lot and portion. God Himself hath but all things, and so have we. Then let who can be miserable.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

OUR Lord says, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."

This certain man was Adam, whose possession was in a paradise of peace and rest, and there he was innocent, safe, and happy; but he left this blissful state of his own accord, contrary to God's express commandment, and he fell among thieves, Satan and his angels, who drew him into sin, and stripped him of his raiment, robbed him of his righteousness in which his soul had hitherto appeared in immaculate purity before God. This spotless robe they took away, and left poor fallen man naked and wounded. They wounded his body with those pains and diseases which brought him down to the dust from whence it was taken, and they wounded his soul in all its faculties, his understanding with darkness, his will with a vicious choice, and his affections with wordly-mindedness, so that he placed his love upon the creature instead of the Creator: they wounded his conscience with guilt, and with fear of death and hell. "And they departed, leaving him half dead;" for his soul the better part *was* separated from God, and already dead in trespasses and sins, and the body was dying. When man was fallen into this helpless state, the patriarchal dispensation took place from Adam to Moses, under which the firstborn was priest, and had a right to offer up the appointed sacrifices. But these could not give life to the sinner, and therefore the priest came and looked upon him, and passed by on the one side, being unable to raise him up from the death of sin. Next succeeded the Levitical dispensation from Moses to Christ. The Levite came and looked upon him and passed by on the other side, being unable, by any of the legal rites and ceremonies, to raise fallen man to his former righteousness and perfection. "But a certain Samaritan as He journeyed came where he was." Samaritan signifies a keeper, and it here stands for the Keeper of Israel, whose compassions fail not; "for when He saw him He had compassion on him." His love disposed Him to use His power for the sinner's recovery. He was Almighty, and He resolved to use His Almighty power to heal him. He went up to him and applied the balm of Gilead—"he bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine"—wine the established type of the most precious blood of the Lamb of God, and oil, the known emblem of the salutary influence of the Holy Spirit. Pour these into the deepest and most dangerous wounds of sin, and they will infallibly work a perfect cure, for the blood has a Divine virtue to heal, being appointed and ordained of God for that very purpose. He cleanseth us, says one who had experienced its virtue, and by cleansing healeth us from all sin. And no wonder, because He who shed it was God and man united in one Christ, and therefore it had infinite and Divine merit.

W. ROMAINE.

## HYMN COMPOSED FOR THE OPENING OF A CHAPEL.

SPIRIT of Truth! eternal Lord!  
 Beam forth on this assembled throng,  
 And let success attend Thy Word,  
 Though published by a stammering  
 tongue.  
 Raise all our souls from nature's night,  
 And fill us now with heavenly light.  
 Here may the sinner's woes expire,  
 Here may the troubled soul find rest;  
 Descend on us, Seraphic Fire,  
 That by Thy sacred influence blest,  
 We may to Thee our all resign,  
 And live and die entirely Thine.

Touch'd by the finger of Thy love,  
 May we Thy lofty praises sing;  
 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.  
 When earthly shadows disappear,  
 And we on Jordan's banks shall stand,  
 Divide its waves and save from fear,  
 And lead us to our fatherland;  
 Through an unending day to prove  
 The riches of unchanging love.

T. J. MESSEB.



## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

## BOOKS FOR PRESENTATION.

From the office, No. 1, Paternoster-buildings (where old Newgate Market stood), so near to Paternoster-row that the butchers and the booksellers were neighbours in a local sense. Now the booksellers—or some other corporate body—have driven the butchers into their new palace in Smithfield, while the booksellers have erected their immense warehouses on the site where the slaughtermen and salesmen once revelled in all their glory. "Paternoster-buildings" is not a handsome name at all for the great central mart of literature. But we must put up with it. In No. 1, then, of these "Paternoster-buildings" are the offices for sending out to all the world those different issues, monthly, weekly, and otherwise, conducted by that everfruitful editor, the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. *Hand and Heart* is the significant title of a noble quarto volume, wherein the weekly issues of that pictorial, and pleasingly useful paper for 1877, are enclosed in a solid and ornamental binding. *Hand and Heart* tells you everything every week, in a clear, concise, and commendable spirit. *The Fireside*, *Day of Days*, and *Home Words*, are three monthlies quietly advocating Church of England principles, without any unkind reference to the other sections of the family called "Christian."

From No. 2, Paternoster-buildings, W. Wells Gardner, we have two volumes, in smart covers, called *Chatterbox* and *The Prize*. *Chatterbox* does not confine itself to the nursery. The inside and the outside of this life are laid open in illustrative scenes and tales of truth. *The Prize* is full of Scripture pictures, opening up the meaning of Old Testament history, &c.

*The Spirit-Scenes of the Bible and the Life to Come*. By Rev. A. R. Hogan, M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. This comprehensive little volume contains an inquiry into the condition of man's spirit after death. The great, the sacred, the sublime future for believers in all that God has revealed and promised is, without dogmatism or extravagance, plainly declared. It is a work which all may safely read to spiritual advantage.

*The City Diary for 1878*. W. H. and L. Collingridge, 128 and 129, Aldersgate-street. For all who have any interest in the government or affairs of the great city of London, this shilling calendar (well-bound, ruled pages for every day, blotting paper, and useful information)

has, for many years, been highly prized. From the same house we have *Old Jonathan* in a compact and pleasing volume. Thousands rejoice to see him so healthy, so strong, and, like ourselves, so good-tempered, even in the winter of life. We cry daily, when Heaven's ordained time shall come, that, from the wintry valley, we may fly into those regions

"Where everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

May the Holy Ghost Himself gird us with that holy strength that shall enable us to realise the poet's assurance—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'll break through every foe;  
The wings of faith and arms of love  
Shall bear me conqueror through."

Amen, and Amen! echoes and re-echoes every Heaven-born child of God when his heart is in its right place.

"Protestants." Master Thos. Edwards, minister of Salem, Tunbridge Wells, has caught a little of John Knox's fire. His pen, through the press, by his *Salem Quiver*, is sounding the alarm. His prose and poetry are sharp.

"Be not deceived, free Englishmen,  
This yoke is at your door!  
Prepare to quit yourselves like men,  
Against the hateful sore.  
In faith and prayer, look up on high,  
To Truth and Mercy cling,  
God always hears His people's cry,  
And will salvation bring."

Let us all send for some *Salem Quivers*. Does not England still "expect every man to do his duty?"

"Christ and Life—The Pope and Death!" How long the Pope of Rome does take to die! He cannot bear the thought of leaving the Vatican; but, if he is not gone, he must depart ere long. Where, then, will he be? In the *Monthly Record* for December, Mr. Robert Steele comes with his little lantern showing you all the dark and dangerous holes of Mr. Papacy, Mrs. Pusey, and their large fashionable family—the Ritualists. What work they are doing to be sure. Offices: Racquet-court, Fleet-street, where cheques, to keep the fire burning, are much required.

Our Companion for the Year. The twenty-seventh issue of the *Baptist Almanack*, for 1878, stirs within us a silent hope that we have not altogether lived or laboured in vain. In the early part of 1851 we were moved to commence that little monthly called *Cheering Words*, the twenty-seventh volume of which we have been permitted to finish; and it has often caused us to wish we could feel a

thousand times more thankful to God than we do, when, in all parts of the country, friends of every class and condition have spontaneously assured us how sweet to their souls these *Cheering Words* have been. To mourners, to earnest seekers, to contrite spirits, we believe *Cheering Words* have often come with a witness that the original title-page (*Cheering Words for Seeking Souls*) has not proved unfaithful or ill-timed. May our Almighty Lord God still give His blessing to the few more *Cheering Words* we may yet be favoured to send forth. The *Cheering Words* volume for 1877, is very beautifully illustrated and bound. In the same year, 1851, the idea of compiling a *Baptist Almanack* also sprung up in our mind. It has steadily progressed, and although we have little to do with it now, we can lift up our heart in praise to the Author of all good, when we behold its growth and its increasing value in every way and manner. The *Baptist Almanack* has grown more liberal and comprehensive. The portrait of Geo. Müller, the founder of the Bristol Orphanage, forms a handsome frontispiece. "The Baptist Sunday School Gloucester Memorial to Robert Raikes," is a pleasing picture. We have walked the streets of the grand old city of Gloucester with emotions of a sacred kind, when we reflected upon the three worthies for which it is celebrated. There George Whitfield was born, there the blessed Bishop Hooper was burned to ashes for Christ's sake, and there Robert Raikes, the printer and journalist, was the honoured instrument of planting the little acorn from which, in less than a century, has grown up that benevolent, wide-spreading, and indescribably blessed tree of knowledge, the Sunday school institution. The twelve calendar pages, with their Scripture texts, columns of pithy pieces, and grave reflections, form tablets so sublime and variedly pleasing as to render them a source of devotion and delight all the year round. Wherever we go, we are asked on every hand, where such and such a minister lives? where and when he preaches? Also, Is brother so-and-so still living? Our usual reply is, "Take the *Baptist Almanack*, published by Robert Banks, in Racquet-court, Fleet-street; there you will see who is gone home, who is still alive, where they dwell, and where their scenes of labour may be discovered among the millions of this metropolis." May the egotism of C. W. B. be forgiven.

*Death the Gate of Life.* Very old gate this. It was first set up at the entrance into Eden, with strong cherubim, and a

flaming sword! How awful this gate and flaming sword must appear to souls driven out of this life without any knowledge of, or faith in, the Son of God. Amazing fact! that sword awoke with all its power, being taken by the hand of Divine justice, and it smote the Man, God's Fellow; hence all who truly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, with the heart unto righteousness, pass through the gate in peace, because the Saviour hath opened it, and giveth to His redeemed an abundant entrance, as the late beloved George Moyle found when his outer man fell asleep in Jesus. A little loving memorial, with portrait, compiled by George Thomas Congreve, may be had of Elliot Stock. It is very precious.

*Grove Chapel Tracts* (printed by R. Banks). To be had of the author, Thos. Bradbury, 4, Love-walk, Camberwell, S.E. The title of No. 1 is "Old Alice Banks;" wherein the story of a Lancashire lass, of a persecuted wife, and of a much tempted, yet triumphant believer, is told in a honest, homely, and earnest style. These tracts and the Camberwell pulpit will carry bold declarations of truth into thousands of homes.

Pastor Daniel Allen's *History of the Convent* is coming forth in cheap and well-equipped parts. Surely the providence of God from on high, and the real Protestants on both sides of the seas, will succeed his undaunted enterprises to drive back the progress of the foe to liberty and to life.

MAGAZINES, &c.—*The Banner of Israel* in its weekly and monthly parts pursues its mission with intellectual force (Guest).—*The Gospel Magazine and Protestant Beacon* for December closes another volume, with a preface and papers which emphatically express the deep conviction of good Dr. Doudney's heart, respecting England's peril. Praise God, ye heart-of-oak Christians, for still sparing and honouring the worthy vicar of Bedminster.—*The Gardeners' Magazine* walks from the churchyards of the city of London into the various shrubberies, nurseries, and gardens of British and foreign variety, and cheerfully edifies all the lovers of nature.—*Sword and Trowel* has a touching letter from C. H. Spurgeon's son, who is preaching in Australia.—*The Rock*, with its supplementary numbers, pours forth streams of information. It has gathered round it a staff of writers whose literary and truthful powers are shaking the traitors to their very centre. The Messrs. Collingridge have done well for the diffusion of truth in many ways, but *The Rock* excels every effort they have yet put forth.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## FORTY-THREE YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

" Fight the good fight of faith, nor turn aside  
 From fear of peril, from earth or hell;  
 Take to thee now the armour proved and tried;  
 Take to thee spear and sword. Oh! wield them well!  
 So shalt thou conquer here, and win the day,  
 Wearing the crown, when this hard life has passed away."

A FEW Lord's-days since, Mr. WILLIAM CROWTHER, of Gomersal, Leeds, preached to his beloved flock at Lockwood the forty-third anniversary sermon, commemorative of his being brought, by the grace of God, into the fellowship of the Gospel, and into a happy association with the Church of Christ upon earth. Not simply in communion with any of those modern and fashionable Churches, where the doctrines and ordinances given to us by CHRIST and His apostles are increasingly slighted; not merely as a silent and almost useless member, but, Mr. WILLIAM CROWTHER was, by the SPIRIT OF GOD, constrained to unite himself with that section of the family of God who most unflinchingly adhere to those New Testament laws and ordinances which distinguish the Strict and Particular Baptists from all the other communities, now so varied and numerous, not in this country only, but also in the United States, in all our colonies, and in many parts of the European continent. Herein we must acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God in raising up such a witness, such a laborious worker, such a kind, benevolent, and charitable helper, to stand as in the front of those little cities of Judah, those, for the most part, small, weak, and much-despised Churches who need a valiant, undaunted, fearless, and devoted captain to encourage and cheer them in their seasons of trial and conflict often so very severe.

Not for one moment would we set up one good man above another. God forbid that we should be suspected of idolizing any one of the Lord's saints or servants now in this world. That long and severely-afflicted child of God who has been almost prostrate on his bed, in his little Bethel, in Sturry (Samuel Foster), is as near and as dear to the Saviour's heart as is the most illustrious servant in any part of the world. All the truly sanctified are complete in CHRIST, and all the redeemed shall be brought into one likeness, into one perfection, into one glory, in the Father's home for ever. Nevertheless, in this wilderness state of the Church, wherein she is assailed and surrounded by foes of every sort and size, in this low condition of our Zion, wherein it is so evident that God hath (in the majority of cases) chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom, in the present hard warfare through which the faithful followers of the Lamb are passing, they require strong, able, and decided pioneers to go before, to go with, and to hail them on to the ultimate conquest, and to the prepared crown.

When, therefore, we see a man like WILLIAM CROWTHER, a gentleman, a scholar, a large manufacturer, a justice of the peace, an honourable, and, in every sense, an influential leader—when we see such a man standing for years as the beloved pastor of one flock, also travelling hither and thither in different parts of the metropolis and in the provinces, serving and assisting the Churches of Christ and the ministers thereof, we must herein admire the distinguishing grace of God, and praise His thrice-holy name for these His wonderful works. We must not enlarge.

We have great pleasure in giving, as a frontispiece to our new volume, a likeness of our highly-esteemed brother in Christ, Mr. WILLIAM CROWTHER.

Next month, the Lord permitting, we expect to give a condensed autobiography of his life and labours in the Gospel. That our gracious Master will condescend to bless our efforts to hand down to coming generations some testimonies of the good men of the present age (of whom we desire yet to give many) is the prayer of

THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

**TWELVE DAYS ROUND ABOUT THE HUMBER, NEW HOLLAND, THE LINCOLNSHIRE MARSHES, ETC.**

[The children who now reside in distant climes crave of us notes of truth and intelligence from their own dear old England. Hence, while the dignified elder brethren stay home, and are well taken care of, the poor prodigal, in all his wanderings, notes down the silent teachings of the Lord, and the outward Providences. God will bless them somewhere.]

**PENCILLINGS IN RAILWAY CARS.**

"MINDING everybody's business but your own!" So said Reproacher.—Dalston-junction, Sunday morning, November 11th, 1877.

"Where to now?" "Richmond, sir."  
"What to do?" "To preach once more in Rehoboth, for brother Gooding. Yesterday I was unwell, and was tempted to be careless about preaching. But to my tiny mind, how rich in goodness the Lord doth come. Opening on Psa. cxl., my heart received an indentation from the words, "I know that Thou wilt maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor."

Onward proceeded; and those two verses at end of Psa. cxl. were deeply consoling. David was in trouble, he cried unto the Lord, He delivered him. From hence he draws forth a four-fold description of the godly; unto each he assigns a certain condition. See, they are afflicted, but they have a cause, a good cause; they are poor, but they have a right, and the Lord maintains them; they are righteous and upright in Christ; they shall give thanks unto His name, and dwell in His presence! How David knew all this was a subject for much thought.

King's Cross, Saturday, November 17th, 1877.—After a fortnight's shaking with hard cough, and threatening cold, seriously thinking my work was over, the Lord has mercifully permitted me to take ticket this morning for Hull. In Yorkshire and Lincolnshire for some days to come, if the blessing of God will permit, I hope to be of some use in the Great Redeemer's Name. A heavy fog prevailed this morning, but our swift Northern express has left much of it behind. I feel anxious to watch the Lord's hand in this journey. What I am brought out this time for I cannot see; but as the sun smiles faintly on our part of the natural world, so, Lord God, my soul doth pray for the shinings of the Spirit of Christ, and render me of some use in the midst of Thy people.

After leaving Doncaster, getting over the wide rivers, on to the salt marshes, the words spoken of Samuel got on my mind: "The people will not eat till he come, for he doth bless the sacrifice, and after that the people will eat that are bidden." Here is a similarity and an Old Testament evangelical truth. There is a little similarity. In Hull there is a man of God, Mr. McDonald, and he is an honourable man. He has for years made the Gospel to be a feast to the people; when he has come to it with the Lord's blessing, then the people have been fed, and their souls have been revived. But the

Gospel is here in Old Testament clothing. Look at Samuel, then, at the sacrifice; last of all, see what was required to make the people happy. Samuel was a prophet, a seer, in some things a type of Christ. Samuel was "asked of the Lord," he was given of the Lord, he was entirely devoted to the Lord, he was the Lord's messenger and minister; then the sacrifice which pointed to the Lamb of God, which, when preached with a soul full of unction, and the Lord's blessing, is a feast of fat things full of marrow.

The Humber, Monday, November 20th, 1877.—Found Hull, Saturday night, quite safe. N. J. Easterbrook and his well-known spouse lodged me with merciful kindness. Yesterday was permitted to preach twice in the hall. I felt my cold much, but the hall appeared full, the people looked and listened, the pastor, Mr. McDonald, read and prayed. I delivered my message as well as I could. There was an after-service prayer meeting, and in friend Bowler's happy home we concluded the day. The late David Crumpton has a brother in Hull, who is also a minister of the Gospel; himself and family showed me extraordinary kindness, although I guessed Mr. Crumpton was no "VESSEL man." None the worse for that! Prejudice, though it may have no root, often builds up a wall of separation, making one man think ill of another. O Lord, truly Thy compassions fail not, hence we are not consumed. Now in the Scotch-English train I am seeking to get to Lincoln.

The Shepherd's voice I long to hear,  
To banish every latent fear,  
And shew my heaven secure.

What shall I say this night at Lincoln? Through thinking-upon George Kellaway's three props, Zeph. iii. 10 comes into my thoughts. There is—

I. A strong, loud call to the Church, and to all afflicted Christian people, as though they were in a low valley, as if they were drowsy, or desponding; so loudly the Lord calls, "Behold!" The Lord had been saying great things before, but the Church's silent complaint might be, "Ah! but I am bound in affliction." There may be life in the soul sighing for God, there may be a good knowledge of the way of salvation, there may be faith in the Son of God, nevertheless, there may be such burdens bound round the soul as to cause very heavy affliction. There may be past transgressions, as Jeremiah said, "Remembering the worm-wood and the gall, my soul halt thou in remembrance still." Ah, the remembrance of them works much grief. Paul was often confessing, "who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious." These reflections work bondage, and this tests your faith. Persecutors sometimes appear bound around you, they hunt you like fierce beasts of prey, you cannot shake them off. [I pencil these lines in a Northern rail-car, while travelling through wet and wind.]

How enemies hunted David. Present temptations will afflict the soul, they are like leaches, sucking out the comforts of your life; you groan under them. Poverty may hang

burdens upon you, and weigh you down in misery and unbelief, but, at the same time, there is a set time when God's salvation shall roll in like the waves of the sea; then is true, "I will save her that halteth." This may be the Gospel Church, or any section of it. How much halting is there in our Churches. Halting implies weakness, a hesitancy, a want of decision—no firmness, no progress. This weakness, this halting, is felt in the ministry, it is seen in the divisions and strifes in the Churches, it is realised in believers, and hearers, and seekers. Poor things! what weakness they find in all things concerning their soul's welfare, and the well-being of Zion.

But let us look at the glorious person who is speaking, and at the happy climax to which He promises to bring the people whom He hath redeemed. Where can we see the greatness of the Redeemer's person, power, and perfection?

Let us well consider,—

1. What the Father has said of His Son.
2. What the Son hath said of Himself.
3. What the Holy Ghost hath said of Him by all the apostles.
4. What the martyrs said of Him.
5. What the dying saints have said of Him.
6. What creation says of Him.
7. What we are told they say of Him in the heavenly world.

Could we gather up all these testimonies of His work, and of His praise, of His person and power, it would be a bundle of myrrh indeed. I cannot, in this rolling car, and on this dreary, wet November day, open that bundle here; but I look at the climax of perfection to which the Lord declares He will ultimately bring His Church unto. She shall be "a name and a praise in all places where she hath been put to shame."

*(Stop here until February.)*

"THE BLACK COUNTRY."—A Traveller writes hopefully of Mr. Wright's settlement at Temple-street, Wolverhampton. Burgh friends will rejoice to know their once much-beloved pastor is working successfully in the Gospel. The Burgh people may well consider the contents of Psa. cxl.; their late pastor may read the first seven verses. Some of the friends will find the latter part true. It is a significant fact, that two ministers should travel from London to Burgh, to preach from that Psalm, which in every part so exactly describes the various characters and exercises of the people; yet neither minister ever thought of its prophetic truthfulness until the people themselves discovered it. Our Traveller says, Mr. Alfred Hall is preaching and baptizing in Bilston, with some encouragement from the increasing congregation. Young friend Hall has been preaching in Birmingham, for Mr. Howard, whose flock firmly and unitedly cling to the truth; "But (says Traveller), I believe if Mr. R. Howard and his people could come to the front in a good chapel, many more would listen to the faithful notes of the new covenant."

"STRICT BAPTIST PRINCIPLES."  
*Notes on a Special Service held in Zion Chapel, Heaton-road, Peckham Rye.*  
BY W. WINTERS.

It is very questionable whether the annals of this noble edifice is burdened with the summary of a service akin to the memorable one of December 4—a service stamped, to all appearance, with truth, in bold relief, by a hand omnipotent and Divine. And certain it is that those who suggested it were prompted to do so by the Spirit of God, the witness of which we have in ourselves—

"In God's great will the scheme was laid,  
Before His hands the mountains weighed,  
Or spread the unknown seas."

The service was a "special" one, mainly "to promote the cause of God on Strict Baptist principles" in as faithful and loveable manner as possible. It appears that the generous-hearted workers in Zion chapel have for some time felt impressed with a hope that at some not far-distant period they, by God's help, would be able to make a stand on Strict Baptist (*i.e.*, New Testament) principles, and the time has now evidently arrived, although there seems a sight inconvenience in not knowing how to act judiciously in the matter, with a few beloved friends who, at present, do not see their way into the pool; all we can hope is that God may open their eyes to behold the force of His command, for we are sure that no right-minded worshipper at Zion chapel "will forbid water that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we" (Acts x. 47). "And now why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized" (Acts xxii. 16). Right glad are we to find that our highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Firminger, is to set the example by passing through that much-despised ordinance; and Mr. J. L. Meeres is the honoured instrument appointed to perform the work, and it is to be hoped that many will be helped to follow in the good old Gospel order (Mark xvi. 15, 16). The baptistery in Zion chapel has but just been constructed, and, as Mr. Firminger publicly stated, is more than paid for, without the help of himself. It seems necessary that this should be known, as many have unwarrantably stated that it could, or would, not be made only at his expense.

Having made these few observations with the purest intention to the well-being of Zion, we notice in brief the meeting of the evening. William Beach, Esq., presided, and, after prayer by Mr. Hand, he introduced the purport of the meeting in an agreeable and Christian-like manner, hoping that the speakers would be led to speak faithfully and lovingly on the principles of the Strict Baptists, for he (the chairman) was not ashamed of such principles, having been a Strict Baptist for upwards of half a century.

The speakers were all Strict and Particular Baptists; consequently, it could not be expected that the non-observers of the order would meet with any favourable quarters during the evening; however, they were on the whole rather mercifully considered.

Mr. J. S. Anderson, of long standing in the Churches of truth, spoke on the "Churches of the saints" and their foundation in God, which standeth sure. He spoke of the Church beyond the river, and defined very clearly the nature of the Church on earth, and the baneful influence not unfrequently seen by the union of many professors of a worldly Church with the Church of Jesus Christ. The distinctive features of the ordinance of baptism were opened and explained by Mr. Anderson, who afterwards gave place to Mr. J. L. Meeres, who, though not having a very giant-like exterior, possessed a well-fortified mind, which much reminded us of the potent lines of Watts, respecting himself—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or mote the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul;  
The mind's the standard of the man."

Mr. Meeres spoke encouragingly on the New Testament order of the Church and the three thousand that believed and were added to the Church in primitive times. The Lord established our brother's mind in the right observance of baptism, by reading Matt. iii. prior to his being brought to see the necessity of it: he was united in membership with a Church that did not countenance the order. He has, however, never had to regret following the Lord through the water.

Mr. J. Mead gave some very excellent remarks on the theme of the evening, especially noticing the good effect arising from unity of heart and action in Church matters, and the one great personal benefit derived from becoming obedient to the command of Christ—namely, the answer of a good conscience. He believed in God making Baptists rather than man, and warmly expressed his adherence to the Strict Baptist cause.

Mr. Beech then gave out the beautifully-adapted hymn to the occasion:—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days."

Mr. G. W. Shepherd next spoke with considerable force of action and argumentative power on the Church order of the New Testament, claiming for us the right of being the most ancient Church of any extant, and that all but the Strict Baptists were, in reality, dissenters. Mr. Shepherd gave also a graphic description of the rise and progress of the Baptists, General and Particular, and explained the true spiritual import of the Lord's Supper, in the participation of which we shew our separation from the world and union to the Lord.

W. Winters followed with some plain remarks on following Christ and the various Scriptural evidences upon which the Strict Baptists found their belief.

Mr. Hand spoke briefly on Philip and the man of Ethiopia (Acts viii.).

Mr. Wise made some wise remarks on the subject in question, and Mr. Beach concluded with prayer. To God be all the praise.

"CAMBRIDGE," says *The Baptist*, "has been vacant for years;" that is, of a pastor good enough, gifted enough, and honoured enough to fill the pulpit of the oldest Church in that University town, yet the Editor declares there is a superabundance of preachers, but qualified and extraordinary men, large enough in every way to draw in rich and overflowing congregations, cannot be found. At the very least, over one hundred well-trained lads issue forth from colleges and ministerial schools every year. We know that the lamentable cry is to be heard in all quarters. Could we find men of spiritual power—men whom the Holy Ghost would employ to do the work of the ministry, "taking forth the precious from the vile," men who should bear witness to the divinity of their work, being as God's "mouth" to the people; if such living labourers for Christ could be found, we could find the Churches, the Churches would gladly receive them, hearers would flock around them, the Sun of Righteousness would shine upon them, Churches would be multiplied, and the glory of God would fill the now dreary and desolate places. We cannot find them! What is the cause? Where is the cure? "What is the cause?" That question no one dares as yet to answer. Is it that the Lord has not continued to raise up men from the dust and from the dunghill, as He used to do, and to set them among the princes of His people? Long, alas! have we trembled over this most awful question. Is it that the mania for building new chapels, and for setting up new churches, is far beyond the will of the Great Head of the Church? Is it because the people are become such worshippers of intellect, of oratory, of grand exhibitions, and of musical entertainments, that the Lord Himself has been slighted, insulted, and has to a certain extent turned away? Is it that zealous men, determined to do what the Almighty never designed to do, have introduced a mixed Gospel, yea, another Gospel altogether? Is it that "Truth has fallen in our streets," and that errors of every colour have become rampant? We shall not soon lose the sound in our ears of Mr. York's strong exclamation the other day in Hull, when he cried out, "This town, sir, is the hot-bed of Arminianism; the people are all gone mad after it, and nothing else will they have!" In that wonderfully large town the Presbyterians and Primitives build many mighty edifices, and thousands of people crowd in to listen to the fiery and polished preachers of the day. But the Baptists, who hold fast by New Testament revelations, are, comparatively speaking, few and far between. They assured us, that neither "*the Standardites*," nor the most popular of all the Baptists in England could find any ground to grow upon there.

CLAPTON.—Sixth anniversary of Mr. Edwin Langford's pastorate in London was celebrated Dec. 2 and 4, 1877. On the previous Sunday evening, for the first time, Mr. Langford went down into his new baptistry, and immersed some friends who had

confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. On the anniversary occasion sermons were preached by the brethren Langford, John Hazelton, and C. W. Banks. Mr. Langford's new chapel stands in a rising district, in Chatsworth-road, Clapton-park. All zealous believers in our principles and New Testament order should resolve to pay at least one visit to the new chapel, and also to present this cause with a substantial proof of their loving sympathy with a laborious and deserving minister of Christ's Gospel. Mr. Jonathan E. Eisey kindly supplies the following:—Sixth anniversary of Mr. E. Langford's pastorate was a joyful one. Truly we may say, a more spiritual and Christ-honouring meeting is seldom held. Praise is due to the chairman and speakers for the way and manner they testified of the great love and glorious work of Christ. There was no idle talk, no bickering, no tearing a brother's coat, no thrashing with the rod of jealousy, but the sweet notes of the Gospel echoed, to the joy and rejoicing of the hearers. Mr. J. E. Eisey pleaded with Christ for His Divine blessing. The chairman, Mr. Langford, gave a lucid statement of God's dealings and leadings during the past six years; he, with the Church and people, were constrained to say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped and blessed us." Mr. Cornwell gave good illustrations, proving "no weapon formed against God's people can prosper." Mr. Inward opened to our view the spiritual qualifications of the minister of Christ, and pressed upon all believers the importance of earnestness and true Christian charity towards those that unfolded the burden of the Word of the Lord. Mr. Sears, late of Laxfield, full of zeal and knowledge, cheered the heart of the believer who only could say, "God, my exceeding joy." On the other hand, those that knew him not were warned with tenderness, that the end of their way was death, not joy. Mr. W. Webb exclaimed, "They shall prosper that love Thee;" Christ prospered, and so shall all His followers. Mr. Lawrence based his plea for practical help on "It is better to give than to receive." Mr. Levinsohn rejoiced in the peace the true Christian is favoured to enjoy, and expressed much delight in the happy manner they met together on such occasions. Mr. Geo. Webb brought up stores of food. After singing, Mr. Osmond asked God to bless the Word spoken, and let His presence go with us all our way.

**BOSTON.**—Brother John Bolton, of Bargoed, is now the settled pastor of the Baptist Church, in Triunity-street, where good David Wilson laboured so faithfully, whose widow is living in health, in faith, and in hope of eternal life. The ancient deacon, brother Stubeley, has passed away from us in a good old age. We silently pray that brother John Bolton may enjoy a long, a successful pastorate in Boston. His heavenly poem on "The Footsteps of God," we expect will soon appear; by all intelligent and spiritual minds it will be appreciated.

#### PRIMITIVE BAPTIZING.

An "Anxious One" asks, in **EARTHEN VESSEL**, "Is it right to baptize in a Baptist chapel professed converts to Christ, made so (instrumentally) by an evangelist in a tent, and that upon a declaration of their faith in Jesus?" Let us see.

1st. "Is it right." The right or wrong must be decided by the teaching and testimony of Scripture. It is certain that our Lord gave the command for all time to preach, teach, and baptize, and the disciples, apostles, and their converts, so understood and obeyed it. In like manner, in this case, it was so interpreted by a large majority of the Church, by three of the chapel trustees, by a "Particular Baptist minister" of thirty-two years' standing, and a deacon of forty years' experience.

2nd. "A tent." What has the place to do with the preaching? Toplady was converted in a barn! and there were some in the apostolic age who were disciplined by tent-makers.

3rd. "An Evangelist." Who shall limit the power of God, or proscribe to Him the person, mode, or place of His Almighty acts? "For the work of the ministry," God gave "some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists;" and although I for one do not believe the present-day evangelists will bear any comparison for "sound doctrine" with those qualified expounders of God's Word in the apostles' days, therefore I never attend their teaching, or have much faith in the bulk of their converts; yet it cannot be denied that God does sometimes take advantage of the men for the sake of the "office," and consider that the awakening of souls is of more importance than the worthiness of the service. It was so with the last member but one that was admitted into the Chelmsford Church; and in Toplady's case it was, as he says, "under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name." Never, then, let us "forbid" these evangelists, though they follow not with us.

4th. The right to baptize professed converts to Christ "upon a declaration of their faith in Jesus."

Who else should be baptized? Surely the Scripture is plain: "Hearing, they believed, and were baptized" (Acts xviii. 8). "And when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, they were baptized, both men and women" (Acts viii. 12). To do the same, then, in our day, cannot be wrong. God alone knoweth the secrets of the heart.

5th. "A Baptist chapel." Why call it a Baptist chapel, if not to distinguish it as a chapel with a baptistery? Paul baptized in a jail. Sacredness attaches more to the service than to the building.

6th. "Upon a declaration of their faith in Jesus." This is all that the initiatory ordinance of baptism essentially requires. "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayst." This sufficed for Philip as a question; and "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," he considered sufficient for an answer; and so far as baptism is concerned,

"repentance" was deemed enough by Peter; but when he came to the subject of "adding to the Church," then, "with many other words, did he testify and exhort," &c. (Acts ii. 38-40). This is strict Gospel order, according to the New Testament. Oh, that those in our day, who profess to have followed the Lord thus fully, did continue more steadfastly "in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, in breaking of bread and in prayers," that they might be ensamples unto the flock, lambs, as well as "sheep." And let our "Anxious One," if really sincere, seek at a throne of grace for a little more enlargement of heart in the ways and welfare of Zion; then will the judgment of truth by the Spirit of God lead him to exercise his anxieties rather upon the evils that affect the Church than upon the baptizing of disciples in the name of the Lord.

AN ELDER.

Chelmsford, Dec. 3, 1877.

HOXTON.—Special services were held at Bethel chapel, Newton-street, on Lord's-day, December 9, when three sermons were preached: in the morning, by our pastor, Mr. Osmond; in the afternoon, by Mr. Langford, of Clapton; in the evening, by Mr. Styles, of Islington. On the following Tuesday, December 11, a tea and public meeting was held, at which brethren C.W. Banks, Brown, W. Webb, Masterson, Griffiths, and Dearsly were present. The chair was taken by our pastor; Mr. Miller implored the Divine blessing. The pastor, in the course of his address, informed the friends that the object of the meeting was to liquidate the debt on the chapel. Our brother Banks addressed us upon the subject of "one God the Father, the Source and Fountain of every blessing;" our brother Brown upon "One Lord Jesus Christ, His dominion in heaven and earth;" our brother W. Webb upon "One Spirit, His power and influence;" our brother Masterson upon "One Faith, its saving influence;" our brother Griffiths upon "One baptism;" and our brother Dearsly upon "One Hope, Jesus the Anchor of the soul." The meeting was well attended, and the souls of God's children were comforted and refreshed. The tea was given by the ladies. Earnest efforts are being made to pay off the debt on the chapel. Who among the Lord's people, who are able, will help us? H. M.

FOLKESTONE.—Brother W. J. Denmee, pastor of Zion chapel, Fenchurch-street, with his deacons, J. Smith, E. Mont, and others, are pulling hard, praying anxiously, and preaching faithfully to raise the cause, extend their schools, and pay off the balance of debt, of £115. Master Denmee is a young man of good repute. Our London friends have heard him preach well both in Margate and Folkestone. Mr. Samuel Jones highly recommends him. If our Strict Baptists would all put their shoulder to this little wheel, the load would soon roll off the dear man's heart. Let us all say, it shall be done.

## ORPHANS INDEED!

THE LATE CHARLES WOOTTON.

We know of a large number of cases of distress, but hardly any to equal the following from the eldest child of the late Charles Wootton, of Two Waters. We knew this deceased brother well. A true Christian deacon, and God-made Christian. What shall we do in the case? Here is the note from the poor child, verbatim:—

DEAR MR. BANKS.—My dear father has gone to his happy home, where he long wanted to go; I and my dear sister and two brothers left in the wide world to push through without a dear parent to help us, or to give us a cheering word; but I hope the Lord will provide for us. I have no way for any of us to get a living yet. It was father's wish that we should keep together, and keep the home on, but I must leave it at present. A few days before he died, he told Miss Tomes all was well, and a few hours before he died he begged for the Lord to fetch him home. He died Thursday, Nov. 22nd, at one o'clock. I think he will be put in the ground on Tuesday next, in Boxmoor churchyard, beside dear mother. My sister is very poorly, but I hope she will be better soon. I cannot say any more now. With best love to you, yours truly, A. WOOTTON.

Two Waters, Nov. 22, 1877.

The following is from the eldest daughter, in reply to C. W. Banks's inquiry as regards the real position of the orphans:—

DEAR SIR.—You know my father was not blessed with this world's goods. He was a very hard-working man when able to do it. The last nineteen weeks he was upstairs, compelled to have people to sit up with him every night, and the last month had a person in the daytime, or I should have been knocked up quite; that, my father used to say, would have been worse than all if he could not see his Milly. Just a week before he died he sang most sweetly "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," and "Jerusalem my happy home." His poor face was marred with pain; his grief about leaving us overwhelmed him. Just before he died he wanted to be raised; he begged for the Lord to come and take him, more earnest than ever. Dear Mr. Banks, I had £12 to bury dear father with, and that is what we are living on. We have nothing to depend on for a living. After Christmas, if the work comes in at the mill at Apsley, they will put me on; that will be a little, but I must not depend upon it, for the work is so slack, and things so dear, I don't know what to do—four of us to keep on nothing scarcely; and father did wish me to keep the home on, because, if I can, it will be a home for all. Having no relations, it is so bad; we should have nowhere to go. My sister and me are old enough to work, if we can get work to do, and my two brothers will have a shilling each a week until they are fourteen years old; one is twelve, and the youngest is eight. They go to school. The club allows the shilling for the boys. Dear father died November 22nd, and was buried November 27th.



Dear Mr. Banks, I have now told you all. I hope you will think of me, and pray for me. I have no father to pray for us night and morning now. Hoping to have a cheering word from you soon, I remain, yours truly,  
A. WOOTTON.

Two Waters, Hemel Hempstead,  
Dec. 4, 1877.

[Mr. Kingham, the deacon, also writes on behalf of this painful bereavement. Mrs. Green, at the Straw Platt Works, Boxmoor, Herts, will receive, carefully use, and acknowledge all sent her.—ED.]

#### PULPIT MEN! MIND WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT!

MR. EDITOR,—It is grieving to hear so much of the low state of many Churches where the whole truth is professed. Knowing many who are in this painful condition, and inquiring into the cause, I believe it has been produced by the pulpit. If a person comes into our places of worship, not clear in the truth, instead of being well fed with the rich provision of mercy flowing through a precious Christ, the minister throws down before them a double dose of election and predestination, on purpose (frequently) to offend. The Master Himself did not do this. Such a course produces a bad impression. Some will say it was on purpose for them, which is too often correct. We all know that many of God's regenerated people are found in Arminian places; they are hungry and thirsty, and run about to get good food, if they can; they require leading on from the streams to the fountain gradually; for the enmity of the heart rises against the doctrines of grace, even for many years after the grace of the doctrines has taken possession of their hearts. I have heard such sing—

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room?  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come."

A good full Christ to such would soon fix them in the place they would learn "why" it was. But they will not be tied to a place where truth in the love of it is denied them. This is one cause. Another reason why many young people run away, is because nothing is said to them, or any notice taken of them. A kind word to the young does a good deal; they have these kind words at other places where truth is not fully proclaimed; and there they settle down. When I was first met with by God's free-grace, I was much encouraged if some one spoke to me, asked me how I felt, and what I knew of myself as a sinner; if I loved the Lord, &c. If they had given me then a strong dose of election, I should have directly feared I was not one of those interested in the matter, and gone away and tried to find something of Christ elsewhere. Oh! Christ is not half preached in what He is and has done? This is what we want in our empty places; then the hungry, naked, helpless souls would not want to run away, but find a happy home. So helieves one who is  
A LOOKER-ON.

NEW ZEALAND.—DEAR MR. BANKS,  
—Mr. A. Ivory is visiting England. I write a line of introduction. We get the VESSEL here. We have a little Baptist chapel at Rangiora, and the good Lord often blesses our meeting together. We find it good to wait upon the Lord. For myself, I can say I have no prospect of solid happiness but what is promised and found in our blest IMMANUEL, who said to His disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace." I find the Church, of whom I was a member, the beloved Surrey Tabernacle, has not got a pastor yet. I often look back to the year 1838, when I first entered the dear old Surrey Tabernacle in the Borough-road. I was at that time a member with dear Joseph Irons, at Camberwell. I sigh while writing this note, and can say—

"As pants the chas'd hart for the cool water  
brooks,  
Lord, for Thy salvation my longing soul looks,  
When in Thy fair temple Thy praise shall I show,  
And taste of the joys from Thy presence that flow."

Loved Zion remembering, I weep while the foe,  
My harp on the willow, still mocks at my woe:  
Afar from her courts, like a captive I mourn,  
Lord, when shall my feet to Thy temple return?

Yet here as one dead in the depths of the grave,  
Thy Spirit can reach me, Thy mercy can save:  
Thy presence can glad me, and bid my griefs  
flee.

And make e'en this desert an Eden to me."

Ever yours, in the eternal love of God,  
WM. SANSON, Rangiora, Canterbury, New  
Zealand, May 30, 1877. [We find from Mr. Ivory there is plenty of room for blessed faithful ministers who will go out.—ED.]

CLERKENWELL AND HOXTON.—November 9 and 10, Mr. Hazelton celebrated the 24th anniversary of his ministry in Chadwell-street, where one continued flow of peace and prosperity has followed his witnessing for Christ in that place. On this, as on all other similar occasions, his brethren in the ministry, and a multitude of friends, assembled to congratulate him, and especially to render thanks unto the Lord, who worketh all things in all places as seemeth good in His sight. On the same days, Mr. Osmond and his friends had special services in their chapel in Newton-street, Hoxton, where sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. Styles, and Mr. Langford; and at the public meeting, short discourses were given by Messrs. Brown, Masterson, W. Webb, Griffiths, C. W. Banks, and Dearsly. Mr. Osmond is working with his friends with hopeful success.

MENDELSHAM.—It is expected Mr. William Tooke will close his ministry in Orford-hill, January 13, and commence his pastoral work at Mendelsham January 20. We shall be glad to know that Little Stonham is as well provided for as her sister Church at Mendelsham will be. No Churches have passed through greater vicissitudes. "O Lord, send them now prosperity!"

A NOTE FROM MR. SAMUEL FOSTER  
TO MR. G. BURRELL.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—  
From the chamber of affliction I greet you, and meet you in Christ Jesus our Lord, who is our life, and who hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." He waits to be gracious, and He hath promised He will be very gracious unto me. O what a debtor I am to rich sovereign grace. Grace has taught me, grace has kept me, for "by the grace of God I am what I am." Your very precious letter came safe to hand yesterday morning. In the name of the Lord I thank you for the same; it was most precious both to me and my dear wife. The Lord helped you to write, my brother, and He helped us to read it, it was sweet and savoury food. I wept as I read it, it refreshed my spirit in the Lord; so you see, my brother, although you had been silent so long, the Lord directed you to write at the right time, and He greatly blessed your testimony to my soul, and He shall have all the glory. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us."

My dear brother, it is the Lord's will to keep me in the furnace, and at times it is very hot. I feel so ill, it is with great difficulty I dictate this letter to you, but love constrains me. Although my affliction is painful, and I must suffer much yet, O how light, how gently the Lord deals with me. In very faithfulness He has afflicted me for His own glory and my good. In regard to my affliction, it is the Lord's doings. Himself hath done it, and however mysterious the way, and His dealings with me, lo, these are parts of His ways. He is in one mind and who can turn Him? "He performeth the thing that is appointed for me," my times are in His hand; and when I have done and suffered His will, when I reflect His image, He will take me out of the furnace, and take me home to glory, for there I long to be. "But till He bids I cannot die." These words are very sweet to me, "I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit," and who teacheth like Him?

"Shall mortal man complain?

Shall sinful dust repine?

Oh, no. How harsh soe'er the way,

Dear Saviour still lead on."

The furnace is hot, but Jesus sits by. He is a very present help in trouble. Yes, my brother, I am forsaken by nearly all. I have scarcely a friend to call and see me to commune with me; but Jesus, my Elder Brother, He daily visits me; like the priest and Levite, many pass by; but He comes where I am. O how sweet are His visits. O how I love to commune with Him, heart with heart, and spirit with spirit. Were it not for these sweet love tokens, these gracious visitations, I should sink and the waterfloods would overwhelm me. Without His sweet mercy I could not live here. "O what a friend is Christ to me." How precious and how true. In the time of trial and affliction we prove who are our faithful friends; but it is the path Jesus trod Himself; in His deepest sorrow all forsook Him. Job's, in his

affliction, all forsook him. David says, "My friends in my afflictions stand aloof from me." Again, "Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me." But this drove him closer to the Saviour. We are called to suffer, and in suffering we have fellowship with Christ; and in my right mind I would not have one thing altered. He hath done all things well.

The year fast closing has been a year of trial, of affliction, of pain, and sorrow; but though trying has been my path, my mercies have been greater than my miseries, and I can bless the Lord for the way He has led. Never before, my brother, have I had such close work with God. I have called upon Him day and night. Often I have said, "Lord, what shall I do?" Then He has dropped a sweet word into my heart, then I have cast all my care on Him, and said, No, Lord, I will not fear, for Thou art with me; I will trust Thee, for Thou art faithful, and abideth faithful. My faithful friends are few, and they get fewer; but Jesus, my never-failing Friend, lives, and He hath said, I will never fail thee, and, bless His dear name, not one thing has failed. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."

In May my wife was very ill. I thought I should have lost her. This was a heavy trial; but, bless the Lord, He heard our prayer, and for that trial we can bless the Lord. O how good is the Lord to me. Sometimes, my brother, my cup runs over. Jesus is so precious. I long to be with Him; but I must wait His will and time. Jesus, I long for Thee. Pray for me, dear brother; do not forget your afflicted brother in the furnace at Sturry. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

SAMUEL FOSTER.

Sturry, near Canterbury, Nov. 26, 1877.

MASBORO'. — The delightful welcome-meeting demonstrated not only a real Yorkshire spirit, but such Christian zeal as would set all our Churches on fire with holy love, if through them it could but fairly break out; but there are so many of the fire brigade who pour their floods upon the least spark that there is no hope of a blaze; so many carry their own scales, and if you will not let them take your weight, you are sent off for reprobates at once. Masboro' presently.

THE LATE MRS. NEWMAN.

BROTHER BANKS,—My dear mother, Mrs. A. Newman, after a short illness, entered her eternal rest, Tuesday, Oct. 30th, 1877, aged 66. She was baptized at Hartley-row, Lord's-day, July 6th, 1845. She remained a member for several years, being removed in Providence to York-town, Surrey. She attended at Zoar chapel, Cricket-hill, Yatley, where she stood a member up to the time of her departure. She was buried, according to her own wish, in the same grave with my dear father and sister, at Crondhall church, Monday, Nov. 5th, leaving my three sisters and myself to mourn our loss, not without hope. During her

illness she suffered much pain, yet, amidst it all, she said,

"The joy prepared for suffering saints will make amends for all." "I would not," she said, "be without this chastisement." I asked her "Why not?" Her answer was, "Because its good for me!" He, who had been her strength for so many years, did not forsake her at last.

No words can express the loss my three sisters and myself feel at this sudden removal from earth to heaven; our loss is her gain. The cause was congestion of the brain and paralysis. She was at chapel all day on Sunday; poured out tea for the friends in the vestry after the afternoon service, and on the following Tuesday week she breathed her last. Her favourite hymn was "Rock of Ages." Now she is before the throne singing unto Him who redeemed her, and washed her in His own most precious blood.

On Sunday, Nov. 11th, our pastor, G. Stevens, took for his text, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever." She has heard that voice, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord." May we, like her, wear that crown of righteousness that fadeth not away, which the righteous Judge shall give to those that love His appearing. So prayeth the unworthy writer,

THOMAS NEWMAN.

York-town, Hampshire.

[We, with many others, highly esteemed this well-known and much-honoured mother in Israel. The Lord bless her orphan children, her devoted pastor, and the favoured Church at Yateley, sincerely prayeth THE EDITOR.]

**WHITTLESEA ROAD CHAPEL.**—A harvest festival was held at this chapel on Tuesday, September 25. A plentiful tea was provided, and a good number sat down to it. In the evening a public meeting was held; Mr. Sturton, of Peterborough, took the chair; and the meeting was also addressed by Mr. Bullen and Mr. Heath. The collections were good. This chapel stands about midway between Whittlesea and March, where there are only detached houses scattered about, and yet there are about 110 Sabbath scholars in the school, which is admirably conducted by Mrs. Richards; and preaching every Lord's-day, when the ministers are much pleased by beholding the working people coming over the fields and by the ditches towards the Lord's house. This is a great missionary field; and those who remember the neighbourhood previous to the erection of this chapel, can bear witness to it and the good it has effected.

**CAMDEN TOWN.**—Anniversary of Bible-classes of Milton hall, was Wednesday, November 14. At public meeting, Mr. D. Gander, the president of the classes, presided. Report shewed the ladies' Bible-class meets Monday evening; young men's on Wednesday evening. Excellent essays, full of thought, were read. The meeting was edifying.

"IT IS CHRIST ONLY THAT MAKES US FRUITFUL."

DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot tell you how grieved I am for the mother of our excellent brother, Mr. Levinsohn. There is a mother's love; but, Oh! the enmity of the human heart against the truth. I exceedingly rejoice to see the riches of grace conferred upon our young brother. He will be a blessed witness for our precious Redeemer. God has laid out a great work for him to do. I am pleased to think he has you for his adviser; you can tell him more than many could, because of the long and diversified experience you have had.

My brother, I wish you more, a thousand times more than I can express, of God's goodness and mercy to you in continuing your labours of love in the pulpit, and as editor of the VESSEL. May you be spared for many years to come, if it can be the will of Heaven.

We had a glorious day last Sunday. Six were added to us, four by baptism and two who are returned from Yorkshire. One friend baptized, was brought to know the Lord through reading my writings; I have not written in vain. This is another, among many other proofs I have had, that my poor labours are not lost, although I suffer as I do with my head. I preached all last Sunday with a violent headache, but never was more blessed and supported. We all had a day of rejoicing, and there was smiling upon one another. Oh, how sweet the spirit of our most holy religion, I mean love!

Ah, my brother, whatsoever falls short of this, however good in itself, will avail us nothing. Nothing can build us up and make us happy, only love and unity. I had only one text for last Sunday and the Sunday before—namely, "That great Shepherd of the sheep." I have said nothing, and yet enough to warm my own heart and the hearts of many more. It is Christ, and Christ only, that fills us, warms us, and makes us fruitful. The more I can know of Him, the less I shall know of myself—that is the only way to be happy.

Yours, &c.,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary.

**SUFFOLK.**—I suppose that eventful morning you name will never be effaced from your memory; and it gives you an idea what we poor country parsons have to put up with. I had a nice time of it last evening—three miles' walk, in a driving rain and the wind blowing almost a hurricane; but the Master's presence was enjoyed, and "with Christ in the vessel I can smile at the storm." There appears to be a general decline in our Churches. Charity (?) so called, seems to be gaining ground; a looseness in reception of members, and a mixture of principles as a consequence, makes it difficult for a man of sterling truth to find a standing amongst them. Compromise is the order of the day, and the man that will stoop to it is the man that will suit the people.

## WHICH SHALL BE THE GREATEST?

MR. EDITOR,—I am represented as having stated "John Stevens was the most wonderful man that ever lived!" I have no remembrance of uttering so unqualified a commendation. I have said, "John Stevens was the greatest preacher in his day in the circle where he moved." As a man of God I venerate his name, and, so far as he set forth and unfolded what is usually termed the supralapsarian doctrine, I highly esteem his writings; but, so far as he advocated the pre-existent scheme, I have no sympathy with his views. Indeed, in the pulpit and by the press, I have exposed what I deem to be its fallacies; I have also stoutly defended the doctrine of our Lord's Sonship as being His true and proper personality in the Divine and glorious Trinity, irrespective and independent of the economy of redemption, in opposition to those who hold the Sonship is founded in His humanity. At the same time I by no means cashier the Christianity of those who differ from me upon that important point if they are believers in the divinity and eternity of Christ's person.

If I were disposed to pronounce a superlative eulogium upon any one as "the most wonderful man that ever lived," it will be William Huntington.

C. GORDELIER.

25, Devonshire-road, Hackney, E.,  
5th December, 1877.

[Our brother C. G. was excited. Perhaps he expressed more than he intended.—ED.]

ISLINGTON.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL. 27th anniversary was on November 11. Three sermons were preached: morning, by the pastor (Mr. Styles); text, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not." Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached in afternoon, from "Jehovah Nisi," and in the evening, from "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd"—two good sermons. On November 13, Mr. Hazell preached from "He that goeth forth and weepeth;" it was a very interesting discourse. At public meeting, C. Wilson, E-q., the good deacon of Hill-street, occupied the chair. Excellent speeches were made by brethren John Box, Masterson, Waterer, Osmond, Haydon, Green, Dearsly, Henry Boulton, and our beloved pastor, testifying to the good feeling existing between himself and people; fourteen had been added during the past year; the Church is out of debt. We are surrounded by many friends with liberal hearts to supply all our needs. Collections nearly £20. To God be all the praise.

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DACRE PARK, BLACKHEATH.—Beautiful report of Sunday school anniversary, success of the institution, and presentation to the superintendent, Mr. Whittaker, came too late for this month; the holiday season compels us to close early. We rejoice in Mr. Usher's progress, and the growth of the school.

## MINISTERS AND DEACONS.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Answering "one of the best of deacons," in your Notes of the Month in December EARTHEN VESSEL, I think he takes too low an estimate of God's people. You know, in your branch of God's Church, it is wonderful the liberality that is shown as regards the poor minister; it must be a wonder to many how he can support his family on the small pittance that his flock lovingly afford him; and should his talents cause him occasionally to serve other causes of truth, surely he could not leave his family wanting; some kind friend might help him, although others might throw stones at him. I fear there is too much of fowling our own nest. I do not assume that "one of the best of deacons" means that the cause of Christ can really be hindered.—[After nearly fifty years' acquaintance with many of our Churches and ministers, we could produce facts of a heart-rending character on both sides. We have them in store.—ED.]

RYARSH. — Tuesday, October 23, a company of lovers of the Gospel of the Son of God met to praise the Lord for the late harvest, and for helping His people to set their chapel free of debt, which, by God's blessing, is done. Mr. Sears, of Foots-cray, preached a very precious sermon. Tea over, Mr. T. May took the chair. After praise, prayer, and Scriptures read, the chairman read the amount of money on hand, which was more than the debt. Friends rose and sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Mr. May wished to present £5 of overplus to the pastor, and he would give £1 more, if the friends present would sanction it. They heartily did so. Mr. Jull addressed the meeting, and presented to the pastor "Cruden's Concordance," which the friends had prepared for the occasion. Mr. Dalton spoke with savour and power. Mr. Sears gave interesting speech. The chairman's closing address, with prayer and benediction by the pastor, finished the evening.

## LINES OF LIGHT AND LOVE.

[This venerable and devoted servant of Christ, like many we know, is "at anchor laid," by many forgotten. But we must not let him be neglected.—ED.]

JOHN X. 17.

"Therefore doth My Father love Me,  
'Cause I thus My life lay down;  
He will then receive to glory,  
He will all my labours crown."

Who like Jesus as a speaker—  
Simple, plain, and yet how grand,  
That e'en the very lowly seeker  
Soon is made to understand.

Father loving, Saviour loving,  
And the Spirit loving, too—  
These together sweetly proving  
That the unity is true.

Love preparing, love providing,  
Love perfecting all we need—  
Love abounding, love abiding,  
O what can this love exceed?

W. HOUSE.

Tottenham.

**BAPTIZING IN THE RIVER STOUR, SUDBURY, SUFFOLK.**

The Lord's goodness to us, as a Church, is great. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Lord's-day, October 14, Mr. J. Bowtell baptized before not less than two thousand people; it was a grand sight. Mr. Bowtell offered prayer, and gave a solemn address, then led the candidates down into the water, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Mr. J. Bonney, of London, was instrumental in the hands of the Spirit of God in bringing one of them to a knowledge of the Lord. May the Lord still go on to be gracious to us, as a Church, and to His Name be all the praise. So prays,  
T. SCOTT, deacon.

**LEE COMMON.**—"Our fathers" are called home, but the children born of God come in their stead. We have lately had sounds of holy mercy through the ministry of John Bedford and Joseph Mayhew. Apollos and his successors are still watering the seed sown by the ancient sires. Who that heard the venerable Benjamin Mason, the honest and homely Joseph Cartwright and others, can ever forget with what fullness of love they preached unto us the Gospel?

**EASTERN.**—Mendelsham Church hopes to have William Tooke happily settled over them. Many, many years has this Church been tried by different ministers. Brother William Tooke is a man of honour, of a strong will, and of much experience. May the Lord go with, and work by, him; then will Mendelsham rejoice and "shake herself from the dust." "A Norwich Man" says, "James Lock has been preaching in Orford-bill. The people received him gladly."

**DEVONPORT.**—**DEAR MR. BANKS,**—As to my leaving Mount Zion chapel, it is due to you and your readers, to let you know that a congregational meeting has been holden, when I was requested to withdraw my resignation and still remain their minister; and from the kind feeling manifested (which I shall never forget, for I was for the time quite overcome), I consented to remain with them so long as they would stand by me.—**J. DICKINSON**, minister of Mount Zion, December 11.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—Mr. W. Crowther preached in Eden, Dec. 16. We had the blessed Gospel preached to large and attentive audiences. Great sympathy for our pastor, J. B. McCure, is realised, and earnest prayers ascend to our Lord for his recovery.—**CORRESPONDENT.**

**PIMLICO.**—Blessed Benjamin Woodrow, deacon of Rehoboth, gives pleasing evidence of the prosperity of the Baptist cause in Princes-row; the baptizing additions to the Church and financial supplies are causes for much gratitude to the Lord.

**HACKNEY.**—In Mr. Myerson's chapel, Shalom, December 5, to a crowded and edified audience, Mr. Levinsohn gave his lecture on "The Jews." Contributions for the pastor of Shalom were gratefully acceptable.

**Obituary.****IN MEMORIAM OF MRS. MARIA FOX.**

I have just returned from the grave of the highly-esteemed and greatly-beloved sister in Christ, Mrs. Maria Fox, of Chelsfield, Kent, whose earthly remains were deposited in the burying-ground of Baptist chapel, Foots Cray, by Mr. John Jones, her affectionate pastor, surrounded by a great number of sorrowing relatives and weeping friends; also the whole staff of deacons, to sustain their brother and co-worker in the Church at the Temple. "Behold how good and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity."

But far above all this, his redeemed soul has been richly anointed and sweetly filled by the grace of the Spirit enabling him to say, "It is by the mysterious working of the hallowing grace of my God that I am supported under the bereavement and separation, by the hand of death, of my faithful and beloved companion. Oh, how grace works, ministering the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Nor was he alone in the mysterious consolation; for, as her happy soul was departing, she lovingly smiled and exclaimed to her beloved partner, "Is this death? Can this be dying? Oh, how different from what I always thought it to be." Soft were the flashes of light from the eternal Sun, refreshing and gentle the dew from the heavenly hill, as the gentleness of the Spirit accomplished all for the freedom of her spirit and joyful admission into the paradise of God.

In her early days she received encouragement under the Word at Farnborough; but removing to Chelsfield, she and her family worshipped with the people at the Temple, St. Mary Cray, yet always desirous to forward every good work with pleasure.

We think of her kindly acts, especially in complying with our request to lay one of the memorial stones in our house of prayer, with our beloved friends Mrs. I. May, Charles Spencer, and William Rogers, all now living stones in the building of God above. Yes, all these dear saints have passed away, and we soon must follow. Oh, may the Lord appear unto us as to our dear sister, that we may say, "O, is this death? Can this be dying? How different from what I always thought it to be."

In Gospel bonds, I remain,  
Your brother in Jesus,  
ISAAC BALLARD.  
Beulah villa, Farnborough, Kent,  
November 5, 1877.

**SUDDEN DEPARTURE.**

It is with much sorrow we have to record the very solemn and sudden death of William John Mitson, only son of our respected Christian brother, Mr. James Mitson. On Wednesday evening, December 5, Mr.

Mitson's son, with his wife, took supper with the father at his residence at Brixton, apparently in his usual health; returned home and retired to rest, cheerful and happy. In the morning, he was found dead in his bed. "In the midst of life we are in death," was truly verified in this instance.

Seven young children, a loving wife, a sorrowing father and sister, are thus called upon to weep for a loved one taken suddenly away, when all things appeared to be brightening for their future peace and prosperity, at the comparatively early age of 39. He was a young man (as Mr. Bradbury said at the funeral) "who always abode by the stuff."

As a child, his mother took him to see the stone of the first Surrey Tabernacle laid; and from this time, to Mr. Wells' decease, he attended the ministry at the Tabernacle. He was a quiet Christian, but one who was constant on the means of grace. It is a solemn voice to all, saying, "Be ye also ready." At night, he bids his seven little ones "good night;" retires to rest cheerful, and in health; in the morning a corpse. We pray the Lord to support all thus suddenly bereaved. Much sympathy was shown for our friends, and the Board of Guardians of St. Saviour's (of which Mr. Mitson is chairman) expressed their sorrow by a special vote of condolence.

As full in years as in faith, died CHARLOTTE WILD, of Deptford, on November 8, aged 90. Our beloved sister was for many years a godly and faithful member of Cave Adullam chapel, under the pastoral charge of the renowned William Allen. Of late years she was unable to attend public worship, but lived in close fellowship with her dear Lord and Master till she gently "fell on sleep," and now realises the joy of the blessed dead which she anticipated with pleasure, as she said not long before she departed, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness" (Psalm xvii. 15). She could say with full force and meaning the hymn she loved to sing when alone with God:—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through."

WALTHAM ABBEY.

ELIZABETH STURGEON departed this life, aged 75 years. Our sister was for some years a member under the pastorate of Mr. David Denham; afterwards she united with the friends at Cheshunt, Herts, and after the dissolution of that Church, she joined the Church at Waltham Abbey (Ebenezer). "The memory of the just is blessed."

MR. EDWARD BAKER, one of the deacons of Bedford-lane Baptist chapel in Clapham, has lost his faithful wife, known for years as Miss Mary Edmonds. Mrs. Allen, the widow of one of the late William Allen's sons, has also been taken from us. She was a member of Speldhurst-road.

DIED at Genoa, June 29, 1877, trusting in Jesus, Thomas Bell, engineer, in his 22nd

year, youngest son of William John and Charlotte Bell, of Clapton, London; attended in his last hours by Mr. E. Bayly, British chaplain at Genoa. Interred in the British cemetery. Much lamented by his loving and affectionate mother.

#### LINES UPON THE WORD TRIBULATION.

BY AN OLD WRITER.

Till from the straw the flails the corn doth beat,  
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,  
Yea, till the mill the grain in pieces tare,  
The richness of the flour will scarce appear;  
So till men's persons great afflictions touch,  
If worth be found, their worth is not so much;  
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet  
That value which in threshing they may get;  
For, till the bruising flails of God's corrections  
Have threshed out of us our vain affections,  
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us,  
Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us,  
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,  
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,  
Yea, till his flails upon us He doth lay,  
To thrash the husk of this our flesh away,  
And leave the soul uncovered—nay, yet more—  
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,  
We shall not up to high-st wealth aspire;  
And then we shall, and that is my desire.

P.S.—The author's name is not given.

Rather quaint, but strictly true, and worth preserving.—J. L.

#### QUESTIONS.

DEAR SIR,—In November month's VESSEL is a piece upon the "Gibeonites," making them a type of God's people. But, according to my idea, they are a true type of hypocrites. When the Lord takes a sinner in hand, He makes him honest, and he does not go and lie to the heavenly Joshua, as the Gibeonites did to the earthly Joshua. No convinced sinner dare try to deceive our heavenly Joshua. A clearer type of hypocrites, I should think, could not be found in all the Scriptures than the Gibeonites. The Lord's people are "children that will not lie" to God. So He was their Saviour.

Yours in the truth,

E. W. WILSON.

31, Rushmead-street, Hackney-road, E.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—In reply to Mr. Wilson's note I have only to ask him to read once more my little piece in your November issue. If either he or any other sane person can find out that I have said, "The saints come to Jesus Christ with lies in their mouth," then, poor as I am, I shall be most happy to hand him or them a five pound note for their trouble. Such an absolutely foolish, not to say hideous, dogma would hardly find acceptance with untamed savages, let alone intelligent Englishmen. I have only to add that my critic will find very much in some of the "Heroes of Faith" that is far from commendable, as witness—Sampson, Rahab, and many others. The Amorites, &c., do not generally "gather together" against hypocrites, nor do these last-named characters send to the heavenly Joshua for help. I thought my paper sufficiently distinguished between the crafty conduct of the literal Gibeonites and the wise but *honest* conduct of God's people, between whose *honest* confession and the Gibeonites' *false* confession a remarkable similarity was to be found. The existing parallel between the two I tried to run, at the same time guarding (as I thought) most carefully against attempting to justify all that the Gibeonites did. In the same way as I should avoid justifying all that Sampson and many other Bible heroes have done.

Very sincerely yours,

R. A. LAWRENCE.

## Sketch of Early Life of William Crovother.

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**B**ORN at Gomersal, April 2, 1816. My mother was a godly woman, a member of an Independent Church. My father was an honourable tradesman, but no professor. I was trained up in regular attendance on worship and preaching. In very early life had what are called strong religious feelings; had a tender conscience, and was afraid to do or say what I knew to be wrong. Soon met, however, with play-fellows whose example hardened and emboldened me in evil, and I learned to do many acts of external wickedness; but whenever I heard a funeral sermon, or when any serious event occurred, I was usually much concerned as to my state, and had strong convictions of the necessity of religion.

When between 13 and 14 years of age, I felt it was high time for me to begin a better life; for I felt if I were to die, I was too old to be treated as an infant, and should have to be held accountable for my own actions. I determined I would no longer keep company with profane boys, but would seek that of religious persons; and I began to read a good deal during my leisure from school duties. Read works of history, travel, &c., and lives of religious men.

At 14 to 15 years of age, became increasingly concerned about religion, and felt convinced I was not right, and was by no means as good as I ought to be. I began to pray instead of saying prayers which I had been taught, and to attend prayer and other religious meetings. I also became a Sunday school teacher, and regularly attended a teachers' meeting that was begun about this time, at which a portion of Scripture was generally read, and, after reading, questions were asked by the minister; and sometimes, when a little difference of opinion was found to exist, a very interesting and instructive discussion would arise. The spirit of inquiry was greatly increased and very rapidly developed in me by these meetings, and I was intent on being able to answer and understand whatever questions might be proposed. By-and-bye I began to think I was becoming properly religious; began to take notes of sermons, and went on week evenings with the minister to a village near, where he conducted a weekly service, and sometimes I gave out the hymns for him. From this time till about 16 years of age, I was very zealous in religious pursuits, and had not for some months any doubt of my power to will and do what was acceptable to God; and thought it was my and every person's duty to believe and obey, and that it was quite right that they should be damned if they did not. One or two old women at this time annoyed me a good deal with questions as to my theory of salvation, which led me, in conjunction with another young disciple (my senior by several years), to revise my creed. I was sorely puzzled about the mode of salvation. I had supposed that salvation sprung out of human effort, which was equally within the power of every man; but now I saw the statements

of the Scripture were against this theory, and I came to the conclusion that it must be partly by works and partly by grace; but by-and-bye I found that would not do, so I settled it to be conditional on our having faith, which I believed it was the duty of all to have. But a Scripture took hold of me with an inexorable grip: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." This seemed to take all the go out of me—it shut me up completely for a time. I tried all sorts of ways of getting over or round this Scripture, but this, "it is the gift of God," upset all my theories of duty-faith. I mentioned it to the minister, who replied, "If man has lost his power to obey, God has not lost His power to command." I objected to this, and he then said, "If man cannot believe by himself, he can ask God for faith." I further objected, "He cannot pray without faith, so faith must be given before he can pray." He then said, "We must not be too metaphysical in our inquiries." I appeared to be in a complete labyrinth for a time, and tried, but in vain, to frame some theory of salvation that should be consistent with the testimony of grace and human duty or responsibility; but one day my confusion was brought to a climax by one of the old women referred to, saying in reply to my statement of a newly-devised theory of mine, "But do you know there is a Scripture which says, 'The Lord hath made all things for Himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil?'" I first denied, and then expressed a doubt of the existence of such a passage. For some days it could not be found, but at length a concordance was borrowed, and it was discovered, to my great consternation and embarrassment. I knew not what to think or say, for I could not make it out in any way how it could be, or what it could mean; I was utterly bewildered.

At this time there was a conflict of another kind going on within me. I had been trying for some time to be good, and had set myself the task (which I had heard of others doing or trying to do) of living one whole day without sin. I prayed in the morning and formed resolutions, and then at night examined and reckoned up; and somehow, night by night, I found I had failed. I persevered in attempting this, but it proved a hopeless task. I tried specially to guard myself against certain easily-besetting sins; but so surely as I made a resolve against any one sin, that one sin would overcome me during the day. Matters in this way became very serious. I could not, for shame, ask God to forgive me when I kept sinning so inexcusably. I dare not kneel down to pray, and I dare not go to bed without praying. I tried sometimes to pray, avoiding the subject of any special confession of sin, and, in one way and another, became every day more miserable and helpless about my religion. I went on resolving, watching, sinning, repenting, till I was utterly sick of it, and could not tell what it must come to; but one feeling grew upon me—namely, "I must either give up sinning or give up praying." I could not give up sinning, and I dare not give up praying. In this extremity, some relief came, temptation seemed to be withdrawn for a time, and I went on smoothly for a few weeks, and began to think I was getting on nicely in Divine things. But soon temptation returned, and I became as bad as ever. I saw my resolutions were nothing worth, and rather became temptations than protections. It appeared as if the devil did just as he pleased with me, permitting me to make resolutions and then making



sport of me and them, by filling me with evil desires and vile thoughts which I could neither put out nor get away from. I was thus brought to a complete standstill, not knowing what to do; I was *lost*, and there was no one of whom I could ask the way; I dared not tell my feelings to any one, and I felt indeed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I appeared to myself to be the greatest sinner living. I could not go on, and I could not give up. I was in a "horrible pit and miry clay;" the more I tried to liberate myself, the more I sank and found there was no standing. What was I to do? What could I do? Who could tell me what to do? I was soon brought to the conclusion that I could do nothing towards my own salvation, for I saw I had neither power nor will to turn away from evil or do good; and if I am saved at all, it must be by grace, and without respect to anything done by me either good or bad. I also was brought to feel that if any good works were done by me, it must be by God's work in me, for I had an acute and increasing consciousness that Satan could do as he pleased with me and my resolutions. I thus learned the bitter and humiliating lesson that "in me—that is, in my flesh—there dwelleth no good thing." These painful lessons led me to see that, "Cursed is man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm," and that there was no hope for me except in what God would give me or do for me; and I was thus led to pray more truly than I had ever prayed before for strength, and grace, and wisdom from God, with the feeling that He must hold me, guide me, teach me, and defend me, or I must utterly and in every sense fail; and I may say, in brief, all my experience from that day to this has only tended to deepen and confirm those convictions.

My experience had now got ahead of my judgment, and my opposition to the Lord's having "made all things for Himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil," was now brought to an absolute surrender, and from that time I have been thoroughly at a point, that salvation here and hereafter is wholly of grace.

I now searched the Scriptures much, making the Bible my constant companion. I also began to read works on the free-grace side of the question. The works of Toplady were very instructing and establishing to me, but Crisp's sermons were of especial use in opening up to me more fully the great scheme of salvation by and in Christ.

Some of my friends were very angry at my leaning to such views and reading such books, and even tried (but, happily, in vain) to induce my parents to forcibly deprive me of the opportunity of having access to them. The minister and I had many angry arguments; he was greatly disappointed in me, as he and some others had quite hoped that I should go to college and study for the ministry. My going to college was proposed to me, and my reply was, "No, I will never go to a college in this world to learn to preach, and I do not believe any such places will be found in the world to come. If ever I be a preacher, I will be one of God's making and calling, and will know it before I begin."

I was now about 17 years of age, and had become fully convinced of the propriety of baptism by immersion; but I had no opportunity of getting to any place where the truth was preached and where baptism was observed. It was about this time I heard the first Gospel sermon I ever did hear. It was on a week-day evening, and I

walked five miles to hear it. John Kershaw was the preacher, and his text was, "I am poor and sorrowful, let Thy salvation, O God, set me up on high." It had such an impression on my mind that I could, in a great measure, repeat the sermon now, though near forty-five years ago. It was to me like a new state of being, a new diffusion of light, and such an exposition of the riddle in my soul, as filled me with wild delight. It was to me Gospel indeed.

My further advances in spiritual experience and knowledge, my call to the ministry, &c., I may probably give you and your readers in some future paper, but not just now.

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## OUR AGRICULTURAL PREACHER.

THOUGHTS ON SOWING, GROWING, REAPING, AND REJOICING.

BY A LABOURER EMPLOYED AT A MANUFACTORY IN KENT.

FIRST THOUGHT ON SOWING.

**P**REVIOUS to sowing there must of necessity be a preparation, let the sowing crop be what it may: say wheat, then the ground that is to be planted must first be cleared of what is thereon, whether it be weeds, thorns, or thistles, and then the plough or spade, to break up and turn the soil, must be used, and this is no easy operation. It requires much strength and skill, and seems to put quite another appearance on the ground, as it turns up that part of the soil which before was hidden from view, so that the richness of the soil is at once exposed; and an experienced husbandman understands the quality of the same so soon as he examines it, and can make calculation as to the crop it will produce, and gives orders to his servants accordingly. If the soil is light and dry, he says it must first be rolled and harrowed before it is sown, or the wheat will be root-fallen; then roll it again with a heavy roller, so that the earth may be pressed close to prevent the draught from injuring the crop. If the ground is cold and sticky, then he says, "Let this alone for a few days, until the sun and wind have dried it somewhat, or much injury will be done by trampling." When this is accomplished, the seed is prepared and measured; it is taken to the spot to be deposited. Another implement, the drill, is now used—an instrument to regulate the depth and quantity of seed.

So it is spiritually. There is a removal of some of the old prejudices. It may be by the death of some beloved friend, some cross or loss in providence, some sickness or pain. Conviction for sin takes place, and the Lord seems to say, "Break up your fallow ground; sow not among thorns" (Jer. iv. 3); and (Hosea x. 12) "Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord." Conviction becomes deeper and deeper, until the soul becomes quite alarmed; but the spiritual plough is at work, and on it will go, very deep and long, until, like the Psalmist, the soul says, "The plowers plowed upon my back; they made long their furrows" (Psa. cxxix. 3). And as the plough turns the soil, deformity and deceitfulness are seen, which makes the poor soul say, "Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me" (Cant. i. 6); and he looks like Solomon's

simple one in the twilight of evening and in the black and dark night (Prov. vii. 9). Trouble presses on every side, and nothing but an avenging God and destruction in view.

Then the great roll of the law comes to crush the soul, with the terrible sentence, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). The soul says, "I know I must be better; I will not sin any more as long as I live; no, that I won't." But a great mistake is made here, for sin, in some way or other, soon overtakes the soul, and down it falls, and the law will keep it there with "Cursed be he that confirmeth not the words of this law" (Deut. xxvii. 26). Sins of omission and commission are set before the soul in the light of God's truth, so that the soul feels there is no hope for it, but owns his condemnation just.

Then comes the drill with its coulter of truth, with "Arise and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted" (Micah ii. 10). Here hope first makes its appearance, and the soul says, "Who can tell?" But it is momentary. As the seed is sown, it must not be exposed to the surface, and the harrows of trouble must and will pass over and cover the seed from view; for the seed sown will ultimately produce fruit, although it may seem a long time hidden. Troubles and trials will follow sometimes in long succession, but the good Husbandman will not allow one trial too many or one trouble too few, but will accomplish His own purpose. As soon as the dear Lord sees His own image in the soul, the seed of life implanted by God the Father, through the dear Son, by the power of the Holy Spirit, He will issue forth His command unto all enemies, the fowls of the air, the arch-enemy of souls, and the violence of man, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed" (Job xxxviii. 11); and also to all and every power, "Let him alone," and "Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto Me" (Acts ix. 15). Thus a hedge of God's love is around him, and the gate of allowed sin is shut, and a watch is set over him, and the poor soul sees for the first time that God is a God of sovereignty, a just as well as a merciful God, and "wonders where the scene will end," and says with Rebekah, "If it be so, why am I thus?" and will inquire of the Lord (Gen. xxv. 22); and, like Hannah, will seek in heart unto the Lord; perhaps not verbally, though the lips may move (1 Sam i. 13).

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## A WITNESS AND A WARNING.

(Continued.)

**F**ROM home so much on the opening of the year has prevented my following up the proposed review of the state into which the Protestant Churches in this country appear to be drifting. I am bound, however, in all fairness to acknowledge I am considered to have misrepresented Mr. Clifford, whose paper I referred to in my last. In Mr. Clifford's note to me he says:—

Permit me to say that I am sorry you have misunderstood me, and therefore have misrepresented me to your readers. You will see by looking at the article again that my business is to show that Baptists and Independents cannot unite, as Mr. Arthur Mursell proposed; and in order to show that, I

ask, "What is the state of opinion amongst them?" I distinctly and positively affirm, "*It is not my business now to explain, defend, or oppose these tendencies*" (p. 449).

I do not say a word *against* any one, or against any section of Baptists. I use no sarcasm. My business is to *report*, and that I do, and nothing more. I condemn no one. I praise no one. I merely describe facts.

You represent me as not caring for the will of God, and not asking "what is the will of God?" Is it fair to me to do that? You will, I am sure, admit that we have a safe rule in the words,

"In every work regard the author's end,  
Since none can compass what they ne'er intend."

I have asked and answered the question—What is the will of God about baptism?—in a pamphlet, which I send you on the subject, "The Place of Baptism in the Teaching and Life of Jesus Christ."

Since I cannot think you would willingly misrepresent any one, I take the liberty of writing this note in the interests of fairness and justice.

With kind regards, I am, yours faithfully,

C. W. Banks.

J. CLIFFORD.

P.S.—By the phrase "stand by their guns," I meant to say that the Strict Baptists are faithful to their traditions; they teach now what *Strict* Baptists of 50 years ago taught, concerning the exclusion of all unbaptized persons from the Lord's table, and from Church fellowship. That is all. I meant no sarcasm whatever. I honour fidelity to conviction everywhere.

I immediately wrote to Mr. Clifford, promising to correct any error as far as possible. Accordingly I laid the three papers—namely, Mr. Clifford's article, his note to me, and my paper in January "E. V."—before my esteemed friend, T. J. Messer, asking his impartial judgment, which he faithfully gives me in the following extract from his letter. He says :

MY HIGHLY-ESTEEMED BROTHER,—I have carefully read the article in the "E. V.," also Dr. Clifford's article, and am of opinion he has not, in his article, given his *own* opinion on the subject in dispute.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think in reading his article you have misunderstood him a little, and no wonder, for at a first reading of the article I would have come to the same conclusion you did.

London, S.W., Jan. 14, 1878.

Mr. Clifford's pamphlet on baptism, his review (or report), and the other witnesses will come on in due season, if Providence permit. Mr. John Clifford, Mr. T. J. Messer, and other correspondents will kindly accept the grateful acknowledgements of

C. W. B.

## R E D E M P T I O N.

**T**O redeem is to buy back (by power, money, or blood) persons or things taken or sold. For instance, the Israelites were redeemed from Egyptian bondage by power. Servants were redeemed with money, and sinners were redeemed by blood—the blood of Christ. These are the principal senses of which Holy Scripture speaks of redemption. For convenience, we may sum them up thus:—"Redemption by power, Exod. vi. 6, xv. 13; 2 Sam. vii. 23. Redemption by money, Levit. xxv. 47—55. Redemption by blood, Eph. i. 7; Heb. ix. 12; 1 Pet. i. 18, 19; Rev. v. 9.

LAMENTABLE DEPARTURE OF  
THE LATE MR. GEORGE FIELD.

Hast thou the vigour of thy youth ? an eye  
That beams delight ? a heart untaught to sigh,  
Yet fear ? Youth, oft-times healthful and at ease,  
Anticipates a day it never sees ;  
And many a tomb, like dear George Field's, aloud  
Exclaims, " Prepare thee for an early shroud."

**Y**OUNG MEN, and men in your prime, take a lesson from this short note. You may seriously injure yourselves by violent strainings of the physical or mental powers. We are frequently losing valuable men whose labours were of large benefit both to the Church and to the world; and the medical certificate gives an "overtaxing" in some way as the cause.

We have a multitude of idle, careless, easy-going men, with neither blood nor brain for much work; yet they have cunning enough to live on the charity of other people. They make gigantic specimens of the old Adam, and often live beyond the time allotted to men in general. We never envy them, though their fine forms and fawning courtesies gain the favour of the weak folk, and they pass for gentlemen. Alas! if nature and grace combine to render a man practically useful to society, to science, and to the more serious services of the sanctuary, such an one is frequently found, like the high-bred hunter, literally driving all his powers at such an immense pressure, that, suddenly, some vital string is snapped, and a benevolent life—according to our finite view of the case—is lost some thirty years, or more, before we could well spare it. As believers, however, in the well-ordered covenant of God's grace and providential government, we strive to stifle our sobbings by reiterating the language of the ancient sufferer: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

At the Hayes New Year's meeting, Jan. 2, Mr. John Wild, of the Limes, told us of the sudden death of Mr. George Field, pastor of the Cuckfield Baptist Church, and an influential and highly-esteemed public officer in Brighton.

We well knew Mr. George Field's father and mother, at Stoke-upon-Trent, and loved them in the truth with deep regard. For Mr. George Field, at Cuckfield, we had preached once; and his letters to us had produced a pure Christian and fraternal sympathy.

The news of his sudden death, just at the moment when his beloved wife was confined of her eleventh child, caused us very much sorrow; and we wrote to the Cuckfield deacons, asking for some particulars; but from them we have received no reply. Silent contempt has, for so many years, been our portion from the proud, the ignorant, the self-righteous, and the falsely-prejudiced, that we are not much moved by it. When we have a public duty to perform, we are not discouraged; and we generally see the Lord's hand put forth in quarters where we had never looked for it.

The sudden death of a man whose life was so essentially necessary; his leaving a poor widowed mother, whose earthly existence almost depended upon the benevolence of her darling son George; and, worse than all, such a worthy man called away at the very moment when his

tender partner was down in confinement with her eleventh babe, leaving the widowed mother—the widowed wife—and nine children nearly all unprovided for, was to us a calamity not to be slightly passed by. Nothing staggers us so much as does the cold, the hard, the cruel conduct of some of “the soundest and most respectable theologians of the day.”

God knoweth, we would not wink at nor practise any iniquity; but, for years, of some of the masters in Israel we could not avoid shouting out, “HOW (?) DWELLETH (?) THE LOVE OF GOD IN THEM?” Not that we ever ask favours at their hands. Nay, God forbid!

But, to our theme; and to our ten or twelve thousand readers we say, Shall we hear of this great affliction and coolly pass away? Of

#### MR. GEORGE FIELD'S CHARACTER AND DEATH

we have some reliable information as follows. His bereaved mother, in a letter to us, says:—

“I enclose a memorial card of my dear son's almost sudden death; in fact, it was so. His wife was taken ill for her confinement on Saturday night, Dec. 1st. He, with the nurse, sat up with her. He appeared well; went on Sunday morning to Cuckfield, and after the morning service returned home. I sat and had tea with him, also some nice talk. He seemed a little tired with sitting up, but said he felt well. On Monday he went to his office in good spirits. On Tuesday he went as usual to preach at Cuckfield. In running to catch the train, he got over-heated; while sitting in the carriage he took to trembling; and when he got home he was very ill. On Wednesday we had advice. It proved to be inflammation and pleurisy. Each day he was worse. His Christian friends rallied round him, anxious to know the state of his mind. They were perfectly satisfied of his safety, and felt sure, if he did not get better, that he died in solid peace. It was a distressing case; he gradually got worse, and died on Wednesday morning. His wife did not see him but once, she having been only ten days confined. However, I am happy to say, she is greatly supported under it. Her friends have kindly felt for her, and are making a subscription for her with which to support her family. I have no means to look to now, only the kind and gracious care of a covenant God, who has always watched over me; but now my health is so very bad, I am not able to do anything towards my support. It is trying, but I hope the Lord will support and take care of me.

“Accept of my kind and Christian love to yourself and wife. I am, yours in much affliction,

“E. FIELD.”

#### THE TESTIMONY OF A FRIEND.

“MR. BANKS,—I beg the Lord will still bless you, and be with you in all your journeys, till you shall hear that all-glorious voice, ‘Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ It is only a little while during the summer months that I am privileged to meet with the dear people of God, and to fulfil the office in the Church, which is often to me a great trial. My home is Ebenezer Chapel, Richmond-street, under the beloved pastor, Mr. Atkinson, who is still helped to proclaim the free and full Gospel of the grace of God,

which is received and made a blessing among us. The Lord hath done great things for us. All praise to His dear name.

"About my late brother, Mr. George Field, I have known him for many years; a man of God. He was a member with us until last summer, when he had his dismissal from Ebenezer to become the pastor of the Church at Cuckfield, Sussex. He has laboured, I hear, with much success. They feel the loss keenly. He was only a little over 39 years of age. He has left a widow and nine children. The last was only ten days old when he died. He was only ill about eight days. The doctor said his brain had been over-worked. The friends have been very kind indeed, and are collecting for her. She has not any means whatever, apart from what is now being done. The Lord bless the means, and provide for the widow and fatherless! I have copied a piece from the Brighton paper, which describes his public character.

"Yours in Christian love,

"WM. HATCH."

"DEATH OF A PUBLIC OFFICER.

"It is with much regret that we have to announce the demise of Mr. George Field, late superintendent of telegraph in the Post-office, whose death took place at his residence, 62, Park-road West, Brighton, yesterday (Wednesday) morning, after a short illness. The deceased was 40 years of age, and for the past 17 years had the management of the telegraph in the town. He was born in Stoke-upon-Trent, and entered the service of the North-Eastern Railway Company, as a telegraphist, early in life. He afterwards joined the Channel Islands Company, and was one of the first operators in Jersey. In 1860 he was appointed clerk in charge at Brighton, under the Electric and International Company, which position he filled until the assumption of the telegraphs by the Government in 1870, when he took the post of superintendent. He was at all times a painstaking, energetic, and obliging officer, and by his universal courtesy had engendered strong feelings of regard in the minds of all connected with him. His death was caused by an attack of pleuro-pneumonia, brought on by over-exertion in endeavouring to catch a train. He leaves a widow and a large family."

We know our deceased friend was a reader of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**; and from the many thousands of our reading family, we hope the fund for the widow will receive considerable help.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
January 19, 1878.

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WHAT difficulties doth the love of God overcome! The purposes of His secret will towards us overcome all the difficulties of His revealed will; and there are difficulties enough. The sinner must die; all have sinned; yet invincible love breaks open all locks and bolts, and finds a way to reconcile all things through infinite difficulties. Was it nothing for God to overcome His own heart, to put His Son to death—or nothing for Christ to give up Himself and His soul to the wrath of God?—*Dr. Goodwin.*

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S FIRST WORK IN THE  
MINISTRY.

HAVING been much encouraged by seeing that the Lord makes use of the feeblest instrument to accomplish His purpose, and especially when I could see with great joy that I was made the means of the conversion of some of my brethren the Jews, I then perfectly determined to exercise all my energy and proclaim the good tidings of Jesus and His love. But the first difficulty which sprang up in my mind was, "What shall I do next?" I have often made it a special matter of prayer, in the language of St. Paul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" But still I could not determine what to do. I thought of the poor and perishing heathen, and also the Jews in the heathen countries who never hear the Gospel of Christ preached to them; I felt the importance of going abroad and tell the good tidings of salvation. But having felt very much attached to this country, I thought I should not, however, like to leave the English shore; for I have realised something of the sweet liberty of the Britons, and especially when I thought of the blessed liberty of the Gospel which I have found here. Still, to settle myself here, and do nothing for the welfare of souls, would be wrong. I considered which was right—to remain in England because I am happy here, or go abroad and so sacrifice my happiness, in order to preach the Gospel, and be the means of bringing the outcasts of my brethren, and also the poor heathen, into the sheepfold of the good and tender Shepherd?

I at last decided to emigrate to New Zealand. I went to the emigrant office for New Zealand, at Lower Thames-street, and applied for a free passage there as an emigrant, with a hope to work, and also be able to preach to the poor natives, and especially my brethren in the flesh. I was glad when my request was granted; a free passage was promised to me, and I then made every preparation for the voyage. During my preparation, I met two young men who at one time were inmates in the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, and, in conversation, I found that they also had made preparations for emigrating to New Zealand. We then arranged to go together.

I went to see Mr. Stern, and spoke to him about the matter, as I always looked upon him as one who is a friend to me, for whom I feel that I love as I do my own father, who is still in darkness of Judaism. When Mr. Stern heard what I intended to do, he at once advised me to remain in England, and very earnestly entreated me to take his advice. I then considered that it was my duty to take Mr. Stern's advice, knowing that he had been in most parts of the East, and preached the Gospel to different nations and tribes: I then made arrangements with the two young men for them to go, and I would stay in England and wait for a letter from them; and promised that on hearing from them, I would consider the matter, and decide whether I would go or not.

For some months I waited to hear from them, but in vain. I then thought that the advice Mr. Stern gave me was good, and I determined to stay in England. The country I seem to love more and more, and especially when I consider that this is the country wherein I was brought to the knowledge of the truth which is in Jesus of Nazareth.



Having felt it a privilege to be engaged in the Master's vineyard, I continued going to the London and German Hospitals, also to Bethnal-green and St. Luke's Workhouses, where I am thankful to say the Lord has greatly blessed the Word, to the comfort and conversion of some souls. I made myself useful in every way I thought I could do, giving away tracts in the streets, visiting public-houses and leaving tracts among the people, and visiting the back slums of the East end of London. Having occupied my leisure time in visiting and distributing tracts, I became acquainted with some members of the Christian Community.\* Having been advised by Christian people to join the Christian Community, I followed their advice; and as I became a member of that Society, I very diligently attended all my engagements with great pleasure.

When my pastor, Mr. Henry Myerson, and the deacons heard of my usefulness, they recommended me very strongly to make myself useful amongst our own people, as the Christian Community is unsectarian, and many members are quite opposed to the school of thought of the Strict and Particular Baptist denominations.

I considered the advice of Mr. Myerson, and Mr. Mobbs, senior deacon of the Church, and undertook to do all in my power in the Church and denomination I have the honour of being a member. I was then requested by the pastor and deacons to preach before the Church and congregation meeting for worship at the Baptist chapel. Oval, Hackney-road, and for them to judge if I possessed ministerial qualifications. I must say that it was a great trial to me to stand up before an assembly to preach, of whom I was almost the youngest, and especially the youngest one in the truth. I took for my text (Rom. i. 16), "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," &c. Afterwards Mr. Myerson delivered a short address to the people assembled, and earnestly entreated them, in the name of the Lord, to say if they thought that I ought to go and preach the Gospel. I must confess that it was surprising to me when I witnessed the unanimous feeling of the congregation, signifying their approval; after which Mr. Myerson very earnestly addressed himself to me personally, in the name of the Church, and challenged me, in the name of the Lord, to go forth preaching the Gospel of the sovereign grace of God. I am thankful since that night, as I have preached every Sunday two or three times a day, and the Lord has been very gracious unto me, and supplied me with matter, although sometimes I thought the brook dried up, and that there was no more for me. Since then, I had the pleasure of making my acquaintance with the London Strict Baptist Ministers' Association,† with whom I have the honour of being a member.

I may also state that ever since I began to preach the Gospel, and travel every week to different parts of the country, I have learnt that ministerial life is a hard life, being engaged every day in secular business, and, after business hours, all my leisure time being required

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\* The Christian Community is a Society consisting of honorary members preaching in the open air, visiting lodging houses and workhouses.

† A Society consisting of Members of the Strict and Particular Baptist denomination, whose only object is to help those causes who really need their assistance, and supplying pulpits where their services are required.

for study and meditation; and on Saturdays, and often on Sunday, travelling many miles, and then preach two or three times. I found that to be rather hard work; but I rejoice in the faithfulness of God and in the blessed promise of the Gospel: "As thy days, so thy strength shall be."

On one occasion, I went to preach at Cranfield, Bedfordshire. I left London on Saturday afternoon, and arrived at a station about six miles from Cranfield; and as there was no one to meet me, I inquired the best and nearest way to Cranfield. Unfortunately, I was directed wrong, and went quite in a different direction. I walked several hours, but was surprised that I did not arrive at any village. I heard the ringing of a church bell, and was struck to find that it was twelve o'clock at night. I arrived at the village some time after twelve o'clock, and found that all the houses were closed; and there was I in the open air all alone. I knocked at the doors of several houses, and asked for a lodging through the night, but, unfortunately, no one could accommodate me. Presently I met a policeman, and asked him to help me in obtaining a place where I might stay for the night; but he could not get a place for me; he tried with me at several houses, and no one could accommodate me. Afterwards the policeman very kindly asked me if I would like to go into his house, and sit in an easy chair through the night, which I gladly availed myself of. He then very kindly made a nice large fire, so that I might spend the night comfortably. Having been very tired, I went to sleep, and between five and six o'clock in the morning, I awoke, and then was very anxious to make haste and get to Cranfield as soon as possible, to be in time for the morning service; but, unfortunately, I could not see the good policeman to thank him for his kindness. I knocked at the door a great many times, but no one replied. I afterwards left my address, and a few words of gratitude on the table, to the good man for his kindness. I left the village, and walked all the way to Cranfield before I could wash myself and have anything to eat. I arrived at Cranfield when it was nearly time for morning service. I was just in time to wash myself and have some breakfast before preaching. I was weary, but I felt the presence of the Lord with me in the pulpit. I was very thankful to the Most High when I was encouraged to hear that my preaching was not in vain.

It may be right of me to state, that my views then on the doctrines of the New Testament were very limited; for I had not much experience of the peculiar ways the Lord guides His people. My experience and knowledge of Christianity was only like a new-born babe; but I am very thankful that it is not man that teacheth, but the Holy Spirit. I have much cause to be thankful to my pastor, Mr. Myerson, whom I heard preach with much pleasure, and through whom I obtained a knowledge of doctrinal truths in which I rejoice, and thank God for. I particularly refer to the doctrines of predestination, election, and the final perseverance of the saints, &c.—doctrines which are some of the most important in the Word of God, in which I rejoice, and feel honoured to preach; and, by God's grace, which I hope to preach to the end of my life, whether appreciated by men or not. I feel, therefore, now satisfied by knowing that Christ is my Lord, my Shepherd,

Brother and Friend, although sometimes through clouds of darkness, unbelief, and fear, I have to go on my way through this wilderness; yet it has been, and I rejoice that it is often, the earnest language of my soul,—

“E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.”

Having felt quite at home at Mr. Myerson's Church and congregation, I had much pleasure in making acquaintance with most who attend, who always manifested to me a very loving and true Christian spirit. I also made acquaintance with Miss Isabella Fillan Millington, to whom I have felt very much attached, having found, with much pleasure, that her character was esteemed by all who knew her, and especially when I found her to be a member of the same Church, faith, and order.

At the end of about two years' acquaintance with Miss Millington, we happily entered on a new stage of life by marriage, which was celebrated on June 10th, 1876, by my particular friend, Rev. H. A. Stern. Since then, the Lord has blessed us with a son, who was born March 23, 1877, whom I hope the Lord will bring up and call by His grace, and encourage us by seeing him to be a defender of the truth which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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## THE OLD MAN AND HIS TROUBLE ABOUT THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

**I**N this fourth leaf on this vital subjects, I may tell you of another interview with the same old man referred to on page 364, of last volume. I began my New Year's work by conversing with this aged, wounded, distressed warrior. He was in bed; had been passing through a night of "light affliction." I heard him repeating to himself, over and over again,—

“I'd wrap me in His righteousness,  
And plunge into His blood!”

“Nothing short of that,” said he, “can carry me safely into that kingdom where I shall *know* the sins which have oppressed me are all blotted out; and my soul will have something better to do than than to be searching after them.

“Oh! good morning to you,” he cried out; “Happy New Year to you! May you live long in health, and be strong to labour, if it be the ancient and unalterable will of Almighty God!” “Amen,” said I. “How have you been since I last left you?” “In a mysterious state of mind, like the coalheaver who was so left to himself for days, that he tells us, ‘he was averse to prayer, and even felt no keen desire for the Word or worship of God. Do you remember that solemn letter Wm. Huntington wrote to that once great preacher, James Rhine?’”

“Yes! It seems Rhine was quite an Arminian under cover; but Mr. Huntington terribly searched him.”

"Many of your men need searching like that."

"My men! Who do you mean? I have no men."

"Well, my kind friend, I still pine in my soul for the fruits which flow from the forgiveness of sins. In my time I have heard from Wm. Gadsby down to Septimus Sears, and from James Wells, John Foreman, Geo. Wyard, and a host of others; but from none of them could I ever hear a clear, savoury, Scriptural delineation of the sanctifying fruits coming out in the experience of that soul whose sins are forgiven by the Lord God Almighty, before whom my soul must soon appear." Then the poor old man burst out—

"I'll go to JESUS, though my sins  
Have like a mountain rose!  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.  
I can but perish, if I go;  
I am resolv'd to try;  
For, if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."

Then he poured forth such a short, earnest prayer as is not often heard; at least, not by me.

"I must not further weary you now," said I, "but, as

#### "A NEW YEAR'S TESTIMONY,

I will give you a brief descriptive outline of the fruits flowing from the revelation of CHRIST in the soul by the Holy Ghost, and a sense of sins forgiven will be realised, I think, sooner or later, more or less, where these fruits are found."

"Where did YOU find them?" sharply inquired the old man.

I said, "They spontaneously sprung up in my mind this morning."

"Let me hear them" (with much intensity).

I can only give you the title of each one now. They are—

1. Looking unto Jesus, with the eye of faith, out of the new-born soul, through the tears of a repentance which need never to be repented of.

2. A good *hope* through grace.

3. Groanings which cannot be uttered.

4. Returning fears from clouds and temptations.

5. Occasional sinkings almost to despondency.

6. Revivals of the Spirit.

7. Rejoicing in the Lord Himself, in His work, and in His glory.

As in nature, so in grace, as regards the trial and triumphs of the soul. Old 1877 went out, in London, with a clear, cheerful, sunshining day. New 1878 comes in with a dense dark fog—a miserable day to look out upon. So, as I go along, I think the Word of the Lord, and the testimony of the Spirit-taught saints of God, will justify me in shewing you that truly saved souls, whose sins are all forgiven, pass through a vast variety of changes. With a word in prayer we parted. On next leaf, please the Lord, will say little more.

"All joy to the believer! he can speak,  
Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek."

Thus sometimes singeth

C. W. B.

## THE HALLELUJAH IN HEAVEN.

*Lines composed on the Early Death of a Young Lady to whom my Ministry was made useful, and inscribed to her pious parents.*

"Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,  
That life is long that answers life's great end ;  
And such was hers,  
And she was yours,  
And you were blest !"

"DAUGHTER of affliction, rise,  
Spirit, leave thy home below ;  
Swift to realms Divine arise,  
Joy, eternal joy to know."

Thus the guardian angel spoke,  
As he hover'd o'er her bed,  
As the silver cord he broke,  
Numb'ring Mary with the dead.

Beauteous as a flower at morn,  
When the dew drops on it rest,  
Was the child whose death you mourn ;  
While you had it, you were blest.

But the flower was hardly blown,  
Ere the blighting blast rush'd by,  
Azrael cut the flow'ret down,  
Angels bore it to the sky.

As she bent beneath the blast,  
Angels, ever bright and blest,  
Seized the precious treasure fast,  
Bore it to the promised rest.

Placed it near the azure throne,  
In a soil that suits it well ;  
Jesus smiled and said, "Well done,  
Here it shall for ever dwell.

Safe from the tempestuous wind,  
Safe from death's all-chilling hand,

Safe from all that hurts the mind,  
Safe in our delightful land.  
Strike your harps, ye saints of God !  
Sing the power of love Divine ;  
I the path of suffering trod,  
Trod to claim this lamb for Mine !"

See they gaze upon the prize !  
Safely sheltered near the throne ;  
Kings and priests with gladness rise,  
Shout the victory Christ has won.

On her brow a crown is placed,  
Only to the humble given ;  
Never was that brow so graced,  
All is beautiful in heaven.

Hallelujah ! grief and pain  
Will distress her heart no more :  
She with Christ will ever reign,  
And His matchless love adore.

Friends by Mary much beloved,  
Wipe away the tears that fall !  
She is far from sin removed,  
She has more than conquered all !

In the track her feet has left,  
On this withered, desert wild,  
Walk, and though of her bereft,  
You shall meet in heaven your child.

1A, Sabinc-road, Shaftesbury-park, S.W.

T. J. MESSER.

## A LETTER FROM MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

*To my dear Friends throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the Australian Colonies, Tasmania, and Fiji,—Grace and peace be multiplied.*

**B**ELOVED IN OUR MOST GLORIOUS CHRIST, ALL HAIL !—Grace, all-sufficient grace has reigned over all the afflictions, sorrows, and temptations I have been called to experience during the year of grace 1877. The Captain of our salvation has given unto His poor unworthy soldier the victory—a glorious conquest, without loss. The Lord has most graciously and faithfully fulfilled that precious text (Psa. lxxi. 20), "Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth."

Twenty-five years ago the Lord gave me those words, when it was a time of great and sore trouble, and faith to believe that He would quicken me again, and bring me up again from the depths of the earth. All was dark—very dark. It appeared impossible for me to be

delivered; the bush was on fire, and it seemed that it must be consumed. But it was not! The Lord wrought a glorious victory that filled my mouth with laughter and my tongue with singing. While the heathen said, "The Lord hath done great things for him!" my heart and my tongue replied, "The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad."

Five-and-twenty years have passed away, during which time it may be said, "What hath God wrought?" While at the "Hydropathic" Establishment, Bridge of Allan, very ill; cast down in my soul into the lowest depression of spirit, even unto "Jonah's hell;" my power gone, and none shut up or left—feeling that I should never again wonder at persons committing suicide in this low state of mind. I walked up the Zig-zag, where I saw a seat placed for the mountain climber—a friend for the weary traveller. In consequence of the seat being cut by mischievous persons, an iron plate with these words was fixed on it, "NEVER CUT A FRIEND." How truly suggestive! and in their spiritual application, Oh, what a comforting influence the words produced upon my poor broken and wounded heart! for the words spoke to me of my precious JESUS—my ever-loving Friend—who loveth at all times, and "sticketh closer than a brother"—"a Brother born for adversity"—the faithful, abiding, and unchangeable Friend.

"When an earthly brother drops his hold,"

Jesus is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

"Whom once He loves, He never leaves,  
But loves him to the end."

The Lord then gave me for the second time the precious words which comforted my poor sorrowful and aching heart. I felt persuaded He would do for me once more what He had often done before:—"Quicken me again, and bring me up again from the depths of the earth." Then I could say, "From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee; when my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I; for Thou hast been a Shelter for me, and a Strong Tower from the enemy."

I was now lifted up on high, and smiled through my tears, with His sunshine in my heart:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies."

"'Tis He forgives thy sins;  
'Tis He relieves Thy pain;  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again."

Before deliverance came, with my brother Hezekiah, I said, "I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world. Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes fail with looking upward. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." While in this forlorn condition, and feeling that I should never be able to work as I have, and endure the wounds of double tongues, "flattering and false lips," "double hearts," double dealings, and two faces, which

are so common in these days when the love of many has "waxed cold;" and feeling sure my work in Cambridge was finished, or my Master would not have taken me away as He has done, after an indescribable conflict of mind, I decided to write out my resignation as pastor of the Church at Eden, which was duly forwarded, and accepted by the Church. In my mind I determined that the acceptance of my resignation was to be the sign that I was doing the will of God.

It is most remarkable, that all the different works my heart was set upon, from first to last, were brought to a successful termination—viz., new chapel and schoolroom built and all paid for, to accomplish which, my friends in all parts of the kingdom subscribed many hundreds of pounds. Without their liberality, the Church at Cambridge would not be in possession of the beautiful place of worship they now have—a valuable freehold, invested in trust for ever for the Particular and Strict Baptist denominations.

The last year of my work of faith and labour of love my heart was set upon publishing my "Life in England and Australia"—a book of 530 pages, which was accomplished, one thousand copies of which are sold and circulated in different parts of the world.

During the year, I visited a poor prisoner in the borough gaol of Cambridge, charged with the dreadful crime of murder. Twice a week for twelve months I was in her cell, until the prison doors were opened for her. That work was crowned with the triumphs of grace.

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

The Lord gave me that precious soul for my reward. Two pilgrims who were travelling through the valley of the shadow of death, I visited twice a week during the year, until they fell asleep in Jesus. That work was finished at their graves. An important correspondence in which I was engaged was also brought to a close at the end of the year. Two anti-Popery lectures I was most anxious should be given in Cambridge, were delivered with great success.

During the same year, and while thus engaged with my head, heart, and hands full, exposing Spiritualism and the wicked doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked, I preached 205 sermons. January 15th of last year, being very ill, I was advised to leave home for change, rest, and quiet, hoping by that means I should be able to return to my loved work and my dear Eden with renewed health and strength, to attend to my Master's business for Christ's and souls' sake (see the September EARTHEN VESSEL). After an absence of seven months, in the furnace of affliction, I returned to Cambridge, and re-entered upon my work. During my absence, thorns and stinging-nettles had grown up in the garden; I was wounded and stung. Not being strong enough to endure such "wormwood and gall" and "gravel stones," my "teeth" were broken, a relapse came upon me that threatened me with the loss of my reason. In order to save my brain from losing its balance, I was compelled to make the great sacrifice, and leave Cambridge at once, which has been one of the greatest trials of my life. "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." I am thankful to say, through the mercy of the Lord, I am now restored to my usual health and strength. The rest I have had while in Scotland, and now in my new home, the Lord has graciously

blessed as the means of my recovery; so that I am able and willing to work for my gracious Lord and Master Jesus Christ, wheresoever He may be pleased to send me.

The first invitation to preach after my long illness, I have received from Zion Chapel, Cardiff, which I have accepted, and have promised to preach there for two Lord's-days, March 10 and 17. How very remarkable! The first invitation to preach after my call to the ministry was from Newport, in Wales, thirty-six years ago, as recorded in my "Life and Travels" (see page 22). Most grateful I shall be once more to buckle on the Gospel armour, and in the name of the Lord, to set up my banner, with the world for my parish, and Christ for my Bishop, with my good old motto, "Whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy might."

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

Until then, my dear friends, I remain,  
Yours to serve in the Gospel,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

4, Northampton-villas, Northumberland-park, Tottenham, N.  
January, 1878.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

*Faith.* By Israel Atkinson. London: Houlston & Son, Paternoster-buildings. The distinctive doctrines of our beloved denomination must ever be regarded as of the gravest importance to all who earnestly and intelligently hold the views of truth so long advocated in this magazine; and it is a matter for unfeigned thankfulness that the esteemed minister of Richmond-street chapel, Brighton, has presented the Church with a treatise on a subject so momentous as that discussed in the volume before us. That the faith connected with salvation is a natural duty is a proposition almost universally held in the Christian world, few ever going so far as to question it for a moment, and fewer still giving the matter honest and earnest thought. To the sincere inquirer after truth, however, the present work will prove invaluable, which is a most intelligent refutation of the popular doctrine commonly called *Duty-Faith*. The subject is discussed, not only in a Scriptural, but in a systematic manner. Commencing by distinguishing between the law of faith and the law of works, as they respectively obtain in the economy of nature, and the Jewish and Christian economies, the au-

thor goes on to consider our adorable Lord as the Beginner and Perfecter of faith. He next presents us with four most instructive chapters upon faith construed with prepositions and verbs, and faith as a governing noun, concluding by remarks upon faith in the subjective sense, believing and its warrant, and the senses in which believing is a duty. In the course of this long argument no fewer than one hundred and thirty texts are more or less fully expounded; and though we cannot avoid differing with the author in some of his opinions, we are constrained to admit that he is invariably candid and cogent. Considered from a scholarly point of view, the work is highly creditable to its author, while, from a purely literary standpoint, it is worthy to rank very high as a specimen of cultured and thoughtful composition. Its brevity, however, necessitates conciseness; and it must be marked and inwardly and prayerfully digested to profit its reader. In a word, though small in bulk, it is most emphatically an important and valuable work, and we trust that all to whom the truth is dear will feel it to be their duty to purchase and peruse it, and especially to promote



its circulation among ministers of the Gospel. The writer—through the author's generosity—having a number at his disposal for gratuitous distribution, has handed some for this purpose to our good brother the editor of this magazine who will no doubt see that they fall into the hands of some of his many ministerial friends among whom he is so highly and so deservedly esteemed. That the blessing of the Highest may rest on the fruit of our beloved brother Atkinson's labours is the sincere prayer of

JOHN HOPEFUL.

*The Seven Topics of the Christian Faith.* A Manual of Theology. Orthodox and Unsectarian. For Classes or Private Reading. By Rev. F. Maclaren, once Minister of Presbyterian Church in Brighton, now Professor of Systematic Theology in the Union College, Adelaide. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. A small octavo; penmanship and printing excellent; binding handsome. The several objects of faith are defined with simplicity and beauty. To all who have not been led, by the Holy Spirit, into all truth, yet are seeking for wisdom's ways to an eternal salvation, this book may be helpful. It is not a "Union Tune Book," but a condensed description of some of those vital branches which grow out of the large Gospel tree.

"The Masses." A volume comes to us from S. W. Partridge & Co. bearing, in large illuminated letters, this title, *Heathen England*. It contains "a Description of the Utterly Godless Condition of the English Nation;" also some account of efforts made by a band of workers under the superintendence of William Booth. Supposing the narratives and facts herein recorded are true, then nothing can more strongly show forth the sovereignty of Divine mercy than does this exciting chain of extraordinary efforts and results. We, who only travel from chapel to chapel, from place to place, and from meeting to meeting, where friends wait for and welcome us to our work, can form no idea of the warfare of these missionaries to the dens of infamy, and to the dungeons of spiritual death and darkness. Every hour they behold the wickedness of the wicked; and sure enough they prove that nothing short of an Almighty arm can pluck any sinner as a brand from the burning.

*The Little Gleaner* and *The Sower* make twin volumes of chaste and comely form. Can be had of Houlston & Sons. Alas! how sorrowful the thought that the lovely and long-toiling editor has laid down his pen, and has left that scene of many

good works where a life of sacred industry was spent with a mingling of pain and pleasure! We saw and heard Septimus Sears in his earliest days. We silently watched his growing zeal in sowing the seeds of truth; and although, as regards personal fellowship, we never were favoured, still his spirit we loved; his growing talents we admired; for his extensive usefulness we must praise our Lord. The love of Christ, the love of truth, the love of souls carried the good minister a little beyond the iron walls and gloomy paths of some of his first patrons; not having his spirit, they persecuted him unto the death. His comprehensive Hymn Book, his magazines, and other works were not pleasing to all; but he has done his work, has entered into his reward. With him all is well. We venture to imagine that, as he drew near his end, he softly said—

"A Saviour doubles all my joys,  
And sweetens all my pains;  
His strength in my defence employs—  
Consoles me, and sustains:  
I fear no ill, resent no wrong,  
Nor feel one passion move,  
When malice whets her slanderous tongue,  
Such patience is in love!"

The Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*, over the tomb of the departed Editor of *The Gleaner* and *Sower*, would place this truthful epitaph—

"He lives who lives to God alone!  
Yea, all are dead beside;  
For other source than GOD there's none,  
Whence life can be supplied."

*Grove Chapel Pulpit*. Fifty-two Sermons by Thomas Bradbury, Minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell. Vol. I. London: Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. When we take up a bold, stout, handsome volume like the *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, we feel a pure spirit of thanksgiving to the Lord God Almighty for the invention, the progress, and Herculean powers of the printing-press. O! what, under the Divine blessing, does not the Church of Christ owe to a merciful Providence for a machinery so beneficial to the millions of mankind! Here we have 624 demy-octavo pages, printed in a large clear type, full of plain and well-propounded Gospel discourses of beautiful variety, bound strong enough to last for centuries with care, and illustrated with a portrait of the preacher, as correct as the photographic art can produce. It is the man himself.

*Spare Half-Hours*. By C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster. We never care to eat fish; so many bones frighten us. We can seldom enjoy hard definitions—wire-drawn distinctions between this, that, and the other—deep-

rooted wheels and wires—whereby the machine is mainly directed. We have not the brain of an engineer, nor the skill of an architect. There must be some such persons. Nature giveth them large, long, luminous brains, but little, precious little, hearts—hardly any love at all. Generally speaking, where the brain is big, the bowels of compassion become contracted. Now and then a large head and a loving heart get married together, but they are rare jewels. Well, in these *Spare Half-Hours* you will find some "Tales of Truth" (which, by-the-bye, was the title of one of our short-lived adventures). No hard controversial debates, but striking illustrations of those remarkable Providences whereby "God works His sovereign will." Our Totty will read these *Spare Half-Hours* with intense eagerness; but, if we give her *Charnock on the Attributes*, she says, "Not interesting to me." Let every man that knoweth the Lord speak of Him as best he can. C. H. Spurgeon knows well how to use the printing-press. But few of our divines have that wisdom; or, if they have it, we have been wicked enough to think they hide that particular talent under a bushel. We often sing a song of praise unto the Lord (inside of our little soul) for having made us both printer and preacher, and in both these very dignified professions we have burned with intense desire to reach the poor hard hearts of our wandering fellows with a live coal from off the altar; and although, "Among the great unfit to shine;" although, to some, ours may appear to be labour lost, we quietly unite with that solitary saint who said—

"Here let me, though fix'd in a desert, be free,  
A little one whom they despise;  
Though lost to the world, if in union with  
Thee,  
Shall one day be happy and wise."

*Spare Half-Hours* will be largely acceptable no doubt.

"Levi Coffin." Messrs. Dyer Brothers, 21, Paternoster-square, have recently published a volume bearing the following title:—"Reminiscences of an Abolitionist. Thrilling Incidents, Heroic Actions, and Wonderful Escapes of Fugitive Slaves, in connection with the Anti-Slavery Underground Railroad of the United States, related by its President, Levi Coffin, with his portrait, &c., "Rose, the White Slave," and a host of soul-rending narratives, fill up over 200 pages, which fully justify the title, and from whence proceeds a voice of agonising force calling upon the whole civilised world to arise and to righteously demand the entire abolition of slavery in every country and of every kind.

*Allan Chace and other Poems.* By John Cornfield, jun. London: E. W. Allen. This modest author wishes to ascertain, by the verdict given to the merits of this beautiful volume, whether or not Providence has given him a talent for writing "good and lasting poetry." He says, "My highest ambition is to speak courage and hope to the toiling and suffering masses of my fellow-men, and to strike up such notes as shall accord with the sympathies and higher aspirations of their nature." The poems before us will crown John Cornfield's ambition with many a laurel from the hearts of those sufferers whom he seeks to cheer by the way. To those hard plodders, upon whose minds the pure light of heaven hath dawned, John Cornfield's poetic expositions and soul-breathings will be more acceptable than Tennyson's more classic strains. Harken, as a sample, to John's appeal to the ever-adorable CHRIST OF GOD:

"Give to my soul and body, Lord, Thy power;  
Thou know'st I need it every passing hour!  
Give me Thyself—then pain and sorrow flee:  
Help of the helpless! give Thyself to me!

Here sorrows multiply, and joys decay;  
Friends often fail, and dear ones pass away;  
To drink each bitter cup my lot may be:  
Help of the helpless! give Thy power to me!

Thy perfect sympathy and matchless power  
Be mine, when passing through my latest hour:  
To grasp THEE, till my spirit is set free!  
Help of the helpless! give THY power to me!"

*The Parson and the Banker.* A warm debate arising out of an appeal to the banker to aid an effort to remove a mountain off from the back of a mouse. The banker waxing warm, the controversy closes by the parson expostulating as follows:

"Will ye pursue a worm to death  
Whose griefs ye never knew?  
Injured by cruel slanderous breath!  
Yet God has brought him through."

The origin of the narrative is hidden in dark mystery. It has been rolled up and down the world for nearly forty years. Jealousy has forged a thousand falsehoods. They fly with increasing force from generation to generation; no man can resist them. "The day will declare it."

*The Sword and Trowel* becomes more substantially a miscellany of literature. The severe occasional illnesses of its editor must much prevent his attention to it. Nevertheless, the review department is so ably sustained as to prove great industry in ascertaining the value of such heaps of books as pour in upon this popular critic. The "Prayer of a Poor Indian" we hope to give in *Cheering Words*.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## BAPTISTS IN HULL, YORKSHIRE.

BY N. J. EASTERBROOK.

THE Church meeting for worship in Foresters' Hall held special services last November, when C. W. Banks, of London, preached on Lord's-days and on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Our brother came amongst us with a bad cold, but the Lord strengthened him; he was able to go through the whole of the services of his Master as a workman which needeth to be not ashamed. I can say we had some Gospel feasts. Many said, "It is good for us to be here."

Hull is a great place for religious of all sorts. We trust these services will bring forth fruit, that our God may be abundantly glorified.

Tuesday, Nov. 27, Mr. Banks gave us that highly instructive and Gospel lecture, "From Oxford to Rome, and from Rome to Heaven." Our brother, for nearly one hour and a half, kept his audience in wrapt attention, and I think if more of our Gospel ministers were to give lectures of the same class, an amount of good would be done, and that giant of errors and superstition would be laid low. These services altogether will be long remembered by many, among whom is

N. J. EASTERBROOK.

After the lecture, Mr. Crumpton, the chairman, said, from his own experience, personal observation, and knowledge, he could give many instances to corroborate the lecture of Mr. Banks, and show that grace is triumphant both by and without human agency. Some years ago he was visiting a friend in Staffordshire, and there he found his friend's wife well instructed in Divine things, and a partaker of the grace "that bringeth salvation," although she had never heard a "Gospel sermon." He also named other instances of "the triumphs of Divine grace" which came under his observation when he was distributing tracts in a dark neighbourhood of a market town, so dark that a female of about 25 years of age, when asked if she loved the Lord Jesus Christ, said, "Who is He? I have never heard of Him!" Another asked him to do a favour for her, and upon being asked what it was, replied, "Will you ask the clergyman to allow me to take up a brick from under the communion table in the church, so that I might get a little dust from under the brick to give to my child, who has the whooping cough, as it would cure her?" Yet, amidst this dense darkness, and in this dark neighbourhood, he met with one in whose soul the grace of God was triumphant. There, yes, there lived one of God's children, daily feasting on the love of Christ, and by precious faith living upon His precious promises; and being well stricken in years, was calmly waiting to hear Jesus say, "Come up hither." He then moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Banks, not

only for his able lecture, but also for his services, which, being seconded by the pastor, was carried unanimously, and the meeting was concluded by prayer.

## NEW YORK.

MR. C. W. BANKS.—DEAR BROTHER, —No doubt you have heard of, if not seen, the widely-known Henry Ward Beecher, sometimes called "the reverend pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York." Two clips from the *New York Herald*, of December 17, 1877, an extract from a report of his Sunday morning discourse of the day previous, and if you have ever read anything like it in what is styled a sermon by a Christian minister, please let me know. It is headed

## "PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

*Individual Knowledge of God Contrasted with Orthodoxy.—Sermon by Rev. Hy. Ward Beecher.*

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's text was from Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians:—"Having made known unto us the mystery of His will according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself, that in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him."

The especial extract I wish to call attention to is

## "HIS NOTIONS OF DEITY.

After depicting the universal application of the inspired writings as a guide to personal morality, social order and civic duties, the preacher dwelt upon the trials and difficulties that compass the preacher. Preaching the truth was a great bondage and trouble of soul. He then branched into a dissertation on the modern testimony of science about the origin of the human race, whose early condition was a savage one, and grew eloquent in a denunciation of the idea that the great majority of the earth's early inhabitants had taken the orthodox road to hell. "I do swear," he said, "by the wounds and sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, that I believe the nature of God is to suffer rather than to let others suffer for His sake. Show me such a deity as orthodoxy describes sending these vast multitudes to hell in swarms, and I will show you a devil worse than the mediæval devil. Such a deity I will not worship even if he sits on the throne of Jehovah. I will not worship cruelty; I won't, if I die for it. To such a heaven as his would be I don't want to go. Do men study the humanity that is in Christ's suffering that they may learn that His saints in glory dance over the myriad sufferers who have been swept like swarms of living flies to hell? I denounce it as infernal by the Saviour on the cross, by the wounds in His hands, by His holy sepulchre, as a most hideous nightmare of theology."

What do you say to such pernicious teaching, and that in what is called a "Congregational" Church? Oh, that God would be graciously pleased to have mercy upon us here in New York, and send some "sons of thunder," and also "sons of consolation," to counteract such.

I remain in hope,  
J. AXFORD.

New York, Dec. 20, 1877.

#### A WORD FOR MINISTERS AND DEACONS.

At brother Matthew Branch's meeting, I was struck by some remarks of Mr. Golding, when speaking of the public worship of God. He said prayer and praise were really the worship; preaching of the Word was more the means the Lord made use of in bringing His people from the world to Himself; he said, in no part of Scripture is it said God was angry with the praises of His people, though it is said, He is angry with their prayers, which statements it is well for us to think about. Mr. Golding also spoke of the worship of God by His people in heaven, and compared it to the public worship by His saints on earth.

Mr. Editor, how sad it is to go to the worship of God and see but few people in time, and the minister himself not in his place! I have often thought it would be well if the minister began the worship by giving out some joyous hymn in a joyous manner, such as "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays," calculated by the grace of the Holy Ghost to lift up our hearts and souls at the commencement of the service. If the minister was present at the commencement of the service, it would be the means of bringing the people together at the prayer time. Deacons and other persons, with the minister, should all be in their places at the commencement of the worship.

S. HALL, SEN.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—It is pitiful for the Dean of Boston to reproach us for our report of the meeting. The name we gave the assembly rooms was innocently intended to point out that place of worship. We have not done yet. Our brother J. A. Lewis has evidently been a real blessing to the afflicted people of God, whose testimony cannot be overturned, nor can the cruelty of the Turks and Russians ever be justified. God said, "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond;" yea, it is "written in the earth," and nothing can obliterate it, so far as this world is concerned. There are three things very clear to us: (1) It is dangerous to some to be placed in offices of responsibility. (2) All who are so placed should do all they do as in the sight of God, and in the Spirit of Christ. (3) If they have been mistaken in any case, they should openly confess it, and make immediate restitution. Let the dean go and see poor Newbold when he is sane for a season. Let the dean ponder well the whole history of the disruption. Let him probe to the core, or let him put his hand upon his mouth.

#### EBENEZERS IN OLDEN TIMES.

[We are earnestly requested to give a leaf or two out of the life of the deceased wife of Mr. John Rayment, of Camberwell. As the grace of God shone forth therein, it will be useful. John Rayment is well known in all our Churches. He is now working very hard in Cambridgeshire. We shall be thankful if the Lord will honour him. Of his departed wife, he says:—]

"In the year 1832, the Lord was pleased to bring my beloved wife to visit my mother; that led to a unity in the things of God. My parents were established in the truth, under the ministry of the late John Chin. Afterwards they united in fellowship under the pastorate of the late James Wells. My beloved wife's acquaintance with them was the means, under God the Spirit, of leading her mind into clear views of the covenant of eternal mercy, which was her strength through all her suffering. We were married in 1838. For nearly forty years we walked together in the Gospel of Christ. The beginning of our acquaintance was singular. In July, 1836, my wife that was to be visited my mother on a Lord's-day afternoon, and she induced my brother to go with her to hear Joseph Irons. I was then studying to go on the stage as an actor, and did not mean to go to chapel; but after they left, I said, 'I will go!' and, by taking a near road over the fields of corn, in Camberwell, I reached chapel long before them, which surprised them both. The Lord had fixed the time to bring the wanderer home. That night, I returned home a condemned, broken-hearted sinner. My parents' friend became a kind instructor in the things of eternity, as well as a helper in the trials of time, of which more next month."

IPSWICH.—ZOAR. Mr. Morling and the Church here are steadily progressing. Their meeting on Dec. 26, was one of the very best; they presented their pastor with a purse filled with useful material. In every way we hope we may say the cause in Zoar is a fruitful field. Bethesda people, with Mr. Kern, are praying for Divine confirmations that all has been done according to the sacred purpose of the great Head of the Church. Thomas Poock still quietly waits for a better inheritance, although what we call Dairy-lane has not been either a sorrowful or a barren one by any means. A correspondent says:—The Churches in Suffolk are going off. Beccles is all but gone. That sedate ex-pastor of Walsham contends for progressive sanctification. He has lived many years in a moral uprightness, which is valuable. But, in connection with salvation, is it essentially true? He says, "When a man is ripe, God takes him to glory." What ripeness does He mean? Whence cometh it? Samuel Collins is resting. John Cooper is working; but a new generation ariseth, with modern views. The publican's prayer, the prodigal's trial, and conversions like Paul's and the jailor's, seem almost unknown.

**"PULPIT MEN, MIND WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT!"—No. 2.**

For you are charged by a "Looker-on" with throwing down before people, "not clear in the truth," "double doses of election and predestination on purpose (frequently) to offend."

Now, it appears to me, that our friend is either looking on through very penetrating or magnifying glasses, or that he is one of those, so numerous in our day, who favour the homœopathic principle, who would have the truth, or at least some parts of it, administered in infinitesimal quantities; so small indeed, as to be imperceptible to any faculty we possess.

To an ordinary mind, it would certainly occur that the best method of dealing with people "not clear in the truth" would be to present it in a clear and unmistakable form. Pulpit men, what are you about? I trust that you are about your Master's business; that you are anxious to declare "the whole counsel of God," however unpalatable it may be to the natural "enmity of the heart;" that you have not lost your confidence in the Spirit to apply and lead into the truth according to His promise; that you are more concerned for the truth of God than for a long Church roll at the expense of it; that you are resolved by God's grace to witness, by a humble but persistent testimony to the same, against that adulterous thing called the professing Church, which, under the guise of charity is, at the present moment, busily engaged in making things pleasant all around by reviling or ignoring the great verities of Scripture, and appear more concerned, lest the natural "enmity of the heart" should be shocked, than for the honour of God.

**ANOTHER "LOOKER-ON."**

[Papers on the pulpit, and a variety of pulpit men, are received. Some may be very useful.—ED.]

**GREAT STANMORE.**

Mrs. Wingfield, Beulah house, Great Stanmore, opened a room for the preaching of the Gospel about three-and-a-half years ago. Miss Brittain (her niece) commenced a Band of Hope and Sunday school in connection with it about twelve months ago, and the first entertainment took place last Wednesday evening, January 9.

The entertainment was exceedingly instructive and interesting, and proved conclusively Miss Brittain's ability to teach, and the great amount of care she had bestowed upon the children she has so kindly taken in hand.

Over fifty sat down to a very excellent tea, which every one appeared to enjoy, and, after tea, arrangements were made for visitors, and the proceedings commenced with the children singing a "Prayer for peace."

W. Richardson then engaged in prayer, and the children began to show those who were present how well they had been instructed in singing, reciting, &c. Some of the hymns were exceedingly beautiful, and

were listened to with delight by the company. Texts of Scripture, portions of the Old and New Testament, temperance pieces, &c., were repeated by the children in a way which gave teachers and scholars great credit. Mr. Brittain, sen., concluded with prayer.

Prizes were then presented to the children by W. Richardson, at the request of Miss Brittain. The children received them with smiling faces, such smiles as are only seen upon the faces of children.

A vote of thanks to Miss Brittain for such a pleasant evening, and a few words upon Divine things by a friend that was present, brought a very happy evening to a close.

"Around the thrones of God in heaven  
Ten thousand children stand,  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band."

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

Great Stanmore.

**SHARNBROOK.**—C. W. BANKS,—You have in days past made known ancient things to a people who still love the old truths. On Dec. 25, 1877, we went to hear, also to speak. My brother F. says: "Our service consisted of speeches from several friends who kindly came to help the little cause. Truly it was little Bethlehem, and the well of Bethlehem too, for many drank refreshing draughts of that water that cheers the soul and refreshes the pilgrim bound for the better land. Mr. Ebenezer Knight presided. After singing and prayer, Mr. Harris made some excellent remarks on the season of the year, which filled the Christian's heart with gladness for One who was born to redeem and was mighty to save. Friend Darnell, in very suitable words, shewed the way in which we can best meditate on the birth of Jesus to profit. Our president then solicited a speech from J. Fountain, who, though but recently brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, was much helped in speaking to the praise of Emmanuel, who, in all the trouble, sorrow, and darkness of the Christian's life, was still 'God with us.' Our chairman spoke a few commendatory sentences on the last speaker, and called F. Fountain to unfold his budget. He confined his remarks on the birth of Christ by noticing: 1. It was purposed and promised. 2. Was necessitated and utilised. 3. The spiritual advantages accruing to the believers by commemorating such an event. A few remarks from the worthy chairman and doxology brought this happy meeting to a close, many glorifying and praising God for the things which were told them. May it be the foretaste of better things. The truth is still proclaimed in their midst, a goodly number meeting together. F. Fountain preached the last Lord's-day in the year, and glad were the old friends to hear his voice again; while we had the great pleasure of hearing at Speldhurst-road our beloved editor, who said, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' We were grateful, and pray he may still be spared to comfort and feed the Church of God.—J. D. F."

### ELDERS IN THE LORD, SEE HOW TRUE HIS PROMISE IS!

"Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and I will deliver you."

In How-street, Plymouth, one week-night, I stood up to read the above text just as good old Captain A—— walked down to his seat. He heard the words, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you." He looked up. When I had done, he said "That was for me." Soon after he died; he proved it all true. Here is a testimony from a blessed brother waiting for glory. He says:—

Through the mercy of God we want for nothing; we are like Paul, having nothing of ourselves, yet in Christ we have all things; "the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." My God still keeps me reading and searching His Holy Word.

Give my kind love to your father, and tell him I am waiting my call, which I hope will not be long now. I am quite a cripple with sciatica, just able to get from room to room; but I never saw or experienced more of the love of God in my soul than I do now. There has not one good thing failed of all the Lord has promised. Wave after wave, trouble after trouble I have passed through; but He has been with me through it all. "Call upon me," He says, "in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." I have done so; He has brought me through. I am now waiting for His last promise to bring me through the cold waters of death, and I am confident I shall not sink. "How can I sink with such a prop?" &c.

May you, dear Robert, and your respected father feel the same prop to support you in the Jordan of death, and land you safely in the harbour of everlasting peace and rest, is the sincere prayer of your well-wisher in Christ,  
RICHARD EVE.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—We sent one of Mr. Thomas Bradbury's sermons to a few in Lincolnshire, where they meet and read Gospel sermons. They acknowledge it, and give us a kind word in return. We are thankful they can say:—"We thank you very much for that excellent sermon. I read it to the friends, who thought it very good. How beautifully it sets forth the dear Redeemer, His love, and His bounty! The Lord has permitted us to enter upon a new year; it is our desire that it may prove new to our souls; new desires and thoughts of Him. May it be our happy privilege to live near to Him. We wish, if the Lord will, that you may be spared, and so blest in your own soul, and strength be given, whereby you may still go up and down the Gospel field, for the honour of your Lord and Master; ready to help the helpless, encourage the weak ones, establishing the fearing ones, comforting saints; in fact, trying every means you can to be useful. The Lord has blest you, and He will help you all through your journey. So believes  
A SINNER."

### PAYING THE SUPPLY;

#### OR, REALISING YOUR OWN FAITH.

"He found it inconvenient to be poor."

A friend of mine is a farmer; he goes to our rich chapel; he thinks the Chancellor of the Exchequer pays the pulpit supplies very handsomely. But one week down comes a gentleman to preach for us on the Sunday. When the gentleman saw the multitude of well-to-do people filling the spacious and handsome chapel, the wicked thought would come in, "These people can very well give a man of my powers five guineas for the Sunday; their income must be at least £500 per annum! Oh, yes; five guineas will be very handy." Monday morning came; instead of five, the paymaster put two in the person's hand. "What does this mean?" inquired the supply. "What! am I to find a good suit of black; find, and pay for, a good minister to preach to my people, while I come and preach to your many hundreds; pay cab-fare, train, and 'bus; ALL out of two guineas?"

Well! well! there was a stir. Poor parson! My friend says to the disappointed one, "Now, dear brother, consider for one moment. Ask thyself these questions:—Has the Lord Himself called me, and sent me, to preach His Gospel? Did the everlasting Father love me in Christ, choose me in Christ, give me to Christ, before Time its marvellous course began? Do I realise what I believe, that I am a vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory? redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; regenerated and sanctified by the Holy Ghost? Do I realise these mercies? Have I the honour to stand up before hundreds of sinners, and publish unto them the Gospel? Does the Lord give me His Word, and power to proclaim it, with a promise of glory for ever when I have done? Then, fret not." The farmer fled; but, afterwards, an old man was talking to the disappointed supply about James v. 4, and how he had travelled thousands of miles, and often fell short. "Tell ye what it is," cries out a preacher, "there is much advantage taken by the supply system. I intend to write to the EARTHEN VESSEL, and cause an investigation."

(To be continued.)

BETHNAL GREEN.—Our pastor Griffith gave us a well-arranged sermon at Christmas, on "Remembering the Poor," and our people cheerfully and bountifully responded. The pews answered liberally to the call of the pulpit, and our poor were well thought of. Our pastor has now been with us over seven years. The immense population springing up in our suburban neighbourhood, Old Ford, renders our Church the centre of an extensive sphere of labour. Whatever brawls disturb the streets, the Church in Hope chapel (where the not-forgotten Thomas Parker did, for a season, successfully labour) enjoys much quiet progress in every branch of her work.

## SURREY TABERNACLE.

The first Sabbath in the new year, we were favoured with the ministrations of Mr. Morling, of Ipswich, an able minister of the New Testament, and a brother who is well received by the Church and congregation. In the morning he spoke from the words, "Then came she, and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me;" from which words the Lord enabled him to speak powerfully and to the comfort of many: dwelling on the deity of Christ, and the security of the covenant, in an assuaging and clear manner. In the evening the text was, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," shewing what constituted a man righteous before God; and dwelling solemnly on the final separation of the righteous from the wicked.

On the Monday evening following (according to announcement given on the previous day).

A MEETING FOR SPECIAL PRAYER was holden in the Tabernacle. At 7 o'clock, a large number of the Church and congregation assembled together. The deacons, Messrs. Beach, Boulden, Carr, Crowhurst, Mead, Pells, and Rundell, occupied the platform; Mr. Albert Boulden conducting the meeting. The opening hymn selected was one of Dr. Watts':

"Arise, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to Thy rest!  
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest."

Mr. Boulden, in his usual kind and gentle manner, made some observations as to the design and object of the meeting; first, it was to thank and praise the Lord for His abundant goodness towards them as a Church and people during the year that had just passed away; secondly, to treat Him still to be with them in the future; and, thirdly, if consistent with His Divine will, to hear their united supplications, and send unto them an under-shepherd; a pastor who should go in and out before the people, rightly dividing the Word of truth—the absence of which they felt very deeply. In years past, when sitting under the ministry of their late dear pastor, they had indeed been highly favoured, and the seed then sown was still appearing in their midst; and the power that accompanied the same had the effect, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, of producing some well-grounded and deep-rooted oaks (or cedars); many such were amongst them, and were found useful to the cause, and there was no fear of their being moved away from the truths which had been wrought in their souls. After reading the 147th Psalm, Mr. Walter engaged in prayer, in a solemn and impressive manner; after singing, other brethren offered prayer. Then Mr. Rundiell read the 62nd chapter of Isaiah. Suitable verses of hymns were read by each of the deacons, and supplication offered by brethren between the singing, with simplicity and earnestness—a dew and savour seeming to rest thereon—a unanimity running through each appeal, beseeching the Lord to so bless the Church

by sending them a pastor whose testimony and labours amongst them should be owned and blest. The time being now nearly gone, Mr. Mead spoke for a few minutes, stating in the course of his observations that he very sincerely endorsed the sentiments contained in the supplications of his brethren, for none could be more anxious than himself to see a pastor at the Surrey Tabernacle; it had been his spiritual home for many years, and the blessings he had enjoyed under the ministry there could never be erased from his memory. After singing and prayer, this very solemn, and by many long-to-be-remembered season, was brought to a close.

The sixth anniversary of the SUNDAY SCHOOL, conducted by members and friends connected with the Surrey Tabernacle, was held on Tuesday, Jan. 22, in the Board School-room, Penrose-street, Walworth. Prior to the public meeting, a number of friends took tea together. In the evening, at 7, the large room in which the school is held was closely packed with friends anxious to listen to the proceedings, and by their countenance and presence to encourage the teachers and others in their work amongst the young. Mr. John Piggott, the superintendent, occupied the chair, and was supported by four of the Tabernacle deacons, Messrs. Boulden, Carr, Pells, and Mead, also by Mr. Levinsohn, Mr. Hand, Mr. Stringer, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Joseph Beach. After singing, Mr. Hand (late of Rochdale) offered prayer. Mr. John Green read the report, which gave proof of satisfactory work done, and progress made, both in numbers attending the school, and in the financial position. There was not wanting signs of a good work being carried on; the teachers' monthly meetings for prayer had often been seasons of spiritual reviving, and happy communion; there was much union amongst children and teachers; a large addition had been made to the library; and they had much cause for rejoicing.

Mr. Boulden gave some excellent advice as to the importance of teaching the children not only from the New Testament, but also from the Old—so that the young might be confirmed by seeing the prophecies that had been fulfilled, and the wonders that had been wrought.

Mr. Joseph Beach next spoke, showing that the teachers' work was not a myth, but really and truly a labour, and if efficiently and properly carried out, it must be at a considerable sacrifice; also a teacher ought to be a Bible student, or he would soon be discovered by his scholars, who would not be backward in letting him see he was not so well informed as he ought to be for the position he had assumed.

Mr. Thomas Carr was next called, and he addressed himself to the subject of "misquoted Scriptures," and gave a number of instances where, as a rule, texts were wrongly quoted. It appears in his earlier days to have had his special attention drawn to this subject; and he certainly proved his point. There was a novelty

about the address, and it was listened to with attention, and we should hope profit.

Mr. Lawrence said the day was happily gone when it was necessary to put in a plea on behalf of Sunday Schools; but he was sure it was a day in which a protest ought to be made against what was taught in a great majority of the schools. One reason why he was glad to be present was he knew that what was taught in that school was the truth, and God would certainly bless their efforts. The speaker then drew attention to the manner and the matter to be taught, illustrating his meaning with some anecdotes which caused the risibility of many who listened.

Mr. Mead drew some lessons from the life of Oliver Cromwell, who, he contended, was raised up of God to bring about a great blessing for England, both religiously and politically.

The next speaker was our young friend, Mr. Levinsohn, who gave us an address on the blessings of Sunday Schools—mentioning many foreign countries he had been in where no institutions of this kind existed, and showing the depraved state that such places were in: it was impossible to estimate the value such schools were to the country. Some sound and excellent advice was then offered as to the proper spirit in which a teacher should carry on his work.

Mr. Thomas Stringer congratulated the friends on the success attending their labours; entreated them to abide fast by "the stuff;" expressed himself in high terms of the benevolence of the Tabernacle deacons, and of his deep love for their late pastor; and closed by wishing them one and all God's best blessings.

The Chairman spoke of his love for children, his pleasure in the work, his union with the teachers; his thankfulness to the ministers, and deacons, and all who had helped them by their countenance and support; announced the collection would more than cover their liabilities; offered a few appropriate words in prayer, pronounced the benediction; and thus closed the meeting.

**YORKSHIRE.**—It is pleasant to give outline of fourth anniversary services at Mashborough. Sunday, January 13, sermons were preached, encouraging to the Lord's tried children, by brother Taylor, from "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ;" and brother Elam from "Behold the Man!" He felt his subject very much; to my own soul it was a time of the passing by of the Son of God. On Monday, a substantial tea was provided; then public meeting; brother Elam presided, who declared that since his affliction the Lord Jesus had been to him very precious. Addresses were delivered by friends Turner, Maloney, H. Hadow, J. Taylor, Adamson, Greenway, and Roper. One and all declared it was the best meeting they had attended in that chapel. That the year upon which we have entered may be a very blessed one, is the prayer of my poor heart, and to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost shall be all the praise. H. H.

**NOTTING HILL GATE, — SILVER-STREET.** Twelfth anniversary of commencement of this cause was January 6 and 8. Sermons by Mr. Myerson, Mr. R. G. Edwards, and T. Stringer. Tuesday evening, at public meeting, W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, presided. Mr. Doncaster prayed. Mr. Edwards said, after the resignation of Mr. Crumpton, he preached to the people, and three years ago he became their settled pastor. Signs of the Lord's hand in the work are clearly manifest in the help received to pay off so much of the debt of the chapel, the balance now against the Church is £500. This is a large sum to clear off; if friends will not slack their hands, the amount will vanish entirely in due course. During Mr. Edwards' pastorate 72 persons have been added to the Church, increasing the number of members to the round figure of 100. This is very encouraging; may the Lord still favour our dear brother Edwards, of Silver-street, with showers of blessings. Mr. W. Winters gave a few remarks respecting the apparent want of more practical energy in the members of the various Churches where truth is preached, in order to repel the evil made by the introduction of every species of error, and that error which is most popular, as M. Guizot says, is the most dangerous. Mr. T. J. Messer, in his usual eloquent style, dilated powerfully on St. Paul at Athens. We were glad to see our excellent brother Messer again in our midst, looking so cheerfully and physically well at his advanced age. Mr. G. Baldwin gave sound words of encouragement. Mr. T. Stringer spoke with much power and sweetness. Glad are we that brother Stringer is now a blessing to many at Trinity chapel, Southwark. Mr. Hand spoke on the want of real fidelity and union in the Churches of truth. Mr. F. Wheeler was well heard.

W. WINTERS.

#### THE LATE MR. SEPTIMUS SEARS.

It was Saturday night, December 20, 1877, when we received a note from Sturry, announcing the sad news of Mr. Sears's departure. We much hoped the Lord would again raise him up; but, although smitten by a cruel foe, he has gone home in peace. We heard him preach thirty-five years since. He has been a deeply-chastened, a blessedly-sanctified, a most devoted and holy man of God. The hardened, the worldly, the un-humbled, never knew the man. We, at first, resolved to attend the funeral, but feared to presume. In his note, Samuel Foster says:—

"Have you heard of the death of dear Mr. S. Sears, editor of *Gleaner and Sower*—I mean Mr. Septimus Sears, of Clifton, Beds? He fell asleep in Jesus, December 26, 1877, the morning after Christmas day. These are heavy tidings; I mourn and sigh. What a loss to the Church! How greatly he will be missed! I had hoped the Lord would spare him a few more years; but his work was done; the Lord has taken him home to glory. You are spared, dear brother; and I do hope the Lord will keep you many years to come."



## THE ANCIENT STONE.

Blessed Samuel Foster, On the morning of the last day of 1877, my mind inclines to give you one note of how we finished the year's work in the ministry, in Speldhurst-road, yesterday. Texts for the day came to me. Morning, "He shall reign for ever and ever." Had precious freedom in proclaiming

## THE GLORIOUS FUTURE OF THE GREAT KING.

In evening, Samuel's stone of help, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," was the source of much thought and feeling. Taking 1 Sam. vii. 12 for the text, it was found to be connected with a history full of instruction, also it expresses a doctrine full of comfort, and confirmed in the experience of all the saints, the Lord doth help His people. Then there is a public testimony set up; "Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shem." In the historical part you have three schools of solemn instruction: Samuel developing the mystery of prayer, Eli showing the failure of the Levitical priesthood, and the ark of God indicating that, even with that, when abstractedly relied upon, God's blessing is not realised; also that when the Philistines will take the ark, it will do nothing for them, but destroy their idols. You, Samuel, can study their history; it appears to me deeply imbued with heavenly wisdom, and from it the Spirit of God draws forth discriminating discourse. This morning I can only assure you that, as I look back upon 1877, I am anxious here to erect my Ebenezer. During the whole year, while travelling thousands of miles and continual preaching, surely the Lord has helped me, so that not one thing has occurred to hurt or distress me. Oh, to love and honour a Triune-Jehovah is the unwrought prayer of your old friend,  
C. W. B.

[You may see how we finished the year 1877 if you will read *Cheering Words*.]

CHATHAM.—ENON. The New Year's tea meeting was held on Monday, January 7. Public meeting at 7, when our dear and esteemed friends, C. W. Banks, J. Bonney, J. W. Norton, W. Peplow, and T. Lawson were enabled to address the audience (a goodly number being present) with some degree of warm affection, savour, and liberty, tracing the goodness and lovingkindness of our covenant God in the past, reminding us of His faithfulness, His precious promises, the comfort it affords the soul to rest on Him, the unchanging Friend, the Stay and the Staff of His weary pilgrims, and the blessed, peaceful, glorious, and eternal home to which they are hastening. We are thankful that the Lord has inclined the hearts of five to unite with us in Church fellowship, whom our brother Norton had the pleasure lately to baptize in the sacred name of the Three-One Jehovah. The Lord draw others with the cords of His love, to do likewise. We pray that the ministry of brother Norton may be blessed to the profit and edification of those who know the Lord, and to many of those around who, as yet, know Him not.

J. C.

## DEATH OF WIDOW WARREN.

On Friday, the 4th of January, died Mrs. Warren, the widow of the late Joseph Warren, who was well known and loved for the truth's sake by a very large circle. The dear old saint slept at my house on Monday night, December 24th, and left on Christmas morning to go to Pimlico to spend the day with her daughter. She was in good health and spirits, more so than usual. On Wednesday she left Pimlico with her daughter to go to Camden-town, to visit the dear old lady's twin sister; on that day was seized with cold shivers. Arriving there, medical aid was called in. The doctor at once said she would not recover; it was only a work of a few days; and on Wednesday, January 4th, her ransomed spirit departed, to be for ever with the Lord. She had her children summoned to her dying bed, and the sweet words of comfort and counsel that dropped from her dying lips will not soon be forgotten by them. On Wednesday, January 9th, Mr. Cornwell, of Brixton, committed her mortal remains to the grave at Nunhead, in the same grave with her late dear husband; and as I took a last look in the grave, a secret prayer ascended from my poor spirit, "O, dear Lord, if Thy will, may my end be like theirs, dying in the Lord."

I would just say that through the kindness of those ministers and Churches who contributed to the fund advocated for her on the death of her husband (of which fund I was the treasurer), that fund lasted out the time allotted her on earth; so that she never wanted for anything in the way of temporals. Her last days in that respect were her best. The Lord have all the praise.—I remain, yours in the Gospel of Him,  
JOSIAH CRUTCHER.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—Annual New Year's meeting, Jan. 2, 1878, was a useful season. A large number of the fathers and mothers of the school children were served with a pleasant and a plentiful tea; after which Mr. Ambrose Griffith presided over the public service in a quiet and instructive spirit; very precious hymns were sung, and we heard some deeply-practical exhortations. Mr. John Wild talked to the people very gravely on the words, "Be not deceived," and exposed the craft of Satan in deceiving thousands, driving some of the Lord's blessed saints from the world by force, while now he is deceiving multitudes by a fraudulent profession of religion; it was a discourse calculated to impress the hardest heart. The pastor, R. C. Bardens, delivered quite an eloquent appeal to the parents on behalf of the children. Nearly £100 had just been paid to the scholars as the result of their savings, and the interest given therewith for 1877. An immense amount of good flows into the neighbourhood of Hayes from these schools. C. W. Banks, and the brethren Preston and Davies took part in the services. We consider brother R. C. Bardens and his co-workers are sowing the seed for an abundant harvest in years to come.

## NOTES ON THE NORTH-EASTERN LINE.

*(Continued.)*

Lincoln, Nov. 20, 1877. We met last evening in the Newland Baptist. Our brother Simpson read hymns, I prayed and spoke from Zephaniah; now I am waiting to reach Burgh. The Lincoln judge who weighs up all the ministers, but unites with none, ought to open a place for himself; let others weigh up his ministry as he has weighed theirs. It is certain that with many a critical hearing has taken the place of devout worshipping. It is one of the bad features of the times. The Jew so soundly thrashed the peculiars here that though it never cured their covetous distemper, it put an end to his preaching here. That is another un-savoury feature, instead of preaching Christ to cure the soul, they preach curses to the wicked sinners. Is this right? Oh, godliness so good, where is it thou dost dwell? Poor Lincoln, there appears no hope for thee.

Wednesday, November 21, 1877, from Lincoln to Boston, and thence to Le-Marsh, was a tedious journey indeed; but by moon light I found it. Robert Fletcher walked with me as hard as we could go; and once more the Lord permitted me to speak a few words touching His Gospel, name, and glory. Now for New Holland, then over the Humber into old Hull, to wait and worship at His feet.

**BRIXTON TABERNACLE.**—The third anniversary of the Sunday School was held on Lord's-day, Jan. 13th, when sermons were preached by brethren Cornwell, Stringer, and Lawrence; and Wednesday, Jan. 16th, when G. W. Shepherd, of Dorset-square, preached an eloquent sermon from 1 John ii. 12. Nearly 100 friends partook of an excellent tea in the school-room, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by John Bonney, E.-q., of Hackney. The Lord's presence was implored by J. Battson, and capital addresses were delivered by brethren Bardens, Beazley, Holland, Lawrence, Wheeler, and Cornwell. Many friends came to help us, and the sum of £10 was cleared for the support of the school.

**SOUTH HACKNEY.**—The following comes to us, as extracted from London and local papers: "On Sunday afternoon, in Speldhurst-road chapel, a New Year's meeting was held. A godly company attended. An address was given by C. W. Banks, in the course of which he spoke of the past, and took a hopeful glance at the future. Several other addresses were given, after which those who were desirous of staying took tea in the lecture-room." No Church could be more peacefully united than Speldhurst-road. New Year's Sunday we had five services. Our minister gave two addresses, and preached two sermons. About forty sat down to the Lord's Supper. Several members are ill, but we cannot boast of increase. Faith and patience are exercised to no small degree.

**WALTHAM ABBEY. — EBENEZER.**  
Our watch-night service was most encouraging. The cause of God here was never in a more prosperous condition. During 1877 the baptistry has been opened for the immersion of believers three times. Others have been added from another Church. The Sabbath school is in good working order, under the superintendence of brother Randle Ash. The Church is in peace and united. Their pastor, Mr. W. Winters, does all he can to promote their interest, which is owned and blest of God. The building is becoming too small, and steps are being made for the erection of a more commodious temple wherein to worship God comfortably and with propriety, according as the Lord has, by His Holy Spirit, taught us. We need the aid and sympathy of all who are favourable toward us, in order to carry out the designs proposed. If, in this matter, the Lord go not with us, our prayer is that He may cause us to stand still, and not carry us up hence. Our hearts, however, are revived by the sweet answer of our Divine Master, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." We expect to baptize again early in the New Year. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." So says one who loves

EBENEZER.

**TWO WATERS.**—H. Hunt is kind. The responsibility of seeing that something was done for the orphans of that extreme sufferer, Charles Wootton, was laid upon us by himself in his dying hours. The sight of his dear suffering face and the sound of his intreaties have never left us. Faith in God's mercy prompted us to assure him we would, in the Lord's name and fear, do our utmost. Psalm x. 14, which declares God is "the Helper of the fatherless," has made us weep tears of gratitude. We know He is a Helper indeed. H. Hunt cannot understand how it is some gifted and prosperous men are never found helping in such cases, nor in any similar effort. Read 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2; there is the character and conduct. Gifted, popular, prosperous men seldom have any charity.

**KING'S CROSS. — EBENEZER CHAPEL,**  
Caledonian-road. Pastor, W. White. Dec. 26, friends held services. C. Cornwell preached an encouraging discourse. After excellent tea, a public meeting. Brother Beddow prayed earnestly. Brethren Bolton, Nightingale, and Gander spoke on salvation with eternal glory. Brother C. W. Banks, referring to the Church at Ebenezer as being a happy one, hoped the friends might long enjoy peace and happiness. Brother Onkey, on "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing," was full of faith and holy fire. We were pleased to see Mr. Smith (one of the late Mr. James Nunn's friends) in the chair. The deacons made up the collection to £10-£5 to pay off the debt, and £5 for the pastor, as a small token of love and esteem.

SAMUEL LUDLOW.

**CAMDEN LECTURE HALL.**—The quarterly social tea meeting of members and friends was held on the last day of the old year 1877. As Mr. George Webb, our beloved pastor, was about to leave us, there was a much larger attendance than usual. Many prayers were offered up, imploring the Lord's blessing both upon him and us, as well as some warm-hearted addresses (mixed with pain at the separation), but wishing our pastor much temporal and spiritual success amongst the people in the new sphere of labour, where he believes the Lord has called him. We bless the Lord that the Church is in peace and unity; and the friends took this another opportunity of showing their practical love in presenting their pastor with a handsome black marble timepiece, with a silver plate, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. George Webb, as a slight token of Christian affection, by the members and friends of the Strict Baptist Church at Camden Lecture hall, on the occasion of his resigning the pastorate after fifteen years' labours among them. December 31st, 1877. 'Mizpah' (Gen. xxxi. 49)." May the desire be granted both to himself and family, and the Church he has left behind.

**NEW BROMPTON.**—Our first anniversary in Workman's hall, Jan. 20 and 21, was a joyful time with us Baptists in New Brompton, which is a rapid outgrowing suburb of Chatham, Rochester, and Strood. A fine, lofty, healthy, and respectable *locale*. We have an immense Church, but no steeple, no tower; Ritualistic to some degree. Non-cons. are largely represented, except "the Primitive Baptists." The Lord, we trust, some time since, stirred up the heart of one Jabez Price to open the Workman's hall for the worship of God in connection with the Church in Enon chapel; and through the goodness of our Great Jehovah-Jireh, the services have been regularly and successfully continued for twelve months. As C. W. Banks opened the Workman's hall for us, we requested him, with brother William Drake, of Sittingbourne, to preach the anniversary sermons, which were listened to by a large number of friends. I. C. Johnson, E.-q., presided over our public assembly, of which "A Wanderer in the Wilderness" promises to furnish notes next month. We all pray for a blessing on Jabez Price, and the infant cause he has espoused. He is the ancient Jabez over again.

**KING'S CROSS.**—There were full gatherings of loving Christian friends on Dec. 26, in Ebenezer, Caledonian-road, within one minute's walk of the King's Cross station. Messrs. Cornwell and Nightingale delivered the testimonies of truth. N. Onkey, D. Gander, W. Beddow, the pastor (W. White), C. W. Banks, and others endeavoured to cheer the pilgrims on through the wilderness. That gracious friend, Wm. Smith, E.-q., presided. The harmony of the services indicated a living fellowship and decision to the faith.

**THE LATE MR. SEPTIMUS SEARS.** No doubt a memoir of this good man will appear presently. Meanwhile we only notice he died at Brighton, Dec. 26th. The *Baptist* says, "He was in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Sears had laboured as a minister in Clifton some thirty-five years. When he came to the village, the Particular Baptists had no regular place for public worship there, and for some time he conducted service in a temporary building. He exerted himself to get a suitable chapel, and in 1853 the present building was erected. Mr. Sears was unwearied in the discharge of the duties pertaining to the office and work of a minister, and he had his reward in the love of a devoted people. During the long period of his ministry the utmost harmony and good feeling existed between him and the members of his flock. Shortly after his death, his body was brought from Brighton to Clifton, and on the Tuesday afternoon the funeral took place. Soon after three o'clock the coffin was carried from the house into the chapel, and placed near the pulpit. The chapel, which can accommodate about 700, was crowded in every part, and the pulpit was draped in black. The service, both in the chapel and at the grave, was conducted by Thomas Hull, of Hastings."

**HEYWOOD.**—The annual gathering in Ebenezer chapel was held on Christmas Day, when about 150 persons sat down to a substantial tea. Mr. Bowker presided over the meeting which was afterwards held. Addresses were given by Messrs. Turpin, Howarth, and Collinge. Dialogues and recitations by the scholars, with selections of music by the choir, greatly added to the evening's enjoyment. The opening services of the new chapel in Aspinall-street were held on Lord's-day, Jan. 13th. Preacher, Mr. David Smith, of Halifax, and continued on Lord's-day, Jan. 20th. Preacher, Mr. Samuel A. Smith, of Higher Temple-street chapel, Manchester. Very able and effective discourses were delivered on each occasion, which were listened to with deep attention. The chapel was well filled at each service. The collections were very satisfactory, amounting in the aggregate to £58. The chapel, which is of brick, with stone facings, will seat about 230 persons. There is a large vestry for prayer-meetings, &c., and a smaller one for the minister. The building is expected to cost about £500 when completely finished, of which about £260 has been raised.

**BURFORD, OXON.**—We had special services the last Sunday in 1877, at our Baptist chapel; also on Monday, Dec. 31. Our pastor (J. Flory) preached his farewell sermons, and at our public meeting we sorrowfully bade him God-speed. He has worked hard in defence of Christ's Gospel, but he is no man for compromise. We esteem him for his sincere efforts to do good. His address now is 6, Northfield-terrace, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

**BRIXTON.**—**MR. EDITOR.**—We have bills circulated here, headed "Free Christian Church." Mr. Brindle has left Bedford-road, and commenced preaching in a hall in the neighbourhood. Do you know what Mr. Brindle means by a "Free Christian Church?" [We cannot reply, only we know some object to the term "Strict," because that word may be applied to any sect, except Dean Stauley, Dr. Parker, and a motley group of modern leaders. We have thought the most appropriate, the most intelligent name for our Churches, would be "Primitive Baptists," meaning those who abide by the doctrines and discipline of the Pentecostal planting of the New Testament Church. We have lost Mr. Fothergill, once hopefully prosperous at Bedford-road; now Mr. Brindle has left his pastorate there. Whence come these secessions and divisions? Ah! whence? They seriously afflict us and many of the humble followers of the Lord.—**ED.**]

**CLAPHAM.**—The Church in Rehoboth chapel, Bedford-road, held annual thanksgiving services, Dec. 26, 1877. Mr. Trotman delivered the afternoon sermon; a large company sat down to tea in the new and beautiful schoolrooms. At the public meeting J. A. Lewis presided; the venerable and beloved brother Meadows implored the Divine blessing. Brethren Griffith, Thomas Stringer, Edward Baker, W. E. Palmer, C. W. Banks, Nugent, Trotman, and others spoke faithfully in defence of the primitive Gospel. The aspect of this cause appears cheerful. Mr. Brindle has retired from the pastorate here. Mr. W. E. Palmer has received invite to supply the pulpit for three months.

**MENDLESHAM.**—Our well-beloved brother, William Tooke, has commenced his ministerial work in this long-tried Baptist Church. His address now is—"W. Tooke, Fulcher's Farm, Earl Stonham, Suffolk." Our friend Tooke's character and conduct as a faithful and earnest minister of the Gospel has now been tested and proved for many years. We shall not be guilty of any false eulogium when we fearlessly assert that that holy declaration has been consistently illustrated in the life-work of our brother, when Paul said, "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth." May the Lord long spare his life here, and render his ministry more than ever a blessing to many. Amen.

**MARGATE.**—"E. Miller" sends good news from Mount Ephraim Baptist chapel. Brother Wise has been again baptizing; several others have joined the Church. Our correspondent complains of the smallness of the chapel, and of the want of a baptistery, and hopes hearts and hands will be opened to enable them to enlarge the place, and put in a good pool. Brother Sharpe, of Ramsgate, kindly opens his place for his Margate neighbours. To build a chapel so small, and without convenience for baptizing, looks like a painful mistake.

**BILSTON.**—A social meeting was held in connection with the cause here on New Year's day. About 100 friends took tea; after which a meeting was held. Mr. A. B. Hall, pastor, took the chair; several friends addressed the people; a vote of thanks was given to the ladies for the way in which the tea was conducted, and the meeting terminated with singing that good old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," &c. If one may judge for the rest, a pleasant evening was spent. Since Mr. Hall has been amongst us, the congregation has increased. My sincere desire is that we may be increased with the increase of God; that the walls of Zion may be built up here; her bulwarks strengthened; that the watchman, who stands upon her walls, may be preserved by the mighty God of Jacob; that he may be enabled to proclaim the glad tidings of the everlasting Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Our school is flourishing.—**A MEMBER.**

**BYTHORN** Baptist Church is praying for showers of mercies from the eternal hills, and on Tuesday, Feb. 12, the eloquent and determined Thomas Stringer is expected to deliver some Gospel discourses. May the Lord send them all good success. We know of no Church more severely oppressed than Bythorn, nor no pastor more afflicted than our brother Kingston. The Lord is blessing his labours to a very poor people. Something (D.V.) must be done to help them in their deep trials. We wish their case could be laid before a public meeting in London.

**OLD BETHNAL GREEN.**—The twelfth annual New Year's friendly meeting in Matilda-street Zion, was quite a crowded and comfortable season. Pastor Matthew Branch presided, and good things were said by brethren G. Reynolds, Golding, Hunt, C. W. Banks; and earnest prayers presented by the pastor and J. W. Banks. It was a true Christian communion; and the Lord helped them in every way. The singular pedigree and characteristics of "Matthew Branch," are intended for "Cheering Words" (D.V.).

**HIGH WYCOMBE.**—**SIR.**—Can you inform me what is become of the old Particular Baptist cause called Newland, at High Wycombe? I read *EARTHEN VESSEL*, but never see anything about it. The old place (Newland) will ever be dear to me. I was about seventeen years of age when I trust the Lord met with me under a sermon that the man of God preached—George Comb. The Lord be praised it went to the heart, and He has kept it alive till now. I am sixty-four. [What can we say to this?—**ED.**]

**WOOBURN GREEN.**—After years of affliction, our brother Mr. Abraham Howard preached again for us at our New Year's meeting, Jan. 15. We were all truly glad to see and hear him; also our late pastor, F. G. Burgess. We had a merciful season.

**PADDINGTON.**—Public services in Mount Zion, Hill-street, were conducted on Dec. 18, for the purpose of wishing G. Webb the Lord's blessing in his removal to his new pastorate in Luxfield. Many friends came together and presented him with twenty guineas as a token of grateful love for his many years of earnest work in the Gospel. A merciful providence has ever watched over, taken care of, and honoured this kind friend to the ancient faith. May saving blessings attend him whither he is now gone.

**CLAPHAM JUNCTION.**—Speke-road Baptist chapel. Brother Thomas James Messer preached two precious sermons here, the first Lord's-day in the New Year, to large gatherings of anxious listeners. "One Hard of Hearing" says:—"It is our privilege to tell you, Mr. EARTHEN VESSEL, that us deaf ones can hear this venerable and richly-gifted minister of Christ with natural pleasure and real soul comfort. A gracious Providence brought him to reside near to us. Bless the Lord, some devout and godly men are yet labouring in our Churches!" [We rejoice in this.—Ed.]

**MIDDLESEX.**—One Sunday in January I was a visitor in Hayes Tabernacle Sunday School. It was prize-day. About 250 good books were given to as many children. That was scattering seed broadcast. Mr. R. C. Bardens, the pastor and superintendent, was most amazingly helped to guide and edify the immense army of young candidates for the favours bestowed upon them. Mr. and Mrs. John Wild, their daughters, and many friends, are working in this good effort. I hope Mr. Bardens will be well sustained, and realise the blessing his soul desires.

**KING'S CROSS.**—Mr. Haydon commenced the New Year at Wharfedale-road Bethel, by receiving into the Church several new members, some of whom he had recently baptized. The cause here is cheerfully progressing. Their New Year's meeting was expressive of a growing unity between the pastor, the elders, and the flock. Our Churches certainly are reviving in some parts. Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

**HALSTEAD, ESSEX.**—Friends at Providence chapel will please accept our grateful acknowledgment. It pleaseth us well to find their chapel is free from their once heavy debt; also, that brother E. Willis, of Colchester, is enabled by the Eternal Spirit so happily to preach Christ and His Gospel unto them. Blessings for ever unto our great High Priest, He still raiseth up faithful ministers to feed His flock.

**HEREFORD.**—We have silently and gratefully raised a new song of praise to the Lord for raising up Mr. John Bedford, of Tring, to accept the unanimous invite of the Whitestone Church to become their pastor, which sacred and useful office he, by the grace of God, will at once enter into. We pray for him, and for our beloved

Whitestone friends, many years of successful work in the Lord's vineyard.

### Notes of the Month.

**ORPHANS INDEED.**—We have received a note from poor little Mary, in which she says:—"Dear Mr. Banks, I thank you very kindly for what you have done for me. I trust you will not lose your reward. I am getting on a little better now. Me and my sister are in work—me at Nash Mills, and Emily at Apsley Mill: so, with the Lord's help, I shall get through, I trust; but, Mr. Banks, I cannot express my feelings of gratitude towards you, who has done so much for me and my little brothers and sister. Bless the Lord, He has put it into the hearts of some to help poor friendless orphans. I think I shall be able to keep a home over our heads now, for the Lord, as time goes on, seems to open a way day after day. I trust the Lord will keep us under His care, and keep us all from the evils of the world. I will conclude with love from all to you, the orphan's friend.—A. WOOLTON, Two Waters, Jan. 11th, 1878.

**THE CHANGE.**—"Misty" wonders how any intelligent gentleman can lend himself to such unhallowed conspiracy. Another correspondent, of no mean position, says, "Really, the persecution under the name of 'The Gospel,' is shocking; it is absolute Popery; why ministers will submit to it, and humble themselves to self-constituted judges, I cannot conceive. I was drawn into it many years ago without seeking it, and feel it a mercy that, by a violent wrench, I was separated from it." [This is the growing feeling of many. Of course the monetary benefits will hold the clique together.]

**THE LATE MR. JOHN BRUNT.**—Of his last days, his beloved daughter says, "Although my dear father had been afflicted for some time, the end was sudden. He was partly unconscious for the last few days; but when conscious, he rejoiced that he was going to be with his Saviour."

**IMPORTANT QUERY.**—Please, sir, what can we do? A somewhat popular minister engaged to give us a series of week-night services. The first time he appeared in our pulpit, forty souls came to listen; the second time he came, thirty people attended; the third time, only twenty came. Well, sir, we could not make the people come to hear this valuable preacher, so he would not come any more, and, worse than all, this disappointed parson has spoken very unkindly of us. Do, sir, tell us what to do. [Let the gentleman alone. He has left a large field for a rather uncertain one. He is much to be pitied.]

**A VILLAGE WORKER.**—Dear Pastor,—I wish you would come and look after your wandering sheep. I suppose the "ninety and nine" are enough for you. [Quite a mistake.] I have very much to be thankful for—just strength enough, and none to spare; it is all that is promised. I increasingly love my work, and rejoice, while I am

amazed, that it has not been altogether without fruit: it is most wondrous to me that I, one of the most unlikely, should be able "to tell to those around what a dear Saviour I have found." I do prove, day by day, that in trying to water others, my own soul is refreshed from the living spring. My one desire is that I may know Him; in some bumble way serve Him; at last be found in Him, cleansed in His precious blood, robed in His spotless righteousness, to bask for ever in the sunlight of His presence, where is fulness of joy! How trifling and how short even our sorrows are, when with eternal future things the present we compare! Yet, for all this, I am sometimes tempted to think my lot a hard one. Glad to see the testimonial fund has not dropped, and trust it may soon be completed.

"WEST END."—We cannot tell why F— was separated. We know nothing, nor had we anything to do with the matter which "West End" refers to—only, as Mr. John Brown says, "Them's there perfect people alwies did persecute us." By anti-Christian secret and open measures, have they gone forth with their slaughter-weapons. Yet are we, the living, to praise the Lord.

"WHERE WILL THESE THINGS END?"—Letters from the Crays and from the Greens note things which cause deep sighs within. See Judges i. 19. Some Churches appear down in the valleys. "The chariots of iron" work much desolation. We lay aside M. G. for the present. We look at Proverbs xxv. 18, 19, and pray to be delivered from all such.

KENT.—W. S. will find the Jireh he asks for in Cannon-street, Chatham; Mr. Christmas is the minister. Cranbrook scarcely patronises Baptists at all. The late Isaac Beeman's chapel has Mr. Daniel Smart in the pulpit. Whether they still neglect all ordinances beyond preaching we cannot tell. We have it in evidence that that good man Isaac regretted this in his last days. Sandwich and Deal are both lost to us.

CROYDON.—"A Young Man," looking about for a sacred rest in the Gospel, gives a painful report. We must not define. "Three Churches or four where (he thinks) there should be but one. Mr. Thurston (to use his own words) gets on grand." It is not always certain that the highest respectability and abundance of wealth will secure all that is desirable. However, we should advise "Young Man" to seek counsel from a higher source. All are acting from pure motives we hope; but the established well-being of Churches in these times is not easily achieved.

\* FALSE REPORT.—Brother T. J. M. says, in a kind note, it was reported from several pulpits that brother R. G. Edwards was dead. Such sad report was brought to us. We could not believe it. How it originated we know not. Brother Edwards has a successful and weighty pastorate at Silver-street. We trust the Lord will lend him to the Church at Notting-hill for many years to come. There, we believe, "the Lord hath need of him."

SOUTH WALES.—In Merthyr, and all around, are many of the most blessed of the Lord's people in a state of semi-starvation. We are in correspondence with that honourable and earnest Welshman, John Thomas, and we are sending all we can to alleviate the agony and hardship of the present crisis. Every one who has bread to eat should spare a crust for these almost skeleton Christians. C. W. Banks, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, will forward all he can get together.

### Obituary.

#### THE LATE MRS. JABEZ WRIGHT.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—My dear mother's death took place on Jan. 5. I can hardly call it death; it was simply "falling asleep." For the past ten years she had been afflicted, and, as her complaint was heart disease, we had been expecting her death for the last three or four years, and quite thought it would be sudden, which it was, for she had taken rather a hearty meal, which she enjoyed much, that my wife came down stairs for more; but on her return she heard a slight noise, and all was over. "One gentle sigh," &c. On the Sunday previous, an old friend (Mr. Sawyer) called to see her, and she told him that if he should call one day and find her gone, it would be all right with her. Mr. E. Haddock called on the Monday, and she told him she had no ecstasy, but solid resting. As it was late at night, she thought he would leave without engaging in prayer, so she said, "You won't treat your Master so shabby, will you?" He replied, "Oh, no!" He then engaged in prayer. On Wednesday, Mr. Kern called and spoke of being spared through 1877, and to begin 1878; added, he would give her a motto for the new year: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." She replied, "My grandchild has given me that already." My mother was left an orphan when young, her parents having both died within twenty-four hours of each other; but she could say, "When my father and mother had forsaken me, then the Lord took me up." Her age was 66. She joined the Church at Bethesda at the age of 18; was consequently a member 47 years; was buried in the same grave as my father at the cemetery, Ipswich. On the following Sunday evening, Mr. Kern spoke of her death, as well as that of Mrs. Barnard, another member, who was formerly of Stowmarket. Text was from Revelation, "And they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne." May my last end be like hers, in my desire and prayer.—Yours with Christian love, JABEZ WRIGHT.

THAT steady and original minister of Christ, Mr. Sedgewicke, many years pastor of Gruffy Green Church, near Maidstone, has put off for other shores. Whether we can gather up his memoirs or not, we cannot say.

The valuable deacon of the ancient Baptist Church at Waddesden-hill, and our old friend Mr. W. Cox, of Denham, departed this life, Jan. 14th, 1878, in the 69th year of his age. The Churches in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury, &c., have lost a real friend. His venerable pastor, Mr. Meekens, survives, while many around him are called way.

How deep within the sigh ascends,  
May we at last meet all our friends

Around the throne on high!

ON the 3rd instant, at Sandal-rod (formerly a member of Mr. Stenson's, and afterwards one of the earliest members at Hope, Bethnal-green), Maria, widow of W. Grossé, formerly of Pimlico, in the 92nd year of her age, paralysed and bed-ridden for many years.

# Divine Foreknowledge.

BY MR. J. VAUGHAN,

*Minister of Trinity Chapel, Hackney.*

**K**NOWLEDGE is the faculty by which we perceive the aptness or otherwise of ideas, whether our own or others. It is capable of being improved as well as increased by reading, by careful observation with past experience, weighing over evidence for or against, whether as applied to persons or facts. Thus our knowledge grows from the external things and circumstances around us. Wisdom may be regarded as a moral attribute of our nature, part of ourselves; it is inward, rooted in the essence of our being; it is capable of development, but incapable of communication. Wisdom enables its possessor to gain, store up, appreciate, and wisely to use knowledge; but knowledge cannot impart wisdom. A man may be stored with knowledge, yet his wisdom so limited as not to be able to turn it to good account. A wise man may have been placed under circumstances and surroundings unfavourable for the acquirement of knowledge; yet, through his wise conduct, he may render his small stock of knowledge of great service to himself and others also.

Knowledge may be defined as mental accretion, while wisdom may be defined as the inward sap rising from the root, developing and fruit-producing from the interior. Foreknowledge in man is very limited, and arises from observation, as well as from certain conclusions he has arrived at. He knows, before making the attempt, if he walks Southward, he will not reach the North. If he wishes to increase the intensity of flame, his foreknowledge tells him pouring water thereon will not accomplish his purpose. That if he wishes to succeed, and his business to prove prosperous, it will not be done by lying in bed and wishing it. But when we come to the actual foreknowledge of himself, his future circumstances, destiny, the duration and conditions of his being here, or the circumstances of others with whom he stands in close association, he is utterly at fault; so much so that one, writing under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, tells us, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow" (Jas. iv. 14).

Taking for granted the existence of the self-existing, necessary, independent, holy, happy God, we see at once the necessity for Him to be possessed of that of which we are bound to admit we are deficient. Now, foreknowledge on the part of the Divine Being is indispensable to prevent disturbance, disorder, and failure in creation, providence, and grace. If God was not ever intimately conversant with Himself as regards the essence of His being, His legislative authority respecting the universe, the moral government of His creatures, His purposes concerning His Church here as well as the future glory she is destined to possess and enjoy. As a perfect Being, there can neither be subtraction from, nor addition to. If one circumstance could happen that was not foreknown by God, this increase of knowledge would at once stamp

Him with imperfection. If one creature in condition or destiny could be otherwise than He had foreknown, disorder in the Divine arrangements must inevitably result ; for if the Divine purpose could fail or be thwarted in one single instance, we have no security against a thousand such occurrences. Let us regard this fact solemnly and prayerfully, and thankful shall we be that Divine foreknowledge is a moral attribute of the great I AM. This foreknowledge arises and flows from the omniscience of God, the all-knowing, the infinitely-wise Jehovah. By this we mean an absolute and intimate acquaintance with all essences, modes of existence, all worlds, events past and future, that not anything by any possibility can transpire, whether in the individual, the mighty universe, or Himself, beyond what He already knows and has known from all eternity. Past, present, and future are creature words, to assist our finite powers : the language of God is the one ever-present NOW.

“ Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown  
Hang on His firm decree ;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Or borrows leave to be.”

If proofs are sought, we refer to the creation around us. Do we not see the most beautiful harmony ? No bursting boiler, no collapsing valve, whirring wheels, or clanging chains disturb the grand quiet, but all things continue as when their great Creator pronounced them good. Look at man's highest efforts of engineering skill in the matter of ship-building, and, after thousands of years of practice, committees are appointed to inquire and report ; and even these councils are divided upon displacement, buoyancy, draught, ballasting, flotation, and speed ; but our God needs no adviser to suggest improvements. He that gave the centrifugal and centripetal forces to the planets, has never seen cause to alter or improve ; and, after thousands of years' testing, none of His creatures can suggest an improvement, or point out one failure.

If proofs are sought for in His providential government, we have them in abundance, whether we refer to history regarding nations or individuals, or to our present experience of men and things—results following beginnings, in themselves comparatively insignificant, of the most important, and, in many cases, illustrious character. Who would have imagined that an aged Isaac's taste for venison should be part of the process necessary for the development of God's choice of Jacob as the co-heir of promise and progenitor of the Messiah ? or who would have thought Hezekiah's weakness and pride should awaken cupidity on the part of the Babylonians to become the executioners of God's justice upon the wicked and ungrateful Jews ?

Do we seek for proofs in prophecy ? Here witnesses in abundance rise. We see, so far from prophets giving a direction or colouring to their predictions, they often speak of that which they did not understand, either the date or manner of fulfilment, as testified by 1 Peter i. 10—12 : “ Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you : searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things, which are now



reported unto you by them that have preached the Gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; which things the angels desire to look into." "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Peter i. 21). Now mark! these were not incoherent or dubious utterances, like the oracles of Delphi, that depended upon the interpretation put upon them by the officiating priest; but here were predictions of the most precise and definite character, both as regards persons, localities, and results; so that infidels have charged Isaiah with being the historian instead of the prophet; and matters predicted more than 1800 years are now being fulfilled. What man could foresee that, in the last days there should come scoffers? Yet what Paul writes in A.D. 66 is literally fulfilled in 1878, and at no former period to a similar extent. Who could have supposed when the four Sultans (Rev. ix. 14) broke forth into Europe in 1452, carrying their conquests even to Spain, should now be in the process of dissolution or absorption by a Power at that period consisting of barbarians, and their only hope in a Power at that period beneath their notice? Yet what John had revealed to him in vision nearly 1800 years ago (Rev. xvi. 12), is now being literally accomplished. Who would have thought 2450 years since, when Daniel uttered his prophecy—"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," what could be the meaning—the prophet had no knowledge of the printing-press, the appliances of steam by land and water, the telegraph, or the still more modern telephone? Yet here they are verified every-day facts.

Should proofs be sought in His exercise of moral government, this necessitates an exact and familiar acquaintance with every mental state and status of all His intelligent beings—angelic, human, or Satanic—the resources and capabilities of every moral being in the universe; angelic plans, if unknown, might interfere or hinder. Could human confederacies be devised and formed, much disturbance might ensue; or if not familiar with Satanic resources and stratagems, how might the Divine purpose be set at nought, and even salvation made null and void! But angels acknowledge their inferiority and subserviency by a cheerful obedience to Divine command. Devils admit their incapability of going beyond Divine permission, whether in the case of Job or the possessed in the days of our Lord; and human hearts and plans are subject to His control—hearts of kings turned as "rivers are turned."

Do we seek for proofs in His Church? We have plenty. Moses foretold the apostasy of the Jews, and that they should be displaced and angered by a people they knew not, yet they should be preserved and restored. Christ foretold His disciples that tribulation awaited them, persecution and death. He declared His own death necessary that the glorious harvest might result, as indicated by the corn of wheat. He declared as the brazen serpent was lifted as a cure, so must He be, that, when lifted, He would draw all men unto Him. Are not these proofs of foreknowledge being verified now? His intimate foreknowledge embraced the fact of the soul-quickening, heart-searching, soul-confirming and sealing power of the Holy Ghost. The Father knew all He gave to Christ; Christ knew all the Father had given unto Him; the Holy Ghost must be equally familiar, or some not of the number might be regenerated, or some permitted to remain in nature whom God the

Father loved, Christ had redeemed; and that all these should be so intimately foreknown that every need should be supplied, and grace provided to meet every requirement.

Do we seek proofs of His foreknowledge from Scripture? We find how the enmity of the human heart and Jewish prejudices, stirred by Satanic hatred, accomplish the foreknown, as well the fore-appointed, sacrifice for sin: "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands crucified and slain" (Acts ii. 23). Are the believing Jews fearing the deprivation of the blessings of redemption? "God hath not cast away His people which He foreknew. . . . There is a remnant according to the election of grace" (Rom. xi. 2, 5). As applied to the Church of God, we read: "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren" (Rom. viii. 29).

Do we wish to know how this choice was made? 1 Peter i. 2 informs us:—"Elect [or chosen] according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." Carnal reason might presume to call His benevolence into question, and ask, Why is evil permitted? We cannot say; for "these are only part of His ways;" and how little thereof is known! "Nay, who art thou that repliest against God?" His Word declares "The Lord hath made all things for Himself: even the wicked for the day of evil." See the message sent to Pharaoh: "For this cause have I raised thee up, for to show in thee My power; and that My name may be declared throughout all the earth" (Exod. ix. 16). Paul, in speaking of God's dealings with His ancient people, says, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God? how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen" (Rom. xi. 33—36).

God is the only free-agent in existence; He alone can exercise a free and independent will. As an infinite and perfect Being, He must possess perfect and complete foreknowledge—not by revelation or communication, but an ever-present intuition. His foreknowledge of Satan's and his coadjutors fall did not compel them to sin, but it prevented God being taken by surprise. The entrance of sin into the world was not caused by Divine foreknowledge; but had not God foreknown it, how could a remedy have been provided? And if the fall was not foreknown, why a Saviour appointed? This foreknowledge enabled Him to discover benevolence and the attribute of mercy that never else could be known. Now, while God's foreknowledge embraces Adam's fall, Pharaoh's pride and obstinacy, and Judas as the betrayer of Christ, yet He neither persuaded or impelled them to sin. God's foreknowledge did not affect them in the slightest degree. Christ told Judas he would betray Him, but Judas did not aggravate his sin by charging it on Christ's foreknowledge.

Though man was created unstable, God created him holy; he was free from sin. Adam robbed himself and his posterity of their purity. God's choice of a Church in accordance with His foreknowledge has

not done a wrong or injustice to any. The lost are not injured by the atoning death of Christ for His people, more than justly condemned criminals are who suffer the extreme penalty of the law by the free pardon of one or more equally guilty with themselves. All who are not under grace are under the law :—"For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law ; and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law ; for when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves : which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another" (Rom. ii. 12—15). "Despise thou the richness of His goodness, and forbearance, and longsuffering ; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance ? But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God ; who will render to every man according to his deeds" (Rom. ii. 4—6).

Comfort to be derived :—His foreknowledge of our case. Our helplessness, sin, and undeserving did not prevent Him making provision for our need ; seeing we were lost, He sent His Son to seek and save us ; seeing we were defiled, He provided the cleansing by the precious blood ; seeing we were without merit, His salvation of our souls is all of grace. Foreknowing our state by nature, He appointed the Holy Ghost to quicken us ; foreknowing our ignorance, that He should instruct us in the mysteries of the kingdom, teach us and help us to pray for those things that should be in accordance with His purpose concerning us. That foreknowledge extends to the minutiae of life's circumstances : the bounds of our habitation are fixed ; the time was fixed for us to be born and also to die : our steps are ordered, and all things shall work together for good. He will keep us by His grace, and afterward receive us to glory (1 Chron. xxviii. 9 ; Psa. cxxxix. 1—6 ; John ii. 24, 25, xvi. 30).

" Then roll thy cares on Him,  
Trust His sufficient grace ;  
Since all who live in His esteem  
Shall dwell before His face."

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## TWO GREAT HEADS LOW IN DEATH.

**V**ICTOR EMMANUEL, the king, and Pius IX., the Pope, are both gone to their last tribunal. The king acknowledged the Pope in his death, and the Pope administered the last sacrament to himself with his own hands. And when each had passed away, the most gorgeous displays of outward ceremonies filled the ancient city. We are fast hurling on to the end ! Blazing processions !—shams and delusions !—forms of godliness !—idolatry of every class and character fill the nations ; and England is full of hypocritical shrines ! In our beloved country there are a few faithful witnesses ! But wars, rumours of wars, shriek and shout on every hand. Has not Satan been permitted to come down with a vengeance, knowing he hath but a short time ? If we have realised the solid blessings of the Word of God ; if we have been, by grace, wrestling Jacobs and prevailing Israels ; if, before the cross, our burden of sin has been removed ; and if, by faith in the Great High Priest of our profession, we are preserved in the one faith, then let us hide ourselves in our chambers of communion with God ; there lift up our hearts and look up, knowing our eternal redemption draweth nigh ! Even so, God helping, will we do. Amen.

C. W. B.

## THE TREE OF LIFE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You inserted some thoughts I sent you on “The Tree of Life;” hence I solicit a similar favour for the insertion of what I conceive to be the twelve fruits on that “Tree of Life” (Rev. xxii. 2). Some of your able correspondents may produce twelve more suitable and precious fruits, for which I wait. “He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches. 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).

1. “A Crown of Life” . . . . .	Rev. ii. 10
2. “The Hidden Manna” . . . . .	” 17
3. “A White Stone” . . . . .	” 17
4. “A New Name” . . . . .	” 17
5. “Triumphant Victory” . . . . .	” 27
6. “The Morning Star” . . . . .	” 28
7. “White Robes” . . . . .	iii. 5
8. “An Engraved Monument” . . . . .	” 12
9. “Tried Gold” . . . . .	” 19
10. “Spiritual Eyesalve” . . . . .	” 19
11. “Endless Communion” . . . . .	” 20
12. “Throne of Glory” . . . . .	” 21

R. G. EDWARDS.

103, Oxford-street, E.

[We feel assured there are precious clusters which we, as yet, have no conception of.—ED.]

## “THAT BEAUTIFUL TREE.”

THAT beautiful Tree! that beautiful Tree!  
It's fruit, Oh, how sweet to a sinner like me!  
The fruit of the Tree whence the Saviour bled  
From the wounds in His side, and His hands, and His head.

Eat, eat, O my soul; how precious the store!  
Abundantly drink, and never thirst more;  
Such streams as flow from it ne'er sprang from the sod,  
No tree bears such fruit in the garden of God.

Of this I may pluck, no barrier around,  
No wall of partition, though holy the ground;  
No fierce flaming sword, no cherubim here,  
But the soft voice of Love whispers, “Nothing to fear.”

In safety I rest 'neath the shade of the Tree,  
A blood-sprinkled cover is spread over me;  
Though bitter the thought, 'twas for all that I am,  
I've joy as I feed on my passover Lamb.

Thus sorrow and joy are fill'd into my soul,  
And deep streams of peace as a broad river roll;  
And love passing knowledge, that reaches to me,  
I drink as it streams from that beautiful Tree.

Though waters of Marah abound in the waste,  
That beautiful Tree can sweeten their taste;  
The burdens of sin, and suffering, and loss,  
They vanish and fade at the foot of the cross.

O beautiful Tree! O beautiful Tree!  
Unsearchable riches are treasured in thee;  
The heights and the depths we shall never explore  
Till the garner of Jesus is full of thy store.

And then shall I know e'en as I am known ;  
 No stammering lips Thy blessings shall own ;  
 But, bursting at once from a blood-ransom'd throng,  
 Shall roll a full tide of this eternal song—

“Worthy the Lamb that bought us with blood !  
 All glory to Thee, Thou blest Son of God !  
 And blessing, and honour, and praise unto Thee,  
 Who hast died for our sins on that beautiful Tree !”

## LAST HOURS OF MRS. HOWARD, WOOBURN GREEN.

**M**Y mother was awakened by the blessed Spirit to feel her own sinnership in the days of her youth, under the ministry of Mr. Harbon, pastor of the old Baptist chapel, Newland, High Wycombe, and was taught through succeeding years to wait at Jesus' feet for all her salvation from every sin and every trouble. Two portions of God's Holy Word, I remember, she would frequently speak of as words of power and strength to her heart in times when the waters of tribulation rose high, were Heb. xi.; referring to which she would say, “See what the Hebrew worthies endured in His cause;” also John xiv.: “Let not your heart be troubled,” &c. These were fond portions of her's.

On Saturday, Oct. 27th, 1877, our beloved mother appeared to know every conflict was ending; her race was all but done. In the already frail frame, bronchitis, with its attendant exhausting cough, was wearing and wasting her little strength day by day. Several days had passed without her taking any solid food: she thought, she said, she had done eating. In the evening brother Abraham came. As soon as he came to her bedside, as if she knew it was a last visit, and with a mother's voice to her eldest boy, she said, “I knew you would come!” and, if I mistake not, again repeated it, as if it was a prayer answered. To brother's first question concerning her hope, she answered she had been dark. Some time afterwards she said, “'Tis not now; body so weak, so weary. Life is the time to fear and know the Lord! I am not troubled.”

On Lord's-day morning, the doctor came; he expressed to us the time was near—she would be but a little while with us. We felt to our sorely-afflicted, yet good, God-fearing, kind mother, we must soon say a last farewell. To a question from father, she said she had “not any bright shining of the Lord's sweet presence,” but continued, “I feel I am safe; if I had any fear of being lost, I could not die” (meaning, so willingly go). Being in much suffering, she said, “Dying is not a new thing to me; I hope it will not be long; so worn out.”

About ten o'clock, her nephew, Mr. J. Dulley, for whom she had a motherly and prayerful regard, both as a relation and younger deacon of the chapel, came to her bedside. She said, “John, you are going to praise Him at chapel now, and you will praise Him above; but I am going a little before you.” Her nephew said, “Are you going to heaven, aunt?” Our mother answered unwaveringly, “Yes;” and, as with renewed voice, regarding the chapel, said, “John, stand fast; don't give up for one little thing or another little thing. Stand fast; it will be so nice when you come here. There will be many things to try a deacon that no friend can understand.”

After this, dear mother appeared to be more than once passing away, but revived from the weariness and exhaustion of pain. About four o'clock a medical consultation was held, only resulting in the same view of her case as given to us by her own doctor in the morning—that nothing more could be done. She shewed a satisfaction and a pleasure at this attention shewn her. She spoke not much afterwards. Nearly the last words I remember were, when dear father asked her, "Is all right, mother?" she answered, "All is right; the Lord will soon come and take me home, and I shall enter into (or see) His glory."

Her frequent prayers were answered for patience under the weakness and pain of her last hours. Through the evening our dear mother spoke very little. Once she said, "I would praise Him," but strength was fast waning; life was passing away. Between the hours of eleven and twelve, she breathed several times so hardly; but while intently listening, the breathing ceased; all was still; God had called her to Himself—peacefully home.

Thus ended the soul conflicts and frequent afflictions in body of our dear and beloved mother, for upwards of forty years, by the Divine grace, an honourable and respected member of, and one of the originators of the Strict Baptist Church and chapel, Wooburn Green.

On the following Lord's-day evening, in preaching from Job xiv. 10—"But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost; and where is he?"—her long-known friend, Mr. W. Day, made kindly reference to her constant attachment to the service and servants of God. Dear mother, however, did not desire a funeral sermon to be preached for her, and that nothing might be said about her; but asked that the two hymns beginning—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"

and

"Rock of ages, shelter me,"

should be sung as expressive of her soul's experience and desire, as the ground of all her hope and faith in God.

She trod the shades of gloomy death,  
 Could set her seal that God was true;  
 Finish'd her course and kept the faith,  
 For God kept her her passage through.

M. HOWARD.

"THERE is one test, nor any more sure in the laboratory of the chemist, by which to distinguish the godly from the ungodly, when both have fallen into the same sin. It is well worth knowing; for, though a simple, I regard it as an infallible criterion. It is one which a child may comprehend, and 'the wayfaring man, though a fool,' may supply. I pray you to apply it, not to your neighbour's case, but to your own, nor reject it because it is humble, and plain, and simple, and vulgar if you will. It is the test by which you may know a sheep from a swine. When both have fallen into the same slough, and are in fact so bemired that neither by coat nor colour can the one be distinguished from the other, how shall we distinguish them? Nothing more easy! The unclean animal, in circumstances agreeable to its nature, wallows in the mire; but, type of the godly, the sheep fills the air with its bleatings, nor ceases its struggles to get out."—*Dr. Thomas Guthrie.*

## THE ANCIENT BEACON OF SAFETY AGAINST SHIPWRECK AND FINAL LOSS.

**M**Y father was no prophet; he was a Bible student, and a praying man; but no penetrator into prophetic lines; hence, I am not the son of a prophet; nor can I herein express my views of the great prophecies yet to be fulfilled; nevertheless, although the least in my father's house, yet it hath pleased **THE ALMIGHTY LORD GOD OF ISRAEL** to cause **HIS TRUTH** to be not only a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path, but there hath been in my soul, as Peter declares, "a sure word of prophecy, whereunto (I have found it) well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in our hearts."

**REVEALED TRUTH** from the high throne of God, therefore, is very abidingly powerful in my heart. Wherever I find **TRUTH**, be it prophetic truth, doctrinal truth, experimental or preceptive truth, before it my spirit boweth down with reverence; and from it, with me, there is no appeal. New generations may have new views, and which they term an advanced theology; but if thereby they turn from the good old corn of the land; if they fling their fanciful garments over the truth of God, as now they do in every style, I have no sympathy with them. I fear, with all their classical glitter, they are blind leaders of the blind; and, if grace does not overcome them, they will fall into the ditch.

For years I have read, seen, heard of, and grieved over, the almost universal spread of errors, and the existence of a light and frivolous spirit; and Canon Ryle's remarks respecting the jelly-fish preachers, and the jelly-fish worshippers, coincided keenly with my feelings and my fears.

As silently reviewing the declensions of the professed followers of Christ, I have wondered where safety was to be found. And the well-known sentence was spoken in me again and again, "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."

I asked, "Is this a fact or a mere figure of speech?" Both Paul and Jude tell us it is a fact, it is a *three-fold truth*.

1. Enoch truly walked with God.
2. He *was not*,
3. For God took him.

This Enoch, then, was designed to represent

### THE ONLY PATHWAY OF SAFETY.

Also, he was a two-fold type of some things in the future.

Enoch represented the only pathway of safety in his origin, in his name, in his dwelling-place, and in his character and conduct.

Enoch's origin is declared by Jude; he was the seventh from Adam—not the seventh man—but the seventh generation in the line of Seth.

After Adam there were two lines or two distinct races of men—Cain's line and Seth's line; Cain's line was accursed; Seth's was blessed.

In Seth's time, men began to call upon the name of the Lord, and Enoch was in Seth's line. We must be *of God*—born of God, loved of God, chosen of God, ordained of God—or we are out of the line, out of

the secret. How this emphasises the Saviour's words, "Ye must be born again—born from above" (John iv. 4—6).

The Jews tell you Seth built two high pillars, one of brick the other of stone.

The clay-burnt pillar the flood did wash away,  
The Rock continues strong until this day.

Clay people—people of the earth—perish, but the inhabitants of the Rock shall live and sing for ever.

Enoch's origin, of God, is the first place of safety—"born of God."

HIS DWELLING-PLACE was Enoch's second source of safety; Seth's line dwelt up in the holy mountain; Cain's line dwelt in the valley.

Seth commanded his children never to descend into the valley, or to mix with Cain's seed. Cain was a free-will worshipper, and was full of enmity. Safety is found only by being kept in the faith. When the flood came, it swept Cain's seed away; and if my hope is only built on the sand, it must perish. We must be in Mount Zion or we are never safe.

Enoch's name indicates safety; it is "*instructed and trained.*" All God's children are taught of the Lord, and their peace is for ever.

Is the HOLY GHOST thy teacher? Has He revealed in thy heart THE CHRIST OF GOD? Has He shed abroad in thy heart the Saviour's love? There is the seal of thy safety.

Enoch's character and conduct was his safety. "He walked with God." All the good Jewish writers say, he worshipped God in sincerity and in truth.

Enoch walked with God in four ways specially. He was

An astronomer; he studied the heavens; he saw there the works of God in the heavens. That was the great book God told Abraham to study.

Enoch was a diligent scribe in history; he wrote down the things God had revealed; he walked with God in history.

Enoch was a prophet; he walked with God in the spirit of prophecy right down to the end of time; and he cried out, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints," &c.

Enoch walked by faith; he had faith in the Trinity, in the covenant, and in all the works of the Lord.

This man was a type of all true Christians. We walk by faith; we not only *believe*, but *WALK* in the doctrines, experiences, and ordinances of our Lord.

He was a type of the saints who shall never see death.

"He was not." Not in death, not in the grave, not in hell, not in the world. God took him home.

Paul's exposition of Enoch's life and lifting up, next time.

My reader, there is no companion, no sacred consolation like *this* walking with God. So believeth

C. W. B.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
February, 1878.

As thou considerest thy sinings all along, and thy crying daily to Him against them, and confessing of them, the blood of Christ, hath secretly all along cleansed thee still from all those sins.—*Dr. Goodwin.*



## HEAVEN'S PATTERNS OF GODLY MEN.

## THE BLACK FLOOD, THE PURE RIVER.

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him."—Dan. ix. 9.

[*An unfinished outline, to prompt the mind to think.*]

**D**ANIEL was one of the most eminent men.

*His name*—"Judge of God." Strong name.

A *Judge* is a servant of the State; is appointed to vindicate the justice of the law and the honour of the throne. Such was Daniel.

A *Judge* is a man of knowledge, of discernment, of great decision.

A Judge must try cases fairly, must punish the wicked, must acquit the innocent. Thus acted Daniel.

"Judge of God" means the representative of God. Such was Daniel.

Daniel was of the children of the captivity, was carried into Babylon when only six years old; grew up in much uprightness. He was one of the few called early to know the Lord.

Daniel was a deep student; he understood by books; a man of much and earnest prayer.

Daniel had much of the grace of God, he had much of the knowledge of God, he had visions of God, he had intercourse with the angel Gabriel, he is ranked with Noah and Job. Christ mentions him as a prophet.

But to the text, Dan. ix. 9. Here is Daniel on his knees pleading with God, in text.

1. See the dark fountain of all our sorrows, of all our desolation. We have rebelled against Him: this is but one sentence of four. We have trespassed, overstepped the bounds of His commandments, *law-breakers*; we have *sinned*, not *believed*, for we have not *obeyed* His voice, but have *rebelled* against Him. Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. It is some delusive imitation of God; it is setting up something instead of God. There is rebellion in doctrine, rebellion in acts of worship.

To be a rebel against God is an awful character—boldly defying God and setting up sinful idols.

2. The text points us to the river of water of life—"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses."

Here, for a moment, gaze on the great original Fountain—

"THE LORD OUR GOD."

See how Daniel's faith grew as he approached God.

1. He speaks of the Lord God in the abstract, as it were.

2. He speaks of God in the law—"the great and dreadful God."

How great! Let creation speak.

How great! Let His judgments speak.

How dreadful! Let the fallen angels speak.

How terrible! Let Gethsemane and Calvary speak.

How terrible, the judgment day and a black hell will speak.

How terrible! Let a trembling, guilty conscience speak.

Now, 3. Daniel speaks of God in the covenant, "the Lord our God." How is this? By promise and by marriage union to His Son.

Not only the original Fountain, but, see the mediatorial provision, "To the Lord our God belong mercies." They are all propitiatory powers—favourable, kind, merciful. The mercy-seat was a propitiation. See that grand text, Rom. iii. 25. Here are mercies. Every office Christ sustains, every promise God has made, every doctrine, every ordinance, every expression of Providence, all are so many mercies. Abundant in goodness, and mercy, and truth.

Then the text expresses the powerful manifestations of the Divine mercies, in forgivenesses—*i.e.*, covering over, lifting off, taking away.

Daniel here is a pattern of grace. To every poor, guilty, broken-hearted sinner, I think Daniel would say, "Set your face to seek the Lord: 'To Him belongeth mercies and forgivenesses.'"

## OUR AGRICULTURAL PREACHER.

THOUGHTS ON SOWING, GROWING, REAPING, AND REJOICING.

By EDWARD HAMMENT.

SECOND THOUGHT ON GROWING.

**G**ROWING is a progressing or a going on process: it is not a dormant thing or state; for as soon as the seed is sown, it begins to enlarge, and very soon takes root. It is worthy of notice, that the first shoot that comes from the seed is the root, whether it be wheat or any other grain, but it is hidden from view. The root goes downward, but the blade rises upward to the surface; and when first seen, it is tender, pure, and erect, with its little head pointing, as it were, direct to the heaven, that the sun may shine upon it, to warm it and strengthen it. In a few days much progress seems to be made; but it soon receives a check: cold winds have the effect of changing its delicate colour; it seems now to make but little headway, owing to cold winds and heavy rains, followed by frost. Then comes the snow, and covers all up completely, so that it is entirely out of sight. Persons unacquainted with husbandry would not know there was any life at all. The days, however, begin to lengthen, the power of the sun is felt—a thaw follows, the snow disappears. The earth being now tender, moist, and rich, the plant makes rapid progress with every prospect of a strong crop.

June comes, the sun shines in its strength, showers descend by day, and the dew by night; the plant that has up to this time been all blade, now puts forth its ear, which, being also nourished by the sun and rain, becomes the full corn in the ear, daily increasing in size and vigour. Weeds, however, that will grow up amongst the corn, must be removed, so that the wheat may come to maturity, to reward the husbandman,—the fields being white unto harvest.

As it is literally, so it is spiritually. There is the sowing of the Word, which is the seed. The Word of God is God Himself revealed: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John i.). Now, so soon as the seed is sown in the heart, it begins to enlarge and take root downward, by which some painful experience goes on. But faith springs forth and emerges like the young plant,

upright in position, and a profession is made unto godliness. There is a cheerful countenance and a good hope that all will be well now; but this, like the young plant, has many changes to undergo. The cold piercing North winds seem to stunt its growth. The soul is shut up, the heavens seem as brass, no answer to prayer is felt, and the soul can say with Job, "As for my hope, who shall see it?" (Job xvii. 15); and with Jeremiah, "I am shut up" (Jer. xxxvi. 5). Again, with Isaiah, "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes fail with looking upward;" until, in the last extremity, the soul cries out, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me" (Isaiah xxxviii. 14).

Now, as the snow covers the plant, so does the purity of God cover the soul. For the soul sees that God is a pure and holy God, and that itself is nothing but impurity; for, as the Psalmist says, "In sin did my mother conceive me;" and with good old Habakkuk it cries out, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity" (Hab. i. 13). Then is the word, which is life, applied, saying, "Thou art all fair, My love" (Cant. iv. 7). This thaws the otherwise frozen heart, and it cries out like Jonah, "I went down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever; yet hast Thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God" (Jonah ii. 6). Now the soul makes rapid strides in growth; the warm sun of His love and the showers of the Spirit strengthen it much. The voice of Love says, "Arise, My fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our land" (Cant. ii.). As with the literal plant, so with the soul. It will now put forth the ear; there will be something more than blade—there will be blossom, which will be seen both by saint and sinner. But blossom does not last long, but gives place to fruit; but even in this flourishing state, there will be weeds. These must be removed or cut down by the hook of love and truth or power. As the corn appears, troubles also arise. There are the thunders of persecution and storms of distress, the blast of the enemy and the mildew of false doctrines. These all conspire to press down the soul, but they cannot kill it, nor yet uproot it; and although troubles surround it, grow it will, and bring forth fruit to perfection, some thirty-fold, and some even a hundred-fold, whether more or less it is all real fruit, and not only fruit, but real ripe fruit, fit for the Master's use, who says, "Thrust in the sickle."

(To be continued.)

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## ANOTHER REAL FRIEND HAS LEFT US.

How many to their rest are gone!  
 I feel left here almost alone!  
 Still working, cheerful, every day,  
 Time swiftly wings herself away:  
 The end will surely come.

**G**EORGE BEARDWELL, aged 66 (one of the oldest readers of the *VESSEL*), departed this life, November 22nd, 1877. Every month regularly, *from the commencement* of publication, he had his *VESSEL*, so that at last the place became crammed with them; I well remember their being tied up in bundles, and sent by the hands of the city missionaries

for distribution in the workhouses and hospitals. Who can tell what blessings attended their distribution ?

My dear father was well known, and esteemed in the Eastern counties; his house was known as the "Ministers' House;" many of the Lord's sent servants have been refreshed under his roof; the best room in the house was always at their service; nothing was deemed too good to set before them.

As regards his faith in the Lord's power to deliver His people in times of need, I remember once, some years ago, he had a matter too hard for him to deal with; he took it to the Lord, and was not disappointed. When the deliverance came, he was so delighted, that he sent his brother Banks a handsome donation (anonymously) as a thank offering to the Lord for the deliverance he had experienced.

If all the Lord's people, who are readers of the *VESSEL*, and have received any special blessing from the Lord, were to do this, all anxiety respecting Speldhurst-road chapel would be at an end.

The last few years of my dear father's life were very checkered. Losses and afflictions overtook him; his faith was sorely tried as regarded temporals; but just in the time of his need (to show that the dear Lord would not let one who had so often as it were washed His servants' feet, suffer any lack) a friend was raised up, who freely and munificently supplied his wants, and smoothed his pathway to the grave.

The Sunday before his death, he sang the two first verses of the well-known hymn, commencing :

"Come, ye that love the Lord ;"

and shortly before the final scene, he repeated, in a very audible voice, the last two verses of Romans viii. : "For I am persuaded," &c.

Thus died one of whom we can truly say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea ! saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

EBENEZER B.

[What a host of long-trying followers of the Lamb are with Him now in glory !—ED.]

## HOMILIES FOR THE TIMES.

BY A WOUNDED WARRIOR.

"Awake thou that sleepest."—Ephesians v. 14.

**S**AMUEL was asleep when the Lord called him ; and He called him thrice before he knew that he was called of God. God puts His voice to the ear of conscience again and again (1 Sam. iii.).

*Jacob* was asleep when the Lord called him up to heaven by the *ladder*, and he awoke to the light of God at the gate of heaven (Gen. xxviii.).

"Awake !" A sleeping man is unconscious of all that pertains to his interest ; and a sleeping soul is unconscious of the deathless and solemn interest of that soul that sleeps. How unconscious is that man of the interest of his soul who has never seen that a world gained would not balance its value ! A man may gain the world, and his wretched

soul may weep in disappointment, like Alexander, because there is not another world for him to conquer and gain.

A sleeping man is unconscious of his responsibilities. He sleeps and forgets the claims of his creditors, and of the number of his debts he is perfectly unconscious. So the sleeping soul is unconscious of the debts of sin, and the rigid claims of law. When God opened the book of the law to Josiah, the young king saw his debts and rent his garments in token of his utter ruin.

A sleeping man is unconscious of the dangers to which he is exposed (Jon. i. 4, 5), and the sleeping soul is unconscious of the tempests of evils with which he is surrounded, and by which he is threatened with destruction. Like Jonah, he sleeps till he is awakened to his danger; and he may be plunged into a moral hell to learn his safety, and to sing "Salvation is of the Lord."

A sleeping man may dream of wealth when he is in the most abject poverty. One said, "I am rich" (Rev. iii. 17); but it was a dream. O, to wake up out of the false delusion to feel that we are poor, and blind, and naked! O, what a picture of misery! *Poor*, having nothing; *blind*, seeing nothing; *naked*, wearing nothing. Such is man by nature.

In *death*, a man *loses* his physical power. Soul-death is a death of *moral* power. We have neither the power to act or will in things pertaining to God. "It is God who worketh *in you* both to will and to do."

In death we lose our faculties, our knowledge. "There is no knowledge in the grave." Soul-death is the death of the true knowledge of God. "Some have not the knowledge of God."

In death there is *corruption*. Soul-death is a state of corruption. As the body corrupts in the grave, so the soul in a moral sense corrupts more and more in and by the evils of the world. O, how corrupting to the moral sense is sin! Those are awful words—"They cannot cease from sin."

Sleep and death are states of darkness. And the two states of darkness in the present day is the darkness of indifference in the Church, and the darkness of infidelity in the world.

Firstly, the darkness of *indifference*, the high priest of which is Archbishop Tait, who, at the "Conference" held at Croydon the other day, said that "The Word of God can adapt itself to every changing circumstance of the changing ages." No, Sir, "The Word of God is settled for ever in heaven."

What, is the historical data of God's Word to be levelled down to the theories of modern thought, to sanction the bald, and bold, and blasphemous assertions of such evolutionists as Darwin and Tyndall? Is prophetic truth to bind its lines to the angular pretensions of modern dreamers—the seers of an end that is only known to God, and of a future that eye hath not seen? Are the institutions of Christ to be metamorphosed into Paganish rites, and multiplied into Roman sacraments, and made the instruments of gain to a lucre-loving Church? Are the doctrines of the everlasting Gospel to be recast in the Oxford mould of modern interpretation? A Church that is notorious for inventing new remedies for moral evil, from the mass-house to the monastery, from the confessional box to the convent, from penance to

purgatory, may well try to impose upon the world belief in the pliability of God's Word to the "*changing ages*." God's Word is settled in heaven for all time. When the Bishop can prove that moral evil has undergone some modifications, and that the devil is not the devil he was, then, and not till then, will we listen to his theory that the light of God accommodates itself to the changing conditions of the ages. The law that thundered in Sinai, thunders still; the Gospel that blest the worshippers in the mount (Matt. v.), is the Gospel of blessing to-day.

And then this high priest of the English Church claims toleration for the three parties in the Establishment, because Paul said, "I became all things to all men: unto the Jew became I a Jew," &c. (1 Cor. ix. 20). What, in the name of the great apostle of the Gentiles, has this to do with toleration? In our memory it was said the Dissenters were to be "tolerated." We refuse to be tolerated. We claim the right to hold our own convictions. If a minister holds the truth of God, he wants no toleration. If he is the champion of error, he ought not to be tolerated. Did Moses tolerate Korah and his company, who, without Divine qualifications, assumed the priest's office? No, not for a moment. Did Elijah tolerate the prophets of Baal? No, no. He challenged them in Carmel, and slew them at Kishon. Did Paul tolerate the errors of his brethren? No, he disputed with them (Acts xv. 2). Did the merciful Lord tolerate the "*three parties*" in Israel—the Scribes, Pharisees, and Sadducees? (Matt. xxiii. 13). No, no, no. He might have done if He had been the Primate of all England, the apologist of an apostate race.

Let us examine the basis of the Bishop's toleration. Unto the Jew Paul became a Jew—*i.e.*, claimed relationship to the Jew as an Hebrew of the Hebrews, and gave a history of the Jews from their Exodus to the resurrection of the King of the Jews, whom they slew (Acts xiii.), and recounted the privileges of those "who are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption," &c. (Rom. ix. 4). He came to the Jew and said, "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly," &c. (Rom. ii. 28). He came to the Jews in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and taught them that all their rites and ceremonies were the shadows and symbols of Christ and heaven. He came to the spiritual Jew and said, "We are the true circumcision who worship God in the spirit," &c. "Christ our Passover is slain for us." "We have a Great High Priest, Jesus the Son of God." And in this way he came to the Jews; but to the Gentiles, who were without law, without the gorgeous and typical rites of the tabernacle, he preached, "Christ and Him crucified," "Christ and the resurrection." From all that was excellent in typical religion, he preached Christ; and where there was no typical religion, he had no other subject. Surely there was nothing in Paul's ministerial conduct to warrant the Bishop's stretch of charity towards those erroneous men in the Church of England, whose sympathies and aspirations are in *another* Church!

This kind of indifference in the Church breeds scepticism and doubt. And scepticism in the Church is the parent of infidelity in the world. The world at large is well-nigh dead with infidelity. And infidelity in the world has grown with the growth of Pagan ritual in the Church. And now, in the Church, it is the ghostly father, not God. It is the priest, not Christ. It is the sacraments, not the Holy Ghost. And what is all this but the outcome of the world's deep-rooted infidelity?

Well, God's voice says to the sleeping and the *dead*, "Awake! arise!" Call a man out of sleep, and he will cleanse himself, and clothe himself, and come to the duties of life, to the duties devolving upon him. So, when God calls a man out of sleep, he comes to the "fountain opened" saying, "*Wash me, and I shall be clean.*" He comes to the *work* of Christ for the garment of salvation, and he will be found attending to those forms of religion which God has instituted for His worship.

"Christ shall give thee light"—the light of knowledge in the living Word of truth; the light of *grace* in the life of faith; and the light of glory in the life to come.

Sleep and death are states of darkness, and none but God and Christ can deal with the sleeping and the dead. Without the voice of God, the sinner will sleep on till he wakes up in hell; and without the light of Christ, the darkness will become denser, until utter darkness wraps the soul in the bottomless pit.

## MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CONFESSION OF HIS FAITH.

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

DEAR SIR,—You requested me to give a brief statement to the Strict and Particular Baptist denomination at large of my faith in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the important doctrines contained in Christ's Gospel; I also beg to say I am in receipt of communications from ministers, &c., in various parts of the kingdom, asking me for the same. The following are some of the principal doctrines I firmly believe, and hope, by the grace of God, to preach as long as I live.

Several persons, also, whose letters I have in my possession, have asked me singular questions; but I cannot condescend to answer such as are only from curiosity. I only forwarded this manuscript to you feeling it to be my duty to the denomination of whom I have the honour of being a member, who have shown very much sympathy with me since I was brought among them. And I think that it is only right they should know what my faith is.

The questions asked of me are these:—"What do you think of the doctrines and lives of Staupitz, Melancthon, Luther, John Huss, John Wesley, John Calvin, Rowland Hill, C. H. Spurgeon, Drs. Morley Punshton and Parker?" I say again, I will never condescend to answer such curious persons, for I think that they have no right thus to perplex me. I am not sent by the *Almighty to judge other men*; my business is to know who am I, and whither am I going to; and it is for me to study the doctrines of the Lord Jesus Christ. I state this, not with natural passion, but with perfect honesty and Christian spirit.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

8, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, London,

February, 1878.

The following is a brief summary of some of the important doctrines I hold and ever hope to preach:—

1. I believe in God, who is Almighty, and the only true and living God; who is invisible, incomprehensible, immutable, infinite, full of love, mercy, and compassion (Ex. xx. 2, xv. 8; John iv. 24; 1 Cor. viii. 6.)

2. I believe in the Holy Trinity; God who is only one, yet in Three Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and although God is in Three Persons, yet undivided, each Person is the Godhead, being eternally interested in the great covenant of salvation, and the redemption and sanctification of the elect, and their final preservation to eternal glory (Ex. vi. 6; Jer. xv. 21; John i. 1, xiv. 2; 1 Cor. i. 30).

3. I believe in the Holy Bible, which is the only Book given unto men as the only rule of salvation and faith, written by such holy men who were inspired and dictated by God to write the things contained therein, they having been originally written in the Hebrew and Greek languages (Dan. x. 21; John v. 39, x. 35).

4. I believe in the depravity of the human heart, understanding, conscience, and actions (Rom. iii. 10—23).

5. I believe in the doctrine of predestination—that, before the foundation of the world, God, in His love and mercy, has predestined a certain number of the human race—a number that no man can count—who shall be saved with an everlasting salvation. He has not chosen them because of their own merits, but because of His absolute sovereignty, grace, mercy, and love (Rom. viii. 30).

(To be continued.)

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

FOUND ON THE TABLE.—*Freeman's Spring Catalogue and Garden Manual for 1878.* Flowers, fruits, and food-roots are lovely expressions of the kindness of our Redeemer, "the Creator of the ends of the earth." They are evidences, also, of the ingenuity of mind with which God hath endowed some of our fellow-creatures. Mr. C. R. Freeman, the economic seedsman of Norwich, sends us his elegant catalogue, from whence all may select for themselves.

"Constantinople" spreads out before you, in a fine engraving in *Hand and Heart* part for February; with portraits of "The Turk," George Cruikshank, and that most merciful character, "The Good Samaritan." Ah! there are many who have gone from Jerusalem to Jericho, have fallen among thieves; and there we have left them. "Go thou and do likewise," said the Saviour. "We are too respectable," saith the servant. Hence, we fear, many are left to die of their wounds. To preach mercy and practise cruelty is exactly the fashion. How will such cold ones stand before the great white throne?

In "A Kentish Lyric," on a page in February *Pieside*, we caught up the following lines:—

"Of heaven, where knowledge knoweth,  
And the mind's comprehension  
Expands for ever, grasping  
Unlimited extension;  
Where God and life eternal,  
And purity, and joy,  
Fill the immortal spirit  
With bliss without alloy."

How silently pleasant is anything which the Holy Ghost useth to lift you for a moment or two clean out of self and every sinful snare!

We never saw such a likeness of Paul preaching to Lydia as Mr. Charles Bullock gives in the *Day of Days*, a kind of twin-sister to *Pieside* and *Home Words*. In the last-named penny monthly, a fine portrait and review of Dr. Ellicott appears, of whom it is said, "His mind is as a fountain, giving forth, not only sweet water, but water coming straight from the well of life itself." Under such a ministry, many would gladly sit, and "drink full draughts of heavenly bliss."

"The Fear of the Lord" as the work of grace within, and "The Banner Displayed" as the exercise of holy faith without, are drawn out in Biblical lines in Mr. Battersby's sermon (No. 3 of Third Series) to be had of Fisher and Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street. As a scholar, a sound divine, a Biblical exca-



vator, and as a bold defender of the faith, there are few preachers more acceptable to the living in Jerusalem, who have "doves' eyes," than Mr. Battersby. A clergyman in or near Wigan, who was a fellow-student with Mr. B., was advised to invite him to preach his anniversary sermons. The clergyman at once spoke highly of Mr. Battersby's character and abilities, and resolved to obtain his services, if possible, although he had little, if any, sympathy with Mr. Battersby's experience and views of the Gospel. Let a man fairly and ably preach Christ's Gospel, let him manifest Christ's spirit as well, and the people will flock to hear him. It is the manglers and murderers the people fly from.

"The Immortality of the Soul." "The principle of immortality is imparted to man's soul according to the will of God, who can be said to render any creature immortal by prolonging its life in happiness or in misery. Angels are said to be maintained in immortality through the holiness of God; yea, holiness is the 'very root of immortality;' and as God in Himself alone is perfect and self-existent, He only hath immortality. The souls which He has formed derive their immortality from Him; He, therefore, in the highest sense, is the only Potentate who is absolutely self-dependent. There can be only one eternal being, that is God; and He only can have immortality, all other beings that are not eternal must be mutable. If there be such a doctrine as the *mortality of the soul*, that doctrine must be a gloomy and miserable one in the extreme; sufficient in itself to make life a burden beyond humanity to bear. Its adherents can have no conception of a future world; the highest prospect of the soul rightly taught of God is not known to them, it is a dark nonentity. Those only who can wish to drop into annihilation, who are unworthy to breathe in the regions of existence—those only can find comfort in the thoughts of nonentity who live to no purpose, pursue no end, fill no station, and who, when they are gone, leave no space unoccupied." From *Is the Soul Immortal? or, A Biblical Analysis of Man, &c.*, by Mr. W. Winters, Waltham Abbey, price one shilling, published by R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Of this work, *Public Opinion* says that "Mr. Winters is evidently very sincere, and as a contribution to theology his essay is praiseworthy, being free from rancour, though spiritedly written."

"Be not Conformed to this World" is a rare and wholesome paper in No. 10 of *The Silent Messenger*, edited by J. S.

Anderson, Zion chapel, New Cross-road. The circulation of such literature must produce good fruit.—Pastor Daniel Allen's lecture in the Presbyterian church, Jamberoo, comes to us in the *Protestant Standard* for November. Crowded audience—bursts of applause—aldermen and magistrates supporting the lecturer—with pleasing critiques in public journals—all testify to the valuable services Mr. Allen is rendering in defence of the vital principles of the Bible. "The Marriages of the Reformation" was the subject; and in discussing this Papal error the lecturer quoted such an amount of historic evidence as not only developed voluminous research, but completely carried the whole body of the people with him. Ministers of the different Churches zealously acknowledged the interest and the value of Mr. Allen's work. We are thankful to God for such an intelligent and industrious champion for truth in Sydney.

*Ingle Nook*, published by F. E. Longley, opens up scenes of social life, useful as beacons to warn the young against the rocks and quicksands in the world which ruin millions. Do we sufficiently warn the rising race of the many fearful snares laid to plunge them in misery? *We do not!*

Good *Old Jonathan* for February has what we may call a painful history of "Our Coastguard." Let our landmen, who think their lot a hard one, read the life and danger, the discipline and the duty of the four or five thousand men who are night and day watching our seagirt island. Reform there is surely wanted. We leave that rough picture to read *Old Jonathan's* hymn on

"THE RETURN OF JESUS."

"Nothing know we of the season  
When the world will pass away;  
But we know the saluts have reason  
To expect a glorious day:  
When the Saviour will return,  
And His people cease to mourn.  
While a careless world is sleeping,  
Then it is the day will come;  
Mirth will then be turned to weeping,  
Sinners then must meet their doom:  
But the people of the Lord  
Shall obtain their bright reward.  
Oh, what sacred joys await them!  
They shall see the Saviour then;  
Those who now oppose and hate them  
Never shall oppose again:  
Brethren, let us think of this—  
All is ours if we are His."

*The Rock* may justly be termed a Church of England paper," for its overwhelming exposures of all the various phases of apostacy is amazing. There must be a strong Protestant feeling, however, to support such an antagonist to Popes, idols, rituals, and Romanising deceivers.

Dr. Bayley's *Sermons for the Times*. No. I. is on "Christ as Seen by John in Patmos."—*The Jewish Herald* for February has a lovely memento of the late secretary, Mr. Brown. What heavy and painful work the missionaries pursue! One of the Society's agents says: "Last week, a Jew said to me thus, 'Even if you were to show me such passages in Dr. Adler's Bible, and Dr. A. himself were to assure me that they referred to Jesus of Nazareth, I would not believe.' I was so struck with his persistent, painful, unreasonable opposition, that I could not help quoting to him the words of the Master, 'Search the Scriptures,' &c., 'If ye believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will ye believe though one rose from the dead.'" The Society is doing a good work, and Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's history has given us to realise a keener sympathy with all who are seeking to make our Saviour known to His ancient brethren than ever; but we must adjourn.

"The Most Stupendous Truths that ever Shook the Human Soul." Dr. Vaughan, in London, and De Witt Talmage, in Brooklyn, have poured a heavy fire into the card-houses set up by Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar, and other modern deniers of that eternal punishment which is revealed in God's Holy Bible. De Witt Talmage preached one sermon from eight texts—"Thus saith the Lord"—which we wish to lay before our readers in a few numbers of this monthly. Every boy and girl, every man and woman, should be entreated to read Talmage's answers from the Bible to what he terms the question of the day—"Is there a hell?"

*The Monthly Record* shows considerable liberality towards its exchequer. A gentleman wishes for information as regards the actual work the "Electoral Union" is now carrying on? 'We must wait until the Annual Report is issued.

"Y. P." hopes Mr. Godsmark has found out his mistake. Those who read his *Memoirs* can best judge.—"Letters from and about Cambridge" almost make us angry; at least, they are painful. We may say to all inquirers, we believe Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's experience will appear ere long in a very handsome volume.

Atkinson on *Faith*. DEAR BANKS,—I acknowledge receipt of your second present. I have been so taken with Atkinson on *Faith* that I have not found time yet to read a word of the book on the *Atonement*. I am reckoning much on having that privilege, because of the light received, and the profit realised, in

reading the first present of yours on *Faith*. I say it ranks among the very best books ever written on that important subject; and it is calculated to afford all the instruction and interest about the true nature of believing in Christ that any one could wish for. Here, as in the glass of God's own Word, the reader may see the fallacy of the duty-faith system, so universally preached and taught, but never practised. Please accept my sincere thanks for your two most valuable presents. Had I received £50, instead of them, I do not for a moment believe I should have valued that so much as I value the truths contained in Atkinson's little book of *Faith*.—Believe me faithfully yours, B. TAYLOR. *Pulham-St.-Mary, February 12, 1878.*

STARTLING PUBLICATIONS.—Mr. John Lindsey has issued a third edition of a pamphlet bearing the following title—*War! Pestilence! Famine! Ruin! &c.*, showing the dark side of England's conduct. We cannot resist the thought that Samuel Foster, of Sturry, is held in the furnace of affliction as a wrestling pleader for the pastors and people of God, that they may be preserved and helped, while John Lindsey is maintained in the fiery trial of personal affliction, from whence he is continually sounding out the warning voice. Both these men are mysteriously sustained and employed.—*The History of the Convent*, by Pastor Daniel Allen, of Sydney, is issued monthly. We have received four parts. Such direful exposures are enough to arouse this nation, and constrain her to drive confessionals and convents out of the land. But English Protestants are dreaming while the Papists are planting the steam-engines of delusion in every part of the United Kingdom. The Almighty only can preserve us from apostasy and utter desolation. We desire to give a synopsis of Mr. Allen's *History*.—Another piece of artillery is just mounted on the walls by James Godsmark in the shape of *A Treatise on the Person and Mediatorial Work of the Son of God, &c.* (printed by R. Banks). Since Charles Drawbridge left the world, we know of no man who wields the sword of the Spirit with such an unsparing hand as does this singularly-named minister—Godsmark! Of the new treatise, *The Sure Foundation*, we must acknowledge the writer has faithfully set forth the Son of God and the work of redemption with such clearness as to commend the work to every one who, by Divine revelation, knoweth our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the best treatise we have seen from this giant's pen.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## AT EVENING TIME THERE WAS LIGHT.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I know you are pleased to receive good news; therefore, as one of the representatives of the Church meeting for worship in Providence chapel, I feel a desire to write you relative to the Lord's goodness and mercy to us, both providentially and spiritually. We entered upon the year 1877 burdened with arrears to our treasurer. By prayer and supplication we kept steadily persevering, until we have surmounted that difficulty. It has been no small anxiety to carry on the cause with no settled minister, but we have been favoured with brethren speaking to us who know the truth experimentally for themselves; hence life and power have been mutually shared by them and us.

Several members have been removed by death during the past year; but, bless the Lord, we are not left without witnesses for God. The ordinance of believers' baptism has been administered and the deacons encouraged, seeing a good attendance of members meeting monthly around the Lord's table.

We had a public service Christmas-day morning at 11; seven brethren took part in the devotions; each one especially felt the power of prayer, and enjoyed near access at the throne of grace. Brother Varney spoke upon the words in Micah v. 2; very appropriate to the day. We left the house of prayer under a deep sense of the Divine presence. To me it was of especial note, as two days later I reached the jubilee of this life. Nearly thirty years have I stood identified with this part of the Lord's vineyard! What a chequered path! how many ebbings and flowings in Zion! What storms have beat upon her! wave after wave have swept her deck, and many have been carried away. We have been helped to breast the waves, to spread the sails, and speed away; for our Captain abides at the helm. He has power to govern all.

I had this sweet portion given me on my birthday—"Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." What a field—my natural birth and life; my spiritual birth and grace; Divine providences; new covenant blessings; my weakness and frailties; but God's abounding mercy; "few and evil have been the days of my life," but not one good thing has failed of all my Lord promised; so I continue unto this day. It is also true of the Church here. What changes in ministers, deacons, members, and friends! Many gone home to rest from their labours—their works do follow them; while others have forsaken us; yet, through grace, we continue unto this day; and it is manifest as long as God has a few of His Spirit-taught children united in heart calling upon Him for help, not all the powers on earth or hell can overturn or destroy them. Thus we have realised, instead of "Ichabod" being

written over the door (as some desired), "Jehovah-Shammah" is recortied—"The Lord is there." And we hope, through grace, to continue together until the last day of death closes our career here and ushers us into eternal glory.

## THE NEW YEAR.

At New Year's meeting, Jan. 8, a number attended public service; our beloved brother Milbourne presided. Brother Gray, of Wokingham, poured forth a fervent prayer for the Divine blessing. The object of our meeting was stated. Brother Hetherington gave an address upon the goodness and mercy of God, past, present, and future. At this stage of the meeting two copies of Bagster's Bibles were presented by the Church and friends, who had a wish to express to brother Pursey and myself how much they appreciated the services rendered to the cause by us as secretary and treasurer for so many years, in addition to the spiritual work with our brethren in office as deacons. Two copies of handsome, gilt-edge, morocco-bound, embossed family Bibles, with the following inscription, were placed in the hands of the chairman, to present to us on this occasion:—"Presented by the members of the Church and congregation meeting for worship in Providence chapel, as a memento of their esteem and regard, and of their grateful appreciation of their work of faith and labour of love which they have rendered for a long series of years. Reading, January 8, 1878."

The chairman, with ourselves, were like Jonathan's lad, who knew nothing of the matter; it had the effect of producing more emotion and feeling than we could give expression to. But how beautifully did that Scripture fit in here—"Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." While unable to give audible expression to our feelings in accepting these precious tokens of esteem in which we are held, rest assured it will have the best place in our house, and a still better place in our hearts, and will be held dear to us until our latest breath; because we are united spiritually to each other, and hope to bask in the sunbeams of light and understanding in eternal glory.

Brother Welman, as one who had been with others engaged in this good deed of love, delivered a warm-hearted speech upon the value and preciousness of the Bible as the word, mind, and will of God. The friends felt nothing could so well declare their motive in this movement as a Bible, believing a constant and close observance of the Word of God had been the secret means He had blessed in maintaining our position and standing in His cause so many years.

Brother Varney spoke on the word "Time"—the brevity of time compared with eternity.

Brother Vize took a retrospective view of the Church during the last year. He heartily united in the spirit of the meeting,

and felt we could again raise our stone of "Ebenezer," and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

Our chairman endorsed the truths and speeches of the various brethren. He felt gratified and compensated by the result of the meeting. As an old friend, he congratulated us, and united to record the Lord's goodness, with the hope that his labours had not been fruitless, either in the Church or the school.

Having read some excellent lines upon the happy New Year, we all joined in singing "Praise God from whom all blessing flow."

ABIJAH MARTIN.

Reading, Jan. 22, 1878.

### THE STRICT BAPTISTS AND THEIR TRADITIONS.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel." DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—I regret that your worthy correspondent, Dr. J. Clifford, in his postscript to you (see "E. V.," p. 42) should write with such apparent indifference to the tender feelings of the Strict Baptists. He hesitates not to say "that the Strict Baptists are faithful to their traditions." Is it in keeping with good taste and Christian sympathy to infer that the order observed by this much despised body of believers is simply traditional, and nothing more? Does the excellent doctor suppose that honest Christian ministers would continue in their limited sphere of usefulness year after year if they could once admit of the veracity of his bold assertion? that that for which they so earnestly labour to maintain is purely traditional. It is not, methinks, enough for such good men that work under so many disadvantageous circumstances to do so because their ancestors were probably Strict Baptists and have handed down to them some old "traditions," musty, dusty, and rusty with age, and obsolete. Nay! the foundation of their exclusiveness in order is the more sure Word of prophecy, the New Testament. Consequent upon which they have no fear in throwing the gauntlet to any foeman worthy of their steel. If the Strict Baptists could in the face of inspiration become such latitudinarians as to burst their bands asunder, and lay open the Lord's table for all comers, they would sin against light and knowledge, which they are not willing to do simply for the sake of augmenting their funds and the number of their Church members.

"Oh, name it not in Gath! It cannot be  
That grave and learned clerks should need such  
aid."

The question might be asked, Why should the Strict Baptists be considered as out of date, and their order a thing of the past, a mere historic bugbear with which to frighten modern professors? The Strict Baptists, let me say, are not a standstill, do-nothing body, as many suppose; they are doing a great work in maintaining the ancient landmarks in the way the Lord has instructed them; they are therefore strictly conservative in sentiment and order, because the Bible in which they hope for salvation is that same unchanged

testimony in which the early fathers rested and are safe. If the Strict Baptists were right in their Church discipline "50 years ago," why should they need a change now? The able doctor encouragingly informs this particular body of Christians that "they teach now what Strict Baptists of 50 years ago taught, concerning the exclusion of all unbaptized persons from the Lord's table, and from Church fellowship." This is certainly expressive of great honour to the Strict Baptists in adhering to that which they believe to be Scriptural and just. And why should any Church desire to regard one ordinance at the sacrifice of another? If the ordinance of baptism by immersion is the initiatory rite to Church fellowship and admittance to the Lord's table, why not observe it intact as strictly consistent with the command of Christ? See Mark xvi. 15, 16:—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Again the words of Peter are *apropos*. Acts x. 47: "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized (not sprinkled) which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" Allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that I admire your interpretation of the phrase "stand to their guns" (p. 10, ante), as plainly Scriptural and praiseworthy, and which, even for courtesy's sake, scarcely demands an apology. "Good wine needs no bush" is an ancient proverb, as also *magna est veritas, et prevalebit*—truth is powerful, and will ultimately prevail. With best wishes, yours in truth,

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

WIDCOMBE, BATH.—Brother John Huntley still prospers in the ministry. He commenced the year by baptizing several believers in Christ. The Lord still blesses the flock in Ebenezer. We remember the sorrows and joys of that persecuted servant of Christ—Mr. Cromwell—over whose trials we have shed tears of grief; but the hardened Standfasts are like men of iron. Only the Good Samaritan can bind up the wounds of the bruised. Our reports of persons baptized at the commencement of the year would be near 400, and there are scores of Churches we never hear of. The Baptists are multiplying in this and other countries. We hope they are baptized savingly and experimentally into the glorious Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A friend says:—Mr. R. E. Sears gathers in fast at Foot's Cray. Newly settled pastors generally reap arms full of other men's sowing. "Scene at our Church meeting." No, no; indeed it was bad enough to witness it as our correspondent says he did. It would be unpardonable in us to publish it. As a warning to hasty and contentious deacons and members, we will say they offend, they afflict many of the little ones, and the Divine Preacher said it were better that a mill-stone were tied round the neck of the violent offender, and that he be cast into the depths of the sea.

## CAN I BE IN THE RIGHT?

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Just a line to let you know I am still in the land of the living, whilst many of the Lord's faithful servants are being called to their blissful home. I have had, for some time past, a distressing cough, and my dear wife also has been very poorly indeed. I began to think I was going to lose her; but God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are His ways our ways. I was yesterday quite worked out, after preaching twice, and administering the Lord's Supper. What made me feel so much the worse was, my mind was in such a dark and confused state. Yet I trust I got my text on my knees; and when the Lord brought it before me, there were things in it, presented to my mind, which cheered my spirits; for I was led to see what the Lord Jesus Christ suffered as our Surety. The text was Zech. xiii. 7. Did not the sword of the Word awake against Christ at the time all the ancient prophecies relating to His sufferings and death were fulfilled? I think so. Did not the sword awake against Him in the garden, when, being in an agony, He prayed the more earnestly, and His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling upon the earth? I was much struck with the words, "And when He was at the place" (Luke xxii. 40). Ah, sacred place! the memorable spot marked in the counsels of old! The fore-ordained spot of suffering, upon which the Son of God came in contact with different hostilities—His Father's wrath, the powers of darkness, and the countless sins of a number no man can number.

"Twas here the Lord of life appeared,  
And sighed, and groaned, and prayed, and  
feared;  
Bore all incarnate God could bear  
With strength enough, and none to spare.  
The powers of hell united press'd,  
And squeeze'd His heart and bruised His  
breast;  
What dreadful conflicts raged within  
When sweat and blood forced through the  
skin!"

Did not this tremendous sword awake against the Saviour in Pilate's hall? Did it not awake against Him on Calvary? Must God in His justice go against His Son? What for? Because He would be our Surety, and atone for our sins. On this account it says, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief;" and what was this for?

"Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groaned a way a dying life  
For thee, my soul, for thee."

Is God for me, a wretch like me? How, and on what ground, could He be for a vile sinner like myself, who could never do anything only sin against His glorious Majesty? Is it so? If God is for me, must He be against His own sinless Son? Must the Holy Father smite His Holy Son, and His only Son, that a hell-deserving sinner may be spared? Must Jesus of Nazareth be cut off that vile sinners may be spared? Must

He die that they may live? Must He be the Man of sorrows "that they may be the sons of consolation?" Oh, wonderful and mysterious love! But why smite such a Shepherd, and save the sheep? This can only be answered in John's language: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us!" The Shepherd was cut off for the sheep, because the sheep were sold into the hands of justice, through transgressing the law, or breaking through the hedge, which sheep are ever likely to do. All Jew and Gentile sheep were shut up on a barren spot, in a wretched fold, and all concluded and included under a state of reigning sin and death. These could never have their liberty only through the Shepherd laying down His life for them. He was God's Shepherd to do this for the security of His Father's sheep; and He is the Shepherd of the sheep in acquainting them with the fact, that He has secured for them an everlasting fold above. God stood up against Him, He was put down; but now He for ever stands up for us, because death hath no dominion over Him. Let the sheep all rejoice in that "Michael, the great Prince, standeth for the children of God's people, and that they shall every one be delivered that shall be found written in the book."

And was I in darkness and bondage yesterday, and like a dead one, having my soul cast down within me, over such a text as this? Good Lord, what does it all mean? I seem to change like the moon. Did I not suck some honey out of this text when I got up off my knees? Did I not feel sure God had given me the text? And did I not feel quite as sure that I should preach well from it? Instead of this, I seemed to my feelings, after sucking the honey, to carry only the honey-comb to my people. But, perhaps, there was some honey they might find, though I did not find any for myself. I seem a mystery to myself, and cannot help often saying, Can I be in the right? Where will the scene end? and shall I really come right at last? In the forenoon, I spoke upon the "fountain," in the first verse of the chapter already referred to. All I can say about it is, it was just the thing I felt my soul to need. I could not help saying, in my dark state of mind, whatever wretches the fountain may be opened for, surely it could never be opened for a wretch like me. Yet I will say I felt greatly to need it, and could welcome the news of the poet—

"All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him."

Christ is the Head of all springs, and so He only can supply us with living springs; and this we have to learn by painful experience—that is, if I am right, my brother. But, perhaps, you are favoured altogether beyond what I am. You are of a different temperament; you have a stronger faith, and live above my poor state of things. If you were not portioned off different from what I am, you could never do the work you do; and you well know what Paul says is true: "Every man after his own order." In concluding this scrawl, for such I must call it,

I would only add, I cannot forget the difference as to my feelings between yesterday and the Sabbath before that. Then I was on the mount. I could not only spread my sail, but I could go along, I cannot tell you how many knots an hour; but there was a delightful wind, and in the strength of that I went so quick that I could not help thinking of Dr. Watts—

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

But with all your crosses and burdens on your back, I shall tire out your patience, and therefore will conclude by wishing for you length of days, much sunshine, and large stores of grace.

Your affectionate brother still,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Feb. 4, 1878.

[We ask brother Taylor to read the lines we wrote when coming home from Boxmoor.]

—  
"AS A STORM AGAINST THE  
WALL."

MR. BANKS.—A note to inform you that dear Mrs. Kellaway fell asleep in the Beloved, Saturday, January 12, 1878, after a long and painful affliction. It is an unspeakable mercy the Lord has graciously taken her home—"Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Her sufferings were great; it was painful to behold her groaning under a deeply suffering body, and at times painfully tried with darkness of soul. From the first she longed to be taken home, but our faithful and unchangeable God was pleased to keep her here three years, as a witness to His faithfulness, loving-kindness, and tender sympathy, in the furnace of affliction.

Her consolations sometimes so much abounded, that it was a pleasure to witness her blessed state of mind. She was, indeed, a gracious woman—one that adorned the doctrine of Christ Jesus in all things. Concerned for the welfare of Zion, it was the chief delight of her soul to be found waiting upon the Lord in His earthly courts; and now we desire to bless His holy name that she is taken into the inner court of eternal glory.

Her sleeping dust was laid in the grave, Saturday, January 19. On the following Lord's-day I preached her funeral sermon, from the words, "Salvation is of the Lord," which she chose long before her death. I have lost another spiritually-minded, God-fearing friend; but our loss is her gain.

"For ever with the Lord I  
Amen, so let it be."

Yours with Christian love in Christ Jesus,  
RICHARD VARDER.

Yeovil, Feb. 4, 1878.

[Mrs. Kellaway was the afflicted wife of Mr. George Kellaway, who has been for many years a very blessed and holy preacher of Christ the Lord. Mr. Kellaway was one of the late Mr. W. Bidder's much-loved companions.—ED.]

STILL THE MOURNFUL TIDINGS  
COME.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Enclosed note I received from Melbourne, informing me of the death of my very dear friend and brother Stephens, particulars of whose departure to the glorious rest have been sent you for publication. Anxiously I have looked for the arrival of the VESSEL, that I might know all about the last days of one of my dearest friends. Between us existed unbroken friendship for over 36 years, both in England and Australia.

When in England, he was a member of the Church at Soho, Oxford-street; and in Melbourne he was a deacon of Mr. Cuttle, who is a faithful minister of the Gospel. When I was in Geelong, he much encouraged me by relating the following instance of God having blessed my poor labours 36 years ago: It was on a Lord's-day afternoon, while preaching in St. James's Park. My dear brother Stephens conducted the singing. Some time after, two persons, husband and wife, attended Soho chapel, and asked to be baptized and united to the Church, and stated that it was under that sermon they had heard in the Park they were convinced of sin and were brought by God the Holy Ghost to repentance and faith in a precious Christ; they were baptized and joined the Church.

In the VESSEL for March, 1868, you published a blessed account of the death of my very dear brother Friend, of Geelong, written by my brother Stephens.

I have now lost, for time, two of the dearest and most faithful brethren I have ever known.

"They were true friends who rallied round me,  
And honest ones to chide,  
And faithful ones who clung unto me,  
Whatever did betide."

The prayer of my heart is that the Lord will most lovingly support the bereaved widow with enabling grace to be reconciled to the will of her Heavenly Father, whom I am sure will never fail nor forsake, but will ever be the widow's stay in the day of her trouble. I know well the heartache and sorrow of my dear sister.

"Nature writhes and hates the rod,  
Faith looks up and blesses God;  
Oh! let faith victorious be,  
Let it reign triumphantly."

The Lord grant it for Christ's sake.  
Amen.

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

4, Northampton-villas, Northumberland  
Park, Tottenham, Feb. 4, 1878.

MR. McCURE.—My dear Sir and Brother in a precious Christ.—Our dearly beloved brother William Stephens fell asleep in Jesus on Saturday morning, Sep. 15th, after an illness of twelve days' duration. At the request of our sister Stephens, I communicate this sad news to you. Gradually failing health and ripening grace, gave evidence of the pins of the tabernacle being loosened, but inflammation of the lungs was the immediate cause. The grace of God was sweetly manifested in his last hours, completely silencing

the enemy, so that he had no fear of death, but looked forward to passing the river, telling of the triumphs of his King. He frequently said, "I'm on the Rock! It's all square! Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus!" His last words, a few minutes before death, were, "Jesus lived and died for me." He was a most consistent Church member, and a worthy deacon, using the office well; a good hearer, and a staunch supporter of a Yea and Amen testimony. Brother Cuttle and brother Ward conducted the funeral ceremonies. Brother S. was much comforted in his last hours in having his brother with him. I have written to Mr. Banks, and you will probably see in *THE VESSEL* more particulars.

I am, my dear Sir and Brother, yours in Gospel bonds,

WILLIAM HILSON, Deacon.

Flemington, Oct. 3rd, 1877.

#### THE LATE MR. JOHN FORSTER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Our highly esteemed pastor and brother died somewhat suddenly on Friday, Jan. 25th. He had passed his sixty-seventh year, and succumbed to an attack of paralysis and heart disease. He had been unwell some time; it was at St. Ives, two months ago, that the attack came, which permanently disabled him. He was a straight-forward, honest, sterling man of God—such was the high respect and esteem he was held by his fellow-townsmen, who liked him for that uprightness and genialness, although not liking the grand truths he fearlessly proclaimed, which no one will love until God, in His infinite mercy, makes them feel their need. *Watts says,*

"So let your lips and lives express  
The Holy Gospel you profess."

He kept about until the last, and on the day of his death was down stairs until seven in the evening; walked up stairs with assistance; laid down, and wished the fourteenth chapter of John to be read to him, and when the words, "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," the tears of joy ran down his cheeks, and he squeezed the hand of a friend present, but could not speak; went into a peaceful slumber, and passed away, without a sigh or groan, to that bourn whence no traveller returns, to be for ever with the Lord.

He became pastor of the Baptist chapel in 1856, when the cause was at a very low ebb, but the Lord blessed the Word to many, so that the old chapel became too small, and a new one was shortly afterwards erected. Mainly by his exertions, and aided by friends from far and near, it is now free of debt, as well as a building in the rear of the chapel, which he bought himself, converted into schools, and last summer gave over to the trustees of the chapel as a free gift. The deceased, in consequence of the ill-health of his wife (whose decease took place in 1874), was ordered by the doctor to leave Witham in 1866, to reside at Hastings; but, not

getting any better there, returned again to us in 1871.

As a preacher, he was known in most parts of England, and in the prime of life was very much liked—especially in the counties of Lancashire, Leicester, Huntingdon, Lincoln, etc., and was greatly beloved by his Church and congregation. His interment took place on the following Thursday. Every respect was paid to the deceased; a number of gentlemen from Chelmsford, Maldon, and the neighbourhood, of all denominations, preceded the hearse, while a large portion of his congregation walked in the rear.

The place of burial was in All Saints' churchyard (there being no cemetery or chapel burial ground), where, at the open grave, by kind permission of the vicar, that blessed hymn was sung by the large concourse of people, "Why do we mourn departed friends?"

At the request of his only surviving child, the Rev. J. B. Dadd, the Congregational minister, delivered an address referring to the late pastor's consistency of life, and his loyalty to the truth as it was revealed to him, and his fidelity in the discharge of ministerial work. A large congregation or company filled the chapel, and the impression evidently was that a true and faithful man had passed from us.

"There is no death to the believer;  
What we call death is transition;  
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the  
elysium or elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."

Yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,

ALFRED SAYER, Deacon.

Witham, Essex, Feb. 12th, 1878.

SAXMUNDHAM.—BAPTIST CHAPEL. January 21, a New Year's tea meeting was held. In the afternoon an excellent sermon was preached by Mr. S. K. Bland, from Rom. xiii. latter clause of 11th verse, to a goodly number of friends, many from distant Churches. After partaking of an excellent tea, the evening was spent in listening to cheerful and stirring addresses from Messrs. Bland, Lockwood, Lamb, Rumsey, Cordle, and Meadows. During the past year the Lord has been very gracious to this small cause by adding several members to their number; and with earnest united prayer, the friends are looking up for showers of blessing.

DORSET SQUARE.—The annual meeting of the Infants' Friends' Society was held on Tuesday, January 20th, at Mount Zion, Hill-street. After tea, at the public meeting, G. W. Shepherd, the pastor, presided. The report read showed growth and increasing usefulness. The theme for the evening's meditation was the Emblems of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Waterer spoke on Fire, Mr. Meeres on Water, Mr. Anderson on Oil, Mr. Box on Wind, Mr. Musterson on the Dove, Mr. Sears, of Foot's Cray, on the Sealing of the Spirit. It was a spiritual and successful meeting, tending to edify and encourage those assembled.—W. B.

### SURREY TABERNACLE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held at the Surrey Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, January 29, when there was about the usual average of members in attendance. The chair was occupied by Mr. Samuel J. Turquand, who was surrounded by the Trustees, the Committee of Management, and by the Secretary, Mr. Robert Banks. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Davey reading, and the meeting singing the well-known hymn of Ryland's:—

"Sovereign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command."

Prayer was offered by Mr. Rundell, one of the Tabernacle deacons. The chairman congratulated the meeting upon the highly-satisfactory Report which was presented to them. The income for the year was the largest the Society had ever realised, amounting to the sum of £1,758 10s. 4d. The invested capital had been increased during the year by the addition of £400, raising it to £7,800; and the present total balance in the Society's favour reached the handsome sum of £8,311. While by such investments the Society was being firmly established, there had on the other hand been a large amount of money paid for benefit to its members; during the year £1,126 had been thus disbursed, and no one could tell the amount of comfort and relief the distribution of that sum had afforded in the time of sickness and death. Mr. Mead, in a few appropriate words, seconded the adoption of the report, and was followed by several other members.

The gentlemen who retired from the Committee and the Auditors were unanimously re-elected—namely, Messrs. Clinch, Davey, Michell, Rundell, Walter, Carpenter, and Harbert. The meeting was then made special, when a proposal was made by Mr. King to raise the Superannuation Pay to 3s. per week; but after a lengthened discussion, in which Messrs. Rundell, King, Eade, Syms, Knott, Thomas, May, Beach, Harbert, and others took part, conducted in a kind manner, it was decided not to alter the rule, by the Chairman giving the casting vote, the members being equally divided on the point.

A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to the deacons of the Tabernacle, for their kindness in providing every accommodation for the Society free of all charge, which resolution was replied to on behalf of the deacons by Mr. Albert Boulden, who remarked that the Society was not only heartily welcome to the use of the place, and other little favours, but he could assure them in the name of his colleagues as well as himself, that they were not only welcome there, but all the time the Society was conducted in so excellent a manner as it now was, and for years passed had been, they felt rather proud (if he might be allowed so to speak) of its connection with the place than otherwise; and his desire and prayer for the Society, and all connected

therewith, was that yet for very many years it might go on doing the good and important work in which it was engaged.

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the proceedings were brought to a close in the usual manner.

**CAMDEN TOWN.**—The eighth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. D. Gander, at Milton hall, was celebrated on the Lord's-day and Tuesday, the 10th and 12th of February. On Sunday morning, Mr. E. Langford preached; in the afternoon, Mr. Lawrence; and in the evening, Mr. Gander. On the following Tuesday afternoon, Mr. C. W. Banks read Isaiah xii., and preached from the words: "To the Lord our God belongeth mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him" (Dan. ix. 9). Tea was provided in the large school-room, which was quite filled with guests. At the public meeting the pastor presided, and the well-known hymn was sung, "Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake," &c. W. Beddow prayed. The chairman told us three had been added during the year, and three dismissed—one by death, and two by other circumstances. Average attendance of congregation, Sunday-school increasing, and Bible-classes well attended. Mr. Cornwell spoke on God's care of His people, illustrating it by Lot, David, Jacob, and others. Mr. Lawrence followed on prayer, specially referring to the case of Elias, as spoken of in James v. 17. Isaac Levinsohn came next on the importance of Watchfulness. Mr. Nugent spoke chiefly on the expression, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." Mr. Banks made an appeal to any who might be living without hope and God in the world, and also spoke on power as made up of four parts—namely, life, faith, love, prevailing prayer. Mr. Wilson dwelt on the burning bush as an emblem of the Church. Collections were made for the pastor, which, after deducting expenses, amounted to £14.—W. B.

**PIMLICO.**—**BELoved BROTHER BANKS,**—I congratulate you with brotherly love on this another birthday, wishing you many happy returns in the sweet name of Him who is made of God unto us everything we need for time and eternity, praying that your valuable life may long be spared to preach and teach the ever-blessed Gospel of God's grace. The Lord is still blessing us at Rehoboth, Pimlico. Last Lord's-day I was at Hadlow. The Lord gave me great liberty in speaking His blessed truth. The dear people got a blessing; old men came and gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and with all the love of their hearts asked me to come again, for they were much blessed. O pray, dear brother, for a poor worm of the dust, that utterance may be given me that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the ever-blessed truth and mystery of the Gospel. O that I could serve Him better who has done so much for me. My heart's love in Christ.

BENJAMIN WOODROW.



EDEN CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, AND  
MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

[The following letters have been forwarded to us for insertion. Under all the singular circumstances, we have hesitated. Why, we may explain or not, as we trust we may be directed; but to all our readers and correspondents, who know more than we do, it is only right for us to assure them that we feel it due to both parties to let all our Churches know that there has been a mutual and agreeable settlement of this painful separation. We add no more at present.—Ed.]

*The deacons of the Church worshipping at Eden chapel, Cambridge, To their late pastor, Mr. J. B. McCure.*

DEAR BROTHER,—Having, through our treasurer, forwarded to you the balance of the pew rents due to you, we are now, by a committee of ladies, desired to transmit for your acceptance a free-will offering, which they have collected amongst the friends, as a token of their love, amounting to the sum of £14 Gs. 1d., which we have pleasure in doing. And in taking this our final leave of you as our pastor, allow us to express our deep sympathy toward you and yours in your very serious affliction.

It is indeed a lamentable trial that separates a pastor from his people, and yours is peculiarly so; but it is most gratifying for us to know that the people have done all in their power for your comfort since you have been laid aside.

During the five years you have been with us, by your promptitude for business, energy, and perseverance, you have been the means, under God, of doing a work for us in building the chapel, which, under the circumstances, but few would have attempted; and the Word through you, as a means, has been blessed to the souls of many, and many have been added to our Zion.

In your deep affliction may you feel that support which He alone can give who has permitted it; and as He is able to do abundantly more than we ask, or can think, we pray that you may be brought out of it, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved; and when the turmoils of a time-state shall have ended, may you hear the joyful sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

So prays those who have worked with you in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

JOSEPH FAYELL,  
JOSEPH RUTHERFORD,  
JOHN DENT,  
WILLIAM WILBY,  
GEO. BEALL.

*To the Church and Congregation at Eden chapel, Cambridge.*

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,—The testimonial signed by the deacons, and cheque for £14 Gs. 1d., in recognition of my poor, unworthy services in your midst,

and on your behalf during my five years' pastorate of the Church in Eden, I have duly received.

I thank you very much for your kind and sympathetic remembrance of your late pastor, whom the Lord has been pleased to take from you so suddenly and mysteriously. Why the Lord has severed the relation which we thought would only have been sundered by death, I know not.

"But God is His own Interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

Notwithstanding the great and sore trouble it has been to me, I have the greatest consolation in my Master's testimonials He gave me, precious souls born again through the regenerating power of God the Holy Ghost. "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men." And also that beautiful memorial of the wonders of Jehovah's faithfulness, enabling me to work with all needed strength while it was called day, so that when the night of affliction came upon me, I was able to leave you, not with a debt upon the Lord's house, but all paid, every shilling, through the liberality of my friends throughout England who forwarded to me many hundreds of pounds, that I might be the Lord's free man and you the Lord's free people.

While I was labouring amongst you with my heart full of the deepest anxiety for your eternal welfare, with no ordinary success attending the preaching of the Gospel, you always declared that for me your love was true and enduring, such that many waters and floods could not quench nor drown.

But, while I was away doing business in deep waters, the love of some cooled, they became unruly, and caused me great and sore trouble and sorrow of heart. I have hoped that they have not erred in their hearts, but in their judgment; and having loved them very tenderly, I freely forgive them for Christ's sake, and I exhort and beseech you all, for the sake of the love and sufferings of Christ, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God;" "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you with all malice, and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Then shall all men know that you are Christ's disciples.

I pray that the Great Head of the Church will in His own time send you one of His own servants, who may be more honoured and blest in His work than I have been, and loved and cared for by you, so that he may be helped and encouraged by your holding up his hands and comforting his heart.

I am thankful the Lord has restored me to my usual health and strength, so that I shall not have to put off the Gospel armour, but to buckle it on with increased determination to fight the good fight of faith, with my banner set up and unfurled, with my old motto, "No surrender, no peace with the enemies of my royal Master, King Jesus."

And if my afflictions and separation from you should turn out for the furtherance of

the Gospel, then I will glory in all my sorrows, heartaches I have endured, that the power of Christ may rest upon me, that our Lord Jesus Christ may in all things be glorified.

"Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men, see that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men. Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen." I remain,

Yours for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.

4, Northampton-villas, Northumberland-park, Tottenham, Feb. 7, 1878.

WOOBURN GREEN, BUCKS. — On Tuesday, January 15, a New Year's tea and public meeting was held to commemorate the goodness of the Lord to us through another year; for, although we have lost by death two of our oldest and most sincere members, still Divine mercy and goodness have followed us hitherto, and we are still upheld as a Church in the fear and faith of the Lord. We can sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise His holy name." Our late pastor, Mr. Burgess, gave us a sermon in the afternoon, which we heard with acceptance. Mr. Duley, one of the deacons, kindly provided tea quite free. A large gathering sat down, and enjoyed the bountiful provision made so liberally. We found under every cup a New Year's card, each bearing a portion of the Word of God. Mine was most appropriate to my feelings, bearing the following text: "Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not," and among others we noticed, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you;" and "For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." In the evening the chapel was comfortably filled to listen to a discourse from the son of our venerable deacon and father of the cause, Mr. R. Howard. His son, Mr. Abraham, clearly set forth the darkness of the natural and unregenerate soul. We trust that our God set His seal of approbation to it. To Him be all the praise.

WOKING.—Feb. 13th, 1878, New Year's meeting at Mayford. For fifty-four years the Gospel has been preached in Mayford. For any soul-seeking worker, having authority from the Lord, here is a corner to work in. Knapp-hill and Horsell are without a pastor. Between the three—if all could agree—a strong man might labour, and be well cared for, too. At our New Year's meeting, Feb. 13, friends came to help us. C. Z. Turner and C. W. Banks conducted the services, while our old friend, Mr. Cobbett, read, and led in singing some of the best of hymns. We pray the Lord to bless the Mayford cause.—A FRIEND

## OUR ORPHANS.

*A Letter from Bozmoor to W. Simpson.*

PATIENT WITNESS FOR CHRIST.—Quite sure I am that you sympathised sincerely in the case of the four orphans of the late Chas. Wootton, once the beloved deacon of Salem chapel, at Two Waters. I will give you a few lines respecting them, as I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with all four at New Year's meeting for the school on Monday, Feb. 4, 1878. After I had gone through the public service, which was a time of well hearing to some, then our very excellent brother Mr. Kingham brought all four dear orphans into the vestry, and the sight and the conversation to me and to them was very affecting; but when I was in my snug apartments this morning at the Bozmoor platt works (the devout widow Green, who is 80 years of age, her honoured son, wife, and sister Annie, all do the best that could be for a wandering pilgrim. When, this morning), I was musing over the previous evening's exercises, I composed the following little bit of rugged rhymery, which briefly describes my experience both before and after preaching. Quietly to myself I said,

My mind hath wheels,  
My mind hath wings;  
She flies aloft,  
She gently sings.  
But when her thoughts  
She would express,  
She's oft times plung'd  
In deep distress.

This little tongue cannot make known  
The fruits which on the Tree have grown.

Hence my anticipations before preaching,  
and my deep humblings after, are painfully different.

But now to the orphans. On the evening in question, in Salem chapel, there stood Milley, the eldest, who is nearly 17, next was her sister, 14, then the two little boys, 12 and 8. They looked beautifully clean, and well clothed. Milley and her sister work in the card mill, and earn a few shillings per week; the little boy, of 12 years old, goes every morning to a boarding school in Heinel Hempstead to clean the boarder's shoes, and do anything they require; he walks a mile and a half every morning and evening for 1s. 6d. per week, and his board. All the friends consider the walking and working is too hard for him. I am sure it is. He ought to have two years more at school; but, under the circumstances, we do not feel at liberty to interfere. The parish said if the two girls did not go to service, and the two boys into the union, they would do nothing. The dear father cried and begged that we would keep them from the union, and help them to keep the cottage home where they all were born, and where the father lived for 20 years.

I do bless the Lord that each of the children appear sensible of their position, not one natural relation in all the world; they are fond of their eldest sister, and she is fond of them; all are industrious,

economical, anxious to do all they can to obtain honest living. To all charitable friends who have kindly helped them I tender the sincere thanks of all the Boxmoor and Two Waters friends.

Widow Green and her family, Miss Toms, deacon Kingham and his wife, and all the people are keeping a watchful eye over them. The Lord permitting, we shall report further progress next month. Dear friends, pray that these orphans may be preserved in Christ, and called. Amen.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
Feb. 8, 1878.

ILFORD.—DEAR SERVANT OF THE MOST HIGH GOD.—In my last I wrote you I was going to see an aged brother, confined by sickness, to what was the chamber of death. Yes, over 50 years King Jesus fed, nourished, and carried at last this aged saint to the bright mansions above. He was a great help to me, spiritually; thank God I was made a help to him temporally. At Ebenezer he met to hear, and praise, and pray where the Lord directed me, and for near 2 years those who love a free Gospel have continued, although darkness and barrenness seem to close us in; yet I felt led to read to them one week night Revelation iii.: "Thou hast a little strength," which was blest. O how my heart burns to hear those who come to preach and speak well of Jesus; but they don't seem to realise the love of Christ in their hearts. I know I don't always. Bless His name, how He spoke to my soul, when around the table with you, last Lord's-day evening. Never before did He fulfil His promise so sweetly as then. In obedience to that loving command ("Do this"), we praise Him, we give Him thanks. No certain sound at Ilford. In my travels I come across real living exercised souls, and I lend the VESSEL, and you don't know how many prayers ascend to our Father in heaven on your behalf, and that the Spirit with Divine blessing may rest on sower and the seed. But with all this, how little do I feel to love, and serve, and think, and pray to that kind and loving Father who gave His Son to die for me. O wondrous love, amazing free and precious blood, all atoning blood, brought to our enjoyment by His Divine Spirit, who at first brooded over the darkness within. Well might David say, "Not unto us, not unto us;" but unto Him who is worthy of all honour, praise, and power for ever and ever. Yes, for ever and ever.—A SEKKER.

BROADSTAIRS.—Mr. J. W. Carter's public recognition, as pastor of the Baptist Church in this beautiful watering place, was celebrated on Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1878. Ministers and friends assembled to give our brother Carter a Christian welcome. May his life be long and successfully devoted to the ingathering of redeemed ones to Christ the chief shepherd.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S NEW LECTURE.

"The Jewish Rabbi and the Gospel Minister Contrasted."

This interesting address was given in Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney, Feb. 14, 1878, which was listened to by an attentive audience with feelings of sympathy and praise. Mr. John Waters Banks opened the service, and in introducing the lecturer, he said:—

"Every one who has read the remarkable history of our young friend Mr. Isaac Levinsohn will, whenever they may have the pleasure of meeting with him or listening to him, find the circumstances through which he has been most mysteriously led, uppermost in their minds.

"There is a great truth in the lines which Cowper wrote:—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;"

and, I think, there can be but little doubt that those unparalleled trying paths through which he travelled have, in no small degree, fitted him for the office of the Christian ministry—a sharp furnace. Experience is a school of Divine origin, and what is therein learned is indelibly fixed on the mind, and will not be easily erased.

"The bud may have a bitter taste,  
Though sweet will be the flower."

"It should be a source of great gratitude to Almighty God that He has sent so young and so valiant a servant into the vineyard. Personally, I rejoice that his lot has been cast among the Strict Baptists—the Primitive Church—the New Testament Church—from which all others dissent. The public are in the habit of calling us Dissenters; but that is a great mistake. Most certainly we dissent from the practices of that Church which strives to its uttermost to imitate the detestable Papacy. Most certainly we dissent from that Church which makes men and women act no better than heathens. From this we do dissent most readily.

"I say, again, the Strict Baptist Church is the Primitive Church; and all who differ from that, differ from New Testament order, and, consequently, they are the Dissenters.

"I rejoice, therefore, that our young friend Isaac Levinsohn has been compelled to cast in his lot with us, and that, too, in his early youth.

"Happy beyond description he,  
Who in the paths of piety  
Loves from his youth to run!"

C. W. Banks, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said—"I have just come from the grave-side, wherein has been laid all that remains of a minister who set out with many hopes, but whose end was painfully beclouded. I feel intensely anxious that we all stand by our young brother here. With prayer and deep affection, I long to see him come forth increasingly in the power of the Spirit, and in the liberty of the Gospel." Our brother Thomas Austin kindly seconded the vote, which was acknowledged; and Mr. Wilnot closed a quiet service with earnest supplication.

## A WITNESS AND A WARNING.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Many times I have thought to write you, but have been hindered. It has been on my mind to notice the so-called cause of truth in this place, but first give you a statement of what the eternal God of heaven and earth has done for one of the most worthless of all His people. I will begin where God began with me. In the providence of my God I was located at Wandsworth, in Surrey, now about forty-two years since, and, after serving Satan faithfully, it pleased Almighty God to stop me in my mad career by making me feel, mourn over, sigh, and cry on account of my sin; and it pleased His Gracious Majesty to keep me in this state for some months, until brought almost to despair. But God, who is rich in mercy for the great love wherewith He loved us, even when dead in trespasses and sins, was pleased to give me a blessed revelation of His love, mercy, and favour. (The time and place are dear to me now, and will be as long as this mortal state lasts.) I had been to hear that dear man of God at Clapham Church, Mr. Boroughs, and, returning home late in the evening, on the Common my precious Lord Jesus was pleased to comfort my poor broken heart by communicating the life and spirit of that blessed sentence in Isaiah xlii.: "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." I joined in the following verse: "Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it." That season was precious to my soul. I was thus set at liberty from bondage. To tell you all the precious promises then applied to my soul, and what I realised, would occupy too much space.

From this time, I sought the company of those that feared God, and soon became acquainted with the people worshipping at the Baptist chapel in Wandsworth. I was called before the Church, and accepted as a member; was baptized by that dear man of God, Mr. Bail. There was another young man baptized with me, and after passing through the ordinance, whilst in the dressing room, Mr. B. said, "You will remember after our Lord was baptized, He was led into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil, forty days and nights, and as you are both young men, don't be surprised if you are tempted forty years."

I little understood the meaning of the good man then, but have proved the fulfilment of it. Through the tender mercy of my gracious God, I know sometimes what it is to live on the high mountains of Israel, and know the truth of the Psalmist, "They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths." These are paths every man knows more or less of that is born of God.

I did not remain long at Wandsworth, but removed to London, where I was favoured to hear some men of God, C. W. Banks among them. I never shall forget you on one season at Crosby-row, speaking from Habakkuk: "O, Lord, how long shall I cry, and Thou wilt not hear? even cry out unto Thee of violence, and Thou wilt not save?" It appeared to me as if you and I were in a similar

position, trouble swallowing us up and there appearing no remedy. I have been in this state many times under the hidings of the face of my best Beloved. But, blessed be His precious name, "He regardeth the prayer of the destitute" in His own time, and delivers in His own way, so as to confound the wisdom of the wise and glorify His dear name.

I have been located in this place now some ten years, and though there is a so-called cause of truth here, I cannot join in with them. I think the man that preaches the truth only in the letter, who is a stranger to an experimental knowledge of Christ as his Saviour, Advocate, and Representative in the court of heaven, the ever-blessed Spirit witnessing in his own soul, I say, such are likely to deceive poor feeble worms, though they cannot be finally. "Bless the Lord, so O my soul."

I have often thought if our godly deacons would insist on asking the various ministers that occupy their pulpits the same questions that man of God, Mr. Waterman, asked you before he would allow you to speak—namely, how you came to be a Christian, and then how you became a minister of Christ?—I believe this would stop the mouths of many. I could give you a sad history, but know you have enough to make you sorrowful. Would that I could tell you that the ever-blessed Spirit is revealing Christ in the hearts of His people, constraining them to love His dear name and rejoice in His salvation. My aim and object in writing is that the name of Jesus may be glorified, and some of His dear tried ones comforted. He has made His dear name and salvation precious to my soul. May the God of all grace continue to shine on you through life, in death, and for ever, in the humble prayer of your unworthy

BRAND WILLIS.

P.S.—Through your VESSEL, do impress on the minds of the men that have charge of the pulpits, where truth is professedly preached, to keep them pure, and never suffer a man to enter as a supply without giving a Scriptural statement of what God has done for his own soul.

"Tho' thousands in the fold of Jesus  
This attainment ne'er could boast;  
To His name eternal praises,  
None of His shall e'er be lost."

But those have no Divine authority to go into a pulpit. B. W.

Stapleford, Cambs.

ALFRED W. KAYE

died February 3, 1878, aged 40. It was his wish I should bury him. I met the funeral in Forest-hill. In going to the grave I thought such services are not to eulogise the deceased, not so much to speak of the dead, as they are to pray unto the Lord to sanctify these events to the good of the living. Nevertheless, the question would come up, "What did you know of Mr. Kaye?" I first knew and preached for him, I think, at Mayford, 20 years ago. Some years after, he came to London. He sought me out. I introduced him to Equirries-street. Then he had Claremont chapel, and Ebenezer.

He left that and went to Dunmow. I never saw him after he left London. I always respected him, for I never saw anything bad in him; but he was a very bruised reed; he always had afflictions and sorrows; he has left them. As I thought of him, this sentence came, "The righteous hath hope in his death." Here are three words big with meaning—"the righteous" one justified in, and by, our Lord Jesus Christ. This justification is apprehended by faith, and thus lively hope is produced, which even death—that great discoverer—never can destroy.

Alfred laid eleven months in the deep valley of repentance, was reduced to skin and bone, but his end was peace. So quietly we left his poor frame in the silent grave. He has left a good widow and children quite unprovided for. We must help them.

C. W. B.

#### GOOD NEWS FROM SUFFOLK.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—Last Lord's-day I had to go and carry God's glad tidings to the poor of His little flock living at Ricking-hall, and a very happy day we had together. We trust the Lord was glorified. For the few who are lovers of the everlasting truths of the Gospel, there is nothing but starvation; their case is hard, still they are happy in God's love, and established in the truth, and remain firm to that which the Holy Ghost has been graciously pleased to shew amid all opposition. One brother was led into, and grounded in, the soul-cheering doctrines of grace, through reading the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, twenty-five years ago, and has taken it ever since.

At that time his eyes had been opened to see himself a total wreck, and was anxiously seeking for consolation and comfort. After having searched through several magazines and books to meet with some one who had been exercised like himself, he met with some of Spurgeon's writings, which gave him a little comfort. He was shewing them to another man, and telling him of the comfort he had received; but he could not find all he wanted; there was something lacking; he could not tell what. (The person he was addressing was a good moral man.) "Ah! (he replied) there is another man in London Spurgeon can't touch, or come up to, and that's Mr. Banks. I will shew you his **VESSEL**." He fetched it at once, and lent it to him. There he found what he wanted, and has taken the **VESSEL** ever since, and says that he has ever found it full of marrow and fatness. Thus, dear brother, you know not how many there may be blessed in a similar way without your ever hearing of it, and I felt it was an encouraging testimony to the usefulness of the **VESSEL**, and that you ought to know of it that you might have a proof that your labour of love is not in vain in the Lord.

May the Lord guide, bless, and prosper you in all your varied labours, so prays, yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,

JOHN ANDREWS.

Walsham-le-Willows, near Ixworth,  
February 13, 1878.

HADLOW, KENT.—January 16, we had our New Year's gathering, when our esteemed and much-respected friend, C. W. Banks, preached, and gave us a few words in the evening. That heart-of-oak brother George Seager presided over the public meeting, and in a bold and easy strain gave a testimony to the truth of salvation, in accordance with the Word of God and His own soul's experience. The brethren Barnett and Penfold, of Tunbridge, also delivered useful discourses. Our blessed brother Butcher did indeed plead with the Lord in prayer; and our brother and friend, Mr. George Tyler, of Southborough, read some precious hymns. We had a bountiful Kentish tea provided; and for all the mercies of our God, for all the kindness of the friends who gathered round us, for a free and comfortable chapel to worship in, and for the hope we have of a life of bliss and glory on the shores of an eternal world, we desire to praise and honour, to follow and obey, to know, and be found with, the Lord our Righteousness. Amen.—**ONE WHO HAS LONG LOVED HADLOW CAUSE.** [We may add to this, that the Church at Hadlow has for many years zealously stood firm for the faith of Christ. There is a large amount of ministerial talent in the Churches round about these Kentish hills and valleys; but the Churches do require pastors according to the Lord's own heart.—ED.]

BROADSTAIRS.—A recognition service was held in Providence Baptist chapel, Tuesday, Feb. 12, in connection with the settlement of Mr. Carter, late of Whitestone, Hereford, as pastor of the Church. About 100 persons took tea. "All hail the power of Jesu's name," &c., commenced evening meeting. Miss Delo presided efficiently at the organ. Mr. Kidde presided, and Mr. Dennie implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Carter, as requested, gave his Christian experience, his call to the ministry of God's Word, the doctrines held and taught by him, and the inducement to come to Broadstairs. A hearty welcome to the new pastor was accorded; a recognition prayer was offered by Mr. Bennett; Mr. Sharp, of Ramsgate, addressed words of counsel to the pastor; Mr. Farvis addressed the Church. The Master, and Head over all things to the Church, was with us, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be praise evermore. "Christ is all, and in all." Amen.—Readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and all lovers of the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, coming to reside in the rising watering town of Broadstairs, are cordially invited to Providence Baptist chapel, High-st.—J. W. CARTER, Pastor.

#### SOUTH WALES.

The little New Testament Baptist Church has been tried by the departure of its pastor, John Bolton, to Boston; but they have not been forsaken. Our friend Morgan Thomas has preached to them: there has been a baptizing and additions. The Church has recently chosen brother John Thomas to be

their pastor. We have received some contributions for the tried children of God in these parts. Mr. Wm. Wright, of Manchester, says:

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Add enclosed sovereign to your fund for helping the distressed members of our Churches in South Wales. I am trying to obtain from my friends here a few left-off garments, and the thought has occurred to me that many readers of the VESSEL might be willing to assist in this way. I will receive any sent to me, and forward them free of charge.

W. WRIGHT.

19, Bridge-street, Manchester.

[We shall supply Mr. Wright with full instructions where clothing may be sent to. We are arranging with godly men to do the best they can with all the donations we can send.]

BERMONDSEY.—LYNTON-ROAD.

The pastor's ninth anniversary was held on Tuesday, Feb. 5. Mr. Hazleton preached in the afternoon to a very good company on the words, "The Christ of God." A goodly gathering sat down to tea in the schoolroom, and the evening public meeting (which was presided over by Mr. J. Bonney, of Hackney) was also well attended. Brethren Anderson, Boulden, Cornwell, Meeres, Rundell, Steed, and Stringer, gave addresses on "The Beatitudes" (Matt. v.)—a tone of spirituality pervading each speaker's remarks, so as to make the meeting a very refreshing and cheering one. Mr. Lawrence, in the course of the evening, gave a brief summary of the wonders God had wrought for the Church in raising it from its desperately low state ten years ago, to its present condition, and a liberal collection of £13 13s. shewed a thorough readiness, on the part of those assembled, to join with the minister in thanking the Lord.

R. A. L.

RICHMOND.—DEAR C. W. BANKS,—

My dear father remains unable to leave his room; his weakness is very great, but we hope he may be spared to us for some time yet. Mr. F. Green gave us two good discourses last Sunday. We are a little flock, but my dear father's labours have not been in vain; in Richmond the Word has accomplished the wherefore it was sent.—W. J. GOODING, Jun.

### Notes of the Month.

"CRACKS IN THE WALL."—The Peckham Baptist Churches furnish notes of serious divisions—but they are too painful. We often keep such papers a long time, waiting until all the breaches are healed, then burn all the writings. Every denomination—from the prelate's diversified family down to the Primitive's corps of volunteers—is in want of unity. One asketh, "What must we do?" Do! Retire into the truth as revealed in the Holy Book. We mean the truth as declared by the ancient prophets—as preached by the adorable Re-

deemer—as written by the apostles to all the Churches; and, when in that sacred enclosure, "the truth," then "commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." When "every man wishes to be master, and to have his own way," the consequences must be painful. How consoling to know—

"There is beyond the sky

A heaven of joy and love."

THE ARISTOCRACY OF OUR DENOMINATION.—Mr. Editor,—I am "An Old Woman from the Country," and came up out of Kent the other week; I was astonished at the "precious" themes spoke of at Mr. J. S. Anderson's fourteenth anniversary. Mr. A. comes to our place occasionally to preach the Gospel, hence I was anxious to see and hear him in his own Zion—and, certainly, the people were happy. The Church dwells in peace, and the pastor is well established in the affections of his flock. But, I ask, "Who are all those noble-looking gentlemen surrounding our friend Anderson?" A little man replied, "They are the aristocracy of the Strict Baptists in London." "What do you mean," said I, "by the aristocracy?" "I will write and tell you. Hush! they are closing." Now, Mr. Editor, cannot you unravel this tall, long word for me? I have read THE VESSEL ever since 1844, and I never knew such a term applied to Strict Baptists before. [The term was correct enough. How applicable, and who are included, our "O. W." may read another day.—ED.]

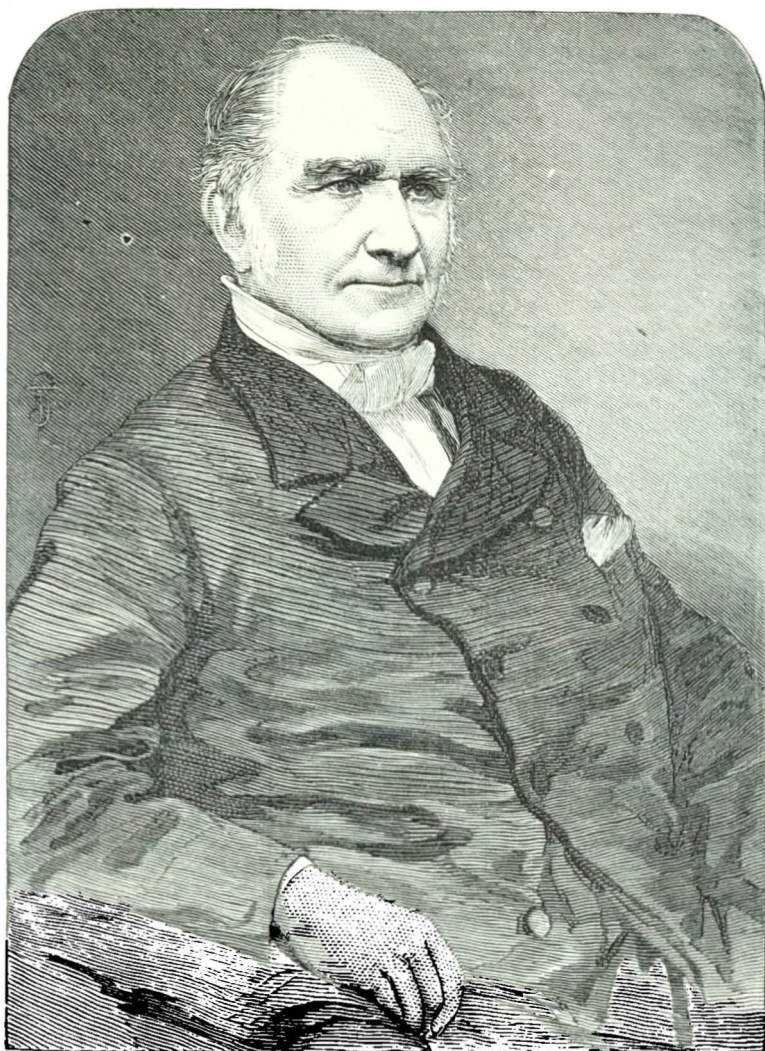
OUR FRIENDS WHO ARE GONE.—"Thank the Lord for any use He has made of us!" Thus spake the inner man, when, in a kind letter from a venerable minister, we read the following lines: "I suppose the 'E. V.' is now out. I always give it a hearty welcome. All the four years my late wife was confined to her chair in Glasgow, the arrival of the VESSEL gladdened her heart. It, and her Bible, and James Wells's sermons, were the books she most liked to peruse." [Thousands who once read THE EARTHEN VESSEL are gone home; still, thousands rise up to extend its circulation. Our prayer is, that the Lord would enable us to fill it with much more God-glorifying and soul-comforting matter. We beseech our spiritual readers to pray for us in this respect, and, if they can, open up for us some precious living streams.—ED.]

### Obituary.

We regret exceedingly to announce the death of Mr. Alfred William Read (the proprietor of one of the most commodious dining saloons in the city of London), which took place on Feb. 1, 1878, in the 67th year of his age. He was a man of persevering industry, of stern integrity, and of catholic and Christian spirit. Providence smiled upon his labours for many years. May the bereaved widow and sons be mercifully sustained and endowed.

Richard Marginson Visals died January 26, 1878, in his 23rd year. Interred in Nunhead cemetery, by Mr. Thomas Bradbury.

On January 5, Thomas J. Crowder Armstrong, late of Kemptville, Ontario, Canada, aged 68.



MR. THOMAS JONES.

## “The Silence of God!”

“Be not silent to me; lest, if THOU be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.”

“Oh, help, my God! let not men’s plot  
Kill them and me;  
And hold back THEE,  
Who art my Life! Dissolve the knot,  
As the sun scatters by his light—  
All the rebellions of the night;  
Then shall these powers, which work much grief,  
Enter Thy pay,  
And day by day  
Work up Thy praise, and my relief,  
With care and courage building me,  
Till I reach heav’n—yea, much more, THEE!”

**T**HE night watches are the seasons when, sometimes, the Word of God comes rolling over my soul with much of healing virtue, and with majestic force. After some holy pleasure in preaching, March 10, 1878, instead of falling into a deep sleep, I was entertained with those large sentences wherewith Paul commences his laborious and learned Epistle to the Hebrews, saying:—

“God, who at sundry times and in divers manners  
Spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets,  
Hath in these last days SPOKEN UNTO US BY HIS SON,  
Whom He hath appointed *Heir of all things*,  
By whom also He made the worlds;  
Who being the brightness of His glory,  
And the express IMAGE OF HIS PERSON,  
And upholding all things by the word of His power,  
When He had by Himself purged our sins,  
SAT DOWN ON THE RIGHT HAND OF THE MAJESTY ON HIGH.”

Seas of Divinity, rolling one into another, quite absorb the finite mind, while they fill it with an amazing thirst to dive into those depths and drink in, if it were possible, large draughts from these fountains of salvation. But it is impossible. Astonished! distressed! yet delighted! one can but exclaim—

“Oh, Book! Infinite sweetness! Let my heart  
Suck ev’ry letter, and some honey gain;  
Precious for any grief, in any part,  
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain!”

*True!* But there must be the painful wound panting for the healing balm; there must be the powerful opening-up of the mystery contained in the alabaster box; and there must be the precious application of it to the bruised conscience, before its rich components can be known. In this “*Book of Sweetness*” there are not only mountains of glory, fountains of holy love, and rivers of delight! there are, alas! the thunders of Sinai, the overwhelming floods of wrath, the terrors of death, and the judgments of an offended JUSTICE; and, if your eyes are opened, ye must see that, in our own day, the avenging armies are



gathering; ye must hear, as in the distance, the trumpets are preparing to sound with a thrilling blast, announcing the approach of

That day of judgment, day of wonders !  
 When the throne of God shall stand ;  
 Nations shall be brought before it—  
 Some, indeed on either hand.  
 Where, my soul, will ye be found ?

A new thought—new, at least, to me—has recently entered into the interior chambers : it is on THE SILENCE OF GOD. There were long periods of time wherein God was silent. Men appeared to be left, as they have for a long season now. Satan, the prince of the power of the air, is working in divers manners in the children of disobedience ; and these “disobedient children” are arrayed in such fanciful and fine clothing now, it requires more than the keenest natural eye to discern them.

After CHRIST rose from the dead, He appeared to none, He spake to none but to His own disciples. Did that look as though He was about to “conquer the world?” One leading mind desires a union arising from “an all-swaying passion to conquer the *whole* world for CHRIST.” We heartily pray, if that is the will of God, that such men would come forth into the world, and let the world see; let the men of the world know, and feel, that they have a strong faith in their commission. If they believe it is God’s will that, by the ministry of men, the world is to be conquered for Christ, then with the inextinguishable fires of holy zeal, of burning love, of self-denial, of undaunted courage, of undiminishing perseverance, let them come forth into the world, and, as Whitefield did, fling themselves into the midst of the multitudinous masses of perishing souls, and “lift up the standard before all the people!”

Mark you well—the intercession of our Great High Priest continues; but to us it is *silent*. The ETERNAL SPIRIT is carrying on His work; but to men in general it is *silent*. Ministers are preaching all kinds, and all shades, and all sizes of what they call Gospel; but what they are really doing, to us is unknown.

I would ask all the Universalists to read the speeches of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Faussett, Dr. Mackey, and others, at the Conference the other day; and, from those noble spirits, learn to speak the truth in the life and love of it—not as it stands in the wisdom of man, but as it is in JESUS CHRIST, “the great God and our Saviour.”

As regards the world, let us solemnly notice that, in a sense, since the Son of God left off speaking; since He gave out unto His apostles His last commission to “go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;” since that day when (almost *privately*) Jesus ascended, GOD has been *silent*; and men have increasingly abounded in anti-Gospel errors of every kind.

For a long time before the flood, when men began to roll and revel in wickedness, God *left them*; even so, I fear, IT IS NOW. Who can read Genesis vi. 5—8, and not tremble for the times we live in? God saw the wickedness of man that it was great; “and it *repented* the LORD that He had made man on the earth; it *GRIEVED HIM* at His heart;” and He determined on their destruction. I feel in their secret places of my soul as though I could weep tears of blood over the aboundings of sin,

and that I should have ever sinned against the mighty God ! That men now should revel in sins of the most awful magnitude ; worse than all, that Rome, and Greece, and France, and England, should mock Him with such gross idolatries ! Is it not a marvel that GOD IS SILENT ? Oh, let us all read that fiftieth Psalm, which is a prophecy of that day when "our GOD shall come," and no longer "*keep silence!*" when a fire shall devour before Him, and when it shall be very tempestuous round about Him. "Consider this, ye that forget God, lest He tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." Plausible and popular as the sophistries of some deceivers may now be, it will be exceedingly awful in the coming judgments, or there is no truth in the Word ; and God forbid we should ever entertain a doubt touching the eternal certainty of every jot and tittle of that God-given revelation.

"How dare you say that GOD IS SILENT ?" asketh (it may be) some reckless religionist. I say it upon the authority of His own Word, upon the testimony of the ancient Churches, and from the experience of Zion in the present day. From all the fruits appearing, it is clear that the masses of the people in England, in Ireland, in Scotland, in the United States, in the colonies, in the islands of the seas, are, almost everywhere, at enmity, either against the Gospel altogether, or, most certainly, they are so against the Gospel of the ever-blessed God ; but who hath not yet left Himself without some witnesses, few and far between as they are thought to be.

NEVER—until our exalted LORD CHRIST comes, in His own glory, in His Father's glory, and in the glory of all His holy angels—will the world be conquered *for*, or *by*, CHRIST.

NEVER—until the SON OF GOD comes travelling in the greatness of His strength, glorious in His apparel, speaking in righteousness, and mighty to save ! Never, until that awfully grand and solemn day arrives—will anti-Christ be consumed, or fatal errors be scattered to the winds.

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CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

"*Christian*.—'Now then,' said Christian, 'to prevent drowsiness in this place let us tall into good discourse.'

"*Hopeful*.—'With all my heart,' said the other.

"*Christian*.—'Where shall we begin?'

"*Hopeful*.—'Where God began with us. But do you begin, if you please.'

"*Christian*.—Then Christian said, 'I will ask you a question—"How came you to think at first of so doing as you do now?"'

"*Hopeful*.—'Do you mean, how I came at first to look after the good of my soul?'

"*Christian*.—'Yes, that is my meaning.'"—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

BROSELEY, *March 4, 1878.*

**I** COMPLETE my fourscore and three this day. A considerable excess on the years commonly allotted to Adam's children. Moses reckoned the "days of our years as threescore years and ten; and if, by reason of strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow" (Psalm xc. 10). No doubt this, in the general, describes a protracted life in its decadent stage, "when the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves" (Eccl. xii. 3); but I am bound to say these conditions are mercifully mitigated in my own case thus far, so that, though daily reminded by unmistakable symptoms that I am an old man, I enjoy a fair degree of bodily health, and my principal sorrow is such as was common to our older brethren from Moses downward, and such as is shared by the most favoured of my contemporaries, a fruit of fraternal fellowship with the Man of sorrows, JESUS, who groaned at the grave of Lazarus (John xi. 33), wept over impenitent Jerusalem (Luke xix. 41), and who, when He saw much people, was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd (Mark vi. 34). The labourers have ever been few compared with the greatness of the harvest, and the few have often repeated the lamentation of the prophet, "Lord, who hath believed our report? All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people" (Rom. x. 16—21). For these griefs the Saviour supplies a solace: "Blessed are they that mourn (with godly sorrow); for they shall be comforted." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Psa. cxxvi. 6).

"A hope so much Divine  
May trials well endure."

In obeying the call made on me to write of God's dealings with me especially as to His wise and kind method in bringing me to Himself, I wish to go far back to the time of my earliest recollection, when my age was five or six. In my native town dwelt an old lady, the widow of a clergyman, having two daughters. Miss Mary, the eldest, became, through marriage with a cousin (I think), Mrs. Sherwood, and went with her husband, an officer in the army, to India, where she did much Christian work among the soldiers and their families, and where she wrote many entertaining and instructive books with which most young English readers are acquainted. Miss Lucy married a clergyman of the name of Cameron, and resided in a parish in this county not many miles hence. These—Misses Butt—had me to their house frequently, talked much to me, and put me to read books written by themselves

and Mrs. Hannah More; but they interested me most by lessons on pictures, of which they had large folios. These described the progress of disobedient children through a youth of wilfulness to maturity in sin and ultimate ruin. Others represented the holy Child Jesus, in His subjection to His parents, increasing in wisdom and stature, in favour with God and man. Were I a limner, I could from memory give an exact copy of a plate depicting the awful solemnities of the judgment day, and of another, the entrance of the approved into the kingdom prepared for them; and yet another, the Valley of Tophet, the mouth of the pit to which the impenitent are consigned, with the smoke of their torment ascending in dense clouds of blackness, as it will do for ever and ever (Rev. xiv. 11). The subjects of these pictures, explained with talent and tenderness, made me think much on the world to come; and at times I had great meltings of heart; fear and terror, alternated by pleasant glows of hope, with heaven in the distance—what the poet Hart calls “joyous fancies,” but to me as real as the sternest facts of life. Some keen theological critics will refer these perturbations of mind to purely natural causes, the play of latent elements, implying no foreign agency, and bearing no relation to vital godliness. I am only careful to state facts, on which profounder casuists may theologise and philosophise to the extent of their pleasure.

Sunday school teachers may possibly find in this case some hints for action or caution in their dealings with child-mind. To myself, it is gratifying to record this small tribute of gratitude to the memory of the dead who showed kindness to me in the earliest years of my life, and, it may be, did me more permanent good than I can now trace. It will satisfy curiosity if I add that, hearing of Mrs. Cameron's inquiry about me, I rode over to see her. The daughter, the wife, the mother of a clergyman, of course she was an attached Church woman, but she was no bitter bigot; she received me courteously, accepted my acknowledgments of her and her sister's goodness, and expressed generous wishes for my future.

In my neighbourhood, in the earlier years of my life, it was the popular belief that all English people belonged to the Church. Those who never entered the church doors for Sabbath worship, who had been taken there in babyhood to be made, on sponsorial guarantee, “members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven;” and who, except they went to a wedding or a funeral, kept outside from year's end to year's end, yet always protested they were sincere “Protestants,” which meant in their mouths they were of the religion of the Church, when they died they were carried through the aisle to the grave, where the clergyman thanked God for His mercy in taking their souls to Himself. There was no question of the safety of those who were sleeping partners in this episcopal business, but alas for the schismatic who went to a meeting-house! There were no Dissenting chapels then. It was generally believed that Nonconformity and disloyalty were synonymous, and “Meetings” were often called Jacobins. There were only two meeting-houses in my town, a Baptist and an Independent, and besides a few Methodists, who assembled for worship in a dwelling-house, and were often annoyed by yelling and stone-throwing, for which there was no redress, as they were conventionally outlawed by their imputed heresy in disregarding Church canons and presuming

to pray without a book. I have lived to witness great changes in the popular mind, great improvements in the civilisation, liberality, and mutual forbearance of all classes, as conspicuous in the clergy as in the laity. But the ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry of the period referred to forbade me going into a conventicle till I was eleven or twelve years old, when a playmate to whom I was much attached, and whose mother was an Independent, told me of a gentleman who taught a class of lads at the Baptist meeting-house, who explained Scripture in an engaging manner, and otherwise interested the youths with instructive subjects. With some difficulty I obtained permission to join the class, and found my playmate's report of its advantages to be correct. We were taught to read the Bible with emphasis, and were encouraged to ask any amount of questions on the meaning of what we read. My understanding gradually opened to the fact that religion consists not in forms, liturgies, genuflexions, and sacerdotal ceremonies of any and every kind, but in a state of mind having a supernatural cause; in repentance toward God, and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ. Subsequently I came to know that our teacher was himself under strong convictions that, though a member of a large family most or all professors of religion, he was not in accord with his relations on doctrine. Fullerism echoed from most pulpits; apostolic and Calvinistic truth was deemed too narrow for the times; the proud conceit of "enlarged views" had become a passion with young preachers, which won for them favour with folk of no fixed creed, and great praise for their Christian charity. Our teacher knew all about it, and contemned it as fleshly, spurious, and deceiving. Though it was many years till the time accepted (appointed) for his deliverance came, he was convinced that the saved are saved by grace through faith, and that not of themselves, it is the gift of God. Toplady, Romaine, and Huntington were his favourite authors, and his relations disapproved of them. Of course he did not try to take us boys into his mental sanctuary, but he took us into the light of truth theoretically, and thus prepared me, at least, to distinguish between law and Gospel. Hope to proceed with the tale anon.

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## OUR AGRICULTURAL PREACHER.

THOUGHTS ON SOWING, GROWING, REAPING, AND REJOICING.

By EDWARD HAMMENT.

THIRD THOUGHT ON REAPING.

**T**HIS is a separation, a cutting asunder; it is done with a sharp instrument, a sickle, or, in these days, by a reaping machine; but, whatever the means, it will cut or sever one part from the other, it is thoroughly cut down from its original standing. This reaping takes place so soon as the corn is ripe, not before; for to everything there is a season. It must not be supposed that what is reaped is neglected or carelessly thrown away. Oh, no; all is preserved and gathered into sheaves, and the sheaves made into a shock, called a shock of corn fully ripe. Previous to its being reaped, it had its standing *in* the earth, but now it is separated from the earth; still it is *on* the earth, and not *in* it. It can receive nothing from it now. The earth, however, must

bear it a few days longer, until the husbandman sees fit to have it removed to his barn or garner, there to be stored. Sometimes this reaping is attended with trouble, tempest, wind, rain, and there is labour, as the writer knows by experience. The removal to the garner is unlike sowing and growing; it is done quickly. Master and servants are all busy, and anticipating a time of rest and rejoicing.

Now reaping, spiritually considered, is when the sickle of God's Word enters the heart, and the soul finds that "it is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12). Here the soul trembles like the wheat in the hands of the reaper. This is followed by such a passage as this: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me, and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me. He that findeth his life shall lose it; and He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it" (Matt. x. 37, 39).

This cuts the soul off from all earthly things, as the wheat is cut off by the sickle of the reaper. The soul is severed from its old standing, from self, from earthly nourishments, doctrines, and duties, good deeds and bad ones; so that it lies flat on the earth like the fresh-reaped wheat from the hands of the reaper. This reaping time, too, is often a stormy time; persecution, sorrows, and troubles surround the soul in several ways. The old enemy, seeing that his prey is taken away, will rage and roar in some way or other to destroy the soul, but cannot. The soul, thus reaped down, is then bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord his God (1 Sam. xxv. 29), and, when bound, it is taken to the shock, for it is its season, as Job says, "Like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season" (Job v. 26). This shocking is, as I understand it, the coming together of the living children of God. When reaped and shocked, it must be carried to the spiritual garner, the Church, on the waggon of God's love, drawn by the servants of God, the ministers of the Gospel; and as these know the right way from the field, where the corn was reaped, to the homestead, the Church, they will not trespass on any man's ground, but will go the right way, because there is a "right-of-way" to the Church, even by the blood of Jesus Christ; and this way is marked out by the prophets and apostles; and lest any should mistake the way, Christ Himself has said, "Follow Me." So the soul goes straight forward, whether up hill or down, rough or smooth. Friends will not hinder, and foes cannot. With a meek and lowly heart it will follow Christ, and find rest with Christ's yoke upon it, which is an easy one (Matt. xi. 28, 30).

As the barn is above the field, so is the Church above the world, and the road leading to it is humility; it is the way it must and will pass.

As the sickle cuts through and kills the straw, but not the corn, so God's Word kills all hopes of any and every self-sufficiency, and finds out, as Paul says, "Ye are dead, and that your life is hid with Christ in God."

As it is dead, it must be buried. Buried it is virtually, but must be so actually in the water of baptism; for this is the way, and the only marked-out way in God's Word, from the world into the Church militant, and this is the way the living soul must go to bring it into a state of rejoicing.



## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANCIS NIGHTINGALE.

HIS CHARACTER AND CONDITION BEFORE CONVERSION—THE LORD'S WORK OF GRACE UPON HIS SOUL—HIS WORK IN THE LONDON CITY MISSION—HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY, ETC.

[NOTE.—We have left the writer of the following narrative to express himself in his own original style, our corrections being very few.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send this account of the Lord's dealings with me at the request of my friends, some of whom live in different parts where I am at present supplying; others are my acquaintances in London, including several ministers of the Gospel. For some months past they have endeavoured to impress upon me the necessity of writing an outline of my experience; and, if I remember rightly, you suggested the same thing last spring; but I have felt unable adequately to describe how the Lord brought me out of the power and darkness of infidelity into the glorious light and liberty of the everlasting Gospel.

Last month, I was at brother James's prayer meeting, in Haberdasher-street, Hoxton; a number of ministers and friends being present, Mr. James called upon me to address the meeting. I was unprepared to preach to the Levites, and asked to be allowed to give a short account of my conversion to God. To this they all agreed. At the conclusion of the service, they asked me to write it for publication. I again refused. Since then I have seen Mr. James, who told me that my experience, as given by myself at his house, had been blessed to some of those who were present; and that it was their wish it should be published. It is upon these grounds I have consented to write it—namely, that, through the power of God the Holy Spirit, it may meet the case of some of the Lord's tried and tempted children.

I shall relate some of my movements in a state of nature; my call by grace; my work in the London City Mission; and my call to the ministry.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS NIGHTINGALE.

105, Nichol's-square, Hackney-road, E.

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CHAPTER I.

FEARFUL ACCOUNT OF DANGERS, AND OF IMBIBING INFIDEL PRINCIPLES.

I WAS born at Tonbridge, in the county of Kent, on the 5th May, 1839. From a child I had a spirit beyond my strength and judgment, and could not endure the idea of being outdone by boys of my own age, or even those who were some years older. On one occasion, I had a narrow escape from drowning in skating on the Medway, passing under the bridge in the New Wharf, Tonbridge, where the ice was so thin that I cut through it every stroke I took; nothing but the great pace at which I was going saved me. This was done simply out of daring. On another time, I was playing on some pieces of timber which were lashed together, and moored off the coal wharf, when suddenly they drifted into the middle of the river, leaving me hanging by a piece of boarding over the water, which was about ten feet deep at that place. The workmen were gone to dinner, so that I could have no help. I remained in this position for a long time, until they came to the bank again. I then dropped on to them exhausted, and greatly frightened. As soon as I recovered myself, I made off. On another occasion, I was sliding, when I fell through the ice into the water up to my neck, and only saved myself by catching hold of the bough of a

tree. Shortly after this, I was run over in High-street ; a man in my step-father's employment picked me up, fully expecting I was dead. My mother ran out of the house, took me in her arms, and carried me indoors. The doctor came and examined me; not a bone was broken, although one of the heels of my boot was twisted completely round, and I was bruised from head to foot.

At this time, I was about 12 years of age; my father had a good business in the boot and shoe trade, just above the great bridge in High-street. On leaving school, at 14 years of age, my parents asked me what I thought of doing. I said I should learn the trade. I knew that if I sat down to the shoe making I should be able to have my run. Young as I was, I belonged to the cricket club, which, at that time, was one of the strongest in the county. The gentlemen made much of me; used to call at our shop and engage me to go and bowl to them; and professionals engaged me to longstop; they being paid by the wicket, it was to their advantage to get the balls back as quickly as possible, so that I spent the first three months in the cricket field. This ruined me for many years after, as I shall show.

In the autumn, I sat down to the trade in our large workshop, where there were ten or eleven men seated—two of them being noted infidels. I soon became contaminated by them. I read "Tom Paine," and other books, and became a confirmed infidel before I was sixteen years of age, much to the regret of my father, who was a God-fearing man, and attended a place of truth. I began to visit skittle-alleys, billiard rooms, bagatelle, and card rooms; and soon learned how to strike a good ball. My friends lost all control over me; took in sporting papers, which I studied on Sundays. I became so opposed to Christianity that my father could not keep a man if he made a profession of religion. I have known many to go into the shop and say they must pack up, for they could stay no longer.

Thus things went on until I was 18, when my friends consented to my going to London to get a better knowledge of my trade. I settled at No. 4, Vernon-terrace, Portobello-road, Notting-hill. Here I became acquainted with the George Odgers. Shortly after this, I began to speak on Paddington-green. I stayed in London until the infidels stripped me of nearly all I possessed. I then returned to Tonbridge, and soon after got married; and became a little steady, at least for a time. But I soon came out in my true colours; could not speak well of any Christian; have even gone into places of worship during the time of the service and attempted to break the meetings up; nevertheless, there were times when my conscience reproved me; but these convictions were only skin deep.

#### THE BEGINNINGS OF GRACE.

I am now coming to something deeper, and more searching—namely, my call by grace. In the month of July, 1872, it pleased the Lord to lay two of my children down with typhoid fever; the first was my eldest son; he soon recovered. The second one (my third daughter) was sick nigh unto death. In nursing this one, I caught it myself. It was in the second week in August that I was seized with what I thought was a cold; was obliged to leave my work on the Saturday. I went to the public-house I used, but had to go home and get to bed. On the Sunday I became worse; could not read, or eat my dinner. On Monday,

the 12th, I came down, but was very bad; I thought this a most unfortunate thing for me, because it was the day of the amalgamation of the various benefit societies, and I had been looking for it, and expected to take the day and have a good set to. I was greatly disappointed. I sat indoors until I heard the bands playing, by which I knew that the procession was coming. I got up, went into the garden, and stood there for a little while, listening to the music. Suddenly I felt very ill; my dear wife, who was standing by, caught hold of me, and led me indoors, got me upstairs, put me to bed, and sent for the doctor. He came, and said I had caught a cold; I was to keep in bed, and he would come again next day. He did so, and told me I had got the fever; that I must lay still, and not take any beer. Next day, I felt very ill indeed—thinking I should never get over it, and how foolish I had been. I thought of the chances I had thrown away, and if I died—and I thought I should die—I should leave my wife and family to the mercy of the world. While I was thinking of these things, I was arrested by these words, which were spoken in a voice like thunder, "*How about the salvation of your soul?*" They came to me with such mighty power, and so sudden, that I sprang up in bed as though I had been shot. I laid down again, feeling terribly alarmed at this amazing phenomenon, and remained, I know not how long, with my face covered, afraid to open my eyes. At last I did so, when, to my dismay, I saw, as it were, the whole of my sins written on the wall of my room; and these words were powerfully applied to me: "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*" Sure enough, I felt the sentence of death passed upon me. There appeared no way of escape. After lying in a most agonising state of mind for some time, I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot say; but in the evening I was aroused by what seemed to be an unusual noise at the window, which was open on account of the excessive heat. I thought I saw Satan come into the room. He came to the foot of my bed, and seemed to speak in an audible voice, saying, "Up to the present time we have got on very well together. I hope we shall have no misunderstanding." What followed I cannot describe; I can only say a dreadful struggle ensued, which lasted until daybreak. I may mention that my wife has since told me that this was the most awful scene she ever witnessed; it was as much as she and the children could do to keep me in the bed. I appeared to be fighting against a most determined enemy; sometimes striking out right and left; then trying to get under the bed-clothes, and to get out of bed; my children adding to the confusion by crying for help. About four in the morning, I fell asleep. When I awoke, there was the writing on the wall. I requested my wife to remove my bed, but the writing followed me. I did not say a word to my dear wife concerning what was passing within me until the day was near spent, when I began to feel afraid the enemy would pay me another visit. I called her upstairs, and asked her if she would go and fetch a minister. She asked, "Who would you like?" I did not know any of them, because I very seldom went into a place of worship; but a short time before I had heard the Rev. David Harding speak at a temperance meeting. I thought he was the most likely man to come. I sent for him. My wife went to the Independent chapel, it being their week-night service. Mr. Harding was taking his holidays; the deacons were afraid to come because it was a fever. My

father then went to Mr. George Stidolph, the Scripture-reader. He came at once; but the doctor had just been, and given me a sleeping draught, which sent me to rest for a time. In the morning, I was in no better state of mind, and as I was about to send for Mr. Stidolph, he came into the room. I told him what was the matter; that I had been living a most ungodly life; that I was going to hell, for God could not pardon such a sinner. I related the history of my past life, and told him God was justified in punishing me for my sins. He read the Scriptures; tried to shew that CHRIST was a greater Saviour than I was a sinner. This I could not believe. I told him it was no use for me to look for mercy. He prayed for me, and left, promising to call again. Not long after this, the Rev. John Thomas Manby came. He also read and expounded the Scriptures; told me there was mercy for every true penitent; that "whosoever came to Christ, He would in no wise cast out." But, notwithstanding all he said, I could not see it; I was completely shut up under the law. On the Sunday evening, the Rev. David Harding came; he also explained the Gospel plan of salvation; spoke of the love of Christ in dying for sinners. I could see no chance for myself.

From this time I had the vicar of the parish, the Congregational minister, the Scripture-reader, and my father with me daily. But all their reading, explaining, and praying had no effect upon me. I was bound hand and foot, until one night when Mr. Manby came. He said, "Satan is doing his best to keep you in your ignorance, by telling you there is no chance for one so vile." And quoted several passages of Scripture to prove what he said. While he was speaking, I got relief, and said, "Well, sir, I thought I had been everything that's bad, but there is one thing I never was." He looked at me, and smiled. I said, "I never was an hypocrite, for I never made a profession of religion. It is possible there may be a way of escape now." I had been under conviction ten or twelve days, and was nearly worn out, having had but little rest during this time. Now I began to hope; in fact, I may say I felt certain the Lord would have mercy on me. I fell asleep, quite overcome by the excitement. In the morning, I asked my wife to give me a Bible. I shall never forget how eagerly I opened it. I had not looked at a Bible for some sixteen years, unless it was to take it to pieces. Now I began to read it in earnest, and as often as my strength would allow. I wanted to see what it said concerning such characters as myself. The Lord was pleased to open up some portions to me with such power, *I was persuaded I had an interest in the blood and righteousness of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.* I particularly noticed I had no desire for the company of my old companions; no desire for anything which I formerly delighted me: "old things had passed away; all things had become new." Still, I had not the full assurance of faith.

Things went on in this way for near a month, when I became somewhat downcast; thought, after all, I should be lost. It was on the first Thursday in October, feeling I should be lost, I went upstairs and asked the Lord to have mercy on me, through Christ. It seemed to be a case of life or death with me. I came down again, and was sitting in my workroom, when I became suddenly enveloped in a flame of pure white fire. The room was filled with it; and in the midst of this flame there appeared another person, who spake in an audible voice to me, telling

me that, notwithstanding all my rebellion, there was mercy for me. I saw my vileness on the one hand in such a way as I had never seen it before, and the glory of God, as in the face of JESUS CHRIST, on the other. This was indeed a great contrast. At this I became so overpowered that I fell on my knees and covered my face with my hands, for it was as much as I could bear. I felt quite ashamed of myself to think that I had been such a bitter enemy to the Lord and his people, while there had been such great blessings in store for me. No tongue could tell what I saw and felt on that occasion. Then I saw the sufficiency of the atonement Christ had made; my pardon sealed in His blood; and the fulness and completeness of His justification. After a time, this flame changed into the colours of the rainbow, and gradually disappeared, leaving me, as it were, by myself.

In the evening, my wife came home. I went and saw Mr. Harding, and told him as well as I could what I had witnessed. I also told my wife, and it was then that she described the scene in the bedroom on the 15th of August. For three days after this I enjoyed much of the Lord's presence; it was like heaven upon earth. I thought I was the happiest man living; but, alas! I little knew what a sifting awaited me.

(*To be continued.*)

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## MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CONFESSION OF HIS FAITH.

(*Continued from page 86.*)

[We give the following distinct expression of our brother Mr. Levinsohn's faith exactly as written by himself. It is worthy of the diligent study of that large number of young men who are now going forth as preachers of the Gospel. We hope even the fathers will be satisfied with it, and that they will earnestly pray for our brother's increasing usefulness.—ED.]

### ON THE ATTRIBUTES.

**A**LTHOUGH it is an utter impossibility for a finite being to understand fully the mysterious attributes of God, yet, thanks to His holy name, He reveals Himself unto His servants, and gives them some knowledge by the enlightenment of His Holy Spirit; and thus we learn just a little of His attributes, so as to encourage us to believe in Him, and trust in Him even when we cannot trace Him.

God has revealed Himself to His servants in various names. Tracing the whole of the Old Testament in the original language (the Hebrew), we find God revealed in ten different names. Each name is of great significance, expressing the various attributes by which He has, in love and mercy, condescended to manifest Himself unto His people.

1. The first time we find the name of God is by the name of אֱלֹהִים (*Elohim*), signifying almighty powers, almighties (Gen. i. 11); *Barah-Elohim*, signifying God's created—one God in the Trinity—that is, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—were engaged in the great work of creation.

2. Another name of God, which is of great significance, is יהוה (*Jehovah*), which signifies the independence and self-existence of God. *Je*, signifies the time to come; *Ho*, the time present; *Vah*, the time past (composed of letters of rest)—signifying that there is no real rest until we are resting in *Jehovah*.

3. The next name is עֵלִיּוֹן (*Elion*) (the Most High, or the Highest), which indicates the unparalleled dignity, majesty, excellency, and high sovereignty of God (Psa. lxxxiii. 18; Eccl. v. 8).

4. The next name we notice is שַׁדַּי (*Shaddai*) (Almighty, or All-sufficient), signifying that He is able to create and to destroy, to save and preserve, to bless His people, and to curse the reprobates; sufficient to deliver His people from all their troubles, temporal or spiritual, and to destroy all the enemies of His people who are also His. "Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty" (Isa. xiii. 6; Joel i. 15).

5. Another name by which the Holy One reveals Himself is יהוה צבאות (*Jehovah-Tzebaoth*) (Lord of hosts). It denotes that all in heaven and on earth are under Him, subject to His command. Angels in heaven and the elect on earth are in His service—the heavenly host composing His heavenly army, and the blood-bought on earth, His army of the Church militant. *Jehovah-Tzebaoth* has the two armies, whom He commands for the safety of His people and for the subjugation of their enemies.

6. אֶהְיֶה (*Ehejeh*) ("I Am," or "I Will Be"—Exod. iii. 14) ("I Am that I Am"—John viii. 58), indicating the Divine essence, strength, stability, immutability, incomprehensibility of the great *Ehejeh*.

7. יָהּ (*Jah*) is another name by which God is called, which is similar to *Jehovah*.

8. אֲדֹנָי (*Adoni*) is a very significant name, which occurs in the Old Testament about 134 times, denoting Lord, Creator, and Preserver of all the universe. The name *Adoni* may be derived from the word *Elden*, denoting a *base*, pillar, or column. This is to encourage His people to go on; and herein we may learn something of the doctrine of the saints' final perseverance. Our God is *Adoni*—He is our base, pillar, and column; He bears His people, and preserves them for His glory.

9. אֵל (*El*) is also one of the names of the Great and Holy One, commonly understood as strong God, sometimes called *El-Elim*—God of gods—to indicate that there is only one God, the true and living God, and all things and beings in the universe are under His sovereign control.

10. אֱלֹהִים (*Eloah*) is derived from *El* (strong, mighty, or most mighty).

In these names, therefore, God has, in love and mercy, revealed His attributes to His people. He is almighty to save His people; all-sufficient to supply all their needs; has omnipotent power by which He preserves them; He is omniscient, to comfort His people; He is nigh unto them.

#### ON THE DECREES OF GOD.

I believe that God, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, has decreed, in His own holy and sacred counsel, all things which have come to pass, are continually occurring, and which will be. Yet He has not decreed anything evil. As He is not the author of evil, the decrees of God are sovereign, infinite, eternal, unchangeable, immutable,

infinitely wise, and unconditional. God, in His sovereignty, hath decreed that salvation is by faith, which is His sovereign gift to those whom He determined should have it. Herein, also, St. Paul testified in the Epistle to the Romans: "Whom He did predestinate, them He also called."

Although God has decreed a certain number of the human race to be saved and redeemed, and preserves them until their final consummation into glory, to the glory of His grace, yet He did not decree any to be damned; but, in His free and sovereign will, has left them to their own just condemnation, for God is not the author of evil (Isa. xxix. 15, 16, xlv. 7—13, xlvi. 10, lxiv. 8; Rom. ix. 15—18).

#### ON CREATION.

I believe that God created the heavens and the earth, and all things and beings in the vast universe. Nothing that can be found in the world has been formed by itself or by man, but all things were made by God. God also created angels to be His ministering servants, whom He also commands to administer unto His people. When God, in His Three Persons, created all things and creatures, He also made man and woman, who were made pure, innocent, and sinless. I believe that God created the universe, &c., to manifest His infinite power, wisdom, righteousness, and goodness (Gen. i. 1—31; Psa. xxxiii. 6; John i. 1—3; Heb. xi. 3).

#### ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

I believe that the good and all-sufficient God, who has created the vast universe, and angels, and man, is pleased, in His immutable and Divine decree, to rule the universe and all therein with His wisdom. Nothing, from the least to the greatest, happens by chance; but whatsoever takes place is by Divine providence. We are not to understand that God does or ordains such things as are the effects of wicked works. Sometimes God permits men to go on in their own wicked practices, but never does He ordain evil. The all-wise and Almighty God makes use of means, yet is free and independent of them. That the providence of God extends over the whole natural world, including the brute creation, the general affairs of our lives, and also that individuals are controlled by Him (Psa. xviii. 30, xlvii. 7, civ. 13—15, cxlviii. 8; Matt. vi. 26; Luke i. 53; James iv. 13—15; Rev. xix. 6).

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

## RESTORING AND RETURNING GRACE.

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR, BAPTIST MINISTER, SHEFFIELD.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

**H**OW strongly have these words been laid upon my heart this day! God alone is the rest of my soul, and of every soul He hath blessed in Christ, His beloved One, our own blessed and glorious Salvation, near to us at all times, and ready to speak to our hearts words of refreshing for the weary. But how apt are we to forget Him, to depart from Him, and wander away over the mountains of darkness, trouble, and sin! Ah, my soul, what a testimony thou canst bear to

thy own waywardness, to thy foolish distrust of, and departures from, Him—

“ Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love.”

But how sweet to hear Him say, “Return!” Might He not have said, “Unworthy soul, wayward child, sinful, backsliding heart, remain where thou art gone; dwell in the bare pastures; take the husks of thy choice, for thou deservest no better portion, seeing thou hast forsaken Me, the Fountain of good?” Not so. I heard Him say, “Return!” Oh, how it did my soul refresh, for sin lay heavy here; and I was tired, and sore, and chafed within, by many restless, wandering thoughts, and my burdened heart sighed out of the midst of the darkness; my cry was bitter unto the God of Israel; I felt there was no rest in the flesh, in the carnal ways of folly, and sin, and the madness of the heart, before God. God alone is the rest—God in Christ, the only sufficiency of the soul. This I know, for none could hush the voice of the law in my heart but Him. None could smite sin and give me power but Him. I had no power against it. I resolved, but it proved the master; and often now I am made to cry out against its strange influence in my heart; so subtle, so deceitful, sly as a serpent, creeping in between the fissures of all our heart’s exercises before God; spiritual wickedness, dark rebellion, bold and atheistic suggestions; these make me stagger and reel like a drunken man; cunning and sophistical, glossing over of thoughts, words, and deeds, and awful questionings of the providence of God, which make me shudder and groan to be relieved from this body of sin and death.

Oh, to hear my Lord say, “Return to thy rest,” when in the conflict my heart is hot within, and feel the wing is given to my soul with the word to fly to my rest. This is salvation indeed, and a joyful cause for triumph in His gracious dealings with me—to hear Him say,

“ When troubles rise and crowd,  
And o’er me thunders long and loud,”

“Return unto thy rest!” Then, with gladness, I get me away to the hills of frankincense and myrrh; but who can return from his sin, or his trouble, until the Lord shall turn? Until He, that alone is the rest of the soul, maketh us to rest in His love—draws us—then we will run after Him. Then I look above my trouble, and get out of it. How can I help myself when His love is upon me, and His cords around me! His warm beams melt my icy heart, and the waters must flow. His hand touches my lifeless soul, and I am electrified by love Divine. I spring to meet my God and Saviour, and go forth in the dances of them that make merry. My sin and my trouble are left behind; my sorrow is turned into joy; my crying into laughter; for I have rest! “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!” Forget not the sweetness and goodness of a crucified and risen Saviour, for thou wert chosen in Him from before the foundation of the world, predestinated unto the adoption of children unto Himself, and to God in Him; He is thy righteousness, thy covering all Divine, thy robes of beauty and garments of glory, wherein thou art for ever accepted of the Father. He hath redeemed us to God by His precious blood, and given us the knowledge of our salvation, by causing this life to



spring within us; His Spirit bears witness with ours that we are children, and we have rest in the joyful sound, "Who shall separate us? He hath said, "Return!" and we must and shall return, and come to Himself with songs of joy upon our heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. The night is fast hastening away—the night of our mortality, of sin, of trouble, of darkness, of death, of flesh, of carnal clogs, and of clouds. The morning cometh! I feel the light gently breaking. The day is at hand. Oh, what a day of immortality and eternal life! Oh, what a day of rest!

"Return! Return to thy rest, O my soul," for it is sure; the days of thy mourning and conflict fly away when God cometh to thee. Thou shalt be brought into the palace of the King, clothed in the needlework of His love! Thou shalt rest, and joy in thy rest, and it shall never be broken.

Return, then, to thy rest, O my soul; for "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, whose hope the Lord is!"

#### THE BITTER CUP.

*"The cup My Father giveth Me, shall I not drink it?"*

AFFLICTED, destitute, bereaved,  
Tormented with my fears;  
By my own heart and friends deceived,  
I eat my bread with tears.

To Heaven I look—but look in vain;  
Heaven seemeth not to hear;  
My heart is rent with grief and pain,  
My soul is racked with fear.

Margate, Sunday, January 20th, 1878.

He speaks the word—"Shall I not drink  
This cup My Father gives?"  
Did I thus suffer—dost thou think—  
To escape, while envy lives?

The dregs I drank—and died for thee,  
And canst thou not partake?  
Mine was the gall—to set thee free;  
Thou sufferest for My sake.

G. H. M. READ.

#### THE GRACES OF THE SPIRIT:

##### HOW WE MAY KNOW WE HAVE THEM.

[The above title represents the entire work of "The Promise of the Father," in experimentally saving, sanctifying, and justifying the souls of the redeemed. Can we, by the teaching of that SPIRIT, so expound the nature and working of each of those graces as to be instrumental in separating the precious from the vile, also in giving the glory due unto the Holy Ghost, and thereby in confirming and comforting the quickened family of God? We commence by an invocation to Patience; but we ask the attention of all our readers to this vital branch of revealed truth.—C. W. B.]

##### INVOCATION TO PATIENCE.

DEAR Patience, I live in a valley of tears,  
Have so much to do with cares, sorrows, and fears.  
That I want a kind helpmate, and all are agreed  
That Patience is just such a one as I need.

Then come and live with me, for see how I'm left:  
Of earthly companions entirely bereft!  
This loneliness Patience can help me to bear  
With Christian submission, and deep fervent prayer.

When friends seem forgetful, and troubles abound—  
 When clouds and thick darkness th' horizon surround,  
 How gentle and soothing will be thy control !  
 " Stand still till the Master shall clear up the whole.

" There's a needs be for humbling proud self in the dust ;  
 It is only to cleanse thee from nature's foul rust ;  
 So He hides His dear face, and thou'rt filled with concern :  
 I must help thee to wait for His loving return."

When poverty pinches and shakes my weak faith—  
 When hope scarcely listens to what the Word saith—  
 When my cup of affliction seems filled to the brim,  
 The sweet voice of Patience cries, " Wait thou on Him."

" Thy sins and thy sorrows were all on Him laid,  
 And in Him a gracious provision is made,  
 His cov'nant and oath He will never rescind,  
 So give all thy doubts and thy fears to the wind.

" This pathway the saints in all ages have trod,  
 Upheld by the arm of Omnipotent God :  
 He'll never forsake thee, disconsolate one ;  
 Though trials o'ertake thee, His will must be done.

" Thou art nearing the end of the conflict, I know ;  
 But past Ebenezers His faithfulness show.  
 Very soon, and He'll give thee a happy release  
 From all warfare and strife to a region of peace."

Then come and live with me, dear Patience, I pray,  
 And bear with my weakness the short time I stay ;  
 For I need thy kind aid till I shall have got through,  
 But on t'other side Jordan I'll bid thee adieu.

Lambeth.

J. LINGLEY.

NOTE.—The first four lines, and the last one, float in the mind of the writer as the reminiscence of something he read when a boy, sixty years ago ; but, for the originality of the rest, he is alone responsible.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

NOTES ON C. W. BANKS AND C. H. SPURGEON.

Dear Brother Banks,—Having much of the current literature continually under my notice, I felt induced to read C. H. Spurgeon's *Life and Work to his Forty-third Birthday*, by G. J. Stevenson, M. A. (1877). Passmore and Alabaster, which, in a literary point of view, is an excellently well-written work, and no doubt highly interesting to thousands of Spurgeon-loving people. In this work, I notice honourable mention is made of your editorial labours in connection with the *Christian Cabinet*, in which Mr. Spurgeon, in his early ministerial career, took considerable interest in supplying a series of articles on theological subjects, which you may like to have reiterated, calling forth to your memory the many pleasurable seasons enjoyed in associ-

tion with the divines and *literati* of nearly a quarter of a century since. Allow me to say, what is clearly patent to all lovers of sound Gospel truth, that, although there is a great amount of originality in Mr. Spurgeon's style of preaching, and in the substance of his discourses is developed much good plain common sense, which is a blessing in these days of inglorious confusion ; also long and short snatches here and there of sound doctrine and soul experience, yet, like the cow, having given a good pail of milk, it is not unfrequently kicked over and spoiled by the introduction of sentiment scarcely compatible with the whole analogy of Divine truth. However, it may be said, without doing an injustice to any, that Mr. Spurgeon is much more orthodox than many of the "cloth" that sail under his colours. Mr. Stevenson notes, respecting Mr. Spur-

geon's coming of age, on June 19, 1855, that, "at that period, the first attempt to issue a penny weekly newspaper was made by Mr. C. W. Banks, and the *Christian Cabinet* was a very spirited publication. The value of a pure and cheap press was fully appreciated by Mr. Spurgeon, who generously furnished an article for the columns of that serial during nearly the whole of its first year's existence. The writer (continues Mr. Stevenson) has preserved a set of those papers, chiefly for the interesting and useful articles written by Mr. Spurgeon. They have not been noticed by any one previously, but they contain information which should some day be republished. They show a clear and sound judgment on many public events passing more than twenty years ago, and they are the first buddings of that genius which has since ripened so fully, and yielded such an abundant harvest of rich mental food. The books which have since come from Mr. Spurgeon's pen are equally marvelous for their number, variety, and usefulness, and some of them have had most unprecedented large sales. The first printed article from his pen, which appeared in No. 1 of the *Christian Cabinet*, was entitled 'The Pleasures of Religion.' This was followed by one inquiring what was the use of a bishop. In that issue of the paper Mr. Spurgeon remarked that he 'reads the newspaper to see how his heavenly Father governs the world.' In July of this year, 1855, he paid a visit to Scotland, and a lively description of his congregation and preaching is printed in the *Cabinet*. While the youthful minister was sojourning in Scotland, he wrote to the *Cabinet* "Hints on Preaching," which appeared in two successive issues. These were followed by 'A Sketch of the Life of Benjamin Keach,' and articles describing his visit to the orphan houses of Mr. Müller, at Bristol" (*vide pp. 36, 37*). Mr. Gould, a resident of Loughton, a village on the borders of Epping Forest and adjacent to Waltham Abbey, was the chief instrument in getting Mr. Spurgeon from his little Church at Waterbeach to preach at New Park-street, London. Mr. Gould I knew from a lad, as he used to visit the General Baptist chapel in which I was first instructed in the letter of truth. On one occasion, shortly after Mr. Spurgeon had settled in his new London Church, he went to preach at Loughton, and as Mr. Gould was about to convey him either to or from chapel, I am hardly sure which, Mr. Spurgeon was requested to jump into the chaise which was there in readiness for him, which he

did, and when comfortably seated, Mr. Gould, who was a very portly man, jumped in also rather suddenly, sending Mr. Spurgeon sprawling into the road, when the youthful preacher cried out, "Oh! Gould, you are too heavy!" He, however, soon recovered himself, without receiving any serious harm. A short time after the Surrey Gardens catastrophe, Mr. Spurgeon came to preach in the Strict Baptist chapel, College-lane (then Water-lane), Cheshunt, and, singular enough, he had only a very few persons to hear him, everybody thinking the chapel would be crowded to excess. Consequently he had to preach to an exceedingly small audience; and as soon as he got into the pulpit he began to feel himself cramped up, and with his usual bluntness called it "A tub of a thing." Some time after I heard you preach for the first time in my life, and there was an excellent congregation, but was greatly annoyed at the ill-behaviour of several of Lady Huntingdon's students, who evidently gave open proof of their great dislike to the doctrinal sentiments then advanced by you. This, methinks, would not have been the case with their predecessors, who were more staunch in the truth than the college lads of a later age. Being in great soul-treouble at the time, I had purposed coming to hear you, having read the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, *Christian Cabinet*, &c., I thought that you would by your sermon determine whether I was a child of God or not. Such was my belief of your powerful ministry; but the Lord greatly disappointed me on this occasion by showing me that I was looking to the creature for spiritual liberty, instead of the Creator. I have, however, heard you with considerable soul-profit since. Mr. Spurgeon preached the college anniversary some time after, when the collegians, of course, behaved themselves wisely, although he preached to them the same sermon he had given his people at the Tabernacle the Sunday previous, from the text, "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" (2 Tim. ii. 3). This sermon was doubtless new to many. But this kind of dealing out sermons at second-hand may be considered pardonable to all but to the hard-working Strict Baptists. Wishing you great success in your work and labour of love,

I am, yours in Christ,  
W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

[We purpose to supplement Mr. Winters's paper with a brief review of the rise and progress of the Penny *Christian Press*.—ED.]

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.—“The perfection of impossibility” is given as the true meaning of the camel going through the eye of a needle, spoken of by our Lord, in a sermon by Mr. Wm. Crowther, bearing the title of *Impossibilities* (R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street). This sermon is strongly recommended to the notice of rich, proud, covetous men. If some we know would read it, and the Lord would bless it to their souls, we should, on their behalf, praise God. Mr. Crowther shows how God has proved that with Him nothing is impossible. It is a wise and well-argued Gospel discourse.—*Corporate Unity and the True Unity of Christ's Body*. The rural dean of Ipswich, S. Garratt, M.A., gives us two small books on the present invisible existence of Christ's mystic body, the Church. He plainly declares that neither the English, the Romish, or the Greek establishments are the Church. Neither is any denomination nor all the Churches, so called, put together “the Church which is Christ's body.” Mr. Garratt issues these discourses to oppose the efforts of the “Order of Corporate Re-union,” whose aim is to unite all to Rome, and abolish Nonconformity altogether. We must keep our eyes open, for schemes and societies are in operation to bring us all into bondage. The apostasy is called the Church, but it is a false, a dangerous, a wicked delusion.—*Salem Chapel and Sunday School Record*. As soon as we opened this No. 1, vol. i., who should we see but William Flack, looking with all his eyes straight at us. “What, William!” (said the mind's voice inside) “is that you?” No answer. “Ah! William, there was a time when you knew us, and came often to see us, and often we came to see thee; but those days are left behind, and for many years we have neither seen nor heard much of thee, thou highly-favoured William Flack!” Since the days of William Huntington and William Allen, few men have glided more mercifully down the gentle streams of a bountiful Providence than has the pastor of Salem Baptist Church, Wilton-square, New North-road, London. This new weekly paper, *The Salem Record*, is a good idea, composed and printed in a neat and pleasing manner, and to Mr. Flack's numerous friends will be quite a treat.—*Israel's Watchman* for March brings some of the best speeches delivered at the Mildmay Conference. There were ventilations of prophetic truth at those meetings, more honest than can be discovered in many places in these days of speculative heresy.

In *Cheering Words* for March we have shewn that Earl Shaftesbury's trumpet gave both a certain and a warning sound.—Truth is not quite trodden down yet. *The Rock* (penny weekly Protestant journal), with thunder, roars against all zig-zag priestly workings, and with lightning flashes, discovers the growing Jesuitical plans of the cloaked enemies of our blessed Lord.—*The Gospel Magazine* gives us the following choice morsel: “Bishop Hall's Prayer for the Spiritual Reign of Christ in his Heart: ‘Oh, my Saviour, while others weary themselves with the disquisition of Thy personal reign here upon earth for a thousand years, let it be the whole bent and study of my soul to make sure of my personal reign with Thee in heaven to all eternity! Amen.’”—*The Baptist* ventures to infer that “Cardinal Manning either thought he should be, or that he ought to be, the new Pope; and as only one cardinal voted for him he is much grieved.” As a man, Dr. Manning is a clever scholar, and full of devotional feeling. The fact of his allying himself with such a system of gaudy idolatries is a standing witness to prove that, like Saul of Tarsus, multitudes of the most advanced scholars vainly and falsely think they are doing God service by upholding a system which has no authority in the Word of God, which is opposed to that Divine and unchanging announcement the Saviour gave, “God is a Spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” From the cardinal down to the learned Notts minister who has pushed out his discourse on “The Fall and the Atonement,” it is clear that all these naturally gifted sons are departing from the revelation which the Lord Himself has given to His Church. Of “seducing spirits” let us all be afraid!—The impending downfall of Roman Catholicism is predicted in *The Nation's Glory Leader*, edited by that popular lecturer and author, Edward Hine. Romanism is a mountainous erection, and its fall will be more terrific than its continuance has been long and dreadful.—In *Messiah's Witness* (Houlston), the editor, E. Poulson, Esq., has commenced a series of articles on the Creation and the Deluge, to prove that Moses has given us more genuine philosophy in one verse of Genesis than is contained in whole volumes of modern speculations. These articles in *Messiah's Witness* will be, we anticipate, of sterling and reliable character.—*The Doctrine of Substitution, Whence is it? From Heaven, or of Men?* By Robert Jobson (London: James Spiers, 36, Bloomsbury-street, who also sends a

tract on *The Apparent Contradictions of Scripture Reconciled*).—"The Horrors of War," in picture and print, and a bold likeness of the African traveller, Stanley, will be found in *Hand and Heart*, where also you have "The Poor Boys of England," who are going out to face the dangers of the sea, and of foreign foes. Oh, pray for them!

Another Paul in Macedonia. Mr. Baxter gives us the history of "Ivancho Tonjoroff," a genuine convert from the Greek Church, which is as bad as the Roman Catholic Church for worshipping pictures, images, and superstitious ceremonies. Tonjoroff was born in 1844, in Bulgaria, and was most rigidly trained to the idolatries of the Greek school. Now without any instrumentality at the first, the Spirit of the living God secretly worked in his heart the deep persuasion that before the Almighty he was a sinner, and to get free from all these horrors and terrors, he said many prayers, bowed before the holy pictures, and sought for Divine forgiveness. His priest cried out, "My son, thy sins are forgiven unto thee!" But this did not remove his sense of guilt, nor satisfy his longing soul. He dreaded sleep, his health gave way, and he was full of misery and sorrow. He was led gradually from one condition of soul to another. Read his own words:—"Upon the bed of sickness all my sins began to gather over my head. They all stood before me like mountains, and I began to tremble. My sins, death, judgment, and hell, were all that I could think of. Ah, only the dying sinner knows the woefulness of such an hour. Under such a terrible burden of guilt I was enabled to cry for mercy; and on the night of my troubled spirit the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings. I looked at sin, and it seemed very hateful. I was helped to look to Jesus, and, lo, He was more beautiful than ten thousands. I looked upon sinners and could clearly see their eternal doom in 'the fire that is not quenched and the worm that will not die.'" After his recovery he went forth to tell the people of our Lord Jesus Christ, God's eternal Son, and the Substitute in suffering, in sacrifice and death for all His people. But he says, "The persecutions of the Greek Church against me were fearful. I have been often beaten with stones and sticks. I have been twice imprisoned—last time I was taken from my table, imprisoned in five different places, and at last at Salonica, where my life would soon have been lost if the English consul, Mr. J. Blunt, had not interfered to deliver me.

I also have to thank Mr. Michailidis, the preacher to the Greeks at Salonica, who became bail for me; and also to Mr. P. Chosbie, who took me from prison to his house, and, with his good wife, cared for me as for their own child, for two weeks, before I could go back to my family. All these things were done by the Turkish authorities, incited by the Greek Church. I should have been imprisoned every year, from 1863 till 1877, had I not paid some money every year, in the way of fine. The preaching of the Gospel has been wonderfully blessed for the good of my poor people. By changing the hearts of the sinners and their lives, it has also changed many a little hell into many a little heaven. The purifying and elevating power of the Word of God has been clearly manifested in many a Greek home." Tonjoroff is now in England. We hope to have better news to give of him, and of his work for the Lord, who plucked him as a brand out of many a fire.

*Hezekiah's Song of Thanksgiving.* A sermon by Mr. George Davis, of Woodbridge chapel, Clerkenwell (London: R. Banks). Often have we wondered to what order of preachers this Mr. G. Davis belonged. We never saw or heard him; but at length we have such a little gem of sound and spiritual teaching as discovers exactly the orbit in which he dwells. Though at some distance from Joseph Hart and William Huntington, yet it is in their line of things our brother Davis travels. We have made an extract for our little *Cheering Words*.

*Noblesse Oblige. A Noble Army and a Holy War* (London: Dyer Brothers, 24, Paternoster-square). The works of iniquity, even in this evangelised country, are deep and fearful to contemplate. This remarkable volume comes forth from a noble army of enterprising workers, whose holy aim is to rescue the fallen, and to raise them up. Any effort to lessen the woes of a sunken humanity should have the sympathies and prayers of all who fear the Lord.

*The Fall and the Atonement.* Surely the writer must be one of the fallen angels; only having been trained and polished at one of the Unitarian Universities he has been sent forth to deceive all who may be caught in his net.

In *The Banner of Israel* the Eastern Question is decided in a manly and Christian tone. Baldwin Brown, and other ministers, are discussing the war question in their pulpits, telling the people "there is nothing to fear." A spirit of delusion is trying hard to sink this nation below its dignity and power.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

ANNUAL MEETING  
OF THE  
METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF  
STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

The day selected for annual meeting of this Association turned out to be one of the brightest days in the month of March (12), and the place, Zion chapel, New Cross-road, Deptford, in which it was held, does great honour to all persons connected with its construction, as well as to the Strict Baptist body in general. In the morning at eleven, the united prayer meeting of the associated Churches was held, the Vice-President, Mr. J. L. Meeres, in the chair. Prayer, interspersed with short and appropriate hymns, was offered by brethren Wilcox, Winters, Ponder, Sears, Foster, C. Wilson, Wilson the younger, Woodard, and others.

Mr. Meeres spoke briefly on the pleasure he had realised during the happy and profitable service from the lovable tone of prayers offered to Almighty God, and closed with the benediction. In the afternoon the officers of Association and delegates met in the vestry to hear the annual transactions of society read by the Hon. Sec., Mr. John Box, whose genial nature and assiduous labours in connection with the society have won for him honourable reputation. Report of meetings, letters, and statistics from associated Churches bore forcible expression of the healthiness of the Association. Since its establishment in March, 1871, it has done considerable good to many Churches needing help, which, to all human appearance, could not have gained the position they now hold without it. By the printed circular before me, I am informed that the sympathy evinced in connection with the appeal made at their last annual meeting in Mount Zion chapel, Hill-street, in March, 1877, the liberal response of a large number of friends present, resulted in a list of annual subscriptions of five shillings, half-a-guinea, and a guinea, which amounted in the whole to £50. The capital of this fund now reached £300. It is stated that, until this sum is increased to ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, no material benefit can possibly accrue therefrom to those Churches whose circumstances call loudly for assistance. Mr. John Hazelton preached an excellent sermon from Matt. xl. 28.

In the evening, the President of the Association, Mr. J. S. Anderson, occupied the chair, stating that this was the seventh anniversary of the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches. Founded in 1871, it had steadily grown in the affections of the Churches. The speaker gave an epitome of his ministerial career during the last twenty-one years, and testified warmly of his unchanged principles of faith, that he was the same man that night theologically and ecclesiastically, and while he showed his disapprobation of the harsh and uncouth method

adopted by some persons in preaching truth, he intended to preach it in love. Mr. Box read the report. Mr. G. W. Shepherd spoke on "The Church the Depository of Truth." Mr. C. Wilson moved a vote of thanks to the president, deacons, and ladies for the excellent manner in which they had provided for the temporal wants and comforts enjoyed through the day, seconded by Mr. Mote, supported by Mr. Box. Mr. J. Griffith addressed the meeting on "The Light of the World." Mr. Box spoke on the "Loan Fund" of the Association, which he considered its "back bone." Mr. W. H. Evans gave an interesting speech on "The Salt of the Earth." Mr. Woodard gave words of encouragement to the members of the Association, and proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Box for his generous help to the Association, which was seconded by Mr. G. Webb, and unanimously expressed by the congregation. Mr. Box acknowledged the same. The meeting closed with the hymn beginning thus:—

"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."

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey,  
March 13, 1878.

## "WALKING ABOUT ZION."

Dr. Stock's speech on Dissent includes a heavy blow on hyperism, and gives Andrew Fuller the honour of inaugurating the great missionary enterprise. Andrew's first pastorate was at Solam, which he fulfilled for about 5s. per week. Andrew Fuller commenced his ministry at Kettering, in 1782. The long list of pastoral resignations shews the ministry at present to be a very changeable, if not unsuccessful, office. Our loving friend, Mr. Cracknell, would be thankful if the Lord would bring him back to the South, and settle him over a happy people.

Dr. Stock's essay on the dry rot of hyperism is quite in accordance with the spirit of our age. Very highly they exalt the missionary triumphs; but we ask the unprejudiced, the common sense thinking man, "Are we better than the idolaters to whom we send our missionaries?" We have, in our suburban corner, over fifty churches and chapels; from their continued "filling the shops and streets" with announcements of musical entertainments and semi-theatrical amusements, we conclude that by the pure worship of God, and by the preaching of the Gospel, this cannot obtain sufficient support, hence, they appeal to the public through the medium of their most miserable performances. The whole system of religious profession is crumbling into the dust of carnal excitement.

"No Deacon nor Hired Pastor" thinks Mr. Hazlerigg should "let dear Septimus rest quietly now." A serious wound was inflicted. Was it justifiable? We have read the papers written by Mr. Sears, previous to his death, but we only now express our sorrow at the fearful persecution.

Huntington once thought his preaching would purge out all hypocrites; he found out his mistake. The conceits and contrivances of men may wound and trample down many a poor soul over whom Satan has gained a temporary victory; but the conceits of men—rich though they be—will never make a perfect society on this earth. "A Friend to the Testimonial" asks, "Where, what is South Hackney?" and "What are you doing there?" Answer deferred. We have been tempted to print some of the letters we receive continually from afflicting and distressing cases, but we forbear. Through friends, we are nearly every day helping to alleviate the sufferings of many. Willenhall confirms our thoughts; but let such foes face us. Our brother Messer has for weeks been unwell. We hope he will soon be out again. We know the aged must retire from the busy harvest field here; but, when a man has been fifty years flying hither and thither upon the wings of faith and love, sounding out the joyful trump of salvation, he feels it hard to be silent. Look at Christopher Woollacott, Charles Stovell, Phillip, of Allie-street, Chas. Box, and others, how they linger on the brink, and almost wish (literally) their youth could be renewed as the eagles. "A Tattered Pensioner" only longs to read his title clear, and then to be at home with all the redeemed. "The Testimonial" has stirred up a fiendish jealousy. Post-cards are being sent to do mischief. From this source we have endured a martyrdom. We will seek for a patient resignation. Samuel Foster asketh if we have read Septimus Sears. Indeed we have. That paper written by Septimus proves much. A contemplation on "Micah's Malady and his Medicine." Alas, sirs! some of us are like Paul, the more we strive to love and serve those who profess to be the disciples of Christ, the more fiercely flows the flame. At Coverdale anniversary, March 5, there was a demonstration of much blessedness. Mr. Holden was president. He is expected to preach there for some time. Brethren Geo. Elven, Isaac Levinsohn, and some of the leading itinerants, delivered spiritual addresses. "Pastor Huxham," saith the writer, has been well heard at Burgh-le-Marsh and Monksthorpe. He is quite the choice of some of these Lincolnshire people. They think his home in the future will be at Burgh. Dear fellow! we remember his coming to us at Plymouth. He was preparing stuff for removing. At Cheltenham and Hayes, doors were opened for him. Then in London and Borough Green the dear man worked hard. Now, in the wealthy pastures of Lincolnshire, we trust he will find a settled rest, have the Lord's blessing, build up the broken walls of Zion, and after twenty or thirty years of prosperity there, like Nehemiah, cry out (as he may be about to leave all behind), "Think

upon me, O God, for good, according to all that I have done for this people." We wish Master Huxham, his happy wife, and all the true followers of Jesus in Lincolnshire, the richest of all new covenant-meries. We hope to know very soon that our friends there are all happy united in one blessed Gospel fold. Since 1801, London has grown in population from one million to four millions. We are surrounded by immense masses of immortal souls, and yet, with few exceptions, our churches and chapels are not filled. Infidelity grows rapidly. How we sigh in our soul, and wonder what can be done.

#### THE LATE MR. SEPTIMUS SEARS.

A correspondent says:—"We received 'The Little Gleaner.' I knew Mr. Septimus Sears when he was only 23 years of age, as Clifton is not far from where I was brought up—I mean Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire. When I first knew Mr. Sears, he was a great cripple, being supported and suspended up by irons from the head to the feet. He was so for many years. I think he was not more than 21 years of age when he came out in the ministry; and a choice minister he was—indeed, a notable miracle was wrought upon him. That dear young man had a withered hand; how long he had it I cannot say. One day the words came with Divine power unto him, 'Stretch forth thy withered hand, and it shall be restored whole unto thee, even as the other.' He, by faith in God, did so; he stretched his withered hand out, and it was restored whole like unto the other. That was when he was a young man, not long before I knew him. That was a miracle indeed. I believe that he has been able to walk at large for many years past. I should like to have his Life. I read it many years ago. My relatives had it when I went down to Biggleswade; but they are now gone to their heavenly rest. It was a beautiful book he wrote when he first came out in the ministry; a deep book, and most interesting. He has had some bitter foes. Oh, what a dear faithful minister has to contend with! But he is now gone beyond all his cruel enemies."

[We hope the whole Life, and a Review, of the labours of Mr. Septimus Sears, will be published.—ED.]

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—We had a pleasant second anniversary at Providence, in Meyrick-road, March 12, 1878. Mr. W. Crowther gave us the Gospel in a sacred spirit, and presided over the evening meeting. On the platform we observed the brethren Messer, Ponsford, H. Hall, C. Cornwell, Curtis, Lawrence, C. W. Banks, and Mitchell. Mr. Clark gave a faithful report of the progress of this new cause. Our brother Phillips, of Malden, has been very helpful to us, and cheered our hearts on this occasion. Alderman Osborn, of Banbury, W. Sack, Walter James, and quite a little knot of the truth-seekers came to wish us prosperity.

### A CRITICAL HEARER AND A FIRM SUPPORTER OF THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

[What an expressive inscription to write over the biography of a good man! The following beautiful testimony we commend to the careful notice of all our readers. In Melbourne and its suburbs there are nearly twenty Baptist Churches. Our brother W. Cuttle, of the Victoria-parade Church, is well-beloved by all who appreciate a true and righteous Gospel minister.—Ed.]

**MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS.**—The Lord hath taken to Himself the soul of our dear brother Wm. Stephens. He died on Saturday morning, Sept. 15, at his residence, Gore-street, Fitzroy, after an illness of twelve days' duration. He was well known to many of your readers in England, who will be interested to know of the solemn event.

He was called to a saving knowledge of the truth under Mr. John Stevens, at Salem, in 1837, and was baptized and united with the Church there in the following year. On the death of Mr. Stevens, our brother, together with his dear wife, joined the Church under the pastorate of Mr. Wyard, and remained a consistent, zealous worker in that part of the vineyard until 1852, when he left for Australia. For several years he was deacon in the Church under the care of our brother Ward, then united to the Church at George-street, under the pastorate of our dear departed brother Bryant. On the death of brother Bryant, a large number seceded from the Church for the truth's sake (among whom was our brother Stephens), and formed a Church under the pastorate of Mr. William Cuttle. The amalgamation of this and the Ebenezer Particular Baptist Church was consummated upwards of three years ago, and during the greater portion of that time brother Stephens had been a deacon.

Our brother's religion was made manifest to the world in his business relations, wherein he won the esteem and respect of all with whom he was associated. As a Church member he was consistent, benevolent, of a very cheerful disposition, a critical hearer, and a firm supporter of the truth in love. As a deacon he used the office well, zealous, patient, regular, and devoted to the cause. For some days after he was taken ill, he thought the Lord would raise him up again; but the rapid progress of the disease (inflammation of the lungs) soon dispelled this idea, and it became apparent to us all that our brother was fast approaching the Jordan of death. It had been his fear while in health that when he was brought to a death-bed, he would be sorely tried by the adversary; but his fears were entirely removed. The grace of God was manifested in completely silencing the enemy. He frequently exclaimed, "He is a tempting devil, but he has no power over me." When asked on one occasion how he felt, he exclaimed, "It's all square. I'm safe on the Rock; near the brink, but on the Rock." When asked if

he could leave all, he said, "Oh, yes; I know the Lord will take care of my dear wife."

His condition rendered it necessary to restrict any visitations to a few minutes' duration; consequently, no lengthened conversation could be held with him; but the few words he could utter were pregnant with meaning, and will long live in the memories of those who heard them. He repeated portions of many hymns, No. 938 being a favourite with him. The words, "My precious Jesus," were often on his lips. His last words, uttered a few minutes before his decease, were, "Jesus lived and died for me."

His remains were followed to their resting-place by the majority of the Church members, besides a very large number of friends. Our brother Mr. Cuttle officiated at the house. Brother Ward, his oldest friend in the colony, spoke to the friends round the grave. We then sung a hymn, and after prayer by brother Cuttle, we parted. We trust to meet again in a happier scene. As a Church, we mourn the loss of a worthy officer, but we are comforted in the thought that the shock of corn was fully ripe, and has been gathered in by the great Gardener.

Our deceased brother was well known to Mr. McCure, who can testify to his hospitable treatment of any of the Lord's family who were brought in contact with him, and of his unwearying labours in the cause of God and truth.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly in covenant bonds, W.

Melbourne, Oct. 8rd, 1877.

To Mr. C. W. Banks.

[Sincerely do we thank our brother, Mr. W. Wilson, for the foregoing excellent memoir.]

### "WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

The ninth anniversary of the opening of Hayes Tabernacle was celebrated Wednesday, March 13, 1878, when the hospitable mansion of John Wild, Esq. ("The Limes"), was thrown open to welcome those ministers and friends who had come from London and other parts to rejoice with the pastor and people who worship the God of their fathers in that substantial and comfortable house of prayer, "The Tabernacle at Hayes, in Middlesex."

The president of the Strict Baptist Association, Mr. J. S. Anderson, of New Cross, preached an able sermon, a separate note of which we hope to give.

In the spacious schoolrooms, a large company of friends enjoyed a ten of bountiful proportions; Mr. Bardens, the minister, Mr. and Mrs. Wild, the Misses Wild, Mr. John Gregory, and all the Tabernacle leaders, waiting upon and supplying their guests in a genial and happy manner.

E. Harris, Esq., presided at the public meeting, the platform being filled with such an army of strong-built, bold, and eloquent preachers, as led one to think it will be a long day ere the sturdy defenders of New Testament doctrines, ordinances, and privileges



will become extinct. Mr. Harris conducted the meeting in a cheerful, Christian tone, simply introducing each speaker with grateful and well-chosen words.

Mr. Thomsett, the Artillery-street pastor, went to the throne of grace, pleading for the Divine presence; he also delivered an address on the one great theme—the salvation of the Church by a Triune Jehovah. Our venerable father Ponsford struck the keynote of the everlasting covenant. Mr. James Griffith, of Hope chapel, on “The Goodwill of Him that Dwelt in the Bush,” was most delightful in showing the goodwill of the Son of God in coming to save the poor lost sons of men. Mr. John Bonney gave us his heart’s desire for a continuance of prosperity. A little table of useful varieties was set out by J. S. Anderson; but, for simplicity and godly sincerity, for heart-truth and holy confidence, E. Beazley excelled. A well-spoken testimony to the essence of the Gospel was given by Mr. Humphreyson, calling up the attention of all with hope. The pastor, R. C. Bardens—the sweet Apollos of our times—flew to the highest heavens; while the question, “Where are the Nine?” was canvassed by C. W. Banks, who, for fear of occupying too much time, said but little. He may be tempted to try again.

All the audience sung well, smiled gratefully, and left reluctantly.

**C L A P H A M.**—Rehoboth chapel. Tuesday, Feb. 19, meetings for opening new schoolrooms were held. Mr. Shepherd preached; many were comforted and encouraged by the discourse. A bountiful tea was provided by the ladies. At the public meeting C. Wilson, Esq., presided. Mr. Meadows sought the Divine blessing. Mr. Mundy (the superintendent) read the report. The total cost of schoolroom was £140. The chairman urged the importance of securing the children, and giving them pure and truthful teaching. We were responsible for what we taught, but could not be answerable for results. He presented the superintendent with a handsome Bible subscribed for by the teachers, which Mr. Mundy acknowledged. Brother Nugent gave an acceptable address. Mr. Palmer spoke as a Sunday school man, delivering a telling speech replete with anecdote. Samuel Banks (representing his father, who was engaged at Hayes) spoke in favour of Sabbath schools, giving a word of advice to teachers and parents, urging them (the teachers) to “open the door for the children,” and to work as though all depended upon themselves, yet knowing for certain that they could do nothing; to God alone belonged the power, and to Him be the glory. The collection reached £10 18s. 8d., the chairman subscribing liberally. Mr. Shepherd spoke with much clearness and ability from the words, “I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven for His name’s sake.” The exhortation and the benediction by the chairman closed a favoured season.

S. B.

### HEAD JUST ABOVE WATER.

I hope you will permit me to wish you a happy year even to the end, with a full cup of joy from the presence of the Lord. I think the VESSEL becomes more welcome to me than ever; especially do I look for your own jottings, which contain the riches of your matured faith and experience in the way of God. I always feel them good, and thank God you are still spared in this land which is not our rest; but how, at times, we try to make it so. If we were not weaned from it by suffering, and purged in the fire, how its vile alloy, its dross and dung would gather upon us! and how deep, at times, we should sink beneath the waves of its trouble! If the blessed hand of our Jesus was not reached out to help and strengthen our fainting hope and faith, where should we be?

“Fear not, it is I; be not afraid!” How those gracious words have scattered the clouds from our heart, and shown us the way of life! Down at the gates of death we have sat, bemoaning our sad and desolate condition, weary, and faint, and ready to die; but the Lord of life has whispered in our ear, spoken in our heart, those blessed words, “Rise up, My love, and come away: for I am thy Resurrection and thy Life: I was dead, but am alive again, and live for evermore!” Ah, we must know Him in death, and have fellowship with Him in suffering, or how shall we apprehend the power of His resurrection? We must die, we must live, to be the children of light and know the spiritual revealings of His love as He is the Son of God with power. I feel more and more ashamed of my wretched emptiness in heavenly things.

The past year has been a year of humbling and proving; such a year in all my course I never knew, and such a year of signal deliverances I never experienced; deep waters, almost overhead; expecting all lost; crosses, perplexity, afflictions, persecutions, fightings within, and fears and doubts without number; but having obtained help I continue to this day, in hope that, if it please God, trade and times will mend, and the days of darkness will cease, and my way be more clear. We must wait; in His own time He will come forth.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

**WALWORTH-ROAD.**—Quarterly tea and public meeting of Excelsior Band of Hope was held at York-street, Tuesday, February 26. Over 200 children took tea. At public meeting Mr. Golding presided, who said he had been a teetotaler 26 years. W. Beddow prayed. Mr. Follett spoke on the last rule of the society—namely, the importance of bringing others. Good recitations by the children. One girl recited the whole of Matthew xx., and three or four others shorter portions. Fully sixty valuable prizes, Bibles and other good books, were given by Mr. Searle. Mr. Beddow gave a short address on the influence of girls and boys. Several friends from the tabernacle favoured us with their company.—W. B.

**THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR.  
THOMAS RITSON,  
Baptist Minister in Bilston and  
elsewhere.**

"The memory of the just is blessed." When the good hand of the Lord is seen in calling a saved sinner to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and when his message is blest to the ingathering of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, then, when the Lord takes that saved sinner home, he is remembered with affection and esteem.

It is an unspeakable mercy for the Church of God to know there will be a continuation of faithful watchmen on the walls of Zion until the end. We desire to give a brief record of the saving power of grace in the life and death of Mr. Thomas Ritson, who was upheld by the mercy of the Lord. Not one thing did fail of all the Lord God had promised.

Our departed friend and brother, Thomas Ritson, was born in 1807, at Liverpool. He was in his early days with the Wesleyans, and became their chapel keeper, in the village of Fernhead, Lancashire. The fame of W. Gadsby had spread abroad in the towns and villages of that county; even the Wesleyans were anxious to hear this wonderful preacher. Our departed brother went one night to hear him preach Christ's Gospel. The preacher, with boldness and clearness, showed plainly how salvation was of grace, and not of works. That sermon (in the hands of the Holy Spirit) was the means of setting him at liberty; he was delivered from under the law and thus became the Lord's freeman. One of the class leaders was present at the same service. Seeing brother Ritson, the class leader said, on their way home, "If you tell of me, I will tell of you." They agreed to keep silent. Mr. Ritson heard of one old woman who understood the doctrine of distinguishing grace; he sought her out, and was greatly profited by her conversations. The Lord has various ways of bringing His children to see a precious Christ as their sin-bearer, constraining them to cast in their lot with the poor and despised of this world. When the Lord brought Mr. Ritson into the large place he could no longer stay with the Wesleyans; his theme was, "By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." He was baptized by Mr. Gadsby in a large piece of water, before a great company of people, including the squire of the district, who admitted, after the service, that baptism by immersion was the only Scriptural mode.

In the year 1837 he became a member of the Church at Warrington. The Lord worked mightily by his ministry. He became greatly in request by the various Churches in Lancashire, and in other parts. His labours were blessed to the conversion of the pastor of the Baptist Church, Frederick-street, Birmingham, and the formation of a Strict Baptist Church in that place. Our departed brother was well acquainted with Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Kershaw, and other good men who have entered into rest.

About 30 years ago he came into the Black Country, was a very acceptable supply, and was heard with pleasure and profit.

In October, 1858, in prayerful dependence upon the Lord, the Church and congregation now worshipping at Bethesda Baptist chapel, Bilston, was commenced. Brother Ritson was the first preacher, his sermon is not forgotten. The friends have cheered themselves by the recollection of that Sabbath morning's discourse on "Is not the Lord gone out before you?" For years he has laboured among the Churches at Bilston, Willenhall, Coppice, Old Hill, Oldbury, and in other places. His health had been failing for some time. The last night he was permitted to be about with the family he sung:—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Dear Jesus, set me free:  
And to Thy glory take me in,  
For there I long to be!"

For five weeks he was confined to his bed, unable to speak much; yet greatly supported. Broken sentences were repeatedly heard, which showed his mind was stayed upon the Lord. The doctrines he had preached were his stay and support to the end. The summons came to him early in the morning of February 26, 1878. Like a shock of corn was he gathered home to the garner above.

The following short account was given in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, March, 1876:—"Our Churches in the Black Country. Your old friend and brother Ritson still resides in Bilston, and has laboured in word and doctrine for many years; he has been sorely tried with heavy bodily affliction; but the Lord has been graciously supporting him. In the neighbourhood round, in this black country, he has been a shining light and a witness for the discriminating truths of the Gospel. When the time shall come for his departure, there is no doubt that he will be safely housed in the heavenly garner above."

On the Saturday following, our brother's remains were carried to the grave by devout men, who, in their minds, recalled his usefulness in their midst, and feeling sure his happy soul was now for ever with the Lord. The service was conducted by Mr. R. Howard, of Birmingham, and Mr. A. B. Hall, of Bilston, who well knew he had been a very useful servant of God.

On the Lord's-day evening, at Bethesda chapel, Bilston, a funeral sermon was preached, before a large congregation, by Mr. A. B. Hall, pastor, from the words, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season" (Job v. 26).

**A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.**

**JOYFUL WORK.**

You are glad to hear of prosperity of Zion, and growth of Redeemer's kingdom in connection with the Churches who hold the truth as it is in Jesus. Hence I give a sketch of the Lord's work at our Bethel since John Bolton's settlement at Boston. I am thankful that he is a man who lives and preaches the truth. He has been persecuted because he holds to the blessed fact that there

are Three Persons in the adorable Trinity. One member, and another man, have left us because J. B. declares the personality of the Holy Spirit in his preaching. He has never been personal or offensive in his language; still, these men are offended at the truth. Notwithstanding this, the eternal Spirit, God the Holy Ghost, hath sealed home with power the Word of grace to the hearts of many, several of whom have testified their love to, and interest in, the things that have been spoken. There has been a shaking among the dry bones. Sunday evening congregations are more than double. Nine baptized persons have joined the Church, at different times, since Mr. Bolton came to us.

Sunday evening, February 24, five other believers were publicly baptized. All had given before the Church most satisfactory evidence of their call by grace and love to the Saviour, therefore, none could forbid water that these should not be baptized. Such a congregation had not been packed within the walls of Bethel chapel since I have known it. The sermon was delivered with earnestness from the words: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Bolton then baptized three women and two men. It was a blessed time. We felt the solemnity of the service. Many wept over the scene with sacred joy. These, together with one young brother (who had been baptized at Wisbeach two years ago), were received into the Church, May 3, except one sister who was ill. Then they received the emblems which set forth the Lord's death till He come. We have re-established the Sunday school, with efficient teachers. It works well. A country preaching station has also been opened at Wyberton—a village three miles from Boston. Mr. Bolton is highly esteemed in love for his work's sake. Week evening services are held as follows:—Preaching, Tuesday evening; Prayer meeting, Thursday evening. I am sure at our prayer meetings we feel thankful for such an unction from the Holy One which pervades these assemblies. To God be all the glory. "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes." J. SHARPE.

Bethel chapel, Trinity-street, Boston.

#### THE FOUR ORPHANS AT TWO WATERS.

We have written notes from each of these dear children of the late Charles Wootton. Our sister, Mrs. Sarah Green, of Boxmoor, and her daughter, Miss Annie Green, are seeing carefully to their welfare. We have a small reserve fund, hoping to place the children out, if it seem well, in due time. C. W. Banks here gives the notes of the orphans:—

"Dear Mr. Banks,—I do not wish my brothers to go away, for I could not part with them. I am seventeen years old the 30th day of July, 1878; my name is Amelia Wootton, but I am always called Milly. I

am very thankful for your kindness to me and all of us; we are all quite well, thank God, and hope we shall continue so. With love to all, hoping the Lord will keep us from all evil our life long, with kind love to you, Mr. Banks, from yours,

"A. WOOTTON.

"Two Waters, Feb. 19, 1878."

"My dear Mr. Banks,—I am quite well, and hope you are the same. I was fourteen years old the 5th day of December, 1877, and my name is Emily Wootton. Hoping to remain yours truly,

E. WOOTTON.

"Two Waters, Feb. 18, 1878."

"Dear Mr. Banks,—I am quite well, and hope you are the same, and I thank you for your kindness towards us all. I was twelve years old the 15th day of February, 1878, and my name is Edwin Ernest Wootton. I write this with love, hoping to remain yours most truly,

E. E. WOOTTON."

"Dear Mr. Banks,—I am but a little boy, and cannot write much, but I am quite well, and hope you are well. I shall be nine years old the 18th day of May, 1878. My name is Ebenezer Wootton. I wish to remain yours truly,

E. WOOTTON."

#### "THE ANGEL STANDING IN THE SUN."

Tender-hearted Geo. Kellaway,—For your note I thank you. You are now a widower. Mourn not as one without hope, but in the strength of the Lord give yourself more fully to Him in serving those Churches who have no pastors. Our Lord God help, and bless, and spare you. Amen.

After preaching last evening from Rev. xix. 17, as I walked silently from chapel, these lines shot up in my mind:—

If I my Father's face might see,  
My soul would the most happy be;  
And to my Saviour's name I'd raise  
One grateful song of holy praise.

These spontaneous breathings after a more close, a more confident walking with God, are frequently rising up from within the deep workings of a burdened spirit. I cannot say I am ardently longing to depart. No. I am gladly willing to bear my humble testimony to the truth yet, in all places, where the Lord may direct me; but the future glories of the Son of God, and the future clearness and happiness of Gospel ministers are anticipations much in my meditations. I know you are a deep thinker on Divine subjects; hence, before you, I wish to lay a few thoughts, if the Lord will. I mean, in subsequent notes.

Meanwhile, as we hope you are coming to London, I wish to inform you that the next annual meeting of the friends of THE EARTHEN VESSEL is fixed (Providence permitting) to be holden on MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1878, in our Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney. Services all day. Your cheerful company, and that of all true friends, will be welcome to

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

March 18, 1878.

THE EARLY AND SUDDEN DEPARTURE  
OF  
MR. RICHARD MARGINSON VIALLS.

Christ said to His disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." This text prompted me to record a short account of the last days of RICHARD MARGINSON VIALLS, whose parents have been many years members of the Surrey Tabernacle. He was constant in attendance either at the Surrey Tabernacle or the Grove, Camberwell, and was strongly attached to the ministry of Mr. Bradbury.

On the evening of January 10, he called on me, and was apparently in good health; and little did we think that would be the last time we should see him alive. The following evening, on returning home, he complained of pain, and retired to bed; but, becoming much worse during the night, his parents called in medical aid early in the morning. Relief was given for a short time only, and another medical gentleman was called in. At his suggestion, the afflicted one was removed to an hospital; but with all the kind attention and all the medical skill, NOTHING COULD SAVE HIM.

He was visited by his esteemed friend, Mr. Bradbury, and expressed his regret that he was unable to say much to him. The same evening (Jan 26) he died. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." Independent of the losses in my own family, and next only to the sudden loss of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, in 1849, and that of our beloved pastor, I know of nothing that has caused me so solemnly to review the time that I have been connected with the Surrey Tabernacle.

His mother said to him on the Sunday he was taken ill, "Can you look to the Lord Jesus?" He replied, "I believe I can a little." Previously she had held conversations with him on better things, and found the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ was a favourite theme of his; though but a little talker, she believed he was a sincere seeker. Referring to a sermon by Mr. Bradbury, from the words, "I the Lord, the First, and with the last; I am He," he said, "that is a choice sermon; yes, his sermons are nice to me." He once remarked to a friend, he had felt such a load of sin on his mind, everything appeared so against him, he could not lift up his head; but one day, while in this distress, he opened the Bible on John viii., and reading, these remarkable words were brought with power to his soul: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Shortly after this, he was again listening to a sermon by Mr. Bradbury, who was speaking on the subject that all things work together for good to them that love God, etc. "Yes," said the preacher, "even the sins of God's people shall work for their good;" and truly he had found it so: for a true sense of the awfulness of sin and its effects had brought this young man to a throne of mercy to seek that pardon which only is brought home to the soul by the blood of Jesus Christ, and sweetly manifested to him by such a glorious declaration, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Well might the

apostle Paul say, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

On their way to the hospital, his mother again asked him if he could look to the Lord Jesus? He replied, "Just a little." At another visit, on inquiring if he could look upward, he replied, "Oh, mother, on that subject all is as black as night. I can feel nothing but darkness." On the morning of the day on which he died, she still anxiously inquired the state of his mind, when he replied, "Dark! dark! all is dark!" She again said, "You are looking to the Lord?" to which he replied, "There is no one but He can help me!" He said he did not wish to cause her pain, but he thought he should not recover.

"Well, my dear boy (added the weeping mother), think of the difference of your condition. No pain, no sickness, up yonder!—one song of victory!" He replied, "Ah, mother, if that were for me!" She said, "My boy, it is for those that hope in His mercy; and you have told me you had a hope in the Lord Jesus Christ." He replied, "Yes, I have; but it has been so small." She then said, "He has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me.'" He replied, "Ah, ah, how many times have I hoped that I had an interest in it, while Mr. Bradbury has spoken of the freedom from sin, and also that they shall be like Himself! Oh, what must it be to be like Him! How grandly have I heard Mr. Bradbury upon those thoughts, and how I have loved those utterances, and loved him for uttering them; and how I have hoped they were for me. Ah, mother, I could not tell you how many times his ministry has lifted me up, and then I have had a little hope, through His own promise to me, 'Neither will I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' Oh, oh, I have no other hope than in this precious Christ. Oh, such a mercy is too great for such as me!" His mother said, "But, my boy, if He has taken your sins, He has carried them all away." He replied, "Yes, yes, in that cup that He drank up! Oh, how I have thought upon what that cup contained, and that 'Nevertheless' that He uttered: what must that 'Nevertheless' have cost Him? Ah, I have been lost in the thought." Not long before his death, he said—

"Rock of ages, shelter me!  
Let me hide myself in Thee.  
Let the water and the blood"—

And then with earnestness repeated—

"Let the water and the blood"—

He could get no farther, but said, "I have not another hope but in Himself;" and a short time after he exclaimed, "Oh, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? Mother, mother, He must have forsaken me!" The last words he was heard to say were, "Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus!" Thus was the anticipations of his dear parents cut off in a few hours. To a certain extent their hopes had been centred in him; but

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

He was buried by Mr. Bradbury at Nun-

head, on February 4, when he intimated he should make a few remarks respecting this young man on the following Sunday morning. It was my happy privilege to be one of his hearers; and the text was 1 John iii. 2. I had one of those glorious seasons it is not my lot often to enjoy. May God in His infinite mercy grant that this solemn event may be the means of awakening many young persons in our midst, sanctify the loss to his parents, and help us to deeply sympathise with them; and to His name we will ascribe all the glory.

Yours in the Gospel,  
E. W. SYMS.

**CAMDEN TOWN.—CAMDEN LECTURE HALL.**—The Sunday school connected with the Church worshipping in the above place, held an interesting meeting on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13th. By the kindness of friends, an excellent tea was provided for the scholars, after which a most enjoyable meeting took place. Mr. Brown, who has lately supplied for the Church, kindly presided. The blessing of God having been asked upon the meeting, Mr. Brown made some pleasing and profitable remarks, which were received with much pleasure by all present; following this, the scholars recited their pieces, which had been assigned to them by their teachers, in a very efficient manner. Some sweet hymns were also sung, including the much-admired and favourite one, "Glory to Thee, O God, this night." Those scholars who had been regular in attendance during the year were awarded prizes. The scholars of the 1st class (boys) presented their late teacher, Mr. C. J. Burrows, with a handsome inkstand, which was accompanied with many loving wishes for his welfare. Mr. Burrows, in return, spoke some kind words to them for the appreciation of his labours, and for the love they had manifested to him from time to time. The collection went to the school fund. A vote of thanks was given to the chairman, after which the benediction was pronounced, which brought to a close this happy meeting.

**MASBORO', NEAR SHEFFIELD.**—We have had a delightful service. Brother Elam baptized the wife of brother Haddow, and received her into Church fellowship with us. Trying times are upon us, and many are passing through deep waters. Having met with no response in our appeals to the Strict Baptists of the country, we find it heavy work, but our chapel stands as the home of all who love the pure and glorious Gospel of the sovereign grace of God, Divine election, predestination to the adoption of children, particular redemption through the blood of Christ our Lord, and the heavenly calling of our souls to grace and faith by the Spirit of our God, with His final preservation of our souls in faith, holiness, and fruitfulness to eternal life. This Gospel is fully and faithfully preached at Masboro', and is manifested in the life and conduct of our members, though not without sufferings, temptations, and tears.

## OUR CITIES IN THE NORTH, AND THE DISTRESS IN SOUTH WALES.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—A kind friend sent me a large present of clothing, so firmly sewn up, that I did not open it, but which, I doubt not, contained many useful articles, and which I have sent to John Thomas, near Merthyr Tydvil. Up to date, none of the readers of the VESSEL have responded to my appeal.

You ask for some account of the Gospel in the North. You could scarcely inquire of any one less capable of giving an answer than myself. I have long observed that Gospel truth is but little received or loved in the large population of Lancashire. Liverpool, with a population of 300,000, has only one place of truth in it, and even that is but poorly attended, and in which sad dispersions have and still exist. Manchester is more highly favoured. The good old cause in Rochdale-road is well attended by a Gospel-loving people, while Mr. Taylor, and his God-fearing deacons and people, are at peace among themselves—a privilege that cannot be too highly prized, when we think of the disturbed condition of many of our Strict Baptist Churches. The additions are not very numerous, but I truly believe there are many gracious souls among the congregation—men I have long known and esteemed as having the fear of God in their hearts, who, either from fear—lest, after all, they are deceived—or from dread of the despised ordinance of believers' baptism, remain only as hearers.

Not having the privilege of membership, from causes I decline to give, and possibly from a somewhat taciturn nature, I have little personal acquaintance with the people I have long dwelt among, therefore have little to communicate; yet, I do know, that nothing but sound doctrine, spiritual experience, and a consistent life (as a tree is known by its fruits), will suffice for the Church and people of Rochdale-road chapel. We have, too, as you well know, Mr. Samuel Smith, still at Higher Temple-street, who is tolerably well attended, and all who know Mr. Smith, value him as a consistent man of God.

Beyond those two chapels, where else shall we look for Gospel in this large city? Echo says, "Where?" Nowhere among the Congregationalists, and where in the Church of England? There, on Thursday evenings, at the rooms of the Religious Institute, we have some choice men breaking to a few the bread of eternal life. Messrs. Battersby, Bradbury, Dr. Hewlitt, Eastmead, Miley, Lush, and others—gracious men who shun not to declare the whole counsel of God, and whose hearers consist of those who once listened to the late Mr. Parks, of Openshaw, and the more consistent lovers of Gospel order—the Baptists.

I love to hear those good men; at the same time, I marvel greatly how men with the Word of God in their hands, and the fear of God in their hearts, can remain in the Church of England, and identify themselves with a system which begins with a falsehood such as

"this child being now regenerate," and teaches the child to say in the catechism that in its baptism it was made "a child of God, a member of Christ's mystical body, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven;" and at last consigns to the grave—perhaps a drunkard, a debauchee, or a proud Pharisee—"in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Well, there it is, and we must leave it to God and their own conscience. In conclusion, if any of your London friends, willing to assist me by looking over their wardrobes, and turning out their old garments, by addressing them to me, and sending them to the Globe office, St. Paul's church-yard—with whom I contract—they will come to me free of expense. Come, London friends, look them out. Many of your left off garments will be acceptable to our poor Welsh friends. Send by Globe Parcel Company only.

Yours truly,  
W. WRIGHT.

19, Bridge-street, Manchester,

PRESTON.—A ministering brother sends us the following:—**DEAR BROTHER,**—Paul, writing to the Galatians ii. 9, says, "And when James, and Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, that we should go unto the heathen and they unto the circumcision." I have been reading some **EARTHEN VESSELS** for 1875, and I feel that I can give you the right hand of fellowship. A dear sister in the Lord lent me some **VESSELS**, and I am now perusing them with pleasure. May the Bishop of souls enable you to stand upon the battlements of Zion uncurling the blood-stained banner of the cross, and stem the mighty tide of error, and expose all spiritual wickedness in high places. Oh, what a day of empty profession we live in! I love to preach the Gospel of God—not that other gospel, which is not another. No, I love the truth as it is in Jesus—a full and free salvation for hungry sinners, convicted sinners, sin-sick sinners, law-condemned sinners—those sinners who not only pretend to mourn over sin, but by grace forsake it, as it is written, 'He that confesseth his sins and forsaketh them, shall obtain mercy.' My dear brother, may the Lord enable you and me, and all His ministers, to preach Christ Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, 'the Author and Finisher of our faith,' and contend for a regeneration which is according to the Word of God, wrought by the Holy Spirit. I am afraid men do not use the flail like Jeremiah of old, and preach a searching and separating Gospel. We want doctrine, experience, and practice; yes, a faith that is alive and brings forth fruit; a godliness that is not only in the head, but in the heart, 'for with the heart man believeth.' May the Husbandman raise up faithful men to work in His vineyard; yea, a Boanerges (son of thunder), a Barnabas (son of consolation), or an Ap'los (mighty in Scriptures).—**THOMAS CHARNLY**, minister of Zoar chapel.

#### COMMEMORATIVE LINES.

*Suggested by the Retirement and Eighty-first Anniversary of the Birthday of Mr. Thomas Pook, upwards of thirty-two years the highly-honoured and much-esteemed Pastor of the Baptized Church of Bethesda, Ipswich, Feb. 21st, 1878.*

By W. R. CLARKE.

"Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord."—*Psalm cxix. 65.*

SERVANT of Christ, blest man of God,  
Thy people here to-night have come  
Once more to meet thee on the road,  
The last perhaps, ere summon'd home.

O'er four-score years thy course has run,  
And far exceeds the Psalmist's tale!  
But since thy pilgrimage begun,  
What "lights" and "shades" have fill'd the vale!

What varied "times" have passed o'er thee!  
How many "changes" thou hast seen!  
But none, methinks, like that could be  
When first you felt God's kindling beam!

What "changes" have occur'd since then!  
Since first you stood to "preach" the Word!  
That cheers and helps poor ruined men,  
And spreads a Saviour's love abroad.

Hearts hard as stone have melted down,  
Sinners have shed contrition's tear;  
Christ unto "many" has been known,  
And, by the Spirit's power, "born here!"

We "call to mind the former days,"  
When, with full vigour, speech, and grace,  
You "stood" to speak of "wisdom's ways,"  
Which lead us to God's dwelling-place.

We think of "times" when we have seen  
Zion's young converts, led by you,  
Like some kind father, through the "stream,"  
To "be baptized" in open view.

We think of "times" when we have come  
To sit around our Father's board,  
And share with you the joys of home,  
Which oft such antepasts afford.

With care to "sow," with hope to "reap,"  
O'er thirty years' hard labour here,  
You've "ploughed the field," and "fed the  
With humble love, and lowly fear.

But *now* we vlow your reverend form  
With age and feebleness bow'd down;  
Still, even unto life's last storm,  
We mean to claim you as "our own."

We greet you on your NATAL DAY!  
BETHESDA'S PASTOR (now retired):  
Through your remaining days we pray  
You may enjoy "all things" required.

Lord, let the "mantle" fall on him  
Who now succeeds in word and work:  
Oh, may he "burn like scorpium,"  
And "unto love" the Church "provoke."

Thus bless this meeting, God of love,  
And with Thy presence fill the place;  
Send Thy good Spirit from above,  
And touch each heart with saving grace.

And when these "meeting days" are o'er,  
When "parting scenes" no more shall come,  
Oh, may we on that "happy shore"  
Each other meet, in "Heaven our home!"

**BRIGHTON.**—I am a member of the Baptist Church at Cuckfield—one of the first seals of our late esteemed pastor, Mr. G. Field. He was a faithful, earnest, and devoted pastor. He was the means, in God's hands, of doing much good in that dark neighbourhood. We miss him very much indeed. We think of him now in his bright home above, with our beloved Saviour, free from all care and sorrow. Our earnest prayer is that we may not be found wanting

when He makes up His jewels at the last great day. We think our late dear pastor had it laid solemnly on his mind that he would soon exchange earth for heaven. He said to me once, in a letter, "Heaven and Jesus are not so very far off. Oh, to be ready when He calls! Oh, how precious!" A friend of mine told me that she never saw him so happy in his work as he was on his last Sabbath, Dec. 2, 1877. E.

**BERMONDSEY.**—The most successful and the largest attended meeting in behalf of the Lynton-road Sunday school was held on March 7th. Mr. Albert Bouden presided, and in his opening remarks congratulated the friends on their report, and upon the great work they were engaged in, and the success that was crowning their efforts. Mr. Piggott gave some of his experience in Sunday and Ragged school labours, which were of an instructive and cheering character. We should recommend our friends to secure Mr. Piggott at their annual Sunday school meetings, for he is an authority on Sunday school work, and he has a very happy way of telling his tale. Mr. Carr and Mr. Pells gave some sound words of advice; and Mr. Levinsohn spoke well of Sunday school work; as also Mr. Nugent. The pastor, Mr. Lawrence, in course of some remarks, mentioned a visit he paid a few days previously to Mr. Thomas Pocock, an old friend of the school, who is now near eighty-eight years of age, and whose mind appears to be in a most happy state, quietly waiting for his anticipated change. Mr. Joseph Beach and Mr. Thos. Knott spoke of the present position of the school as being satisfactory. A collection was made, amounting, with some subscriptions, to £37. The chairman spoke encouraging words; the children in the gallery sang some sweet hymns; and after the chapel-full of people had cheerfully sang their parting hymn, the benediction was pronounced, and the happy service was brought to a close.

#### SOFT WHISPERS.

Rattling over the lines, memory brings up happy reflections of Walter James's prayer-meeting last evening, the 1st of March, 1878. There was a little crowd of blessed praying men. Prayer-meetings are often dull to me; but last evening I heard the brethren Wilson, R. G. Edwards, David Stanton, John Bonney, Baldwin, and another or two. With sacred feelings I opened on, read, and inly wept over the following hymn:—

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.  
The Son of God in tears!  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul—  
He shed those tears for thee.  
He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven none no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there."

In the morning of that day, when the letters, full of appeals and wants, came in, I sighed over them—immediately the words

came home to my heart—"Be not weary in well-doing; for, in due season, we shall reap if we faint not." I said, here is a clear definition—"Well-doing." Open that sentence, show its application, work out its distinct meaning, and you will have enough to think about, to talk about, and to work at for a long time. We can leave the men of culture to their advanced theology, if, like Enoch, we can be walking with God; like Abraham, believing and obeying the Lord; like Jacob, wrestling with "the Man Jehovah," until we prevail; like Nehemiah, building up the wall; and like Paul, counting all things as "dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." A proneness to faint and be weary in well-doing is implied, but then comes the exhortation and assurance—"Let us not be weary; for, in due season, we shall reap if we faint not." Of these words a few remarks were made; a hallowed season was enjoyed. Brethren Jabez Whiteridge, Francis Nightingale, Debnam, and others were uniting. These meetings have the Lord's sanction: they are doing good.

**CAMBERWELL.**—First anniversary of monthly prayer meeting at Mission Hall, Leipzig-road, Wyndham-road, Friday, March 8th. Many friends took tea. Mr. Baldwin took the chair; W. Beddow prayed briefly; Mr. W. Trotman gave instructive address; Mr. W. Palmer offered the prayer of the evening; Mr. Cornwell spoke on the "heart of man;" C. W. Banks followed on "prayer as an intermediate privilege," and in the course of his remarks (he did what it would be well for all preachers to do more frequently) made an earnest appeal to any who had never offered a spiritual prayer.—W. B.

**HOXTON.**—Special services were held at Bethel chapel, Newton-street, Hoxton, on Lord's-day, March 10, when three sermons were preached; that in the morning by our pastor, Mr. Osmond; in the afternoon by Mr. C. Masterson, of Whitechapel; in the evening by Mr. S. Green, of Hampstead. On the following Tuesday, March 12th, a tea and public meeting was held, when our brother Levinsohn delivered a lecture on the subject of "the Jews," which proved to be edifying and instructive to all who were privileged to hear it. The meeting was well attended, nearly 300 persons being present; many came who could not find standing room. Mr. Osmond moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Our brother Miller seconded the same, which was acknowledged, and Mr. Osmond closed an interesting meeting with earnest supplication. The Lord has graciously blessed the labours of our pastor during the past year by adding nine to the Church.

#### Deaths.

On Feb. 23, Miss L. Broom, daughter of Mr. S. Broom, of Cheltenham. "To be with Jesus."  
On March 5, William Pursey, of Reading, many years deacon of Oxford-road chapel, aged 61. "Calmly and gently resting on Christ."  
On Feb. 9, Mr. Joseph Donovan, aged 68. May his dear children and brothers and sisters be enabled to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

## Mr. J. S. Anderson as a Preacher.

[Having given the likeness, and a slight sketch of the life of the pastor of Zion Church, Deptford, it is necessary for the thousands of our readers who never saw or heard Mr. JOHN SLATE ANDERSON, to give them a sample of his preaching. The following portions of a sermon by him was not preached on any special occasion, much less did Mr. Anderson know that it was taken down at the time. Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong sent it to us more than three years since. We have kept it until now. Omitting only a few of the first sentences, this sermon on

“GOD’S WAY OF SAVING SINNERS;”

was preached in the following manner.—ED.]

TO use another figure, the Bible is the portrait of Christ. In it we find an accurate representation of the Son of God. But that portrait is drawn by many hands; one gives us a rough outline, another fills up that outline, while another puts in the finer and the finishing strokes. But though many hands are employed, there is one guiding Spirit, and they produce one likeness. Inspiration does not ignore or do away with the influence and the circumstances by which they were surrounded. You can trace in the Scriptures the circumstances and experiences of each individual writer, as for instance, David, who in his writings exhibits in a very marked manner the influence his former occupation had exerted upon him. The great apostle Paul, the human author of this epistle, had his own sphere. He said, “I am set for the defence of the Gospel.” The one prominent ruling passion in Paul’s mind was, to state and to defend the doctrines of grace.

Hence you will find more in Paul’s writings on the deep things of God, than in any other Scripture writer. You will find more argument in the defence of these things, for the apostle lived in the atmosphere of free and sovereign grace. Salvation without works was the great theme of his tongue and of his pen. I think I can see how peculiarly he was fitted by God for his special work, through the very circumstances in which he was placed, and through the very manner of his conversion.

Look at this great apostle as he is introduced to us at the martyrdom of Stephen. We are told the witnesses laid their clothes at the feet of a young man named Saul. Soon afterwards we find him “breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the saints.” How emphatic is the language used. So zealous in the cause he thought right, that, not waiting to be sent for, he goes to the high priest and asks for letters of commission to hale men and women to prison. Bound upon his murderous mission, suddenly he is stopped, he hears the voice of the Lord Jesus speaking from heaven; the purpose of his life is changed, and his language is, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”

There was manifested grace, pure grace, unmingled grace! He had no works, nothing to recommend him to God, he was an enemy, a bitter foe, and would have rejoiced if he could have trampled to death both



the saints and the Gospel ; and yet how true are his own words in this very chapter, " His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins."

How any man with an open Bible before him can argue that our works have anything to do with our salvation is a mystery to me, after having read the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. The man who was engaged to carry out the great sin of destroying the Church of Christ, in the midst of his sin grace came to him and turned him into another man. His conversion was such a manifestation, such an infallible proof of the sufficiency and sovereignty of Divine grace, that the theme of his tongue and pen from that day to the day of his death, was " Salvation, not of works, lest any man should boast." He did not learn this in any school of some theologian, nor in some college for training men ; it was not the shibboleth of a creed, but it was a truth burned into his very soul. He preached that he received, not of man, nor taught by man, but he received his commission direct from heaven's exalted King, and the truth was a living power in his own heart that nothing could destroy nor ever erase. He was peculiarly fitted by his own experience as a preacher, and he magnified the grace of God in preaching and in writing, leaving on record such a glorious testimony for the comfort and edification of the Church to the end of time.

We shall direct your attention, First, *To God's way of saving His people* ; and, Secondly, *God's reason for saving them in that way.*

#### I.—GOD'S WAY OF SAVING HIS PEOPLE.

I suppose all who are not atheists or infidels want to be saved—that is, to escape the consequences of their sin. But how few are willing, or want to be saved in God's way. But the way of the Lord is perfect, therefore He will never depart from it. All that are quickened and made to feel they are lost, by the power of the Divine Spirit, will feel that the most solemn and important thing into which they can inquire is,—How can my soul be saved? how can a sinner like me, not only escape the consequences of my sin, but be brought into fellowship with God, loved by Him, sheltered in His arms, cared for through life's toilsome journey, and at last placed beside Him in the realms of bliss?

This occupied God's mind before all time, even before He flung from His creative arms the orbs that roll in space. This occupied God's thoughts when He dwelt in solitary majesty before He formed any of the works of His hands. Will it not occupy ours? How does God save a sinner? By grace. " By grace are ye saved." But what do you mean by grace? It means royal favour, unmerited favour. Not favour bestowed upon an eminently loyal subject, but favour bestowed upon a wicked and rebellious foe.

" Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song."

We may look upon this royal, yea, Divine favour in several aspects.

1. It is eternal. In the bosom of the Father. Eternal as His very being. The Psalmist says, " From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

If a king gives a favour to any rebel, he had it in his heart to give it him first. It begins there in his own thoughts, purposes, intentions ; the giving of the favour is only the manifestation and proof of that

intention. God is naturally good and sovereignly gracious. He was under no obligation to save any son of Adam's race, but He is graciously pleased to save some. Grace in the abstract consists of the thoughts of God's heart—love and peace towards the objects of His love.

“He bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought, but the counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, and the thoughts of His heart to all generations;” and another Scripture says, “My counsel shall stand.” Men have tried to knock it down, to explain it away; they have kicked and rebelled against it; have brought all sorts of charges against God's character because of His counsel; but it shall stand.

Eternal grace in the heart of God determined who should be saved, and what that salvation should consist of, when He predestinated us to be conformed to His image. Election pitched upon the individuals who should be saved, predestination determined what they should be. That will be the great end of our predestination when “we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”

2. In the next place, grace is bestowed righteously, through the intervention of Jesus Christ. I would have you think of this, Christian!

God was under no necessity to save the sinner, but if He does save him, he must be saved righteously. While mercy picks up the sinner, fits him for heaven, and takes him to heaven, justice must have her due, and so in Jesus, “mercy and justice have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.”

Jesus came to earth and became the sinner's Surety and Substitute. “By the grace of God He tasted death for every man.” Universally? No. It does not mean that. The context speaks of “bringing many sons unto glory;” and the term “every man,” means all those who are included among the sons, every individual in the family, all whom God hath chosen, and who are called the election of grace. He put away their sins, justified them by His righteousness, met all the claims of law and justice on their behalf; and hence He delivered them from the law, from all its penalties and responsibilities, and brought them under the covenant of grace.

So with Toplady we can sing,

“The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.”

God is thus just, and the justifier of them that believe—He is the just God and a Saviour. His justice is on the side of those who are redeemed by blood.

3. They are saved by efficient grace.

“By the grace of God I am what I am,” says Paul. He is here speaking of his better self. Paul is a dual person. In Romans vii. we see the old Paul contrasted with the new Paul. How few comparatively understand this. Among the flaming professors of the day, how few know anything of this distinction. We find him in this dual character. New Paul says, “When I would do good, evil is present with me, and the good that I would, I do not.” “The evil that I would not, I do,” is old Paul. Then he explains it, “It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.” There are two sets of principles, Isaac and Ishmael in one house, Jacob and Esau contending together; but the promise is

“the elder shall serve the younger,” the new nature shall triumph over the old. Sin shall not have dominion. It will try, but we are not under the law but under grace, and therefore grace reigns through righteousness.

This is the efficient grace of the Holy Spirit, taking the things of Christ and revealing them unto us; He convinces us of sin and makes us to cry, “What must we do to be saved?” He strips away all our fancied goodness, and presses the claims of the law upon us. For a time He becomes to us a spirit of bondage; but the apostle says, “Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear.” He applies the law, for if you do not understand the claims of the law, you cannot understand much of the liberty of the Gospel. The Spirit brings the soul to realise how it is exposed under the law to the curse. It makes him cry out for mercy, and then reveals to him the Lord Jesus Christ. It leads him from Sinai to Calvary, shows him the law fulfilled by Him, and points to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and clothes him in the righteousness of our dear Redeemer. If faith is the gift of God, it cannot be the sinner’s duty to possess that gift. Faith is by the operation of the Holy Spirit, and becomes the hand by which the sinner lays hold of salvation, the mouth by which he feeds upon it, the feet that run into the name of the Lord, as a strong tower, and is saved. The Holy Ghost does not merely give faith, but He sustains it, He keeps it alive.

#### 4. It is everlasting grace.

How long will God be gracious to me? Some people talk about the day of grace passing away, and they tell sinners to make haste and believe before it has passed. We have not so learned Christ. It is everlasting grace. The Christian in his own experience has found himself marred and defiled by sin; he lies in the dust of self-abasement and condemnation after ten, twenty, aye, fifty years’ experience of the Christian warfare. He feels that he has done nothing worthy of God’s favour, but everything worthy of His wrath, and yet God has upheld him through it all. His religion sometimes seems to be all gone, and he is on the very borders of despair. Still, in spite of all, he looks over the road he has been brought, and traces the good hand of his God in it all. None of you can go to God’s footstool and complain of His conduct, or deny that, notwithstanding your undeservedness, He has proved faithful. One of the greatest wonders is, that He should have borne with us as He has, that He has not grown weary and cast us off.

He never will. “Rejoice not against me, O my enemy,” &c. The secret of it all is, Jesus lives; and while Jesus lives, you can never die; while He lives in His Father’s smile, God will never frown upon His people. “If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.” He stands up for us in the high court of heaven, and because He is there, it is everlasting grace.

The grace of God is seen in the stability of His covenant. Hence the sinner is saved, and I know of no other way. Were it possible to convince me that this is not the way God saves, I should sink into despair. But I know it is the way, the way He saved me, and will continue to save me.

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

## II.—GOD'S REASON FOR SAVING IN THIS WAY.

He was not obliged to give us any reason at all, but He has done so, and it is "lest any man should boast." Not of works in any degree. Works have nothing to do with salvation; they flow from it; if they are worth anything at all, it is like the fruit on the tree. There is a great deal more wrapt up in the reason than at first sight appears.

1. It includes the idea that no sinner should despair. On the one hand, God's way of salvation would check boasting on the part of the Pharisee, who, whatever his good works are—he may have given of his goods to feed the poor, or his body to be burned; he may be extolled and applauded, and have a world-wide reputation because of his works of charity and religion, as they are called, but they can never save him. On the other hand, the poor sinner lies crushed, and wounded, and half dead, and Satan comes and says, There is no hope for you; you have sinned so long, your case is so bad, you are sunk so low, you are so unworthy, that it would be presumption to hope for mercy. But thanks be to God, while this plan excludes boasting on the one hand, it opens a door of hope on the other. The Spirit cheers the poor oppressed soul by pointing to such a monument of grace as Saul of Tarsus, and he is encouraged to seek for mercy with a "Who can tell?" Like Esther, he would venture into the presence-chamber of the King repeating to himself,

" I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."

He knocks at Mercy's door, and anon the self-condemned, ruined, and helpless sinner realizes the blessedness of that man whose sin is pardoned and whose iniquity is covered. Some people will say this is very Antinomian. Well, we know the best of things may be made a bad use of; but if your good works cannot save you, your bad ones cannot hinder God saving you. There is no sin the blood of Christ cannot wash out, and no soul the Holy Spirit cannot sanctify. There is no sinner this side the gates of hell, the Holy Spirit cannot transform into a saint. There is no room for despair in any who are conscious of their sinnership.

If salvation were by works, these works must have been perfect. Salvation by grace places the whole family on a platform of equality. There is a great variety in circumstances and in experience. There are men of deep and high experience in the Church who live upon the savoury and strong meat of the Gospel. They will have it, and grow strong upon it. But then the giants should not forget there are babes in the Church, that there are little ones, and weak ones, such as Bunyan's Mr. Feeble-mind, and Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Mr. Fearing. Do not forget them, and also remember that whatever you are beyond the veriest babe in grace, it is grace that has made you so. Boasting is excluded, not only in the case of the Pharisee, but also in the case of the ablest Christian; "What hast thou, thou hast not received?"

2. This principle of salvation by grace promotes love, and unity, and concord in the Church. There are no Josephs in God's family—all sit at the same table and stand in the same relation to the same Father, and partake of the same provisions He has laid up in store.

Lastly, when time shall be no more, grace shall have a hand in changing these vile bodies and fashioning them after His own glorious body. "When the trump shall sound and the dead in Christ shall be raised, and we who remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; and thus shall we be for ever with the Lord." God has made this certain: His power is sufficient, and He says, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure." It is His good pleasure to have His people with Him in glory. We shall be with Christ and be like to Him, to sing to Him while eternal ages roll, "To Him who hath loved us and washed us in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God," &c.

We could never sing that song if salvation were by works, or depended upon the fulfilment of any conditions. But if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you have this grace, and shall join in this song and sing it for ever and ever. Cannot you say Amen? Lord, grant it, and to Thy name shall be all the praise.

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## ENGLAND! HEARKEN ERE YOU QUITE FORGET GOD!

"WHEN THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND GO FORTH TO WAR, GOD'S  
PEOPLE SHOULD GO FORTH TO PRAYER."

SO said William Bridge nearly 240 years ago. The very same sentiment had been in my mind for a day or two before I saw it in Bridge's sermon. I had been saying to myself, "The worst sign in these times is, everybody is running to Parliaments, to public men, and to public meetings; but, no one runs to call upon God, who only has the power to stop the mad career of men for murder and for wholesale slaughters."

Then a paper came into my hand, in which the following solemn words of warning are uttered:—

"We are a great nation. We are flaunting our money and our men in the face of the world, apparently indifferent whether we drift into the horrors of war or no! Yet England is supposed to be a Christian nation. We are forgetting where wealth comes from, and whose gift is the gift of health. The commerce of the nation is depressed: whole districts are impoverished already, and there was never, perhaps, more irreligion in the land than now.

"Is it not a singular coincidence that just at this particular time the elements should laugh at our puny power, and that a mere snow-storm on our very shores should drive one of our war-ships and its hundreds of trained men to the bottom of the waters?"

"If war is declared, and the flower of our countrymen are sacrificed to its refined savagery, what will happen? We all know what will happen—England will begin to pray! Churches and chapels, now nearly empty, will be crowded to beseech the God of battles for interposition in our favour, while the country turns its back to Him in its time of peace and prosperity! Was ever mockery more complete?"

"We believe the loss of the gallant ship and crew is a calamity such as is now and then used by the Almighty to speak to a nation and people who need warning; that the famine in India—our own great

dependency—and the depression of our commerce, are but other tones of the same voice: the stormy winds do but fulfil His word; and that if these voices are unheeded, more serious remonstrances will yet follow. If it be true that the nation is ‘forgetting God’—and we fear it is—it is also certain that His truth is unchangeable, which declares—The nation and kingdom that will not serve Him shall perish.”

It has been laid on my conscience to fall in with the suggestion which has been published, asking the Churches to set apart Wednesday, the 10th of April, as a day of united prayer, to be offered by devout and believing Christians on behalf of our Churches, our country, and our people altogether. I ask you, in the fear of God, to try and make some sacrifice and come yourselves, and ask others to come, and unite in prayer and thanksgiving for all the Lord has bestowed upon us.

That great educationalist, Mr. Forster, said the other night, this question each Christian patriot must settle in his own conscience whether there should be war or not, but I say, *we*, if believers in God, must go to Him and ask Him to prevent it, if it is His will. If not, so to work out His purpose that we may glorify His name in it.

## THE NATURE AND EXTENT OF REDEMPTION BY CHRIST.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN,

*Minister of Trinity Chapel, Hackney.*

POISONOUS TESTIMONY OF A JESUIT—DIFFERENT MEANINGS OF TERMS RELATING TO REDEMPTION—THE NATURE AND BENEFITS RESULTING FROM THE SAVIOUR'S WORK—GOD'S PLAN OF SALVATION SCRIPTURALLY DEFINED—THE LAW OF REDEMPTION EXPOUNDED—SEARLE AND RUTHERFORD ON REDEMPTION, ETC.

**P**AUL'S charge to Timothy is a solemn protest, and indication of the days on which our lot has fallen: “Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears. And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.” As far as observation extends, a more correct description of Christendom could not be written than we find contained in this inspired quotation; perhaps at no former period of the professed Church's history has there existed such a combination of contrary elements, and opposing factions, who, while violently opposed to each other, denouncing and excommunicating those who differ from themselves; yet these opposing clans, and this polemical warfare, can be at times suspended, to oppose sound doctrine. Like the Sadducees and Pharisees in the days of our Lord, though violently antagonistic to each other, could lay aside their feuds to oppose the Christ of God. The opposition came then from those who were nominally the religious people of the day; so now the enmity displayed against “the truth as in Jesus,” is not so much from the

irreligious and profane as from those who have "a form of godliness, yet denying the power thereof."

One of the Jesuits, writing home to his superior in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was evidently a far-seeing and astute man, when he makes the following observation: "Assure his Holiness we have sown Pelagianism so broadcast in England, that it must be ultimately restored to the bosom of mother Church." We are now reaping the consequences, and a painful harvest is resulting.

We turn from Christendom, and its Babylonish jargon, to the Christ of God; from the teachings of men, "to the law and to the testimony," that we may receive with an humble and with an honest heart the sincere milk of the Word, that we may grow thereby. It is not at all an unusual thing, even where no opposition to the truth exists, to find exhibited a certain amount of incautiousness, so that words differing widely in meaning are frequently used, as if convertible terms, or one word an equivalent for some other. Thus it is no uncommon circumstance to find the words Atonement, Ransom, Salvation, and Redemption used interchangeably, as if possessed of one and the same meaning. This is to be regretted, seeing each word is full of important and blessed truth, while they grandly harmonise in the person and work of our glorious Christ; yet each stands forth in its own beautiful distinctiveness, like the prismatic colours of the rainbow. The blue is not the red, nor the yellow the purple; but while they differ, they harmonise; and the absence of either would mar the beauty and symmetry of the one bow, the sign of the covenant.

Let us, then, compare atonement with redemption: atonement signifies to reconcile two who have been at variance; and by the interposition of a peace-maker, the previously existing feud is terminated, and those who were alienated from each other are now made one; thus, CHRIST JESUS, by the HOLY GHOST, slays the enmity of the sinner by shewing GOD the FATHER'S love, His long-suffering and forbearance towards us. "In that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," who is the gift of God, and the gracious provision He hath made for sinners. But atonement also signifies to cover; hence, the mercy-seat was the propitiatory or covering. When God looked down upon the mercy-seat, it covered the law which had been broken; but on the mercy-seat the blood was sprinkled, typifying the righteous obedience and vicarious sufferings of the Lamb of God; and in the holy of holies was the interceding high priest as the representative and advocate for the sinning people. Now God is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity; this hateful and obnoxious sin must be covered, and the sinner, too (Psa. xxxii. 1), and this CHRIST effects by presenting a full and complete atonement to God, whereby His holiness is maintained intact, justice satisfied, the law honoured by a perfect and sinless obedience; and all the attributes of DEITY converging into CHRIST, from Him radiate forth to embrace, justify, and ultimately glorify every believing soul.

Redemption, on the other hand, is a deliverance from the curse and consequence of sin; so that while the atonement of Christ for us is Godward, and as presented unto Him redemption is *usward*, and is something especially done for us; thus the REDEEMER delivers His people from the sin in which they were involved by the fall; from the

law to which they had rendered themselves obnoxious by actual transgression; from the dominion of sin, by the impartation of a new nature, described as the new birth; by the regenerating grace of GOD the HOLY GHOST. Thus we are redeemed, or emancipated, from the captivity of Satan, and his accursed thralldom, and transformed into the free-born citizens of heaven; for, "whom the Son makes free, they are free indeed."

Thus, by redemption we are delivered from all that oppresses us, and are restored as those who have been stolen from our FATHER, and our home; and thus our REDEEMER fulfils the work assigned Him; for He said: "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost," or, agreeable to Heb. ii. 15, "and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Now *ransom* differs from redemption also, seeing that the act of redeeming might be of three kinds—an act of power as in the case of Abraham delivering Lot from captivity, and bringing him, and all pertaining to him, safely home; by substitute or exchange of persons, as in the case of the Levite in the room of the first-born (Num. iii. 41); or, by a certain price as stipulated (Exod. xxx. 12—16). Thus the word *ransom* does not imply an act of deliverance wrought, of reconciliation effected, or deficiency covered, but a *price* paid. Thus we read (1 Peter i. 18, 19): "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed (bought off or ransomed) with corruptible things as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ;" and, again (Matt. xx. 28): "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister (or serve), and to give His life a ransom for many;" hence, the ransom is the price paid, and not the act of redemption.

*Salvation* differs from all these, for the very term implies an utterly lost and ruined condition; and that it must be wrought for, and independently of, the lost themselves; so that anything approximating to conditions, to place persons in a state of salvability, is not only unscriptural, but illogical; till the lost sheep makes overtures to the shepherd, or the lost piece of silver voluntarily discovers itself to the diligent seeker, it is vain to expect lost and ruined souls to seek a Saviour, or to give their hearts to the Lord; God's plan of salvation is to send a Saviour to search them (His lost treasure) out and save them. Israel of old had to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," not to assist in producing it. Jonah could sing, "Salvation is of the Lord," when he was raised as one from the dead; so every soul now feeling its hopeless, ruined, and lost condition, will prize a salvation which can by no possibility fail, which neither waits for deserving, seeing it is all of grace, nor conditions, for it is unconditional; for what conditions can we make with the dead? To say the death of CHRIST puts all men into a salvable condition, or the possibility of their being saved if they will only assist with their faith or works, is to offer insult to God, to treat the finished work of Christ as being imperfect and incompetent to the end in view—thus ignoring the teaching and revelation of GOD the HOLY GHOST, who declares in Heb. vii. 25, Christ's ability to save to the uttermost.

We come now to consider the nature and extent of redemption, taking for granted the possession of all needful qualifications and



ability, on the part of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, for the full discharge of all the responsibilities and functions of a Redeemer. The question then arises, Have we any satisfactory and Scriptural data that assigns any limit to this act of grace on the part of Christ—not from a deficiency of ability, but a limitation in the sovereign exercise of will?

Some theologians declare this redemption co-extensive with the human species, others assert the security of a certain number, but relegate the larger portion to conditions by which they are placed in a salvable state. Now if the former be correct, it must be at once admitted the work of redemption has failed in the great majority of instances. If the latter be correct, we find, notwithstanding all our blessed Lord has done and suffered, it is capable of being rendered null and void, without creature co-operation. Thus God's will and glory are neutralised by a sinful worm of the dust.

Let us turn from theologians to the sure Word of God. JESUS therein declares (John x. 15): "I lay down My life for the sheep." Here we have the price paid, and the limitation to the purchase. In verse 17, He declares His Father's love of Himself, and approval of the act; and as if to put the matter beyond all question, in John xvii. 9, our blessed Lord puts a limit on His intercession thus: "I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given Me; for they are Thine."

To render the subject still more easily to be grasped, let us look at the law of redemption under the old dispensation. A redeemer, or goel, stood bound to deliver persons from captivity, and inheritances from mortgage, as in the case of Abraham rescuing Lot, and Boaz redeeming Elimelech's estate. First, the redeemer must be human, so CHRIST became truly man, "made of a woman, made under the law;" and, again, "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same." Not only must the Redeemer be partaker of the same nature, but also next of kin. Thus, CHRIST, as set forth in Gal. iv. 5—7: "To redeem them that were under the law (or buy them out of a state of slavery), that we might receive the adoption of sons; and because ye are sons (mind, redemption has not made them sons, but because they were His brethren, He redeemed them), God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father! wherefore thou art no more a servant (rather, slave), but a son; and if a son, an heir of God through Christ." CHRIST is truly the "Brother born for adversity." The redemption effected has been for, and only for, those whom GOD the FATHER had predestinated to be sons. Hence, by paternity and relationship, they are the brethren of CHRIST JESUS the LORD. Seeing His brethren waxen poor, held in captivity, the inheritance mortgaged, He undertook the discharge of all debts, and the meeting of every just claim by paying the ransom—His precious blood; by exchange, He being the Substitute; by power He delivers them effectually, "leading captivity captive," freeing them from every bond, claim, and all condemnation, not only obtaining for them emancipation, but a full restoration of all family priveleges and possessions.

Searle tells us "revenger of blood (Num. xxxv.), kinsman (Ruth iv. 3), and Redeemer (Job xix. 25), are the same in the original." A very beautiful explanation is here afforded us. CHRIST came as the

Revenger of blood upon Satan, who was a murderer from the beginning, to avenge His Church of her adversary; to purchase back all that had been forfeited by involvement in the fall; to deliver, recover, restore, and bring back so completely, not one should be found lacking of the entire election of grace; and this redemption discovers grace of the highest and most glorious kind, being accomplished for the most undeserving, who never sought it, whose hearts by nature were full of enmity against their best Friend (who, lacking both will, ability, or deserving, being "by nature the children of wrath, even as others"); yet each redeemed soul can say with the apostle Paul, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Rutherford describes the qualifications of a Redeemer thus: "There are two things required in a Redeemer: First, the act of paying a sum, and telling (or counting) it fairly over the board to the creditor. Secondly, the sum must be his own; for, if he pay a ransom with another man's gold, the man who owned the gold is rather the ransomer than he; the payer in that case seems a factor (or agent) to another. CHRIST was no factor; He paid the price of our redemption from His own proper goods; for the manhood being made one in a personal union with the Godhead, it was His own flesh and blood, and His own soul that He offered to God." Only the LORD JESUS CHRIST could effect our redemption, none else being capable: the essence of Deity was unsuited, the FATHER could not die, the HOLY GHOST could not make an atonement or pay the ransom, for without the shedding of blood there could be no remission; but in the Person of the LORD JESUS CHRIST here was our nature capable of entering into, by an intimate and painful familiarity, with all our sinless infirmities, our temptations, and the consequences of our transgressions. Here was a body capable of enduring crucifixion, torture, and death; precious blood to cleanse His people from all their iniquities, an immaculate and infinite righteousness to be imputed to them, thus meeting, covering, yea, overlapping every deficiency, shortcoming, and wrong-doing. We, though finite beings in ourselves, have been guilty of an infinite wrong; not because we are capable of the infinite, but our transgression has been the violation of the law of the infinite and the holy God. Even among men the turpitude of the sin is measured according to the status, not of the criminal so much as by that of the one against whom directed; thus, that which would be considered evil intent, if purposed against the fellow-subject, rises to the crime of high treason if directed against the Sovereign of these realms. Thus, our sins against each other are but finite, because of the finite natures of the wronged as well as the wrong-doer; but sin against God lifts us to a higher plane, and plunges us to a deeper depth, from whence deliverance were impossible if there was no eye to pity, or no arm to save; here our adorable Redeemer comes to the rescue, to the law which we had broken and dishonoured; He magnifies, by a sinless, perfect, and infinite obedience, the life we had justly forfeited; He lays down His own to restore ours; our guilt He does not condone, but purges away our sin; our sin is not only forgiven, but cast into the depths, that when sought for, it shall not be found. Thus, "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

The design of redemption is beautifully set forth by Paul (Tit. ii.

14): "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Surely we find no warrant here for the idea of general or conditional, much less universal redemption. In Rom. iii. 22—24, we see it is not on the ground of deserving—"all have sinned"—while it is confined to believers, it embraces both Jew and Gentile. "Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." The completeness and perpetuity of this redemption is set forth in Heb. ix. 12: "Having obtained eternal redemption for us." Redemption has ever been the joy of God's people. Thus, good old Jacob could speak of the Angel (or the Messenger of the covenant) who had redeemed him (Gen. xlviii. 16). So the deeply-exercised Job (xix. 25): "I know that my Redeemer liveth." So Solomon also cautions the intended adversary (Prov. xxiii. 11): "Their Redeemer is mighty; He shall plead their cause with thee." David also, in Psa. xix. 14, claims the Jehovah as his Strength (margin, Rock) and Redeemer." Isaiah xli. 14, mark the comforting words: "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the LORD, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel." And, again, Isa. xliii. 1: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine."

What, then, is the summary? That, according to the teaching of Holy Scripture, redemption is definite, particular, and complete to, and for, all predestinated to sonship, that not one ever has, or ever can, lapse or be lost whom Christ hath redeemed. That He (Christ) "hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. . . . That the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ, that we might receive the promise through faith" (Gal. iii. 14, 15). This effectual and particular redemption we find is the theme of the glorified Church (Rev. v. 9): "And they sung a new song, saying, 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 out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." May it be the experimental language of each soul: "As for our Redeemer, the LORD of hosts is His name" (Isa. xlvii. 4). "Thou, O LORD, art our Father, our Redeemer; Thy name is from everlasting" (Isa. lxiii. 16). "Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son: in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. i. 12—14).

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MAN'S life is a warfare, and so long as we carry on the warfare of this body, we are sojourners separated from the Lord—that is, from the light, for the Lord is light; and in so far as any one is not with Him, so far he is in darkness—that is, in "Kedar." This body, I say, is a tent, and a tent of "Kedar," because in truth, as though by interposing itself between, it cheats the soul meanwhile of the vision of the infinite light, and does not permit it to behold it at all, save "through a glass darkly, and not face to face."—*Bernard of Clairvaux.*

## AM I WALKING WITH GOD?

"Be STILL! and know that I AM GOD!"

"Hush the world! that I may wake  
To the taste of God's delights!  
O, the pleasures we partake—  
God! the partner of our nights."

**W**HAT a dreadful noise there is in the world! Wars! Rumours of wars! Every part of Europe preparing for terrible slaughters! Abel is quietly bringing THE LAMB in the hand of his faith; but Cain is breathing out cruelty, foaming with rage, going forth to murder!

At home, Parliaments are dividing, Cabinet Councils are perplexing, platforms are denouncing, the steam-press is reaping a rare harvest, while, morning, noon, and night, she throws forth her missiles by millions, and stirs the baser passions of the people into a kind of political *delirium tremens*; the storms of party feelings will drive the leading spirits mad if some crisis does not soon put an end to the wild commotions of telegraphic false and flaming fires.

Elijah had hid himself in a cave. Fear and fright had unmanned him. But the Lord calls him out. Well do I remember, after the sweet CHRIST of GOD was revealed in my soul, how closely I walked with Him in meditation, in the study of the Word, in creeping in silent corners to pray, beseeching Him, in all providential matters, to let me see His hand; and as I now silently review the more than fifty years, during which I have followed hard after God, I am tearfully amazed at the continued goodness of God toward a kind of poor orphanic prodigal, who could look to none but unto Him who said so unmistakably, "*And Christ shall give thee light.*" There was then no noise in my soul! Peace was proclaimed! and as I walked with the God-Man, with Jesus, by the then unknown leadings of the SPIRIT, I never heard a murmur of any party-spirit, never felt a ruffle of religious discord or strife. Those ghosts of Satanic invention, "*Standard-men,*" "*Vessel-men,*" "*Hypers,*" "*Workers,*" "*Fullerites,*" "*Free-will,*" "*Open Churches,*" "*Strict and Particular,*" "*Spurgeonites,*" "*Huntingtonians;*" nay, no noises like those ever then disturbed me. Silently—whether working in Henry Ward's printing-office in the city of Canterbury, whether walking through the streets, or shut up in a little back room writing about Him—wherever I was, John led me to indulge in deep delightful thoughts upon that inspired exclamation, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" Something of the positive, present possession of the new covenant dignity was realised as John cried out, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," and then we loved Him deeply who first loved us.

The Lord came and called Elijah out, and commanded him to "go forth and to stand upon the mount before the Lord." And, "Behold, the Lord passed by!" "And a great and strong wind rent the mountain, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind, an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake, a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire,

## "A STILL SMALL VOICE!"

Oh, that still small voice! If I dared, could I not prove that in all this Elijah walked with God? In all this so distinctly told of Elijah, in circumstances and in soul-travail, I have passed through similar terrors. While in my little cave I was hidden, never dreaming of what would befall me, I was called to go and stand upon the mount before the Lord. Benjamin Flint, Master Hancock, Edward Barber, William Howland, and Mary More instrumentally called me to stand upon the mount. The wind came and brake the rocks in pieces; down I went headlong into a most horrible pit, into deep miry clay. The Lord was not in it. Then the awful engulfing earthquake. The Lord was not in the earthquake. Then the fires of guilt, of misery, of poverty, of destruction, of spiritual death. Oh, my soul! Was the Lord in all these? Nay, indeed. One said,

"Alas! my Lord is gone! Oh, my woe!  
This will be my undoing—if He go!"

"Undoing," indeed. If it ever could be fairly written, who would believe it?

"Oh, who will give me tears?  
Alas! my God!"

One of the mysteries which neither pen nor tongue can tell is wrapped up in this fact, that when God ceases sensibly to walk with you, He never doth cease to watch over you. God knew where Moses was when the time came to give him his special life-work, for which he had been in training full eighty years. He knew where to send Nathan to David when the time came to bring the man to his senses. And so, hard as He may smite yet, when He hath tried thee, crossed thee, crucified thee, broken, bruised and humbled thee; when thou art driven to the last extremity, when sin and Satan have done their worst and their utmost, a still small voice shall be heard—

"Lift up thine eyes, sad soul, and see  
Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am He!"

In such a ruinous condition of soul, can it be possible that it is Jesus Himself, with such tender compassion, stooping down, looking from the edge of the precipice into the hole of the pit; not frowning, not threatening, but coming as a Brother born for adversity, coming as a merciful and faithful High Priest, coming as a Good Physician, as a well-qualified Samaritan, to heal the wounds, and to help the wounded up, to carry the bruised and bleeding heart to an hospital for the time, and to become responsible for every charge.

This is the school, sirs, where we learn and realise something of the Great Physician's skill, practice, and restoring power. He comes, He looks down, He cries out, "Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous. There is none to plead thy cause." No, Lord, not one! "Neither hast thou any healing medicines!" None, Lord! He pursues the investigation further. He says, "All thy lovers have forgotten thee; they seek thee not!" No, Lord, saith the despairing, the dejected, the desolate heart; I fled from them. They lifted me up, they clung to me closely. But—

“Alas! shall I present  
My sinfulness  
To Thee? Thou wilt resent  
The loathsomeness.”

“Not so,” He softly whispered. “The dreadful work is done! I have wounded thee with the wound of an enemy, with the chastisement of a cruel one. For the multitude of thine iniquity; because thy sins were increased, I have done these things unto thee.” Still—

“Be not afraid! I’ll take  
Thy sins on Me!  
And all My favour make  
To shine on thee!”

“I will restore health unto thee; and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord.” It was done. Thus, there is a walking with God in the exercise of that merciful compound called “The Divine compassion.” The working of that attribute in the complex natures of our Lord He describeth clearly in Jeremiah xxxi.: “Is Ephraim My dear son? Is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still.” Remember him? Yes, they were all known to the great covenant Head when they were passed into His hands before time began. They were all known to Him when begotten again unto a lively hope. They may be stolen away for a time, as Joseph was; or run away, as Jonah and the prodigal did; but Jesus will remember them still. When He seeth them mangled and all but murdered, He says, “My bowels are troubled for him: I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.”

Some, it may be, are walking with God in the rectitude of His moral government. Some think they are walking with God in a carefully-condensed creed. No man ever savingly commenced to walk with God yet until he is of that family to whom Paul said, “As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and stablished in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving.”

I am called away to public services, funerals, &c., and can only add, with Paul, “BEWARE, lest any man spoil you.” God of heaven, keep us, prays

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
April, 1878.

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### “JESUS HATH SPOKEN TO ME!”

**M**R. EDITOR,—You will be pleased to hear of the triumph of the grace of Israel’s covenant-keeping God, as witnessed in the illness and death of Mrs. G. Elton, of Long Crendon, Bucks, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. Whitmill, who still is, and has been for many years, a member of the Strict Baptist Church at Thame, Oxon. Mrs. E., in her girlhood, was a scholar in the Sunday school, and afterwards a teacher. The first serious impressions made on her mind were occasioned by the death of a dear companion, the daughter of one of the deacons at Thame; but being of a reserved nature, did not

mention it. She was married in May, 1875; but after the birth of her babe, she never regained her health; when death came and took from her the child she had tended with such care for eleven short months, the sorrow seemed overwhelming; she could not say—

“Renew my will from day to day,  
Bend it with Thine, and take away  
Whatever makes it hard to say,  
‘Father, Thy will be done.’”

In a little while she saw it was not in cruelty, nor in wrath, the reaper came that day; she felt she never should get well; former impressions revived; she longed for more than this world could give; the Holy Ghost deeply impressed her heart with her own vileness; her cry was—

“Vile, and full of sin I am!  
I am all unrighteousness.”

Kind friends prayed with her; directed her to Him who alone can forgive sin. She cried, “If I could but have a word from Jesus; Oh, if He would but speak to me; and say, He was my Friend!” Her sufferings were great; but greater the pangs of her mind. Satan harassed her greatly; suggesting how nice to get well; to be with her beloved partner and enjoy her home! Can God be love, thus to give pain and suffering? Her constant cry was, “Pray for me.” She derived comfort from that precious little book of yours, *Cheering Words*. How she longed for the month to come round to peruse or hear read the contents of its pages of love. On the Friday previous to her death, Satan made his last assault, as if hell’s host had combined, and truly come in like a flood. In her bitter agony she cried, “Oh, I cannot die and go to hell!” On the following Sunday, after passing a distressing night, never to be forgotten by the loved ones who witnessed it, she called her beloved partner, and said, “George, wake mother. Jesus has spoken to me!” When her mother came, she said, “Oh, mother! Jesus has just spoken to me, and said, ‘I will never leave you, My child.’” She found the promise true.

“At evening time it shall be light,  
For His strong arm did her embrace;  
In conflict put her foes to flight,  
To show the riches of His grace.”

Her weakness increased painfully, but a calm so sweet; for that Sunday night she laid down the first time for a long while, and she would have them sing. Her friends gathered round her bed at midnight, and sang the song which has made vocal many a dying chamber,—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.”

She said, “Sing louder,” as well as she could, and beckoned them to sing again, which they did; also.

“Grace, ’tis a charming sound.”

“Oh,” she said, “it’s beautiful; I would sing if I could,” and waved her thin wasted hand. She then called her dear ones, and bid them farewell, and calmly fell asleep on Monday, February 4th, 1878, in her 25th year. The last words audible were, “The Lord is with me now, and will be for evermore. Amen.” Her lips still moved in prayer, having promised to pray for them till the last, and doubtless—

“ Affection’s wish, devotion’s prayer,  
 Was mingled in that strain ;  
 ’Twas resignation, not despair,  
 ’Twas triumph without pain.”

Thus early has she finished her earthly pilgrimage, leaving a devoted husband and loving mother to mourn their loss, but with the blessed consolation, she is gone to be with Christ, which is far better.

ONE WHO REMEMBERS HER.

## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 108.)

“ When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child.”—1 Cor. xiii. 11.

**B**EFORE I come to the more solemn and definite action of Divine life in my own soul, I should like to narrate in brief some further particulars about our teacher, extending over twenty or thirty years, and which I trust will not be deemed tedious or irrelevant. In the religious experiences of our Father’s children there is great similarity and great diversity. “ There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all ” (1 Cor. xii. 6). Much of the perplexity and craze they tell of, who were long floundering in the slough of despond, comes of ignorance of the fact that, while all true pilgrims are motivated by the same spirit, and are marching to the same goal, there are peculiarities in every case; so there might not be in Zion’s biography a second instance like that of the dying thief, or Saul of Tarsus, or even of Lydia, the seller of purple. Yet it is common with the new-born to take some older disciple as a model, or some marvellous experience as a pattern which their own must resemble, or they cannot be right. Brokenness of heart, deep sorrow for sin, an earnest craving after the Saviour, are common to all the quickened; but all are not as long on the rack, nor have all the same clear discernment of the transition they are undergoing. We read with interest the adventures of enterprising travellers, the voyages and hairbreadth escapes of mariners, without thinking it needful we should imitate the daring or expose ourselves to the risks—as unnecessary, it may be, that our translation out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God’s dear Son, should in all leading incidents compare with the history of a Bunyan or a Huntington. “ The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way ” (Psa. xxv. 9). “ What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall He teach in the way that he shall choose ” (Psa. xxv. 12). The great Shepherd gathereth His sheep one by one (Isa. xxvii. 12), and teaches each one in a manner suitable to his natural temperament, and fitting for his chosen future. Our teacher—*my teacher*—in the first principles of the oracles of God, will have no memorial in history except from my pen and through favour of the VESSEL, and I shall not even give his name, though he was not unknown to some of your readers; his record is on high by a new name—may all your readers have an entry in the same registry. I forget, if he ever told me, when, or by what means, his soul’s slumbers were first



disturbed, but I know he was some years striving to enter in at the strait gate; was tried by fiery temptations and severe bodily afflictions; and was often at his wits' end. He had removed from our town to Birmingham, where I sometimes visited him. He held fast by the truth through all changes, even when heart-sick with hope deferred. He could not be an Arminian—to will was present with him, but how to perform the good, grasp the promises, plunge into the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, climb by one step the ladder Jacob saw, come *boldly* to the throne of grace, and say, with a feeling of right, "MY LORD AND MY GOD"—warrant, ability for these, he found not in himself. He could say, "The sorrows of death compass me, and the pains of hell get hold of me, I find trouble and sorrow" (Psa. cxvi. 3). He called on the name of the Lord in David's words: "O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul;" but he could not immediately go on with David and say: "I will take the cup of salvation, and call on the name of the Lord." According to popular faiths, he ought to have believed and entered into rest, and not have gone on groaning, like Bunyan's pilgrim, with a heavy burden on his back, when he might have got rid of it by simple volition. But the fact was, he could not; he must be made thoroughly to know that Christ's mission can be performed only by Christ Himself. "He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." As in the incarnation, He came in the fulness of time (*the fitness*), so He has His chosen time for every gracious purpose. He knew that faith comes by hearing, and he lost no opportunity of hearing the soundest and most honoured of the Lord's heralds; and many a lift he got under the testimonies of Gadsby, Warburton, and Hardy; but his final deliverance came through the instrumentality of Mr. Henry Fowler, who, for some years, blew the jubilee trumpet in Bartholomew-street chapel, and subsequently filled the pastorate at Gower-street, London. If his joy (my friend's) was great when he felt his freedom from condemnation and his acceptance with the Father, his attachment to the man who had brought him the message was grateful and ardent, and the union continued through their mutual lives. I fear Mr. F.'s history has not been written; were my memory equal to the task, I could do something towards it, for I and another friend or two sat on one occasion till midnight listening to his account of his early days; how he came to know the Lord, and how he was exercised on his introduction to the ministry. He came on a visit to me at Broseley, and preached to my congregation with much acceptance. In his mental cast he was unlike any other Christian man I have known; and though strong in spiritual confidence, to my eye he always wore a shade of depression which I, rightly or wrongly, ascribed to the fiery trials he passed through. Barnabas, I apprehend (a son of consolation), did not win his name from any natural endowment, but under much tribulation the features of the new man became prominent: "Kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; and thus he was taught to comfort his brethren in trouble by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God" (2 Cor. i. 4). How little do our hearers conceive of the struggles of mind, the fears and tremblings, the terrible things in righteousness, whereby our Master's servants are qualified for ministerial

work. "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent, instructed, constrained?" (Rom. x. 14; 2 Cor. v. 14; 1 Cor. ix. 16). Great indeed is the mystery of godliness; every part thereof pertaineth to the infinite, and is unfathomable to created minds. His judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. We think, we talk of the unseen in the upper world, while we are miserably unconscious of the unseen things with which we are mixed up in time, and by which we are linked to our eternal destiny.

This paper might be taken as parenthetical. Those of my readers who have passed through threescore years will mildly criticise the garrulity, as they know that youth lives much in a fancied future, while age ruminates on the real past. Those whose bodies have long mouldered in the grave are often more alive to us than those with whom we exchange words and opinions every day. Our personal history is identified with theirs, and wherein we have been benefited by their instructions and Christian help in any way, our grateful memories are as the balm and sweet spices by which the ancients preserved the human forms they loved, so that they were ever with them. Here is one incentive to kind Christian sympathy and service; it is a degree in immortality more honourable and lasting than any memorial in brass or marble. Let us do what we can for the good of the young, doing it as unto the Lord, and some of them, at least, will rise up to call Him blessed; and inasmuch as He has used us in their behalf, they will not wholly forget us. Let us not be "weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9). Like the apostle, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians"—*i.e.*, to the educated and refined, to the coarse and ordinary, both to the wise and to the unwise; and have seen that, abounding selfishness notwithstanding, no man liveth to or only for himself; but there is no service we can render to others which will compare with that of the woman of Samaria, who, after conversation with our blessed Saviour, went into the city crying, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

*(To be continued.)*

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## OUR AGRICULTURAL PREACHER.

THOUGHTS ON SOWING, GROWING, REAPING, AND REJOICING.

BY EDWARD HAMMENT.

FOURTH THOUGHT ON REJOICING.

**N**OW in this every human being delights. It is a thing better felt than described; it seems to enliven and invigorate, so that new life and strength seem to be given, and every one seems to rejoice after its own order; so with the husbandman (or farmer) and his servants, after the sowing, growing, and reaping, toil, care, and anxiety, the crop is safely stored in the barn, then comes the great change—rejoicing.

And now it is reaped and shocked, it must be carried to the garner—that is, the Church. As I understand it, that is the spiritual garner, and

to the Church it must be brought, and upon the waggon of God's love will it ride, drawn by the servants, the ministers of the Gospel; and these servants know the way from the field where the wheat was reaped to the garner, Church, or homestead, and they will not trespass on any man's ground, but go the right way—that is, ministerially so by the power of the Spirit, because there is a right of way to the Church of the living, even through the blood of Jesus Christ, and it is all marked out by the prophets and apostles, and lest any should mistake the way, Christ Himself has said, "Follow Me;" and this is the soul's desire so to do, although it is not always a smooth road; but now it is on the Gospel chariot, it will go aright and straightforward, whether the road or right of way be up hill or down, rough or smooth. Friends will not hinder it, and foes cannot, and with a meek and lowly heart it will follow Christ, and find rest with Christ's yoke upon it, which is an easy one (Matt. xi. 28—30). And as the barn is above the field, so is the Church above the world, and the road leading to it is called Humility; it is this way it must and will pass; and as the sickle that passes through it kills the straw but not the corn, so God's Word kills to all hopes of any and everything of self and self-sufficiency; and as Paul says, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God;" and as you are dead, you must be buried in the water of baptism, for this is the way, and the only marked-out way in God's Word, from the world into the Church militant; and this is the way the living soul goes, and this brings it to rejoicing.

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#### MY HAPPY HOME!

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The following is the whole of that beautiful hymn beginning with "Jerusalem, my happy home." It is of Roman Catholic origin, found in a small volume of miscellaneous poetry, sold at Mr. Bright's sale of manuscripts in 1844, which has been placed in the British Museum. The lettering on the book refers to the age of Elizabeth, but Mr. Barnes thinks it belongs to a subsequent reign.—Yours in the Gospel, C. CORNWELL.

#### A SONG MADE BY F. B. P.

*To the Tune of "Diana."*

Jerusalem! my happy home!  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 O, happy harbour of the saints,  
 O, sweet and pleasant soil;  
 In thee no sorrow may be found,  
 No grief, no care, no toil.  
 In thee no sickness may be seen,  
 No hurt, no ache, no sore;  
 There is no death, nor ugly deil,\*  
 There's life for evermore.  
 No dampish mist is seen in thee,  
 No cold nor darksome night;  
 There every soul shines as the sun,  
 There God Himself gives light.  
 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
 There envy bears no sway;  
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
 But pleasure every day.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
 God grant I once may see  
 Thy endless joys, and of the same  
 Partaker aye to be.  
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square;  
 Thy gates are of rich orient pearl,  
 Exceeding rich and rare.  
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
 With carbuncles do shine;  
 Thy very streets are paved with gold,  
 Surpassing clear and fine.  
 Thy houses are of ivory,  
 Thy windows crystal clear;  
 Thy tiles are made of beaten gold,  
 O God, that I were there!  
 Within thy gates no thing can come  
 That is not passing clean;  
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,  
 No filth may there be seen.

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\* Devil.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
 Would God I were in thee !  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glory great,  
 They see God face to face ;  
 They triumph still, they still rejoice,  
 Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment  
 Continually do moan ;  
 We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,  
 Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,  
 Our pleasure is but pain ;  
 Our joys scarce last the looking on,  
 Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,  
 Such pleasure, and such play,  
 As that to them a thousand years  
 Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are  
 Most beautiful and fair ;  
 Full furnished with trees and fruits  
 Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
 Continually are green ; [flowers  
 There grow such sweet and pleasant  
 As nowhere else are seen.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,  
 There's musk and civet sweet ;  
 There many a fair and dainty drug  
 Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,  
 There nard and balm abound ;  
 What tongue can tell, or heart conceive,  
 The joys that there are found ?

Quite through the streets with silver  
 sound,  
 The flood of life doth flow ;  
 Upon whose banks, on every side,  
 The Word of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit.  
 And evermore do spring ;  
 There evermore the angels sit,  
 And evermore do sing.

There David stands, with harp in hand,  
 As master of the quire ;  
 Ten thousand times that man were blest  
 That might this music \* hear.

Our lady sings "Magnificat"  
 With tune surpassing sweet,  
 And all the virgins bear their parts,  
 Sitting about her feet.

The "Deum" doth Saint Ambrose sing  
 Saint Austin doth the like ;  
 Old Simeon and Zachary  
 Have not their song to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
 And cheerfully doth sing,  
 With blessed saints whose harmony  
 In every street doth ring.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
 Would God I were in Thee ;  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see !

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"Stars are poor books, they oftentimes do miss ;  
 God's book of stars lights to eternal bliss."

"EDITORIAL CENSOR" is deceived, but we can let the true sentence come from another quarter. *Last Days* shows Great Britain—by the Reformation—has been broken off from the kingdom of anti-Christ, and from that time her influence and real position has been unprecedented above all the nations of the earth. Let every true British Christian prayerfully and zealously contend for the truth, by faithful witnessing and holy working, and our God will defend the right.—"But why should any dream" (Mr. Lindsey asketh, in his newly-issued tract, *Glorious Tidings! Your Redemption Draweth Nigh!*) "that Britain will escape the wrath of God?" Many strong reasons doth Mr. Lindsey give why our country shall not escape ; and we are persuaded his warnings and arguments deserve the utmost attention of all the inhabitants of the

British Isles. Nevertheless, we cling to the hope that the Churches of Christ will awake ; that they will, by the grace of God, shake themselves from the dust, and so put on their beautiful garments, that the judgments may be stayed, our nation preserved, and the Gospel be yet more than ever powerful. We have in India alone more than two hundred millions of British subjects. Our people in all our colonies, and all the world over, are immense. Has not the Almighty exalted this nation for some greater achievements than she has ever yet accomplished through the Gospel? We faintly hope so, and we trust the fervent prayers of some thousands of the godly now ascending to the throne of grace are God-wrought earnest of a speedily coming dawn of clear light, and of descending showers of blessings. We bitterly lament the divisions, the declensions, the empty pride, the awful

prejudices and perplexities in our Churches. We know, however, God has yet reserved unto Himself a remnant according to the election of grace. The Bishop of Peterborough, in his recent sermon at St. Paul's, cried out lustily against the moral evils and sapping scepticism now fast spreading in all directions. He pronounced the strife in the Churches, the atheisms in the world, and called upon the people to look around and take heed lest down into the grave of desolation this mighty country should be hurled.—*Green Leaves* for April gives a short paper from the pen of the late William Palmer, in which he said: "We live in an age of deceptions, and move among figures that are disfigured by the names after which they are called." From every quarter the sound of alarm is coming; but, in the rising ministry, lightness, levity, and looseness lull the people into lukewarmness and lethargy. The ten sentences which make up "The Lord's Prayer," as over our mind they roll, are found immensely rich in meaning, comprising all the essentials of that salvation which only can make us Christians here, and give us to be like, and to be with, Christ hereafter. Precious believers may often sing—

"Art Thou my Father? then no more  
My sins shall tempt me to despair;  
A father pities and forgives,  
And hears a child's repentant prayer.  
Art Thou my Father? teach my heart  
Compassion for another's woe,  
And ever, to each child of Thine,  
A brother's tenderness to show.  
Art Thou my Father? then no more  
Tremble, my soul, at death's alarms;  
He comes a messenger of love,  
To bear me to a Father's arms.  
My God! my Father! I am vile,  
Prone to forget Thee, weak and blind;  
Be Thou my help, my strength, my trust,  
Hope of my heart! light of my mind!"

*The Prophetic Interpreter; or, Rays of Light on Past, Present, and Prospective Events.* By John Wesley (of Leicester). London: Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Mr. John Wesley is now becoming increasingly known as the author of a new shilling work entitled, *The Prophetic Kingdoms, &c.*, of which work 5,000 copies have been printed, and we hope they will have a most extensive reading, imparting to multitudes of the babes in Zion such pure nourishment as shall strengthen their faith, causing them to grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our author has been led to give himself up to that one special branch of Divine revelation which flows down to us through the writings of the ancient and inspired prophets; and, as a plain, honest, prayerful, and devout student, we believe his

writings will be a blessing to the whole of the Christian family. "How shall we know the true prophet from the false prophet?" is the first branch of Mr Wesley's work; and he so rigidly appeals to, and abides by, the Word of God, that his deductions and conclusions cannot, we believe, be either misunderstood or honestly disputed. Mr. Wesley is so deaf he cannot hear the Gospel preached; but this affliction is overruled for good by causing him to retire to the throne of grace, to the eager reading of the Bible for himself, and to a consecutive and intelligent meditation upon those parts of "the Book" which, to thousands of Christians, are hard to be understood.—"How will ye serve the Saviour when He comes to see you?" Positively, Christ tells us, He will say to those blessed ones who in their lifetime did "consider His poor," "I was sick, and ye visited Me!" Not as merit-mongers, but as constrained by love to our Lord in His members, we sit down in a solemn mood, and, with Eli Corwin, sing—

"Oh, the hearts all crushed and bleeding,  
Who can pass them by unheeding?  
Who resist their piteous pleading?  
When mine eyes the King shall see,  
Shall the waiting welcome be,  
'Ye have done it unto Me?'  
Lo, our Lord has condescended  
To uplift the unbefriended,  
And the poor man's cause defended.  
When mine eyes the King shall see,  
Shall the waiting welcome be,  
'Ye have done it unto Me?'  
Came He to the pure and holy,  
Or to save the sinners solely?  
Lo, He loved the lost and lowly.  
When mine eyes the King shall see,  
May the waiting welcome be,  
'Ye have done it unto Me!'  
When the ruined, rescued races  
Sit with us to heavenly places,  
Christ-like love shall crown the graces.  
Then mine eyes the King shall see,  
And the waiting welcome be,  
'Ye have done it unto Me.'

The Bishop of Peterborough's sermon is a strong expression. He says: "The force and terror of public opinion is such that men dare not call their souls their own if the magazines were against them." Had the bishop seen E. Smith's tracts? Does the bishop know how Messrs. Gordelier, Aikman, Sears, and others have suffered? God forbid we should ever write one line to injure a good man, or to wrongly influence the Churches! Too much of this has been done during the last forty years.—"Will heaven's gates be shut against me?" "No man can answer this question for another, and only under peculiar circumstances can any one answer it for himself." True. This question requires a closer investigation than many may think.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES OF

J. C. ARCHER,

*Baptist Minister, Blackburn.*

[We ask our truly Christian readers to give the following chapters a quiet and prayerful perusal. They shew the cause of the misery, the death, and the bitterness in many Churches, and they reveal the aboundings of grace from our Lord Jesus Christ, through the revelations made to the soul by the Holy Ghost the Comforter. We have preached for brother Archer in Blackburn; we have sojourned with him and his family in his own home; we have had communion with him; we realised great humility of mind while with him; we found him a man full of the Spirit of Christ, and we have deep convictions that the Lord has yet a great work for him to do.—EDITOR.]

### CHAPTER I.

#### *Sudden and Solemn Death of his Wife—Cause of it—Knowledge of the Son of God—Ministerial Blessedness—His Trial of Persecution.*

TO C. W. BANKS.—Dear and honoured brother in Him who is "the resurrection and the life,"—"May the blessing and goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush" rest on you and your labours of love, that your last days may be the best. Amen. I felt a desire to give you, and the children of God, some little account of the state of my heart and soul, both before and after my late beloved wife's death; and I say truly of her, that she was a good woman, a sober-minded Christian, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; wise in counsel, meek, kind-hearted, as good a wife as ever was married to mortal man. My loss of her was great indeed. For about nine months before her death, the Lord favoured me much with His gracious presence, with life, light, teaching, and comfort, so that I was sweetly led "into the truth as it is in Jesus," especially into that great, glorious, and majestic truth: Jesus Son of God. I saw His name "Son" to be His name of nature, and not one given—not a name of office; so that the name "Son" was that of His Divine nature. I beheld in that name "Son," all the Divine perfections of the Father. Truly "He is the brightness of His glory, and express image of His person."

And I saw in the epistle to the Hebrews, that our apostle sets forth the pre-eminence of our Lord Jesus by His name "Son," as being above (1) prophets, (2) angels, (3) Moses, (4) Aaron, and all high priests that followed. And in two solemn Scriptures (Heb. vi. 6, x. 29), His name of nature, "Son," is brought in to aggravate the sin of those that turn from Him; for "they crucify the Son of God afresh," &c.; yea, they trample under foot the Son of God, so that all the Divine perfections are sinned against in the Son. Now this sin I saw to be the unpardonable sin. As I was enabled

to preach Jesus Son of God, the Lord the Spirit blessed the truth to the conversion of precious souls. One of our deacons said of a person who gave her experience before the Church, that "she was all about the person of Christ." Another deacon said of another that gave in experience, "He had been in the Church for thirty years, but he had never heard a good experience given in before." Yea, both at home and abroad, the Lord made His truth a blessing to His beloved, redeemed people. While this good work was going on, one man came into my house to fetch out the bread and wine for the Lord's Supper (for I had to do part of the deacon's work, providing the same), and my wife gave him the bread and wine, but he never spoke a word to her, but looked as black as a stormy day. One of the deacon's wives served her in the same way.

A little before my wife's death, I said to a friend, "I do not know what the Lord is about to do with me. I do know by experience that He sometimes grants a blessing before a trial comes, to prepare them for it, sometimes in the trial to uphold them through it, sometimes to deliver them out of it."

At last my trial did come, and in a most distressing manner. On this wise. I lived next door to the school and chapel. Sometimes I found the wood and coals to light the fires of chapel and school, and the chapel cleaners would sometimes pay me back for what I lent them. On one or two occasions, when my coals were done, I went and borrowed some from the chapel, which I paid back; but because I did that, one man got a lock put on to the door, which lock was on six weeks before I knew what it was on for. At our Church meeting (the same night that Fish murdered Emily Holland), the man who locked up, said to me, "Do you know what that lock was put on for?" I replied, "No, not I, indeed." "Well, it was put on to keep you from stealing coals out of the chapel." Another said, "It was to keep you honest." I will leave you to judge how my poor soul was torn to pieces. I was enabled to be quiet and still, and to endure what they said, for I saw that the devil had full power over them. But, when I got in my house, my wife said, "You have had a long meeting." I said, "Yes, and a very painful one too." She asked what there had been to do. I replied, "Well, you know of calling me out of my room some time ago, to go and borrow some coals from the chapel as ours had not arrived, which I did do; and now they charge me with robbing the chapel of coals." When she heard that, she gave a deep sigh, and then a severe hiccup, as if her heart would leap out. She laid herself back in her chair, and from that moment (though a strong, well-built woman) she gradually sank down in weakness, and on April 10, she had an untimely birth, and died the same day.

I cannot describe to you the deep, deep

distress that overwhelmed my poor soul. So bewildered and confused was I, that I could scarcely believe she was dead. I wanted to think she was asleep. Two hours before she died, she spoke of their hard-hearted and wicked conduct. She said, "Let us render good for evil. I wish you to give them ten shillings for me towards the collection yesterday." That ten shillings I gave them after she was buried. She was a remarkable Christian-like woman in all her deportment. Oh, the rich abundant grace that our covenant Three-One God bestowed on her! O my loss! My loss of her was great indeed! But, blessed be the Lord, my loss is her everlasting gain.

I am solemnly persuaded that my persecutors were the cause of her death, as much as Nero was of the apostle Paul's. I feel no one could convince me otherwise. But they had not done enough wickedness yet. About nine of the members contrived to call a Church meeting on April 9, while I was preaching for the late J. Kershaw's Church, and to one of the members (that now lives in the same house as I did then) they told a falsehood to get her to the meeting, for I had been charitable to her. They told her the meeting was called to prevent one man being turned out of the Church; but it was called to turn me out. And when the members assembled in the schoolroom, about eight of the male members met in the vestry, and kept the others waiting for twenty minutes, and when they came into the room, all was made up on their part. They would neither hear Scripture nor reason from my friends, but put them down and stopped them when they attempted to speak. However, when they saw such a determined stand made by my friends, they agreed that that meeting should determine nothing, and a motion was put to the meeting, and carried by a majority, that another meeting should be called of the whole Church, at which all things were to be decided upon. But for that meeting they could not wait. They knew there was a majority for me; yea, six of the eight I did not know but that they were my real friends until March 28, that killing night.

#### CHAPTER II.

*Resigns his Pastorate—Great Sorrows and Relentings—Renewed Exercises of Faith in, and Communion with, his Lord and Saviour—Darkness Succeeds, but Marvellous Deliverance is Granted.*

On the Monday after I buried my wife, April 17, three of the deacons came to my house, and asked me, on the ground of the last meeting, to give up my pastorate, which I did do, unknown to my friends. Many of them cried bitterly, as if their hearts would break at my giving up so suddenly; but the deacons' hard-heartedness came to me when I was in the depth of sorrow and heart-rending grief, hence, I gave way.

When I told one of those gentlemen deacons of his carnal conduct, he hummed and struck on my table with his fist as though he would have broken it, for he was more like a fiend than a man, especially a deacon.

These are very solemn facts. In my distressed and confused state of mind (for I scarcely knew what I was doing), I made those three gentlemen a promise that I would never preach in Blackburn any more. This pleased them well. They turned from wrath to kindness; but, when I came to a calmness of mind, and saw the distress my brethren and sisters were in (for they could not hear Christ preached as oftimes). They were supplied with a carnal, dead, experimental preaching, I saw that their poor souls were famished for a living Christ in the ministry, and it is scarcely to be found now-a-days from the "Standard" preachers. Oh, the lack there is of a precious living Christ in the ministry! Well may the Churches be bitter-spirited, dead, carnal, and that from the head of them downwards.

I solemnly felt I had done wrong to promise not to preach any more in Blackburn, so, after much thought and sober consideration, I was led to confess that I had sinned in making the promise, and begged the Lord to forgive me. (Matt. xxi. 28—31, was much on my mind, and I feel He has done abundantly, bless His holy name for ever. Amen.)

Of my giving up my pastorate, and again preaching for my beloved brethren in Blackburn, I will say more after, if the Lord will. Returning to the solemn exercises of my soul under this trying dispensation, I received much blessing of soul from the goodness and fulness of my dear and ever-precious Saviour, so that my faith was strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Oh, what a glorious Person He was to me, a poor, ill, and hell-deserving sinner! Yea, God the Holy Ghost did indeed magnify His glorious office to me as the Glorifier of the Lord Jesus. Oh, what a majestic Person He revealed in me, even our great Mediator and Redeemer! How full of majesty in His power, wisdom, and goodness! I was shewn how He, in His creating power, had thrown worlds upon worlds into the immensity of space, and, by His wisdom, arranging every world in the grandest order, while He filled all with His infinite goodness. Oh, the majesty that blazed forth in His love, meekness, lowliness, patience, endurance, kindness, and gentleness in the steps that He took in going forth for the salvation of Zion! Truly, in the light and revelation of God the Spirit, I saw Him all over glorious, and my soul longed to drink deeply into His spirit! I truly believed in and loved His glorious majesty. Under these sweet anointings of my sweet Comforter, and after my dear wife's death, &c., I endeavoured to stay myself on His blessed Majesty for about a fortnight. I said it must be a good and wise providence that has befallen me, for He is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." But by-and-bye a darkness came over me. I felt benumbed and stupefied. I scarcely knew what I was doing. I was like a feather tossed about in the wind; Satan roared upon me like a lion, saying: "God has forsaken thee, the Church has rejected thee; thou wilt be a vagabond on the earth, and hell thy everlasting abode."

My poor soul sank fathoms in deep distress; the waters overflowed my soul. What pained me most was the thought that I should not see, nor be with, nor spend a long and happy eternity with my dear, lovely, sweet, and beautiful Lord Jesus, and in all this grief and sorrow, not a word of sympathy from the "Standard" preachers. One — and some of the Church who made use of him to cover their own wickedness — went about describing me as one of the most awful characters that ever lived, and others of the preachers helped him to spread the report. I here state to you, and to the Church of God in general, that if one of them can lay a just wrong before five honest men, that I have done wrong either to man, woman, or child, I will give them twenty pounds for their trouble, and will pay all expenses incurred in the trial, and the twenty pounds may be given to any poor Church.

In my distress, I tried to seek the Lord, but felt so stupefied in soul-feeling, that I could not speak out the feelings of my heart unto Him but in sighs and groans, which were the chief outlets of my grief. These things went on for about three weeks, when I felt I must lie down and die if my Lord Jesus would not look on and bless me with His light, love, blood, and righteousness once more. So I went into my chamber, and shut my door about me, and prayed again and again, for I must have a blessing or sink into despair.

When on my knees, these words came into my heart and soul with gentleness and sweetness: "The unsearchable riches of Christ." There appeared to be a blazing glory most precious, like a jasper stone, and colour of amber; the glory of these unsearchable riches emanating for His glorious Majesty filled all the heavens, and all the inhabitants thereof were wrapped up in it, as in a bed of sweetness and delight, and by faith I saw my dear departed wife wrapped in His riches, full of peace, pleasure, happiness, and delight. It was as though I distinctly saw her in the glory of His riches. The second I saw and felt was that these riches were mine, and that for ever and ever, and the sweet and blessed change that was wrought in my soul, made all my trouble and darkness flee away. The third thing I saw was the riches of Christ rising up to God and filling every perfection with a glory unspeakable, and harmonising every perfection of His holy nature in the salvation of Zion. The fourth thing I saw was all those riches of Christ rolling abundantly upon the whole Church of Christ, and making her all fair and glorious both within and without in the holiness of His person and in the virtue of His redeeming work. While thus on my knees before Him, it was as though a voice said, "Look at the riches of His blood, of His righteousness, His holiness; how unsearchable they are! Look at the punishment of angels for sin for ever, and justice not satisfied! Look at the drowning of the old world, the burning of Sodom, the drowning of the Egyptians and the miseries that fall to the lot of sinful men. The voice, as it were, said again, "Now look at the lost

in hell, and the duration of their pains for ever and ever, and justice not satisfied! Come now to Calvary. There behold the Son of God, the God-Man, and Mediator." Oh, the glory that emanated from the Son of God! The virtue thereof appeared to swallow up justice in the sweetest delight. I then got on my feet and walked about the room, crying out, "Oh, the treasures of His blood! the treasures of His blood! the treasures of His blood! Oh, the treasures of His righteousness! Oh, the treasures of His holiness! Oh, the treasures of His love to me and the whole Church! Oh, the treasures of His meekness, His lowliness, His patience, and endurance! Yea, treasures upon treasures are there in my sweet and lovely Jehovah-Jesus."

Thus I went on for some time walking about my chamber, and for a month or two I was lifted above my trouble, except a time or two that the Lord seemed to withdraw from me. One thing I have learnt that, with young believers, the Lord the Spirit gives the joys and comforts of salvation first and the knowledge of it after, so that they live much by feeling; but in after years He gives the knowledge first and the feeling afterwards. These things I know by experience, glory be to my covenant God of salvation for ever and ever. Amen.—Yours in the hope, faith, and love of the Gospel of Christ Jesus.

J. C. ARCHER.

Blackburn, March 31, 1878.

#### RAUNDS TO HATHERLEIGH.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Grace and peace be unto you from God our Father, and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Many of my friends would like to know where I am and what I am doing. I was necessitated to leave Raunds. My health completely broke down. My medical advisers assured me it was indispensable for me to go South, for if I remained at Raunds my days would be few, the neighbourhood being too cold for me after having two or three severe attacks of inflammation on the lungs. It was a great trial for me to leave the dear people of Raunds; they live in my heart, and always will, for they are a praying and a working people.

This is a very healthy neighbourhood, very clear atmosphere, also some hills to climb; a large common, at certain seasons covered more or less with camomile flowers. Bless God, my health has greatly improved, and is still improving. I have been here about six months; the Lord has given me many precious souls. I baptized nine last month, and there are many seeking the Lord, carrying about a heavy burden, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I preach here the same truths I preached at Raunds—salvation by grace, not of works, lest any man should boast.

There has been much said in the EARTHEN VESSEL respecting preaching to sinners. I have been tempted many times to reply to some of the letters, but I refrained. Some men are close reasoners, and they reason, and souls are not reasoned from darkness to light.



Others are constantly fighting for doctrines, and the few people they preach to know the doctrines well, and souls are not saved. Others, again, are always trying to rectify mistakes with the same result, no conversions. But the Gospel is a blessed whole; it is to be preached to sinners, and God honours it; and what God sets his seal to is true, bless and praise His holy name.

I shall never forget what a good old minister said to me sixteen years ago: "As sure as God has given you a thirst for souls, He will give you souls." And my humble desire is to lead souls to Jesus. After I have baptized some, I begin to look around for more, and, as a rule, I find one little lamb here and there creeping into the prayer meetings. I try to speak to them, and I find an arrow of conviction has entered the heart; these our preachers should look after.

I spoke to a farmer's son a few weeks since about his soul. He appeared astonished, and, looking me straight in the face, said, "Sir, Mr. —, our minister, has been in the habit of coming to our house for the last eighteen years; he never said a word to me about my soul." I found the Word I had preached from the pulpit had entered his heart, and he now stands as a candidate for believers' baptism, and richly taught by the Spirit of God. I believe that if our preachers were to watch for souls out of the pulpit as well as in they would be more successful.

Pastoral visitation does good; not idle chit-chat; anything but Christ is too often the conversation. "We must not cast our pearls before swine" is the lame excuse. But how do they know they are swine? They may be the purchase of a Saviour's blood. At the present day, error is abounding on the right hand and the left. Let us labour out of the pulpit, preach the Gospel wherever we go. When by the fireside of friends, converse about the love of Christ; this was dear old Dr. Hawker's plan and way of working. Life is short. Oh, to make the most of a short day!

The little Church I have taken the charge of is very low. But, bless God, the spirit of prayer abounds; the young people meet for prayer Sunday afternoons. Up to this time, whenever I have taken any step I have been directed to some decayed spot, the funds low, the Church low, and a few people. But hitherto the Lord has helped me. My expectation is from Him; on Him I lean, on Him I trust, to Him I look, and unto Him be all the glory for ever and ever. Amen. May you, dear brother, finish your course with joy, which is nearly completed, then enter into the joy of your Lord, is the prayer of yours truly,

J. PEARCE.

Hatherleigh, North Devon.

DOWN, KENT.—This happy little city, set so sweetly on a hill, was favoured with the ministry of brother Joseph Maylew on April 14. We wish this young Apollo was usefully settled over some growing cause. We know the value of a good pastor in our brother Clinch.

#### SOME OF OUR CHURCHES IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

In the Acts of the Apostles the Churches of God are favoured with numerous accounts of the Churches of Christ, what the apostles preached, and what they meet with from believers and unbelievers; notice especially the ultimatum of their preaching culminating in the exaltation of Jesus Christ, "Whom God raised again and saw no corruption;" of whom Paul writes also—"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 37, 38); but of many it is to be feared, through pride, prejudice, self-righteousness, and free-will notions of the way of salvation, it is even as in the time of the prophets, as affirmed by Paul, "Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets; behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you" (Acts xiii. 40, 41). Yet, blessed be God, the elect are being gathered out of the ruins of the fall by the preaching of Christ as "the truth is in Jesus" (Eph. iv. 21), the Holy Ghost making it the power of God unto the salvation of a goodly number in this sin and error-blighted world, and gathering them to Himself in glory above. In our journey we heard of the departure of so many of the friends of Christ, and of the true Gospel, that we sighed and felt the sentiment of one of old who wrote, "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away from the evil to come;" but, blessed be our covenant God, "He shall enter into peace, they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in His uprightness" (Isa. lvii. 1, 2). And where is that to be found but in and with Jesus Christ? and although some appear to feel the departure of the righteous, how few lay it to heart, to cry in a proper Scriptural way unto the Lord to raise up disciples to fill up the thinned ranks of the Church militant! I heard of several instances of believers departing with the joyful assurance of going to be with Jesus, and the old-fashioned Gospel in its blessed truths supporting them in the surging waves of Jordan; especially of one whom I had known to be a doubting, fearing believer for years, but at last triumphed in Christ as her portion, and of going to be "for ever with the Lord." How true the time of "Jacob's trouble" is the time and way of Jacob's deliverance. I was rejoiced in finding young believers raised up in the place of the departed, but fear many of them are not "valiant for the truth" as the departed. By truth is not meant the erclets often appended thereto, but holy, loving tenacity for the doctrines, ordinances, and precepts of our most holy faith; the work of grace not being so deep in convictions, nor so marked in deliverance, are apt more easily to be removed from Gospel truth in some respects. Not having received the "Word in much affliction," there is not that unshaken abidance in the Yea and Amen verities of the Gospel; to

a large extent, it is a day of ease, seeking to be rich without labour in temporalities and spiritualities.

The preachers very many coming lightly into the kingdom, and so also it is with the hearers. But, "nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His; and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity" (2 Tim. ii. 19).

John Bunyan begins his noted "Pilgrim's Progress" thus—"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep," &c. And here he had an opening of Christian fleeing from the "wrath to come;" and we, too, have not only seen men fleeing, but have ourselves fled to "lay hold of the hope set before us" in the Gospel of Christ, and sinners by grace taking up their homes in the Church of Christ on earth, and of some of these Churches we now write a few things, having travelled to preach Christ's Gospel in most parts of England.

Recently, in the providence of God, I was at Peterborough. Here, many years ago, was favoured to preach in North-street chapel for the venerable Carter, who so long and faithfully preached the glorious Gospel of salvation full and free for all the election of grace, known in time as heavy laden, 'hirsty, hungering souls for the rest of God, for the waters of life, and the bread of the "which, if a man eat, he shall never die," the redeemed by blood called by the Holy Ghost to flee self, and the works of the law, and rest only on Jesus for life and salvation. His work has some years terminated on earth; still some yet remain affectionately to revere his memory as a faithful steward of the mysteries of the kingdom of Christ. Some important changes have taken place in connection with the Particular Baptist body in this town. Two chapels are occupied by our section, one "Salem," at which Mr. F. Tryon, of Market Deeping, Lincolnshire, preaches weekly, and other preachers of the Gospel on the Lord's-day.

The Baptist Tabernacle, Westgate-street, is a good Gothic building, seating some four or five hundred people, has a fair congregation, a good school, and is connected with kind care of the honoured family of the Sturtons: Messrs. John Sturton, D. Ashby, E. Forman, Kitchen, Bradly, S. Banks, J. Flory, &c., have preached the Gospel of Christ with acceptance and profit within the last twelve months. May the Lord prosper the cause, and raise up one in His own good time who shall go in and out before the people, as an under-shepherd to feed the sheep, to nurse the lambs, and instrumentally bring in the ransomed of the Lord now wandering on the dark mountains of sin, folly, and error. Although a cathedral city, Non-conformity holds a respectable position.

The cause of Christ at "Zion," Whittlesen, is in rather an unsettled state, from having invited an Open Communionist, one of Mr. Spurgeon's students, who, when he found the trust deeds excluded the choice of a

pastor of his views, honourably withdrew. The pulpit is occupied with supplies, and it is hoped ere long this cause may again resume its wonted unity and strength, to which end the honoured deacons are doing their uttermost. Many of the old friends that the writer knew and loved have gone up to be with their redeeming Lord. May grace, truth, and righteousness reign and triumph at Zion.

Chatteris is an old fortress of truth. At "Zion," the Church and congregation have again the services of Mr. J. Wilkins, who is preaching, with some power and blessing, salvation and consolation by Jesus Christ. That old veteran, Mr. E. Griffiths, holds on his way firm in the advocacy of the truths of distinguishing grace, in their soul-liberating and sustaining influence in life and death, at "Salem," with tokens of the favour of the Lord.

Somerham, Hunts, is without a pastor. Students from Mr. Spurgeon's college are supplying the pulpit; they had two out-and-out free-willers; they would not pass only one Lord's-day each; but now it appears it is "As you like it, sirs." A sounder one appears. It is hoped the Church will not be led away from the truths so long maintained in that place. How many old friends have passed away to their possessions in the skies!

Passing on to Cambridge, found Mr. Bunyan McCure was greatly beloved, and his loss much deplored. I saw the new Eden; it is a good and well-built chapel—an ornament to that part of the town, and a monument to the honour of God and the doctrines of distinguishing grace, and an evidence of the love and indefatigable perseverance of the late pastor.

Here, years gone by, I have preached with some power in the old Eden, when dear brother S. Marks was pastor.

May the Lord soon lend the Church to meet with a pastor, who shall feed them with words of wisdom and grace, that the souls of the people of God may be filled with heavenly food, the place filled with attentive soul-seeking Jesus hearers, saved in the "Lord with an everlasting salvation."

"Here let the Son of David reign,  
Let God's Anointed shine;  
Here let Him hold a lasting throne;  
And as His Kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,  
And shame confound His foes."

Reader, you soon will have done with reading! Preacher, you will soon have done with preaching! Church members, your membership on earth will soon be severed! May we now enjoy our "election of God," redemption by the blood of the Lamb unto life eternal. Amen.

AN OLD MINISTER.

BOSTON.—Our pastor, Mr. John Bolton, is preaching, baptizing, and, we hope, doing a good work in our Trinity-street chapel. Surely he has been raised up out of the pit for us.

THE LATE DEACON, W. PURSEY,  
OF READING.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I send a few facts relative to the life and last days on earth of another brother deacon, W. Pursey. Not more than fifteen months since, brother Sykes was called from the Church militant; the Lord has visited us again, and removed brother Pursey. While reflecting thereon, these words silently rested on my mind, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, from henceforth they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." We discard works as a ground of merit to obtain life and salvation; but they are blessed fruits when springing from the life of God in the soul, and show forth the praises of Him who hath wrought all our works in us. Brother Pursey was called early in life, and was one who, we believe, came in at the South gate; hence, not much to relate of a law-work; but, convinced of his condition, feeling a need of a Saviour, and led to seek pardon and mercy at His hands, he was blessed with a sense of forgiveness of his sins and the enjoyment of peace. He often referred to those days, and spoke of the burning love and zeal that fired his soul towards his Saviour, which led him to look forward to the Sunday when he could meet with the Lord's people, and hear the Gospel. He was baptized and joined the Church with his dear mother by Mr. Husband, of Hartley-row, at Cricket-hill. Subsequently he was removed, in Providence, to Reading, where he joined this part of the Church of Christ, under the ministry of Mr. Day. From that day down to the hour of death his language was,

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

Having taken up the Master's cross, he zealously worked and warmly supported His cause by giving his time, presence, and means to carry on the same. He was elected to the office of deacon, and held a most prominent position in the maintenance of truth here. His constant theme would be, "Jesus, I love Thy charming name," "Thy name is all my trust," &c., "God is love;" "Let us hear and sing about Jesus, and the love of God to poor sinners." Thus he spent his life in helping on the Redeemer's kingdom. He took active measures for the building of our present beautiful sanctuary, also built a small mission room in the town. His desire was to see many poor sinners brought to Jesus.

For about seventeen years in his official capacity he did great service to the Church in helping to receive the ministers, and attend to the secular affairs as treasurer, and in times of great straits, when means were wanting, he always stood a true friend, kind and patient, until the funds were raised to meet the claims. Thus in his life and character full proof was made of his calling and election unto eternal glory.

For months past there had been a change in his health. Though unable to attend the means of grace, the God of grace visited his

sick chamber. On entering his room one morning I found him reading the Bible, and I said, "You are looking at the best of all books. How do you feel?" He replied, "I have had some sweet thoughts upon these words, 'Go round about Zion, tell the towers thereof,' &c., and spoke of what he conceived to be the towers, bulwarks, and palaces of God the Builder and Founder, and said, "This God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our Guide unto death. So he drank of the streams which make glad the city of God.

Speaking of suffering, he said, "This is hard work; but I can say,

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus and His righteousness."

"I dare not trust the sweetest frame;  
But wholly rest on Jesus' name."

His fear was suffocation in the article of death, not eternity; he said, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." A few days prior to death, as they were about entering upon another weary night, he said to his dear wife, "Pray for me, ask my Father to fetch me home, or give me patience," and then, as by a special impulse, he arose from the invalid chair, fell on his knees, and poured out his soul to his heavenly Father, remembering his family, the Church, and all interested. He cried, "Father, call me; my Saviour come and fetch me." He paused, and continued, "I must wait patiently now." His poor feeble frame was helped up again; every one present marked the patience and grace of resignation to the Lord's will given him.

Sunday morning (two days before his death) I said, "We thought you would have entered upon that eternal Sabbath before this;" he smiled, "Yes, but I must wait, He will not deceive me! I do love Jesus! I love the brethren!" I was summoned to his bedside, Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, there to witness how calm a saint falls asleep in Jesus. His dear wife and family were gathered around to see his last look, hear his last words, and last breath. I said, "It is hard work in so much suffering to say it is well." I added, "Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him." He quietly turned his head; without a struggle or groan his spirit passed away to join that long cloud of witnesses gone before. His mortal remains were interred in the Reading cemetery. Brother Ward delivered a very able address at the grave to several hundreds of persons, upon the words, "He sleeps in Jesus." He also improved the solemn event on Sunday evening, March 17, taking for his text, "These all died in faith." Thus closed the life and career of one who, from long standing, consistent life and character, and Christian perseverance was esteemed for his work's sake. Like many others, he prayed earnestly for the salvation of the children given to him. In this the Lord answered in part. May others of his children be led to the feet of Jesus, for we can heartily join in the words of John, "I have no greater joy than that my children walk in the truth."

A. MARTIN.

Reading, April, 1878.

**EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL,  
CLAPHAM, AND THE LATE MR.  
DANIEL RAYNER, OF CLAPHAM.**

"The memory of the just is blessed," therefore the memory of our late friend, brother to our esteemed friend, Mrs. Wild, of Hayes, who has just entered into his rest, must be, and is. We had known him for about 20 years. Very soon after we came here, his domestic servant went to the different chapels in the neighbourhood in search of the Gospel. Garner, where we then were, was the last she came to, and on reaching home she said to her master, "Come and see, for I have found a chapel which I think you will like." He was then a worshipper at the Surrey Tabernacle, and, like Naaman of old, he listened to the solicitation of his servant, and came, and again he came, and again; found his servant's testimony worth regarding; took sittings for himself and family. Well do we remember his sending to our house to know if we had three hymn books. We thought at the time he would not want to use them long, he would soon get tired of the preacher; but in that, as in many other things, we were mistaken, for a more regular and constant hearer of Christ's Gospel could not exist, or a more firm and steady friend to the Baptist cause at Clapham, especially to the pastor. Being of very retired habits, we had but little opportunities for converse with him: what we did have was satisfactorily, and many years ago he told us our ministrations had been more blessed to him than those of any other minister, and expressed a wish that our sermons could be printed. Why he never followed the Lord in His ordinance, we could never learn; but, since his death, we have been informed that he was, many years ago, proposed and accepted for membership by a large Church, but for some private reasons he never joined that or any other on earth. He has now joined the Church triumphant, and his disembodied spirit is sitting down with his Lord and drinking the Gospel wine now in his Father's kingdom. Our brother was chosen to be one of the committee, when our former chapel was sold, to superintend the building of our present one, and it was mainly through his coming forward and placing £20 at the committee's disposal that the project was started, and during the whole 20 years he has been a constant hearer at the chapel he aided in building and he liberally supported. Alas! his friendship has come to an end. The Master has elevated him to the upper house in his 55th year, to take his seat on the throne long since prepared for him. Disease rendered his retirement from business necessary. He went to Margate. Our brother Wise visited him, asked him of his state; he replied, "My state is expressed in the following words:—

"The Gospel bears my spirit up,  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

On March 20, 1878, his spirit took its flight to where no temple service is required, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb

are the temple of it." By the request of the family, I took part with our brother Wise in the interment, in Margate cemetery, March 27. Brother Wise preached his funeral sermon from the words, "Mark the perfect man; and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." May the blessing of Him who has said "Leave thy fatherless children and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me," rest on the widow and children of our highly-esteemed and beloved friend and brother, Mr. Daniel Rayner, of High-street, Clapham, and send an Elisha to take Elijah's place in "the great congregation," is the prayer of  
Clapham. H. HALL.

P.S.—I should have said that before our brother breathed his last, he desired his dear wife to obtain a collecting card for the enlargement of the Margate Baptist chapel, and send it to his friends, with a view to help the Baptist Church in that town.—H. H.

**MR. HENRY HALL'S TWENTY  
YEARS' MINISTRY.**

**EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.**

Special services were held Tuesday, April 9, commemorative of the pastor's twenty years' sojourn at Clapham. Brother Anderson preached well upon the words, "We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved even as they." Evening public meeting was ably presided over by our friend Mr. Northover; brother Benzley offered prayer; Mr. N. read part of Deut. xxxii. and expressed his pleasure in being present, and his thankfulness for the mercy vouchsafed to both pastor and people for twenty years; he thought the pastor ought to be the first speaker. Mr. Hall reluctantly complied, and said, he felt in every sense much cause for thankfulness, but thankfulness was God's gift; still there were times when he certainly felt a little of David's spirit when he "sat silently before the Lord, and said, Is this the manner of man, O Lord?" It was twenty years since he came to Clapham; whether he did right or wrong in coming, he must leave to the Great Searcher of all hearts. One thing he could say, that he felt highly gratified in being able to comply with the wishes of his then pastor, Mr. Foreman, and he thanked God that he lived long enough to see that man of God lift up his hands in his presence and hear him thank God that He had ever brought him to Clapham. The circumstances in connection with building the chapel were well known when it was built. Many said he would ruin himself, to which he replied, he would prefer ruin with the truth and cause of God, than turn back in the day of battle. One gentleman, who could have built half a dozen chapels, sent him a note of withdrawal if he attempted to build; that did not daunt him; that very gentleman in after years gave, uncollected, £20. The walls were built in troublesome times, but built they were, and all was paid for. During the twenty years about 220 persons had been entered in the Church

books, some of whom had, through circumstances over which they had no control, left, but they had gone to aid other causes, for which there was cause for thankfulness. He had received nothing but kindness from his friends, and deacons especially, and still lived in the affections of his people, as they lived in his. There were signs every now and then of the Lord working in their midst; and he was very glad to be surrounded at the end of twenty years by old and valued friends. Brother Beazley was baptized with him 37 years ago; Mr. Mitchenall was baptized by him at Dartford 21 years ago; the other brethren had been long known and valued; he felt thankful for their presence. As to secular matters, he had even more cause to be thankful according to their nature. He left home in early life, clearly in answer to prayer; God gave him his business, and all the success he had had. At 19 he came into London an entire stranger to every one in it, but God opened a way for him, and gave him favour with all with whom he had to do. About 32 years ago he entered the house of business, as servant, in which he is still engaged. The principal died at the expiration of two years, and upon him and another devolved the whole weight of the business, out of which a widow and seven children had to be provided for as gentry; but the Lord had been his stay, success had attended the house, which was still held in good repute. The widow he had followed to the grave in a good old age, and recently the son, from both of whom he had received many tokens of cordial esteem. And now he has had, in conjunction with others, to become one of the masters of the house in which he entered as a servant 32 years since. During the whole of the twenty years he had scarcely been absent from business a day except to preach, nor away from the Church at the regular times. His one desire was, that his few remaining days might be devoted to his Lord's praise. Brother Anderson expressed his friendly feelings towards both pastor and people, and said what a mercy it was to be kept and sustained honourably for twenty years, both in the world and in the Church. Other ministers congratulated the pastor on the Divine goodness towards him; and the spiritual and profitable season concluded by Mr. Alfrey imploring a continuance of the Lord's blessing.

**SOUTHWARD. — TRINITY CHAPEL, BOROUGH.** This chapel has been renovated at a cost of upwards of £300; it is now one of our most respectable places of worship. That valiant servant of Jesus Christ, Thomas Stringer, is the pastor. There has been a cloud over this place, portentous of ill success, for some years past; many have been the ministers that have tried to make a stand and partially failed; but Mr. Stringer, as far as our judgment will admit, is the most likely man, by the help of God, to build up the cause, to the glory of God and the good of hundreds of souls in and around that populous locality. Our heart's earnest prayer is for his prosperity, for he deserves

the encouragement of every real lover of the grand old Gospel of Christ. Lord's-day, March 31, sermons were preached by the pastor and Mr. C. Cornwell. Special services were held Tuesday, April 2. Our venerable brother, T. J. Messer, read with forcible eloquence Isaiah xl. and prayed; after which W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, delivered a discourse on Ezekiel's vision among the captives by the river of Chebar, whither the ten tribes had been transported by the decree of Tiglath-pileser and Shalmanezzer (2 Kings xvii. 6). The friends took tea; at the public meeting Mr. John Wild, of Hayes, presided through the early part of the service; when he left for home, Mr. Albert Boulden was unanimously voted to the chair. Intelligent Gospel addresses were delivered on "heroic faith," as exhibited in Hebrews xi., by brethren Wild, Messer, Bardens, Bonney, C. W. Banks, Boulden, Cornwell, Lawrence, and Stringer. Brother Woodrow pleaded for a blessing, and two appropriate pieces were sung by the choir. The meeting terminated in a very agreeable manner. W. WINTERS.

### THE PULPIT OR THE PEW? WHICH IS TO BLAME?

BY A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

*Pulpit Men! Mind what you are about!*

Such a reminder becomes every preacher of the Gospel. If he would prove a blessing to his flock, and enjoy happiness in his own spirit, truly he must attend his calling with unceasing care. There is much needless complaint concerning pulpit oratory, matter, and power. May I not wish that ministers were as earnest and zealous in unfolding the beauties of a risen and glorified Saviour as they are to set forth the doctrines of election and predestination? It is well to give careful expositions of the doctrines upon which our glorious salvation is based and built; but the hard declaration even of those doctrines in which we so truly glory, without unction and Divine power, may not be really useful. The dreary and stagnant condition of our Strict Baptist Churches is a source of sadness to every earnest observer. What is the cause of all that I behold? Is it to be attributed to the ministry? Where is that glory which our fathers spake of? Are not we in some wise responsible for this state of things? Is it from a similar condition to the Israelites of old? Have we hewn out to ourselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water? Look to it, ye ministers. Be it your concern to carry out in its broadest sense the words and will of our Lord and Master, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." The true position of the minister in his study, and also before the public, is to be established in the doctrines, standing thereon to preach the Gospel. Salvation by Jesus Christ is the life and substance of the Gospel. Whoever fails to set forth salvation pure and simple does not preach the Gospel in all its integrity. Grace in the heart is an energising power; much of the barrenness and dryness of the pulpit has its origin in the pew.

There is a putting on the new man of profession without the putting off the old man of nature. Who are the preachers generally selected to preach? Those most in sympathy with deacons or people. The preaching of the Gospel is not always the standard required. To be truthful, to speak the truth in love, to dip our words in the oil of charity, should be our aim. To be an acceptable minister in some places a man must restrain his own pure feelings, or he will give offence. Instead of complaining, let us search out the root of the evil, and try and break its power. To sing of grace without manifesting any of the growth of grace is a delusion. To be careless of the salvation of others, yea, of those around us, is a mark of weakness. Oh, that every one would strive to tread in Jesus's footprints, and to seek that which is lost! Has not His long-suffering astounded us? Our indifference, ingratitude, rebellion, and hatred been enough to procure our destruction? Think on these things.

**BRIGHTON.**—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS.**—Ebenezer Baptist chapel, Richmond-street, held the twenty-fourth anniversary of Mr. Israel Atkinson's pastorate on Good Friday. At the usual tea over 200 were present. The pastor, Mr. I. Atkinson, presided at subsequent meeting. On the platform were Mr. Elliott, Mr. L. Payne, Mr. W. Webb, Mr. Turner, Mr. Botting, &c. All delivered suitable addresses. This Church originated in prayer meetings, then eleven members were joined into a Church, and Mr. Sedgwick served the pulpit for twenty-nine years; our present pastor has been with us twenty-four years. This cause has existed fifty-three years, and only two ministers during that time; we are very thankful, and trust it will continue for many years to come. We had prayer meeting in the new Mission hall, Thursday evening, April 18; brother Virgo presided. It was, indeed, a "sweet hour of prayer." My earnest desire is that God's blessing will be found in that dark neighbourhood.

**KING'S CROSS.**—Ebenezer Baptist Church, Caledonian-road. On Good Friday afternoon, Mr. Carpenter preached from Prov. xi. 15, to a full house. Nearly 100 persons partook of a substantial tea, provided by the ladies. Public meeting at 6.30; brother Woodrow prayed earnestly for a blessing. After, our chairman (Mr. Harris) gave out that well-known hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing." Brethren Beddow, Bolton, Hand, Nightingale, Carpenter, and Palmer spoke plainly, lovingly, and cheered the hearts of the friends. The pastor, Mr. W. White, closed the meeting with a few remarks; he said he was gratified with the excellent collections, amounting to £20, for the Building Fund. Thus ended a most happy and soul-cheering meeting. The pastor and deacons are much encouraged as friends are being added to the Church. Our week-night services are held every Monday and Wednesday.

SAMUEL LUDLOW.

**HACKNEY.**—**DEAR MR. LINDSEY.**—Your circular on the present painful state of our nation, and of the Churches in general, induced me, under Divine direction, I hope, to open our chapel on the 10th of April, for prayer to be presented to the Lord for His mercy on us all. In the morning, Mr. John Bonney presided over our first meeting, and spoke to us on the solemn state of things very truly, and with an evident knowledge of the Word of God, of His universal government, and of the lamentable condition of things in the world and in all Christendom. Brethren Matthew Branch, R. G. Edwards, W. Beddow, and John Inwards pleaded most fervently for the Divine interposition. I know not when I have heard and felt so powerfully any prayer as I did our brother John Inwards. We had a little company of friends; it was for Speldhurst-road chapel a sacred season. At 2.30, we met again; Mr. Inwards presided, and delivered an address of encouraging force and clearness on the words, "Let us come boldly unto a throne of grace," &c. John Inwards' prayers and speaking led us to conclude the Homerton-row Church had been graciously directed in choosing him for their pastor; for many years may he be found with them as a blessed golden pipe, pouring the vitalising oil from the Lord God into many precious souls. Mr. John Bonney wrestled hard in prayer. Our friends Geo. Holland, Frederick Green, and John Waters Banks also went sincerely to the throne of God's mercy. A plain tea was provided; soon after six, the evening meeting commenced, which lasted until after nine. I spoke a few words on the diverse character of the prayers in the Bible, and on the ten significant sentences of concentrated truth in what is called "the Lord's prayer." Friends Martin, of Avenue chapel; our deacon, Daniel Stanton, George Reynolds, Joseph Mayhew, &c., cried unto the Lord. The services of the day closed with a lecture by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, on behalf of the Sabbath Rest Association, wherein, with increasing power, the lecturer shewed "the blessings of nations who keep the Sabbath, and the downfall of those nations who have desecrated the Lord's-day." Surely, this Society should have the support of all Christian Churches. Thus, dear Mr. Lindsey, we were favoured to pass through these services on the 10th of April, and my silent, sorrowing heart still sigheth to God for His mercy to descend on you, on our Churches, and upon your poor servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

**HACKNEY.**—At Trinity, Mr. Vaughan conducted prayer meeting from 11 until 5, then from 7 till 9. It was a solemn season of prayer. Brother Matthew Branch writes us, and says:—"I very much enjoyed the day of prayer at Speldhurst-road chapel, April 10." Surely the hand of the Lord was in this. We do trust our country will be preserved, our Churches revived, our souls filled with the power of the Spirit. With all may the Lord's name be greatly exalted, His kingdom come into many precious hearts.

**BRIGHTON.**—Our Ebenezer Baptist Sunday School has sustained a loss in the resignation of its valuable and long-beloved superintendent, brother Boxall. His farewell address, delivered to the Bible class, Sunday afternoon, March 31, 1878, from the words, "Let not your hearts be troubled," did indeed trouble us. Brother Boxall's work in connection with the Church and schools at Ebenezer has been a blessing to us all. Deservedly was he esteemed. He expects to make a tour through Italy. The prayers of his friends are gone up for mercy and power Divine to go with, and to bless him, and to return him to his new field of labour with prosperity and usefulness to many. The following lines have come out of the heart of blessed E. An-combe, occasioned by the death of Mr. Field:—

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 20.

Behold, our brother sleeps,  
Heaven has become his rest;  
While nature causes us to mourn,  
We know his soul is blest.  
His God has called him home,  
No more shall sin annoy;  
Freed from this earth, 'tis now he sees  
His Saviour's face with joy.  
We bless our covenant Head  
For grace so richly given,  
Which caused our brother's feet to tread  
The path that leads to heaven.  
While here his constant theme,  
Was "Jesus crucified,"  
And we are sure his theme is still,  
"Worthy the Lamb that died."  
Lov'd from eternity  
In Christ (God's only Son),  
'Twas grace that kept him here below  
Until his "work was done."  
We praise Thee, gracious God,  
That Thou art still the same:  
A Father to the fatherless,  
"Jehovah" is Thy name.  
Sustain the widow's heart,  
Help her to look to Thee;  
Let Thy compassion and Thy love  
Her happy portion be.  
And when we come to die,  
When all our journey's run,  
Oh, may we join that ransomed band,  
And hear Thee say, "Well done!"

Dec. 19, 1877.

E. ANCOMBE.

[In the death of Mr. George Field, and in the retirement of Mr. Boxall, Ebenezer, with its Sunday school of 500 children, is made sorrowful. But our Great Teachers, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are with us still.]

**NORFOLK.**—DEAR EDITOR,—I am advised to give you an account of the formation of a Strict Particular Baptist Church at Horning, Norfolk. Mr. J. Bane, of Ingham, Norfolk, and myself were upon the plan of the Baptist Church at Neatishead, Norfolk. The members—some Open Communion, some Strict, some Calvinists, some Arminians,—I was then Open Communion, but a Calviust. At the end of the plan, they voted us off. Our friends (as witnesses for the blessed truths of God's choice of His people in Christ, their final perseverance and strict communion) then met in a room at Horning. In September, 1877, a Church was formed by Mr.

Bane; I engaged in prayer. The Church has chosen Mr. Bane and myself as co-pastors. I once preached for eighteen months, on alternate Sundays, at Old Buckenham, Norfolk; that being strict, Neatishead open, and the latter cast me out. I was led to see the Lord would have me follow Him more fully. My dear father, Mr. Job Hupton, was for 55 years pastor of Claxton Church. The first Sunday I preached at Horning, the Lord used the Word by bringing a poor soul out of prison, who, for ten years, had, in agony of mind, been seeking the Lord, but finding no liberty; had walked miles to hear the truth, being converted under the preaching of Mr. Beall, late of Framingham, Norfolk, 10 years before. We have a congregation of about 50 or 60. The Lord is sweetly with us, and others are being brought, we trust, by the blessed Spirit, to the feet of our Immanuel. Friends, ask God, at the throne of grace, to bless us, to make us valiant soldiers of the cross, and to give us prosperity; we will remember you at the same blessed blood-stained mercy-seat.

S. B. HUPTON.

**GONE.**—Henry Allnutt, once pastor of Ripley, subsequently of Brockham, departed this life March 2, 1878, aged 78. For many years we were upon intimate terms with the deceased; but since his settlement at Brockham, we have neither seen nor heard much of him. Party interests often sever the closest friendships. Nevertheless, our deepest sympathies with the venerable Henry Allnutt were never destroyed. We have gladly served good men for long periods, and when they could find more influential and wealthy patrons, we quietly left them to realise the advantages we could not confer upon them. Ingratitude, and sometimes bitterly prejudiced injuries, have often been the reward for benefits bestowed. Both the ancient Allnutts have now retired from the scenes of their loved employment on earth.

**GONE.**—Died at Toronto, Upper Canada, December 10, Mrs. Williamson, aged 65; for several years a consistent member and pew opener at Hope chapel, Norton-street, Bethnal-green. She went to Canada near six years since, with one of her daughters, having one already there. The climate for some time was much against her; she seemed to be getting over that, but death came by bronchitis and took her home to her Lord, whom she loved. The promises of God were her stay during her illness, and her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Thus she went to sleep. S. HALL, SEN.

**GONE.**—That once useful Carlton pastor, Geo. Hall, lived to be 75, then, on January 11, 1878, he went home. At Brighton, March 31, Ann, the widow of late James Shorter, once the beloved pastor of Wilderness-row Baptist Church, London. Mrs. Shorter was nearly 81.

**MARRIAGE.**—On March 29, at St. Bride's Church, Mr. Walter Davis, of Peckham, to Annie, youngest daughter of Mr. George Dorey, 41, Fetter-lane, E.C.

# The First Awful Calamity.

BY MR. JOHN VAUGHAN,

*Minister of Trinity Chapel, Hackney.*

- 1.—Original Sin : What it is. 2.—The Nature of Adam's Sin. 3.—Adam did not Fall by Eve, but She Fell in Him. 4.—The Aggravation by Subsequent Conduct. 5.—Adam's Capability and Culpability. 6.—Gen. iii. 6 and 1 John ii. 16 Collated. 7.—Adam not Deceived. 8.—Original Sin : An Act and a State. 9.—Why Infants Die. 10.—The Wrong Centre. 11.—The Discord Existing. 12.—Man Tried under Various Conditions. 13.—Singular Silence of Scripture. 14.—How Infants are Saved. 15.—Salvation only Possible by Grace.

## 1.—ORIGINAL SIN.

THE word translated sin is from a word signifying the missing of a mark, a deviation from the way or path marked out. The term original applies to the first act of disobedience on the part of our first father, Adam. Applied to his posterity it does not describe an act, but rather a state or condition, as set forth in Rom. v. 12 : "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The mark our first father failed to hit was the will and glory of his Creator. The path he deviated, or wandered, from was the command or law of God. So far from rendering obedience to the rule prescribed, and which was anything but hard or exacting, he disobeyed ; hence he became guilty of sin, both of omission and commission. He did not uphold the Divine glory, but disregarded prohibition and threatening alike. He violated the law and offered insult to the August Legislator. Adam's criminality was of a twofold character—it was an act of wilful disobedience and transgression of God's authority ; while, as the federal head of the human family, his act was a cruel wrong done to his posterity, tainting and polluting at the fountain head the streams of existence and morality ; so that, physically and psychically considered, he generated sin and death. His act was personal, and had he stood alone, its consequences, doubtless, would have been confined to himself ; but as the head and representative of the whole human family, his crime was diffusive, imparted, and imputed. Thus they die who have not lived sufficiently long to identify themselves with, and imitate his bad example by, actual transgression. "Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them who had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression" (Rom. v. 14). Thus we see his fall drew all into that fallen condition. "In Adam all die."

2.—Adam did not sin because of necessity being laid upon him so to do. God created him upright, as we find in Eccles. vii. 29. "He was created in the image of God" (Gen. i. 27) ; therefore immortal. Physically and morally considered, he was perfect—a person without deficiency, pain, or weakness ; a mind pure, with every attribute beautifully harmonising with each other ; a soul unpolluted, a judgment sound, a conscience void of offence, a will free. Whatever he did was done



consciously and deliberately; he was not deceived. If Eve sinned, her's was a sin of ignorance, while Adam's was an act of wilful and determinate transgression.

It has been observed—as some think, to Adam's credit—that, seeing his wife must die for her sin, rather than be separated from her, he determined to yield and die with her. All this may sound heroic, if not romantic, but is it in accordance with the oracles of truth? Whatever consequences eating of the forbidden fruit might have entailed upon our mother Eve, doubtless it would have been confined to herself. She was not the federal head and representative. Her sin could not have communicated its poison or consequences to Adam; his innocence and integrity remained unaffected thereby. She enticed, we admit, but she could neither draw or compel; he yielded to her, and by his act of transgression, drew her into his fallen state and all the consequences thereof.

Looking at it in another aspect, we see in his act the germ of the sin with which his posterity are charged. "Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator" (Rom. i. 25).

3.—In reading the Scripture narrative, no intimation is conveyed of any lapse of time, or even Adam's absence, but rather as if he was near at hand. Thus we read—Eve having taken of the fruit, and having eaten, she "gave unto her husband *with her*, and he did eat" (Gen. iii. 6). There is no indication of any great pressure being brought to bear upon Adam, as one hesitating or unwilling to comply. We have no information of any caution having been given by Adam to his wife. The charge of God had been given to Adam before the formation of Eve (Gen. ii. 16, 17), yet it appears, by her answer to the serpent (iii. 3), she was acquainted with the Divine prohibition; nor when she presents the fruit to him do we hear anything approaching to that horror expressed by one of his fallen posterity when tempted to sin: "How, then, can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" (Gen. xxxix. 9). Or do we hear of any rebuke being administered, or any expression of disapproval of her act. Whatever excuse she might have framed, it is very certain Adam had none. The charge had been given him, accompanied with the threat, if disobedient, of becoming mortal. Admitting the serpent did tempt, and Eve yielded to the tempter, that did not involve Adam; he had a sufficiency of power to resist, as he had of strength to stand. His will was free, or it had not been his sin, but a necessity laid upon him. But this could not be the case, or the Divine interrogation had been out of place: "Hast thou eaten of the tree which I commanded thee thou shouldst not eat?" (Gen. iii. 11).

4.—Mark the nature of the reply. No intimation that he yielded through a deficiency of power to stand or resist the temptation when presented, neither does he express any regret for having so done. We fail to discover anything like signs of contrition, but rather he appears like one resolved upon adding insult to injury, and, by insinuation, to throw the onus upon the HOLY GOD Himself—thus: "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat" (Gen. iii. 13). 'How soon did the upas tree of sin begin to bear its unhallowed and deadly fruit! Here was—

*Firstly.*—The act of transgression, disregarding alike the prohibition and the threatening of God. Then, *Secondly.*—There was the sin of idolatry, substituting the creature, whether wife or serpent, for the Creator. *Thirdly.*—Base ingratitude—instead of thanking God for the helpmeet provided—by implication at least that his own integrity had been sapped and overthrown through her instrumentality. *Fourthly.*—An impious defiance of God's power, as if daring Him to the infliction of the threatened death. *Fifthly.*—Hardness of heart, and a seared conscience. No spontaneous outburst of grief, or ingenuous confession; no expression of regret, no appeal for mercy, or desire for forgiveness. *Sixthly.*—No expression of sorrow or compunction for the sin and death entailed upon his posterity by his act of disobedience. "Wherefore, as by one offence (margin) judgment came upon all men to condemnation; for as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners" (Rom. v. 18, 19). Thus, for a temporary gratification, he knowingly and wilfully entailed sin and death upon his posterity.

5.—Now, it has been asserted he was not able to stand in his integrity, not being strong enough to resist the temptation; but do we notice where this assertion lands us? If this were so, we see a creature loaded with vast and weighty responsibilities, without being qualified. Granted this were the case, and we shift the odium from Adam, what then? It must inevitably be cast upon his Creator. Yea, "let God be true, and every man a liar." But such advocates are not very helpful; for such a line of argument, or rather bare assertion, degrades Adam below the level of the brute creation, of which he was still the lord, although degenerated so sadly. Yet these creatures were and are guided in their selection of food by a faculty called instinct; but the superior being, called man, possessed reasoning faculties and mental attributes, clear and capable of harmonious action and sinless obedience to the law of the wise and holy God.

6.—This act of disobedience resulted from yielding to a temptation of a threefold character. It appealed to his volition through the sensuous medium: "The woman saw that the tree was good for food." Here we have the lust or desire of the flesh stirred. "And that it was pleasant to the eyes." Here was the lust of the eyes. "And a tree to be desired to make one wise." Here we have the pride of life, or intellectual ambition. Thus Gen. iii. 6 is found repeating itself after 4,000 years' experience, as testified in 1 John ii. 16, and the experience of the present day substantiates it in every particular. To say desire was awakened, and, therefore, Adam willed to do this great wrong, does not appear to explain to us satisfactorily the nature of his transgression. Admitted that this tree was all that could be pleasing or attractive to the eye, as the creature of God, would this justify his act or lessen his criminality? Or if we view him as head, progenitor, and trustee of myraids of a yet unborn posterity, can we discover anything to lessen the turpitude or enormity of his sin? Admitting his desires were stirred, it does not follow that he must necessarily will to do. His reasoning faculties, his judgment and will, were now all in accord with each other. Thus he might have reasoned: "Who is this who presents the fruit? God Himself has prohibited me eating. My companion, it is true; but not my Creator. I will administer caution and reproof.

Or, who is this creature suggesting this act of disobedience but one far my own inferior?" Well might he, under such circumstances, have used the words of one of his posterity: "So did not I because of the fear of God" (Neh. v. 15). But we go farther, and say, allowing the fruit of this tree possessed all the properties ascribed to it, yea, capable of making wise, even as God—pleasing to the sight, and agreeable to the palate—it becomes evident Adam was not content with the position and privileges assigned him, or of his place—evidently that of responsibility. God had made him happy, surrounded with everything calculated to perpetuate and secure that happiness while he rendered a willing and easy obedience to the Divine command. His language under such circumstances should have been something like this: "I feel God, my Creator, has placed me in trust. I ought to obey His commandment in preference to the suggestion of any of His creatures, or the gratification of my own desires. No; His will shall be my will."

7.—Adam had the power to will not to eat of the forbidden fruit. He could have said, "I will not eat." But his volition was to eat, regardless of God or man, commandment, or consequences; prohibitions and threatenings were alike disregarded by him. His was not the act of one ignorant; he was not deceived; now the woman was, but her personal act does not appear to have produced any visible (at any rate we have none recorded) results. No! we believe her life was safe while her head stood; but when he fell, she fell in him, and was involved in the transgression (1 Tim. ii. 14). No sooner had Adam eaten than we read, "And the eyes of *them both* were opened, and *they* knew that *they* were naked" (Gen. iii. 7). What a painful discovery! The anticipated gain had proved an incalculable and ruinous loss! Innocency, safety, happiness, and desires for communion with the Creator all gone; a consciousness of guilt and fearful apprehension; a sense of shame and defencelessness, so degraded, that if possible, they would have hidden themselves from God, never to seek His face, favour, or forgiveness.

8.—We have regarded Adam's original sin as construed with a verb; the adjective we supply is wilful—that our first father's act was one of wilful disobedience, involving his posterity in sin and death. But in our case, original sin must be construed by a noun, as expressive of a state or condition—thus Job. xiv. 4, xv. 14, propounds the question, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." "What is man that he should be clean? or he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" Mark also Bildad's inquiry (Job. xxv. 4): "How then can man be justified with God? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman?" David, speaking of his own antecedents and condition, tells us (Psa. li. 5), "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Again, the apostle Paul in Rom. iii. 10 declares, "There is none righteous, no, not one;" in verse 23, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" all have failed to hit the mark—a universal deviation from the path marked out, has followed. What do we discover? That by generation Adam has communicated the guilt of sin and the wages thereof, which is death, and that his transgression becomes ours by imputation, so that the very tissue of our being is impure, being vitiated at its very source.

9.—Every infant born brings with it pollution of nature, and the seeds of mortality. Where it not for this, mortality amongst infants would

be impossible, seeing they cannot be actual transgressors. "Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them who had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression" (Rom. v. 14). The consequence is, that we are physically and mentally, both body and soul, in a fearfully-disorganized condition; disease, deformity, pain, weakness, and death affecting the corporeal part of men; while as regards the mental attributes of our nature, a still more fearful discovery is made—by nature the heart is at enmity with God, approving, re-enacting, and substantiating our progenitor's act of wilful disobedience: "By nature the children of wrath"—*i.e.*, hostility against God, treasonable designs against His governmental authority, treating His threats with defiance, His Word and His Christ with contempt. The interrogations of man's nature unrenewed, is, "Who is the Lord that I should obey Him?" "We will not have this Man to reign over us" is the practical outcome of unregenerated hearts, Gentile as well as Jew. We cannot institute an inquiry into this matter as regards our own experience, ere we soon discover the fearful discord existing.

10.—In that peculiar obliquity of mental vision, thus we are apt to regard ourselves as the centre of the system we acknowledge. Instead of regarding the Divine Being, round which all creatures and intelligences move, deriving their being and support from Himself, and moving in the orbits He hath sovereignly appointed them, vain man arrogates to himself the centre; and if he admits the existence of God, it is rather on sufferance than of necessity, and he must needs move in the orbit, whether of creation, providence, or grace, that vain fallen man is pleased to prescribe for Him. "For vain (margin, empty) man would be wise though born like the wild ass's colt" (Job. xi. 12). So presumptuous is man, that if he deigns to read the Scriptures, it is with the idea that all their teachings are about himself. So great a creature is man in his self-conceit, that he fills the entire horizon, yea, the universe, so that he has no room for God.

11.—Look at the judgment and affections, how strangely inharmonious their actings! How frequently the judgment raises its objections, and points out consequences inevitable, if certain courses are pursued; but all in vain—the affections are ensnared, fixed on an unworthy object, and judgments, cautions, or exhortations are alike disregarded. Again, look at the conscience and the will; the former may be well regarded as the magisterial bench in man, that God has not vacated; its voice is heard in the secrecy of man's own heart in the silence of the night; its checks are felt in the very act of wrong-doing, yet the will persists in its evil courses till it brings its direful consequences, not only upon the delinquent, but oftentimes entailing misery and shame upon the innocent. Moreover, we discover that the natural propensity in man is to imitate Adam's sin in another respect—thus (Job. xxxi. 33): "If I covered my transgressions as Adam, by hiding my iniquity in my bosom:" as also agreeable to Eccles. vii. 29: "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions" (or devices). We see the consciousness of guilt led Adam to attempt the hiding of himself, and prevarication as regards his act of disobedience. We see his vain attempt was to hide from God; had not God sought Adam, rest assured he would never have sought the Divine presence; so with

his posterity, as described by the royal Psalmist (Psa. xiv. 1—3), "There is none that doeth good. The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand, and seek after God. They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." We see, after 1,600 years' trial—as described in Gen. vi. 5, "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart were evil, and that continually"—1,400 years later repeats the sad testimony (Psa. liii. 1—3). Again, some four hundred years later still, the prophet could not record any improvement (Jer. xvii. 9): "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" Our blessed Lord in the days of His earthly ministry indicates no improvement, but, in Matt. xv. 19, gives a sad account of the hearts capabilities; nor does the apostle Paul lead us to expect any improvement in this respect in the future, for we find his description of the last days (2 Tim. iii. 1—5), so far from being an improvement, appears more like an increase and an aggravation of wickedness.

12.—Man has been tried with a sinless nature, and exposed to temptation, and he did not maintain his integrity. He was put under a law of threats and promises, and declared, with a sinful nature, his capability of performing its precepts, and meeting all God's requirements (Exod. xix. 8); yet, in the course of a few days, they violate every precept, and practise idolatry. Since then God hath sent forth His Son, made of a woman, to proclaim the Gospel of salvation; and, although Christ Himself declared, "Except a man is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," man will not believe it, but declares he can keep the law; that he can exercise faith if he will; that he can give his heart to the Lord when he is so pleased, but fails to do so, or to exercise those powers and faculties he declares himself to possess; so that while he professes to know the Lord's will, and his declared capability of performing it, yet it is left undone; so that out of his own mouth this wicked servant is condemned, and shall be beaten with many stripes; so that man is a complete failure. And even during the millennium, when there shall be no Satanic liberty to tempt, yet there will be evil enough to make many false professors and hypocrites; so that Satan shall find multitudes ready to his hand, and shall gather them together to battle, the number of whom is as the sand of the sea (Rev. xx. 8). Thus, man under all dispensations, proves a failure; and thus it is evidenced that if one soul is saved, God must effect the entire salvation thereof in purpose, means, and accomplishment.

13.—Some have indulged in speculations that if Adam had but stood in his integrity, he would have been rewarded by being advanced to a higher state of existence; but we have no warrant from Holy Scripture for this. More than this, we have no information of their pardon or salvation; we do not say they were not saved, but when we hear their happiness so confidently spoken of, we need be reminded it is only inference at best. Surely the silence of Scripture ought to be respected. We do not read of Adam's or Eve's faith, but we do of their son Abel's (Heb. xi. 4). Our first parents are not recorded on Heaven's roll of worthies, but the son is, on whom appears to be stamped their bitter disappointment, by giving him the name of Abel—*i.e.*, vanity, a

breath, or mourning; so that the after experience of one of the most favoured of their numerous posterity appears at this early period of the world's history to have been their's also. Well, as the patriarch described the painful fact, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job. v. 7).

14.—It may, then, be asked if such is the native sinfulness and helplessness of man, who can be saved? If infants are involved in the fall, how can they attain to glory? Seeing they cannot exercise faith, the sin attaching to them is imputed and imparted sin; it is a state or condition they have not produced, nor is it more difficult to believe in the imputation of Christ's righteousness than the imputation of Adam's sin to them, as described by the apostle Paul (Rom. v. 17—19): "For if by one man's offence death reigned by one, much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ; for as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous;" or in the language of the poet—

" They died, for Adam sinned,  
They live, for Jesus died."

15.—Thus, we discover by the teaching of God's Word, and the experience of the human family, that not any can be saved on the ground of merit; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Not one can be saved by works, for "there is none righteous, no, not one;" and the obedience must be equal to the precept, or it is a transgression of the law. None can be justified by the deeds of the law, for "by the law is the knowledge of sin." Who, then, can be saved? Not one, but by an act of sovereign, undeserved, efficient, and unsought grace, "for what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. viii. 3). "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" (2 Cor. v. 21). "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God: how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out" (Rom. xi. 33).

## THE CLERGYMAN AND THE CALVINISTS.

**T**HAT is a significant sentence which our translators have placed in the margin of Psalm xl., wherein David, describing the state from whence the Lord had taken him, calls it a horrible pit, or "pit of noise," a pit of horror, of clamour, of contention, of strife, and of fierce opposition against God, conscience, and the salvation of the soul. In that "pit of noise," not the political world only, but the professing families of Christendom, are sinking deeper and deeper as the end of the dispensation draweth near. As in former times, men with steam-engine intellects, men with the piercing eye of the eagle, the daring, the boldness, the natural, the combined strength of the lion; men with all the sympathies of humanity, and all the plodding industry of the ox; men of culture, rightly gifted by nature, and all but perfect in the

accomplishments of the school—gentlemen with the refinements both of body and of mind—have obtained offices in what are called “*the Churches* ;” but (as one is driven to fear) never having been taken either out of the horrible pit or from the miry clay, their feet having never been set upon “*THE ROCK*,” their “goings” not being Divinely “established,” no new song being put into their mouths, not knowing the blessedness of the man who “maketh the Lord his trust,” they pay great “respect unto the proud,” they “turn aside to lies,” and with all the suavity of their natural embellishments, with all the wisdom of the schools and of the colleges, they come forward, Judas-like, to kiss JESUS CHRIST in public, but to quarrel with Him, to betray and sell Him in the lurking places where Satan’s seat is. Hence, every day we are receiving books, papers, sermons, letters, and pamphlets full of debatings, of controversies, of contempt for the Gospel given us by the Son of God and His apostles, and each one presenting some “new thought,” some “advanced” phase of theology, until whither these advancing guards will ultimately lead the people, it is not pleasant to tell.

The new paper, in its review of the new chairman of the Congregational Union, fully confirms our fears that the once steady, sturdy, and sound old “Independents” are being fast driven on to the Congregational sands, and there, before long, the wreck which has been assailed by heavy winds and awful waves will be completely lost.

James Grant, Esq., in a letter to the editor of *Hand and Heart*, suggests “an additional verse to remedy a deficiency in that magnificent fine old hymn of Luther’s, headed ‘Glory to God on high.’ He refers to the absence of any ascription of praise to the Holy Spirit. Luther firmly held the doctrine of the Trinity; and therefore such an addition would be in complete harmony with his religious views. Were he living now, the lamentable forgetfulness of the Person and work of God the Holy Ghost, evinced in the popular theology of the day, would make him as earnestly zealous for this essential truth as he was for the cardinal doctrine of ‘Justification by faith.’ Mr. Grant says:—

“An aged Christian, who from her advanced years speaks of herself as ‘on the verge of eternity,’ has handed me the following verse:—

“Holy Ghost! Life-giving Lord,  
Be Thou equally adored,  
With the Father and the Son:  
Persons Three, in Godhead one.”

“As a rule, the work of the Holy Spirit finds but limited recognition either in our hymnody or our sermons. The other day a clergyman happening to quote the text which speaks of ‘the love of the Spirit’ remarked that whilst he had listened to many sermons on the love of the Father and the love of the Son, he had never heard a single sermon on ‘the love of the Spirit.’ Many congregations could testify to the same experience.”

This is the fatal cause of the rushing in of floods of errors, and of the unnumbered divisions existing in the theological circles of the day. The creature is lifted up, the SPIRIT OF THE LORD is scarcely recognised.

Mr. John Bloomfield said the other morning: What we want removed from our Church is coldness, indifference, worldliness, scepticism.

Worldliness paralyses effort, mars the beauty, and interferes with the happiness of the Church. Oh, that we could have more Christliness, more earnestness in our souls, and greater love for God's Gospel, which I am sure will go on and triumph.

We have received a shilling pamphlet, containing three sermons preached by a clergyman who writes himself "the Rev. Edward Husband." These discourses are designed to expose the heresies (as this preacher speaketh) of Calvinism, and its results. He is very bold in declamation, but is he *true*? Is he sane? Is he a loyal and faithful servant of that Church whose bread he eateth, to whose Articles he has subscribed, and to that eternal Spirit of light and truth who hath moved him—as he confessed—to take upon him the office and ministry of the Gospel of Christ?

Mr. Husband declares that "Calvinism is one of the most frightful and God-dishonouring doctrines of modern times." Our readers may consider it best to treat Mr. Husband's exposition with silent contempt. But when a clergyman of the Church of England ventures to clothe the most essential doctrines of Divine revelation in such unholy garments, when he presumes to hold up the Particular Baptists to ridicule and shame, when we are challenged to a review of this onslaught upon the faith once delivered to the saints, we are bound fairly to show wherein Mr. Husband is decidedly in error, and to this painful task we must apply ourselves in due season, if the providence and grace of God favour and help us so to do.

When we had carefully read these discourses, we wrote on them: "Natural Reason a Dangerous Judge in Things that are Divine." And with that conviction we might have left these discourses to die out of notice, but God's saving and sanctifying truth is much too precious to us to let such deliberate statements stand before the public unanswered. Especially when Messrs. Philpot, Tiptaft, Husband, and others are introduced.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, May, 1878.

## VISITS TO BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

BY R. G. EDWARDS.

WHEN our sister entered Brompton Hospital about five months since, I commenced my visits to her, and the first time, to my joyful surprise, she eagerly listened whilst I was pointing out the necessity of pardon and salvation, and that only to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ, testifying where there was a seeking soul, there was a prayer-answering God.

The next week I visited her again, and found her mind like melted wax ready to receive the impression. I saw she felt the Word, and was moved to tears under it.

Our sister had in the same ward with her a fellow-suffering patient of another persuasion, who was full of zeal and confidence, and tried hard to get our sister Jessie into full assurance with speed; but our sister, after walking with her some time, found she could not walk in



the same path, feeling she could do nothing, but all must come from above; and she eventually, by the grace of God, left her friend far in the back ground in soul experience, and in love and assurance, as much as a giant is above a dwarf. In my visits I soon found God had prepared the ground for the good seed, and I found it springing up in true earnest spiritual anxiety with the greatest simplicity, with fear and trembling. Her Bible now was her companion, and she told me various portions where she found a little encouragement; but in prayer she frequently lamented she could not keep her mind on the Lord, but soon something would draw her mind away. She was sensible of her ruined state by sin, and that none but Jesus could save and comfort her. In short, I never observed the gradual work of the Spirit more conspicuous in any child of God. I watched it from time to time with great admiration how she was growing in grace, and in the knowledge of her God and Saviour; and as I assured her, when complaining of darkness, that her light would shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and so it did.

There was for a long time one obstacle which I desired to see removed—a clinging to hope of recovery, which, I regret to say, the doctors did encourage, telling her sometimes that she was better, though reduced to a skeleton, and obliged to keep her bed, and whilst they knew from the first it was a hopeless case, for one had told me so. So about a month before she died, as usual, I asked her how she was; she said, "Better." I asked her what the doctors said that morning; she replied, "O they told me I was better." I looked at her very steadfastly, and said, "Do you not think they are deceiving you?" She answered, "Well, sometimes I am afraid so." I said, "I feel I must tell you the truth, that there is no one who now believes you will ever recover." The tears flowed from her eyes, but she heartily thanked me for being faithful to her. From this time all earthly ties were broken, and those of us who were privileged to be with her, knew how her affections and intense longings were to Christ and heaven. She was much assisted and comforted by her dear mother and sister, who were as guardian angels by her side, whilst she was longing, and waiting, and welcoming death. During the last week, she often said, "Do you think He will come to-night? I do long to go home and be with Jesus." She greatly desired patience to be given her, fearing perhaps she was too impatient to be gone, saying to her mother, "As thy days thy strength shall be." Her mother replied, "You have proved that, my dear, have you not?" She answered, "I have indeed."

"Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more."

"I do pray for patience." A few days before she departed, Satan sent his fiery darts at her, that her sins were not ALL forgiven, that it was all a delusion, that she was not saved. "Do pray for me," she said, and afterwards, with great emphasis, exclaimed, "The Lord is my Shepherd." At another time, "White robes through grace." The day before she left this world, I visited her twice; in my morning visit I heard that during the previous night she had called the attention of her mother, and, with fixed eyes looking upwards, said, "Look at that beautiful chariot all of gold, and the wheels of silver, and Jesus is in it; I wish He would come and call me." When I questioned her upon this point,

she said, "Yes, Jesus was in it, but He did not call me." At another time, she said, "Listen, keep quiet, the angels are blowing their trumpets." This she repeated several times. One time her sister asked her if she would like to get better; she said "O no, I do not want to get well, I only want to go home; I hope He will soon come and take me." At another time, she said, "I cannot think what heaven can be." Her sister replied, "Then you have a hope of going there?" The instant reply was, "I am sure." It was the day previous to her flight to the mansions above, I was sitting at her bed-side with her mother and sister, when, rivetted to the usual gazing point, and with a heavenly smile, she exclaimed, "Come, come, I long to see His face, and to be like Him." This moved us all to tears, with feelings better imagined than expressed.

In the evening I visited our sister again, not that I could aid her, but only watch like Manoah and his wife, looking on whilst the angel did wondrously. She asked for a pencil and paper; she then wrote as follows: "As I cannot speak, Mr. Edwards, you will excuse me writing; but I am so glad to see you; I feel I can be more submissive to His will. I WILL try with His help to be patient, although it is hard; His will be done; but still my longing to see Him, and to be with Him is none the less. Thank you for your visit last night, it comforted me very much" (Thursday, March 28th). Soon after this, leaning on her mother's breast, she repeated,

"While I draw this fleeting breath;"

but could not proceed any further through weakness. The night before she quitted this world, she said, "How long will He be? Do you think He will come to-night?" and several times put herself in a position, and said, "Now, Lord, I am quite ready." Again leaning on her mother, she said, "Be very quiet, I do really think He is coming now." Then she opened her eyes, and said, "I cannot see Him. No, I have got to wait a little longer." However, she told her sister in the morning she had passed a happy night.

Shortly before she breathed her last, she called all, relatives, nurses, and patients, around the bed, and said, "Now I am going home, I hope I shall meet you all in heaven." Speaking to her mother and sisters, seeing them in tears, she said, "I hope they are tears of joy." Then she looked round upon the others, and said, "'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near.' The Lord has been pleased to bless that to my soul; I hope He will to yours. I cannot talk any more, but I do pray for you all." She said, "I wish I had breath to sing." Her mother replied, "You will soon sing, dear." Her reply was, "I hope so." Then shortly with much rapture she sang as well as she could,

"Through the valley of the shadow I must go,  
Where the cold waves of Jordan roll."

About half an hour before she passed away, she called her mother to her, for her sight was now gone, and asked to lie on her arm, saying, "I will try and have a little sleep, and if I go to sleep and do not wake any more, you will know where I am." Thus she sweetly and triumphantly fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan, on Friday night, March 29th, at ten minutes to ten o'clock. Her mortal remains we

buried at Hanwell, on Thursday, April 4th, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. The first chapter of James' Epistle was greatly blessed to her soul, as also Psalm xxiii., verse 4 of which she gave me specially, and was the text preached from in Silver-street, on Lord's-day evening, April 7th, in memorial of our dear sister.

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## PREACHING TO THE UNCONVERTED.

BY THE LATE MR. JOHN STEVENS.

**I**T is often intimated that ministers who are opposed to the exhortation system, as maintained by many, do not preach to sinners. By such insinuations it is not intended to say that their auditories are constituted of innocent persons; therefore, it must be allowed that either they do not preach at all, or that they preach to sinners; the former cannot be proved, therefore the latter must be the fact, and the insinuation must be false. Christ is certainly preached by those censured ministers as the suitable, the necessary, the only, and the all-sufficient Saviour. And while Christ is preached, though He be not offered on required terms, the hand of the Lord accompanies the preaching, and many are turned to the Lord. It was thus in the beginning, it is the same in our own times. How should it be otherwise, since God has chosen it shall be thus! The hand of the Lord determines the degree, as well as the reality of the success.

Some have affirmed that we have nothing to say to sinners, whereas, we have nothing to say to any but sinners. We do not speak to the carnal of their ability, but of their weakness; we rather declare what they cannot do, than what they can do; though, with proper distinctions, we scruple not to say some things even on what they can do. For though they can do nothing spiritual acceptable to God, or that has any promise of salvation annexed to it; yet they can do many things useful to men, to good men, and to the cause of God; nor will such conduct be without some advantages to themselves; we do not, however, speak of their inability as to excuse them from the inflexible claims of God's holy law. Natural men are usually confident of their ability; we endeavour to beat down their towering notions on that head by the demands of law and the provisions of the Gospel. We do not find all natural men alike; some have a theoretic knowledge of the law and the Gospel; they really believe the leading truths which we are commissioned to preach. Of these, some are for reckoning themselves Christians in deed. We insist upon it, that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is no true disciple of His. We plead that spiritual faith and knowledge are accompanied with unfeigned humility and love; and that faith, without evangelical works, is dead. Others of them disclaim all pretence to being true Christians. To such we aim unreservedly to show the nothingness of all profession if inwrought experience be wanting; and that a profession of the religion of Christ may be made, while the professors remain still under the claims of the law. If love to Christ and His spiritual disciples be wanting, the chief evidence of the true Christian character is not there. "Without love, says Paul, "I am nothing."

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANCIS NIGHTINGALE.

*(Continued from page 114.)*

## CHAPTER II.

THE MANIFESTATION OF ABUNDANT MERCY PRODUCING DESIRES TO BE CONSECRATED ENTIRELY TO THE LORD'S SERVICE—SCRIPTURES APPLIED POWERFULLY—TIMES OF TRIAL AND TEMPTATION FOLLOW—OLD COMPANIONS ASSAIL HIM ON EVERY HAND—HIS SOUL TOSSED FEARFULLY.

ON the following Monday, Mr. Harding\* called to see me, when I told him what a blessed time I had experienced since I saw him, in the schoolroom on the Thursday previous. The light which had shone into my soul filled me with joy unspeakable, and put me into such a happy frame of mind as I never felt either before or since to the same extent: like good old Simeon, I could say, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy Word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." After I had explained what I had passed through more minutely, I said, As the Lord had shown me such mercy, I would, by His help, consecrate my whole life to His service. Mr. Harding was pleased to hear this, and said it was only what I had promised when on my bed of sickness.

It was a source of great gratification to him to know that my repentance was sincere, and that he had often thanked the Lord for the work He had accomplished in me.

When Mr. Harding was gone, I turned to my Bible and opened it at the 12th of Romans, and read the first verse. I looked upon this as a remarkable coincidence, as the words were applied with such power, and I had no recollection of seeing them before; therefore I said, if it should please the Lord to enable me to speak in His name, that should be the first Scripture I would take; for, even at this time, I had a firm belief the Lord would open my mouth to declare the unsearchable riches of CHRIST.

A few days after this, Mr. Morgan, the curate of the parish, paid me a visit, and said he had been out of the town for a few weeks; but immediately on his return he heard of my conversion, which he looked upon as another instance of the fact that the Lord had mercy on whom He would have mercy; that nothing was too hard for the Lord. He stayed with me for a considerable time, and I related to him the way in which the Lord had delivered me from the power of darkness, word for word as it appears in April VESSEL. I also told it out to the Congregational Church at Tonbridge in the same words, and to the deacons and Church at Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell, in the same, and that my object in keeping to my original statement was to prevent persons in my native town, or in London, saying that there were discrepancies.

Before Mr. Morgan left, he gave me some good advice, particularly in reference to my future life and walk. He said he was certain that I would be subject to great temptations; that my infidelity would crop up; hence the necessity of my reading the Scriptures, with watching

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\* This gentleman has recently been called away by a very sudden death.

and sobriety. I regret to say I did not see this gentleman again, as he was appointed to a living in Sussex. Had he remained in Tonbridge he would have been of great service to me at this critical time ; for he is a solid and deeply-taught man of God ; and therefore, intimately acquainted with the way in which the LORD deals with His people : I am indeed, sure that no mere professor could have described to me the temptations to which I was liable, and the trials which might arise from my peculiar situation. An experimental religion is only known to those who are regenerated by the life-giving power of the HOLY SPIRIT : no man can experimentally know the FATHER only he to whom the SON doth reveal Him ; and no man can know the SON only he to whom the FATHER reveals Him. Nor can any man, with propriety, call JESUS LORD but by the HOLY SPIRIT.

#### THE ENEMY COMING IN LIKE A FLOOD.

I had not been long in the enjoyment of that peace which follows believing, when the enemy came in like a flood. I had family trials ; of these I shall say nothing, but pass on to notice some others.

First of all, there were various reports circulated throughout the town and neighbourhood. Some persons said the fever had affected my brain ; that it would be a long time before I got over it. Some said I was a hypocrite, and the last person they should have thought would put on a cloak of religion. Others said I was frightened at the thoughts of dying, which would soon wear off, and then, if possible, I would be worse than before. My old companions hung down their heads, and did not know what to make of it ; most of them believed I would come back, and said it was only a question of time. Some gave me three, some six months, and a few thought it possible I might recant before Christmas. But, notwithstanding there was a difference of opinion in reference to the time when I should return, they agreed to one thing—viz., not to let me have any peace until I gave in to them. Some of them would come up to my house on the Sabbath, and wait until I came out, then watch me off to chapel, and jeeringly ask me just to offer a short prayer for them. There was one public-house in the town I could not pass without being noticed, as they could see me coming some two or three hundred yards distant. As I drew near, they would come out and ask me to drink ; one would ask me if I had played a game of cribbage lately ; another, if I would have a shake for a drop of short, and, suiting the action to his words, would produce the dice. If I was with a minister, as was often the case, they would be sure to ask if I had commenced “tub-thumping” yet, a favourite expression of mine when living in the flesh, and applied to local preachers. One man carried his animosity so far as to come to my house at one in the morning, and, after abusing me for about an hour, to the great annoyance of my wife and family, challenged me to fight. As I had a violent and ungovernable temper, all this was very trying ; nevertheless, grace enabled me to take it in good part ; but the enemy soon came upon me, and raised such a storm within, that I was driven to despair.

Hitherto, I had been in the enjoyment of perfect peace, and thought nothing could move me ; but on this point I was greatly deceived. Satan told me that my troubles were of my own making ; that my trials (as I called them—a few of which I have related, though not all ; for

some were of such a nature that I dare not mention them to any one) were not trials in the true acceptation of the term ; but troubles come upon me because I made a profession of a religion of which I knew nothing, and which for many years I repudiated. Satan said I was not persecuted, but receiving what I justly deserved ; for I was nothing but a hypocrite ; my call was not by grace, upon which I boasted ; for if the Lord had intended to call me, he would not have suffered me to run so far in sin ; and suggested that I should give up at once, for, said he, the longer you remain as you are, the greater fool you will make yourself. This was not all ; he brought to my mind such terrible blasphemies, and refreshed my memory in reference to many things I had done in the past, so that I verily thought I was indeed the greatest villain out of hell. Having, as I thought, everybody against me, I became very irritable at times, and was greatly tempted to curse and swear.

I may mention that before my conversion I scarcely spoke a dozen words without an oath. Now, I was afraid to open my mouth, for fear of committing myself. The devil said I might as well out with it, for it all proceeded from my own mind, and the imaginations of my heart, which were an abomination to God. I wished I had never been born. What to do I did not know. Pray, I could not ; I thought I had no chance of escape ; and for three or four days appeared to be out of my mind.

Then Satan suggested that the best way to get out of the difficulty was to commit suicide. I well remember the day. It was in the month of November, whilst we were at tea. I was so fearfully harassed and perplexed that I got up, and dashed my saucer against the wall, and walked out of the room. About seven in the evening, I put on my things, and went out of the house. I had made up my mind to destroy myself ; therefore, had no intention to return. I walked about the High-street for some time : everybody seemed to look upon me with suspicion : my old friends did not speak to me. I thought of the days when I could enjoy myself with them, and considered that the sooner I was out of my trouble the better. Then I thought, if I am missing, no one will know what has become of me, I had better go round to the Independent chapel, in the Back-lane, and see Mr. Harding, before I carry my purpose into effect. I went, and met him, and Mr. Loveland, a tradesman in the town, and a member of his Church, also an occasional preacher in the Congregational chapels. This gentleman was there for the purpose of assisting Mr. Harding in the formation of an elocution class. They asked me to come into the chapel. I did so, when Mr. Harding introduced me to his wife and some other friends. He asked me to join the class, to which I consented, not knowing what I was doing. However, I stayed till the close of the meeting, and then went home thankful for my deliverance.

The next day, Mr. Harding called, and said he noticed something strange in me the night before, and asked me what was the matter. I told him of my narrow escape. A few days after this (I cannot say how many) I was up-stairs, shaving, when the enemy said, "Now is your time ! cut your throat." This was so sudden and terrible, that I was completely overwhelmed. I threw the razor down, and left the room. This temptation lasted for two months, and was so great that I had to go to prayer before I dared to shave ; and, at last, requested my wife

to hide the razor from me. While suffering from this, I was also under the impression that I had committed the unpardonable sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. I went to Mr. Harding, and told him about it. He said, "Don't put yourself out about that; if you had committed the unpardonable sin, you would not repent of it." He lent me Bunyan's "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." This was greatly blessed to me: it contains his confession of faith as well as his experience; and I could see that I had not only similar trials, but also the same views on the Word of the living God.

(To be continued.)

[On page 113, April number, the Vicar of Tunbridge Parish was printed "Rev. John Thomas Manby." instead of "Manly."]

### THE PERPLEXITY OF THE SOUL IN TRIAL.

DEAR JAMES LINGLEY,—You are in the "furnace"—others are there! Writing to one such the other day, a perplexing question arose, which I penned out in rhyme. The friend who received it returns it to me, with comments. What can you say to this?—

How often are we tried  
In ways so dark, so deep!  
Our hope is in the Crucified,  
Altho' we mourn and weep.

Are all these rugged steps  
Marked out for us by God?  
Or do we, of ourselves,  
Bring on the chast'ning rod?

Mysterious thought! I cannot tell.  
The Word declares "It shall be well,  
With all who in the Lord believe."

"The thought has often perplexed me—'Can it be possible the Lord has marked out *my* path?' Of this I feel quite sure, He has overruled all that has taken place for my good. I sometimes venture to hope it may be found to be to His glory. The language of my heart is, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; while I live I will bless the Lord.'

"In the time of my sorest calamity, when some have been left to turn away, His wondrous love and tender mercy kept my poor, broken, troubled spirit looking to Him, feebly crying to Him to deliver me. What I suffered during the year 1871 none but the Lord and myself can tell, but He has brought my feet out of the net; the fault was all my own; the mercy all the Lord's. It is something like the people of old, who were not content for the Lord to be their King. So I was not content to bow in submission to His will. I often feel like Jacob when he had to leave his father's house, and sojourn in a strange land, and as God blessed him there, so my God and Friend has blessed me, and given me favour with the people here, although my naturally clinging heart feels deeply that lover and friend are far from me. I do more than ever feast on the precious Word. If you could see me sometimes on a Monday evening, with about twenty around the blessed Word of God, you would think I had not a care or sorrow, sometimes looking up the

'I wills' or the 'I am's' of the Lord Jesus. The 6th of January was a happy time, a little Elim; but, alas! I have to go in the strength of such for many days. How wondrously the Lord does help and strengthen you! Do we really believe that His Word shall not return to Him void? Then what a mighty harvest shall you one day see, when in the sunlight of His face you stand. I should think few have scattered so much good seed by pulpit and press, the wide world over. If you expect to see those dear men who were God's messengers to you, how many hundreds there will be waiting to welcome you, I cannot tell; but many hundreds, I believe, have been blessed through your instrumentality. I remember reading of one who said he should want one long look of 500 years at the blessed Jesus, before he had time to look at any one else. And, Oh! if we reach that happy place where Jesus is, will it not be to Him, who has loved us and washed us from our sins in His precious blood, to Him be every power of our mind employed? I sometimes wonder, can it be that He will present *me faultless*? It appears more easy to understand being pardoned, but to be justified—Oh, amazing thought! Oh, wondrous grace! Well might the apostle say, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!' May you yet have *many happy* returns of the day, and at last an abundant entrance into that kingdom where they measure not by days or years, but time is swallowed up in boundless eternity and with fulness of joy at God's right hand. M. A. W."

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## MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

(Continued from page 116).

### MAN'S FALL, AND THE PAINFUL CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

**I** BELIEVE that God has made Adam, the first man, who represented the whole human race, holy, perfect, innocent, yea, in the likeness of God. The Creator, in His sovereign will, has given man a will to choose whatsoever he pleased; although the holy God has not in the least inclined man's heart to sin, but has permitted him to choose with his will. In the garden of Eden, God commanded Adam not to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and threatened death upon disobedience; but man wilfully broke the Divine command in partaking of the forbidden fruit, and has therefore brought the threatened curse upon himself; and, thus sinning, has lost his innocence, purity, righteousness, and communion with God. Sin has revolutionised man's mind, his experience, his state, and his future; the same man, once holy, innocent, perfect, &c., has, through his sinful fall, become a rebel; his mind become filled with darkness, misery, and woe, and has become placed under the malediction of Heaven. Man, therefore, being so awfully corrupt, has become utterly helpless to recover his lost innocence, righteousness, and purity, and become wholly willing to do all which is against the law and will of his Maker (Gen. ii. 16, 17; Rom. vi. 23; Jas. i. 15; Rom. iii. 23, vii. 24).

### ON THE COVENANT OF WORKS.

I believe that the Creator, against whom man has sinned, has, in His sovereignty, been pleased to give a law unto His fallen and sinful



subjects. That Divine law was conditional, threatening severe punishment and death to those who refused to observe that law. The Creator has also in the same covenant given promises for obedience. The law was given to a peculiar people—the Israelites—whom the sovereign God, the Creator, has selected from the human race (Gen. ii. 16, 17; Matt. xix. 17; Rom. v. 12).

#### ON THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

I believe that God (in His Three Persons—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit) has made a mutual agreement for the welfare of the elect, and for the honour and glory of His grace; and in that covenant Jesus Christ has voluntarily undertaken to secure salvation, redemption, and glory for His people. Inasmuch as man has broken the law, and gone away from the path of holiness, and could not obey the law or covenant of works, Jesus Christ therefore, in mercy and grace, has undertaken to obey a holy law for His people; that covenant of grace is unconditional, inasmuch as the Lord Jesus Christ has paid the penalty the law required, and satisfied Divine justice, having undertaken to obey a holy law for His elect, and to shed His blood for a certain number of the human race, to redeem and wash them from their sins. Jesus, having done all this, and not having failed to accomplish all that the Father required of the Son on behalf of the elect, He is immutably determined that none of the elect shall be lost, seeing He gave His life for each individual member of the true Church as well as for the whole universal Church (Isa. liii. 10, 11; Psa. lxxxix. 3; Jno. x. 18, xvii. 6).

#### ON EFFECTUAL CALLING.

I believe in the doctrine of effectual calling. Those whom God has, in His covenant of grace, predestined to everlasting life, must be effectually called by the Spirit of God. Inasmuch as the Gospel is of a spiritual and holy character, and man is of a natural and sinful character, he cannot discern the Gospel, which is spiritual; it is therefore necessary in all cases that he be partaker of the influence of the Holy Spirit, both in the mind and in the soul. It is utterly impossible for a man to receive the Gospel since his nature is sinful. But, by the operation of the Holy Spirit in man's heart, revealing unto him his own sin and the awful doom which awaits the wicked, revealing also the Lamb of God which takes away all sin, and also illuminates the understanding while He sanctifies the soul. This effectual calling is the free grace and mercy of God, not because of any good that is found in man (Rom. i. 7, viii. 28—30; 1 Cor. i. 2—24; 1 Peter ii. 9; Rev. xvii. 14).

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—If you refer to p. 115 of the EARTHEN VESSEL for April, in my "Confession of Faith on the Names and Attributes of God," you will find a slight error made by the printer on *El*, which signifies "Strong God," in the singular; in the VESSEL for last month it appeared as "Gods," in the plural.

Yours, &c.,

I. LEVINSOHN.

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"REJOICE when men curse you." The Lord himself was cursed under the law, and yet is the only blessed. Wherefore let us, His servants, follow our Lord, and let us take cursing patiently, that we may be capable of being blessed.—*Tertullian*. (Contributed by T. J. M.)

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

*The Christian Signal* is a new penny weekly journal, which promises to be one of the best yet issued. We hope it will become a faithful witness for Christ, and a powerful advocate of the most essential verities of our faith; but we wait, watch, and examine. — *Our Future National Troubles and the Coming of the King Emmanuel* is a telegraphic flight through past, present, and future revolvings of Time's mysterious changes; but it carries us in vision up to that climax of beauty, of peace, of glory, of perfection, and of an eternal immortality to which the true Church, in all ages, has been looking, unto which Christ and His apostles pointed, and which will be a morning without clouds, ushering in that day of the Lord, that marriage of the Lamb, that day of destinies Divine, which shall shine resplendently with the triple glory of God's eternal Son; and lest our patience should be exhausted, we sing—

'Tis but a little while, and He shall come,  
The King, the King of kings, and take us home:  
Earth's Monarch! earth's Redeemer! earth's  
true King!

Then to His praise we shall for ever sing.

"God Called You." Such is the striking title of Mr. Battersby's sermon in London, April 4, 1878 (to be had of Fisher & Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street). Treating upon the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Battersby dwelt upon the things revealed to Paul, and recorded by him as certain to precede the second advent of the Messiah—"There is to be a great apostasy. That man of sin is to be revealed—the son of perdition. The whole system of the man of sin is a lie." Multitudes believe it. Is it not to be seen on every band that error—clothed in the most beguiling robes—is becoming more and more powerful every day? The editors of heresiarchal journals, with the priests, parsons, and preachers of another Gospel, are boasting of their mighty success. High Churches, Arminian doctrines, love waning, iniquity abounding, truth despising, all unite to prove the Word of God eternally true, the coming of Christ approaching, and the deceivableness of unrighteousness extending! This sermon of the Vicar of St. Simon's, Sheffield, is another "two-edged sword dividing asunder" between the sinner and the saint in plain God-given terms. Poor "earthen vessels" are much despised now, although, in some of the weakest of Christ's servants, Gospel treasure is found. Paul's allu-

sion to "earthen vessels," says Dean Stanley, "is possibly to the practice of Persian kings placing gold and silver in earthenware jars. Hence the Rabbinical story given by Wetstein of the reply of Rabbi Joshua to a daughter of the emperor, who, on taunting him with his mean appearance, was referred by him to the earthen vessels in which her father kept his wines, and, when at her request the wines had been shifted to silver vessels and there turned sour, was taunted by the Rabbi with the observation that the humblest vessels best contained the highest wisdom." How strongly those words of our Lord came on our heart as we thought of the present state of professing Christendom: "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that though these things are hidden from the wise and prudent, Thou hast revealed them unto babes." Deep and solemn words.

*The Sword and Trowel* for May contains a report of Churches raised, revived, and prospering. "A Voice from the Sea" is on the sinking of the Eurydice, with appeals exceedingly needful. Here is one:—"Believer, you may have had a long stretch of fair sailing; let a brother whisper in your ear, 'Keep a good lookout.' Those who are familiar with spiritual navigation know that there is never more likelihood of storm than when the barometer stands at 'set fair.'"

"When'er be calm'd I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss;  
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer loss:  
Far more the treacherous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

*Friendly Hints on Public Worship.* by the late Joseph Irons, reprinted, and to be had of R. Grainger, 12, Duke-street, Brighton. Very cheap, very useful, very good.—Dr. Robert Muguire's national "God Bless the Boys of England" has been set to music by Frances Ridley Havergall, and is published by the proprietor of *Hand and Heart*, 1, Paternoster-buildings.

*The Fireside* for May gives the likeness of Dr. Duff, with Dr. Cuyler's description of the mighty orator who, for two hours or more, poured out his burning eloquence in such rapid streams that the reporters were bent, and said they might as well attempt to report a thunderstorm. Plenty can talk, but the marvellous gift of an inspired, an intellectual, a soul-stirring eloquence is implanted in

the minds of very few. Dr. Duff's end was calm, full of godly confidence, and of solid comfort. Aged believer, consider his last words: "I see," said he, "the whole scheme of redemption more clear and glorious than ever I did. I never said with more calmness in my life than I now do continually day and night, 'Thy will, my God, my God, Thy will be done. I am in my Father's hands.'" Thus he passed through the valley to his eternal home. He lived for Christ, he died in Christ, he is with Christ. Amen. The poetry in *Fireside* is rich. Take one drop:—

"Crown Him, the Son of God,  
Before the worlds began;  
And ye who tread where He hath trod,  
Crown Him, the Son of Man!  
He every grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast;  
And takes and bears them for His own,  
That they in Him may rest."

*The Banner of Israel*, a weekly paper of considerable merit, gives us enlarged views of the gigantic proportions of the "Great Mother," "the Colonial Empire of Great Britain." For geography, for the fulfilling of prophecy, for untold themes arising out of the Divinely-constituted character of our throne and nationality, we find much to make us open our eyes, much to edify, much tending to exalt our Almighty God and Father, much to increase our love to our Lord and Saviour, and to lead to cheerful contemplation upon that boundless variety of mysteries unfolded by the adorable Spirit of life and truth, whose teachings reach far, far beyond the poor conceptions of such babes in knowledge as we feel ourselves to be.

"I Don't Like Calvinism!" is the title of No. 5 of *Grove Chapel Tracts*, edited by Thomas Bradbury, minister of Grove chapel, Camberwell. Isaiah, in one of his most splendid Hebrew poems, which was a prophecy of our times, said:—

"Behold! their valiant ones shall cry without,  
The ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly

Can anything be more accurately descriptive of the internal condition of many of the Lord's servants? If new covenant saving truth is more dear to our hearts than life itself, then the almost universal perversion of it, and opposition to it, must make us weep tears of bitter sorrow. Indeed, we know it too well. Thomas Bradbury is one of Zion's noble ones; he is, from the pulpit and by the press, "crying without," and his cry is clear, bold, full of truth, and in accordance with God's revealed and written testimony.

"Taking My Brother's Part; or, Who is on the Lord's Side?" is in *Cheering*

*Words*. This little halfpenny monthly has quietly pursued its course for nearly eight-and-twenty years. The recent direct attack made by the king of those immensely heterogeneous and heterodoxical classes, "the Philosophers of the School of Modern Thought," upon some of the old-fashioned witnesses for Christ, has stirred up the zeal of little *Cheering Words*, and it is therein proposed to show from whence these great philosophers come, and that, in the vital essence of the Gospel, they are as the blind leaders of the blind, and for eternity are in a dangerous plight. If there are any people who are concerned that truth should be circulated, will they send *Cheering Words* about in their own districts?

"Seventeenth annual issue" of *The A B C London and Suburban Church and Chapel Directory for 1878* (R. Banks) is produced with fidelity and skill. A complete list of all the places of worship in and around London, all the resident pastors and preachers and all their residences, for twopence, beautifully printed, is a treasure for reference to all who are interested in the progress of the kingdom of Christ.

"A Jewish Funeral," in *The Family Friend*, is edifying. It is one of the most superior of all the weekly issues from S. W. Partridge & Co.—*The Festival of the Aas* is a tract compiled by P. Leigh, Esq., of 4, Shaw-street, Liverpool, designed to wake up the slumbering Protestants of the country. Mr. Leigh sends twelve copies free for 6d., and we believe it would open the eyes of many if it could be scattered broadcast through the land.

Luther driven out of Rome by the Pope's Bull. The following strong verses are from *The Remembrancer* for May:—

"A certain priest stood up to preach:  
He took his text his flock to teach;  
The subject was so fine and rare,  
That Satan stood well pleas'd to hear.  
The listening crowd admir'd it well,  
And thought 'twould save the heirs of hell.  
When Luther heard his Popish creed,  
He took his hat, and fled with speed.  
The priest with rage aloud did bray,  
'He's not of us—he's gone away.'  
Back to the world he's 'gait return'd,  
Tho' once like us with gifts adorn'd.  
But Luther wrote, and thus did scribe,  
'I'm none of yours, ye wolfish tribe;  
I'm one of Christ's, I Him obey,  
But from you hirelings turn away.  
The Church of Christ is form'd anew,  
She knows His voice, and loves Him too;  
A stranger's voice she will not hear,  
Nor of your Popish curses fear!  
Thrice happy souls, thrice happy he  
Who, Luther-like, from errors flee;  
Such shall in death have this to tell—  
'There's not a sheep of Christ in hell.'"

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## A KENTISH ANNIVERSARY IN THE SPRING.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I send you a brief account of anniversary at Egerton Postal Baptist chapel, near Ashford, Kent, 19th April, 1878. A walk in these rural parts at this beautiful season of the year is a treat. The various feathered songsters with their hearty contribution of praise to our glorious Creator greet us on every side. The rich green covering coming forth with youthful freshness, and the various tints and fragrance of flowers on the banks of the lawns, the number of lambs and other cattle on each hand, all tend to remind poor, sinful man how far behind he is of the vegetable or brute creation in acknowledging the fact that "the hand that made us is Divine." Any services that have the glory of the great Monarch of the universe in view must work for good. In our yearly gatherings there is another element that characterises them, that of meeting with many whom we have not seen for the last twelvemonth, and to shake the hand of a fellow-traveller Zionward. Then the mite that is contributed helps to make up the deficiency of the past year, and this cheers the heart of our brethren. So, amidst the much that depresses the spirit, this seems to say, "Courage, brother!" Again he holds up his head, afresh he buckles on the harness for the year before him. Another good is, we get the Gospel through another instrument, which tends to quicken the appetite and give a relish for the Word. There is a great difference, although it is the same meat, yet much depends upon how it is dressed. And now and then the change affords the people an enjoyment; hence these gatherings are good.

Mr. John Bennett was our preacher this last Good Friday; morning text, Mark iv. 37—39: Jesus our safety; God for His people; God in His people; God with His people; this constituting their present and their eternal safety. There is an inward possession of Him in the heart, proving that the kingdom of God is within them as their meat and their drink. The soul at times may ask, "Can ever God dwell here?" Yet God says, "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it." Man must know himself as a guilty sinner in God's sight that his need of Christ as a Saviour might be the more realised, and Christ be known as sin's destroyer, Satan's conqueror, and death's alienator. Mr. Bennett showed, notwithstanding Christ is with His people, yet it does not exempt them from storms. "There arose a great storm of wind." "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Through much tribulation the soul enters into the kingdom; the common lot of the saints. Christ appeared indifferent to the needs of His disciples. He sleeps in the hinder part of the ship. Jesus is with His people, yet speaks not. The storm rages, yet He, who is their confidence, appears not. He tries their faith; it stands.

They awake Him with, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" He sleeps; therefore, as human, He needs rest and retirement. He sleeps, unmoved by the storm that beats upon Him, whilst His disciples are afraid. He awakes at the call of distress, He hears their cry, He stands forth as their deliverer, He bids the winds be still, they obey Him, the waters cease their tossing, there is a calm. We see His Divinity, His wisdom, His compassion, His power. No marvel that when man gets a sight of this, however small, he asks with astonishment, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

In the afternoon, many could not get in. Mr. Bennett spoke from John xvii. 13: "And now come I to Thee." I left Thee with a view of returning, and now I come. But not alone, for I come to Thee with all those whom Thou hast given Me, for they are Thine. I come to Thee, having finished the active work—the pleading, suffering, and patient work—active in all its bearings upon the wants of man; enduring insult, suffering reproach, wanting common things, yet ministering to the wants of thousands; in all this fulfilling every precept of the moral and ceremonial law. Between my coming to Thee and the present there is a great gulf to pass, and this brings to view His quiet, passive work. Pilate acquits Christ thrice, yet condemns Him. Pilate's wife intercedes, yet avails not. He is tried, and is not found wanting. "Now come I to thee as the proved innocent, untarnished Lamb of God." He returns not the God only, or the man only, but the Mediator of the new covenant, with all its blessings, as the great High Priest of our profession. And as a proof that all was finished, He took a rebel that was by His side, and carried him into Paradise. He had a native right, now a mediatorial right: "Therefore now come I to Thee." Mr. B. said: Not a tongue shall move against any of His redeemed family but in accordance with His Divine will.

"Not a single shaft shall hit,  
Till He, the God of love, sees fit."

His prayer is for them. He is their great Intercessor, who pleads His own acts and deeds, His own blood, His own life, His own death on their behalf. His power is over them for good. "They shall never perish, nor shall any pluck them out of My hand."

About 250 took tea, and our friends exerted themselves to make their visitors comfortable.

Evening text was from Acts vii. 56: "Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

I have merely given a sketch. We had a good day. The people heard gladly.—Your brother in the Lord, ROBERT Y. BANKS.

WHERE IS CHALKSHIRE?—Readers of EARTHEN VESSEL, may be you have seen the name of Chalkshire, but know not

where it is. It is in Ellesborough, Bucks, five miles from Aylesbury. For many years the people here have loved a free-grace Gospel. Being poor, they have never been considered much by our large Churches. Some of us have read the VESSEL for many years. Within the last few years we have found out C. W. Banks, who has willingly come and helped us. It was announced he would come last Good Friday, April 19, and, by the kindness of Providence, we were favoured with his presence. We were cheered to see so many rally round us, and noticed ministerial brethren North, Hopcraft, and Ridgway, from Aylesbury, and other friends with them; White and Price, from Wycombe; F. G. Burgess, of Askett; friends from Lee Common, Weston Turville, and Kimble. Many listened to a very weighty sermon on the sufferings of Christ. We hope the Lord greatly blessed His Word to saint and sinner. We had tea with a chapel full. I thought of the time when all the family of God will meet around the throne. The Lord prepare us for that, for Jesus' sake. Amen. At six o'clock our chapel was filled in every corner, even the pulpit stairs were packed. F. G. Burgess presided, and introduced C. W. Banks to give us the Gospel in the shape of a lecture. Truly it was good to be there. Some said they never heard anything better. I much enjoyed the services, and hope this meeting is only the beginning of better days. It looked like unity of spirit to see people come so far to meet each other and to hear the Word of truth. Let this be our example, Christian friends, to meet each other and render a little help if possible. I tender many thanks to all the friends who came to our help at Chalkshire; some day they may give us a second benefit. Let all Christians pray that the Lord will open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing on all the branches of His one Church. He has said, "Ask and ye shall receive," but hitherto we have asked nothing in comparison with what He has to give to His people. May the Lord spare Mr. Banks longer yet. We believe him to be a hard worker in the cause of Christ. The time will come when every one will cease from their labours, and their works will follow them. Moses had respect unto the recompence of reward. May the prospect cheer our hearts while labouring up the hill.—So prays your willing servant, GEO. LANE, Butler's-cross, near Tring.

**BUCKLAND COMMON.**—At thanksgiving meeting C. W. Banks preached from the words, "God is our Refuge," &c. By the blessing of the Lord it touched our hearts. We blessed the God of our fathers; we have had our trials; we have had proof that God is faithful to us, as well as our fathers; we can bear testimony to the blessed deliverances of our God up to the present time; He will be the same! We rejoiced in having such an heroic servant of God to preach to us on that occasion. We had good congregations, and very good collections for the cause of Christ in this place.

A. TURNER.

**GRAVESEND, KENT.**—An interesting meeting was held Wednesday, April 17, at Zoar chapel, for thanksgiving, prayer, and exhortation. The pastor, Mr. F. Shaw, presided. Mr. J. Coombes, the precentor, offered the opening prayer for a blessing on the meeting and on the cause generally. The pastor delivered a very suitable and clear address on the "Scriptural Qualifications for Membership with the Church of Christ." He stated that there must be—1st. Life in the soul; 2nd. Light in the head; 3rd. Love in the heart; 4th. Obedience to Christ's commands. After elaborating the three first ideas, he spoke of baptism as a necessary step to membership. Mr. Adam Dalton, the senior deacon, spoke in his energetic manner on the privileges of the members of the Church of Christ; and from his own personal experience of the privileges he had enjoyed for many years. He said, "In olden days they that feared the Lord spake often one to another of the goodness of God to their souls; not as is often the case in these days, they speak one of another." It then devolved on Mr. I. C. Johnson, one of the deacons, to speak on the obligations of Church members. He remarked, at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, it was said most men at the beginning do set forth good wine, and when men had well drunk, afterwards that which is worse. He expected it would be so on this occasion. You have been well drinking of the good wine as poured out by the pastor and brother Dalton. So the worst is to come last. I do not find fault with the arrangement, for which Mr. Shaw is responsible, but I think the sweets should come after the medicine, instead of before. I do not like taking physic myself and I do not much like giving it to others; however, it is, I suppose, sometimes necessary to do both the one and the other. Qualification for, and privilege of, membership imply corresponding obligations. These are amongst many others—1st. To attend to the ministry of the Word and the other ordinances of the Lord's house, such as the Lord's supper and the prayer meetings. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together;" 2nd. Love one another in the Lord; 3rd. Bear one another's burdens; 4th. Mutually to provide for the maintenance of the minister and the cause generally. The meeting was a successful one spiritually, as well as in a pecuniary point of view. I understand that it has been proposed to prepare a pamphlet for publication embodying the proceedings of the evening. THEOPHILUS.

**CARLTON RODE.**—"A Day Labourer," Old Buckenham. We cannot say when we shall come. Sorry truth finds so much trial, she always did. Some men are more than sinners; they kiss Christ to His face, and betray Him behind His back! Traitors are awful characters. Glad the Poor Labourer heard John Bolton in R. Smith's pulpit. We agree with our friend. Psalm xi. 2 suits John Bolton well. A. L. finds little good doing in Norfolk: we expect he is only a bird of passage.

## ISAIAH'S PROPHECIC PARABLE.

DEAR BROTHER BENJAMIN TAYLOR,—Yesterday, May 12, after a season of freedom in prayer and preaching in our chapel in Speldhurst-road, I went to preach in afternoon for Mr. G. Reynolds, in the New Cave Adullam, in Stepney; then walked nearly all the way back from Stepney to South Hackney with that literary brother, J. W. Stanford (the author of "Scenes Beyond the Grave"), who conducted the first part of the evening service for me in Speldhurst-road, after which your little scribe attempted to speak to the people from Isaiah v. 16, 17, and to that Scripture I ask you to turn your prayerful thoughts, if possible.

Of the afternoon in Cave Adullam, I may say my mind was carried back five-and-thirty years, when I first entered the Cave with the late John, the deacon, and saw and heard Mr. Allen for the first time. Cave Adullam was then a well-attended and established Baptist Church. Now, although Mr. Geo. Reynolds has built a new Cave Adullam, and has a good school, and many friends, yet Mr. Steed's Church on one hand, and the Coverdale cause on the other, have diminished the strength of the good old cause. We had on Sunday afternoon a little sermon on the marginal reading of Isaiah xi. 2: "Speak ye to the heart of Jerusalem." The design of the Gospel ministry, as an agency of usefulness, is to gather in, to feed, and to build up the Lord's people. Then the work of the ministry is comprehended in that word "comfort." It is expressive of a three-fold office, an advocate, an interpreter, and one who scatters, or dispenseth blessings. The Holy Ghost is, by our Lord, called "another Comforter." This means that Jesus Himself was a "Comforter." So He was. He was our Advocate, and that He is still. He was Heaven's grand Interpreter, and He went about scattering blessings everywhere. When our Lord Jesus returned home to His Father's house (what strange longings we have to behold Him there), then He sent another Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, and He, by His sovereign teaching and silent working with the Word, and, often by the ministry, is a Prayer-Inspiring in them, an Interpreter to them, and a rich Dispenser of blessings all around. Now, brother Benjamin Taylor, if the Lord sends His ministers to be comforters to His people; if the Holy Spirit of Christ dwell in them, then to me it is experimentally true, such ministers must be wrestlers, pleaders, advocates with God in prayer; they must be interpreters in preaching; they shall be ministers of merciful blessings around. What have you, after forty years' ministry, to say to this? Your letters and sermon will appear. Forgive this bramble-bush from your little friend,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
May 10, 1878

BRIXTON ROAD.—DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Since my removal from Clapham, we have engaged North Brixton

hall, St. Ann's-road, for services on the Lord's-day. A few friends, good and true, have come with us. Some not very kind things are said concerning us. For more than twenty years we have, according to the grace given to us, preached the Gospel of Christ in many parts of London and the country. We have many friends whose faces we expect to see no more till we meet in our Father's home. To these—to all the Churches who hold the truth as it is in Jesus—on our own behalf, and that of the friends who are now with us, we desire, through you, to say that we have not (as has been affirmed) changed our views of God's eternal truth. We have, through grace, believed and proclaimed God's everlasting love fixed upon a people who were chosen in Christ Jesus, given to Him, and redeemed by Him, and that these shall all be brought to the good land of which the Lord our God has spoken. So that the elect bride of Christ shall sit with Him on His throne resplendent in all the beauties of holiness. We say distinctly we have not gone over to Open Communion, but are, we solemnly believe, acting in obedience to the revealed will of our Lord and Master. We do believe the table is open to every baptized believer in Jesus of consistent conduct.—Yours, in Christian love, JOHN BRINDLE, 20, Bramah-road, North Brixton, S.W.

EBENEZER CHAPEL, TRING.—Sunday, April 14, sermons were preached by Mr. Edgerton, of Beccles, formerly pastor of West End, Tring. Morning sermon was upon Paul's words, "We have the mind of Christ;" evening from Gal.: "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus;" afternoon service was for the scholars. On Monday evening, Mr. Edgerton preached from John vii. 16, 17. Attendance was good at all services. God's presence was realised. The cause here has had to weather some rough gales, but it lives still; death has thinned the ranks: some have grown cold concerning Zion's interests, but mercy has not been withheld. Some few still hang together; fervent cries still go up to the throne of grace that He who has been their refuge in the past will once more display His saving power among them. Opposite to their chapel doors has recently sprung up an unnecessary building, evidently aiming at proselytising work in connection with the Established Church. Churchianity is endeavouring to uproot or absorb Nonconformity in Tring, as in other larger towns. One thing gives us encouragement, there are a few names dear by spiritual ties, and while these are associated with Ebenezer we believe that God will visit and bless His people. The chapel debt is now under £60, and we must vainly hope that God will in His providence send a man who will preach a full-orbed Gospel to saint and sinner, and thus instrumentally resuscitate this cause dear to yours in Christian bonds,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΕΡΟΣ.

**WALTHAM ABBEY. — EBENEZER** The fifty-fourth anniversary was held on Lord's-day, April 21. Sermons by the pastor, Mr. W. Winters. On Bank Holiday a special service was held. Mr. James Griffith preached from "Men shall be blessed in Him." Precious things were brought forward in a tripartite form: (1) the mystical union, (2) the legal union, and (3) the moral and affectionate union of Christ and the Church. After tea the friends gathered to listen to the various speakers. The pastor presided and stated the progress of the work of God in Waltham Abbey through his instrumentality, and noticeable is the fact that the Church, now in its fifty-fourth year of existence, was never at any period of time in a more prosperous condition than at the present moment: one of the great auxiliaries so helpful to this cause of truth is the Sunday School. Waltham Abbey has long been highly favoured with men of truth, which fairly entitles it to the cognomen it has so long been known by—i. e., "the school of the prophets;" and if a man in days past could stand in this Church as preacher for one whole year, he was considered a prodigy, a man of no mean order, and was afterwards fitted to supply the pulpit of the most pragmatical and crotchety of hearers. Waltham Abbey has been familiar in days past with the preaching of J. Arthur, Dr. Gill, B. Wallin, J. Iviney, G. Pritchard, J. Martin, J. Upton, Davis, and other noted Baptists of the past century. J. Griffiths, R. G. Edwards, R. Bowles, F. Green, N. Oakey, J. Sampford, F. Wheeler, and Mr. Samuelson spoke well. The choir, under the instruction of Mr. H. I. James, sang "Glorious things are spoken of Thee." The services were very conducive to good Christian feeling. May we be spared to enjoy many more such happy seasons, prays

WALTHAMENSIS.

**CHATHAM.**—Brother J. W. Norton (who is now the esteemed pastor of Enon chapel, High-street) baptized a sister, April 28, to whom the Lord has blessed his ministry, making the sixth within a few months. It is heart-cheering to listen to the experience of those who have been instructed by the Great Teacher, who kills before He makes alive, wounds before He heals, brings down before He raises up, and humbles before He exalts. Oh, the blessedness of being as little children, sitting on the lowest form learning our "A B C"—viz., "A Blessed Christ"—in His school. If savingly taught of Him, we shall imbibe His Spirit, who was meek and lowly in heart, and who Himself says, "Have love one to another." Oh! how sad it is when love is so much on the lips, and so little manifested in the conversation and conduct of those who profess the name of Jesus. May we live much in the lovely presence of Christ, enter by faith within the veil, see Him who is invisible, and experience the blessedness of that life hid with Christ in God, then will it be our eternal happiness to live with Him in glory, and "crown Him Lord of all."

J. CASSE, SENR.

**CAMDEN TOWN.**—Avenue Baptist chapel was crowded on Easter Monday, April 22, 1878. J. S. Anderson proclaimed salvation for wretched men in the grace and glorious person of the Son of God, the Elect and Anointed One in whom the Father's soul delighteth, the God-Man Mediator who is by the power of the Holy Ghost revealed in the souls of the redeemed in the appointed time. After tea the esteemed pastor, W. H. Evans, presided over a thronged assembly who attentively listened to the profound utterances of the brethren contending for the several branches of truth assigned to them. Pastor Evans reviewed the whole of his ministerial career, commencing in a cottage in Enfield, then at Bexley, Hounslow, and in 1874 settled at Avenue, Camden Town. During the course of his ministry here, forty members had been added to the Church, and in every way a blessing had rested on the cause. Mr. Evans' speech was one of great power, expressive of an unflinching advocacy of the foundation truths of the Gospel of God. All were grieved to hear Mrs. Evans was under heavy affliction.\* Mr. John Box, on the inspiration of the Scriptures, evinced a thoughtful mind, ideas well presented, and in a loving spirit. Brother William Plack was more earnest, eloquent, and edifying than ever. He was followed by J. H. Dearsly, E. Langford, C. W. Banks, Isaac Levinsohn, and some excellent singing under the leadership of our friend Mr. Ireson. We felt it a mercy to be at home in such society. Our ministers may differ in manner, but there is a growing solidity and solemnity in their discourses which carry home the conviction that they are the honest and devoted servants of our Lord.

**BANBURY.**—Our mutual friend Burbridge was taken home the 5th of March, age 75. He was a consistent walker, not a great talker, a worshipper, and a good supporter of the Gospel among us for many years. In the last converse I had with him his soul was resting on his Redeemer, and his mind consoled as he expressed himself to me of a full assurance of being bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord his God. The event was improved the following Sabbath by Mr. Bloxham, from these words, "He was a good man." We miss him; may the Lord raise up others in his place. Also Mrs. Sarah Cooke, aged 62. She was a member of long standing; and was with us at the Lord's table, April 7th, 1878, but was suddenly taken from earth, to her rest above, the next day. Mrs. Cooke, formerly a member of Mr. Mortimer's Church, was a tried, doubting, fearing, hoping soul. The Lord's dealings with her, both in providence and in grace, were of a cloudy character here below, but I am satisfied she is now in the light, and enjoying the freedom of Zion's citizens above. My daily increased obligations to my God, for His multiplied mercies to myself, I feel deeply, yet how little gratitude to Him, the bountiful Bestower, to such an unworthy creature as yours faithfully, **JOS. OSBORN.**

\* She has gone home; particulars next month.

### THE LATE JAMES WOODROFFE CAWSE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Mr. Cawse continued to preach as long as he could stand, sometimes getting out of his bed to go into the chapel to preach, and going back to his bed again directly. At the opening of this year he was too weak to preach any longer. He sent for me. I found him very ill indeed. He told me he had felt himself going for the last two or three years. I asked him how he felt in his soul. He said it was all calm. I engaged in prayer, and after a conversation on spiritual things, I bid him farewell. He wanted me to preach for him. At another time he said he longed to be gone and be safe at home.

He said to his wife a few days before he died, that he was afraid he was not called to be a preacher; she reminded him the use the Lord had made of him. He said the Lord had given him seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire. He said there was no great ecstasy of soul, but a peaceful resting upon Christ.

On Saturday, March 30th, it was noticed there was a great change in him. Sunday, March 31st, after preaching at the chapel, I went in to see him; he knew me, but was not able to speak. He said in the morning to his wife he longed to be at home to see Christ without a veil between. His spirit took its flight on Saturday, April 6th, 1878, and was buried Saturday, April 13th.

GEORGE WHITE.

### High Wycombe.

The journal said:—We regret to announce the death of Rev. James Woodroffe Cawse, who departed this life on Saturday, April 6th, after a painful illness, aged 69 years. Mr. Cawse has been long a resident in Wycombe and filled the office of pastor to the oldest Nonconformist Church in the town. We can only hope that his removal will open the way for a re-union of Christian communities who ought never to have been separated. The remains of this old and respected minister were interred in the cemetery on Saturday. A service was held in the chapel of which he had been minister for 23 years. H. Webb Smith presided at the service, in which Mr. White took part. There were also present—J. Woodhouse, T. Davies, W. J. Dyer, J. M. Browne, W. W. Smith, and many other friends.

[Few men have endured more hardness in the ministry than our deceased friend. His life and experience will make a useful narrative.—Ed.]

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**BECCLES.—MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH.**—Anniversary services were held. Mr. G. Webb preached. A public tea meeting in the Assembly-room. Nearly 200 persons partook of tea. In the evening the Assembly-room was crowded to hear Mr. Knights, Mr. Towler, Mr. Calvert, and Mr. Webb. W. F. Edgerton in the chair. The services were successful. This cause is favoured with evidences of the Lord's power and presence.

**LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.**—**MR. G. WEBB'S SETTLEMENT.** Services of a most interesting character were held on Thursday, May 2nd, to recognize Mr. G. Webb as pastor. On the platform we saw S. Collins, C. Hill, Knight, Kern, Bland, Woodgate, Suggate, Broom, J. Griffith, Webb, Meeres, Sears, and Wilson. In the afternoon C. Hill took the chair. Mr. Knight, of Lowestoft, prayed. The chairman said: "We have met to recognize a union, and we believe the hand of the Lord is in it. It will prove an abiding and profitable connection." With great pleasure they welcomed brother Webb to Suffolk. The pastor elect then related his call by grace and to the ministry. Deacon B. Seaman pointed out the leadings of Providence in bringing their pastor amongst them. Mr. Samuel Collins joined the hands of pastor and deacon, with a touching address. Mr. Meeres supplied J. S. Anderson's place, who was prevented leaving home through illness. The regret of the meeting was expressed, with a hope that the Lord would soon restore him. Mr. Meeres addressed the pastor in an animated and affectionate manner. W. Webb, the brother of the pastor, offered recognition prayer. Above 400 friends then took tea. In the evening C. Hill took the chair. Mr. Broom, of Fressingfield, prayed. Addresses were given by brethren J. Griffith, Kern, Woodgate, Sears, and Suggate. The chairman then called upon C. Wilson, Esq., of London (whom he introduced as the Chancellor of the Exchequer of our Churches). Mr. Wilson said he wished to give our brother Webb a good start, and appealed to friends to assist in raising £25. That sum was handed to the new pastor. At 8 o'clock one of the most pleasant meetings closed, which we are indulged to enjoy in this world of change. Great praise is due to the lady friends for the pains they took in adorning the chapel with texts of Scripture tastefully arranged, and the general comfort of all present. That the rich blessing of the Lord may rest upon pastor and people, and that the name of the Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in them, is the prayer of many who are one with them in the Gospel. Laxfield Church has existed nearly sixty years; it has over 200 members, and a Sunday school. Mr. George Webb has now attained a position of considerable influence in the dispensation of the Gospel of the true grace of God.

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**WELLINGBOROUGH.**—Zion Baptist chapel, Knox-road. Our pastor, W. H. Lee, preached two warm discourses on Good Friday. The ladies supplied us with a well-served tea. We are earnestly seeking to reduce the debt on our chapel. We raised £11 this time. If any Church will give us a collection, our pastor, Mr. Lee, would preach for them. Contributions thankfully received by Mr. John Clayton, 62, Winstanley-road; or by Mr. Lee, Lyda villa, Ranelagh-road. Our chapel is freehold, and in trust for the Strict Baptist denomination. Mr. Lee baptized seven last year, some this—all seals to his ministry.



## TEN YEARS IN BETHNAL GREEN.

Old Ford 'busses run constantly from the Exchange, through Bishopsgate, down the Bethnal-green-road into Green-street, passing Norton-street, wherein standeth Hope chapel, in which Mr. James Griffith has cheerfully set forth the Way of Life for about ten years. Whoever has read the miserable life and twenty years' imprisonment of John Blair, for preaching the Gospel, will behold in James Griffith's ministry, both in Hayes and in Bethnal-green, a very blessed distinction indeed. Poor Blair's letter to his Church makes one's heart to bleed with sorrow; but to hear James Griffith (on Tuesday evening, April 30, 1878, the ninth anniversary of his pastorate in Hope) would be sufficient to excite in envious spirits a yellowness. We believe in the succession of the tribes, and if you carefully study a Gospel minister's character, conduct, creed, and course of action, you will certainly find he is in the anti-typical line of one of good old Jacob's twelve representative sons. James Griffith is a descendant of Naphtali, and no mistake; "a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words; satisfied with favour, full with the blessing of the Lord; he possesses quietness in the West, and the soft breezes of the South." In his opening speech on the evening of the ninth anniversary, he told us of the steady, of the uninterrupted, of the blessed prosperity which had been enjoyed by himself and his people from the commencement until the present time. Good brother Meeres rejoiced in the healthy condition of Hope and her pastor. Neighbour Temple was free on Christian experiences; chaplain Woodward was genial, intellectual, and acceptable; stalwart Masterson was full of life and truth; W. Webb took us back twenty-five years, when the cause first commenced, his deceased father was one of its earliest friends; brother Crewse is the only one now remaining who was at the inauguration. We only wept for Thomas Parker, and wondered where our friend Maycock had hidden himself, and left this good Hope sighing over the memory of the many godly people who have passed the Jordan o'er, where every one is king and each his crown doth wear.

Mr. Hazelton preached the anniversary sermon; that afflicted brother Thomsett offered the prayer, and some fine-looking brethren conducted the praise department. Hope looked nearly full of good people.

"O may we live to reach the place  
Where He unveils His lovely face."

Amen. C.W.B.

**BPPING.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.** The fourteenth annual gathering was celebrated on Good Friday. Sermons were preached by A. J. Margerum. At a public meeting Mr. Cottis presided. Addresses were delivered by A. J. Margerum, Mr. Davis, pastor of the Congregational chapel, Mr. W. Winters, and Mr. Golding. Thanks are due to the kind friends who laboured to make strangers happy. For this the Lord be praised.

WALTHAMENSIS.

## THE RESULTS OF SAVING GRACE.

*A few notes gathered from Mr. Hazelton's sermon, at Hope, Bethnal Green, April 30th, 1878.*

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," &c. (Mark v. 19). Grace makes a fourfold change in connection with the salvation of every sinner, and a change in state, owing to the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ. No more under the curse.

A change in regeneration. This man was saved from the consequences of sin. A new heart was given him. A change at death. If the two great changes have taken place, you are free from final condemnation, and in the resurrection will be a glorious change.

The subject presented a contrast. This man had been the slave of sin and the devil; now delivered by grace and constituted a child of God. The whole man was affected by the change grace made. The body benefited by the salvation of the soul. All his circumstances were influenced by his salvation. "Go home to thy friends," &c., all fared better for the change. Christ always obtains the affections of His saved people. The man prayed that he might be with Him. From the text, observe the young convert is ignorant; his knowledge shallow; they think of going to heaven when they receive the love of Christ into their souls; but they are not suffered to be thus indulged. "Go home" to be useful and to be tried; grace does not destroy social ties and duties. "Go home," &c. Religion is not to be concealed. "Go home and tell," &c. Salvation must be necessarily great. It is not a little mercy will save a sinner. This was a brand plucked out of the fire. We have here a testimony to the Divinity of the Lord Jesus—"The Lord hath done for thee." We may use the words in relation to the Church. Many realize that Christ is precious; but say nothing about it. "Go home to thy friends (to the Church), and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.

**NOTTING HILL.**—"Himself hath done it." Mr. Joseph Donovan died February 7th, 1878, aged 66 years. He met with his death by an accident, was taken to the hospital, amputation of the leg was found necessary, he only survived forty-eight hours. His dear children were denied the privilege of being with their only surviving parent in his last moments, a great trial to them; but the words of the poet supports the mind, "God moves in a mysterious way." The sermon by Mr. Battersby on the pillar of cloud was a great comfort to the departed; he spoke of it to his eldest daughter when she last saw him. May his bereaved children, with brothers and sisters, under this heavy calamity, be enabled to say, "Be still, and know that I am God." J. T. B.

**BARNESLEY.**—We wish to know where the New Testament covenants now meet for the worship of their Lord and Master. Our heart thanketh Joseph Taylor.

**CHATHAM.—DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.**—What a blessed bond of union subsists betwixt the living Head and the members of His living body, the true Vine and every life-bearing branch in the Tree of Life. Oh, that it were more realised in the true Church of Christ; then we should have less strife, party-spirit, jealousies, and the evils which follow in their train. We had a profitable tea meeting at Enon on Good Friday. The Lord was there. He is never away from His people when they meet in His loved name. We had none to speak to us but our members. These were led to speak of Him "who loved, and died, and reigns for us;" more especially of His love in giving Himself (what more could He give, and less would not have done) a ransom for the ungodly. How blessed it is when we are led by the Spirit to meditate on His sufferings, agony, bloody sweat, and crucifixion, and then to hear the soft whisper, "All this I bore for thee; poor sinner, lovest thou Me?" This will melt the heart at His dear and sacred feet, and constrain the soul to sing—

"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."

It rejoices my heart to know that the dear Redeemer's sufferings are all over, that He is now enthroned in glory.

"Kind Intercessor, there He sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays."

He is also waiting to welcome to their mansions those for whom they are prepared, and who are waiting for Him to come again to receive them to Himself, that where He is there they may be also. We are looking and longing for that bliss. The Lord cheer you with His abiding presence and love. So prays, yours sincerely in Him, J. CASSE, sen.

#### BAPTIZING IN THE RIVER BURE.

On Sunday, May 5, 1878, the village of Horning, in Norfolk, was the scene of great interest, arising out of the ordinance of baptism by immersion being administered in the river Bure, by Mr. J. Bane, the pastor of the Strict Communion Baptist Church, which was formed in that village in Sept., 1877. One of the candidates was the mother-in-law of the landlord of the inn; she is 70 years of age. Another was a young friend whose heart the Lord had opened to receive the truth. The co-pastor, S. B. Hupton, assisted in the service, which proved to be a hallowed season, the spectators behaving with grave attention. Faith saith the Lord is gathering in others under the preaching of His Word. We hope they will be able to build their chapel soon.

**BETHERSDEN, KENT.**—This old Baptist Church has been much tried by the long illness of her beloved pastor, Mr. B. Baker. Many supplications are poured out for his speedy and permanent recovery. O Lord, grant it! Amen.

**BRIGHTON.**—In April last the pastor of Queen-square Baptist chapel was too ill to pursue his arduous labours. The Church has advised him to rest for three months, during which time the deacons have agreed to find supplies. It must be 30 years ago since we first found our friend Joseph Wilkins in Wiltshire. He has been more than 20 years in Brighton. He is only yet in his prime, but he has studied and worked hard; under God he is a self-made man; he has zealously sought to gather in the redeemed. We can heartily pray our Lord to speedily restore him to established health. Deacon William Hatch, one of Israel Atkinson's firm friends, has been near death, but prayer is made for his life to be spared. At Ebenezer chapel Mr. Atkinson is baptizing and receiving in more members. He has been a much-favoured and long-honoured minister in Brighton. That zealous worker Mrs. Virgo gave her farewell address to the Ebenezer schools, April 28. We are distressed at her resignation.

#### LINES

To Branch of Thorn Flowers, plucked at Honiton, St. Peter's, Norfolk, near Horning, at about 9.30 at night, April 13, 1878.

How white! thou pretty flower;  
But whiter far in Eden's bower  
The flowers bloom.

Thou springest from the earth, defiled  
By sin, that drives men wild  
And seals their doom.

There in that world of light  
Grows Sharon's rose so bright,  
Shedding perfume  
Upon its balmy air,  
Amid its fields so fair,  
Danishing gloom.

The valley's lily, too,  
Whiter by far than thou  
Canst ever be,  
Gladdening the eyes of saints,  
Far from earth's sad complaints,  
From sin set free.

There, among brilliant flowers  
That grow in Eden's bowers,  
Sweet songs arise  
To Him, who by His blood  
Rans'd them to His abode  
Beyond the skies.

There, evermore they'll sing,  
And sweetest music bring  
To His lov'd seat.  
They take each dazzling crown,  
Each waving palm cast down  
At His dear feet.

And gather flowers in love,  
As o'er its plains they rove,  
For Him to wear  
Upon His lovely brow,  
Whose wondrous love they know  
Wiped out each tear.

Then, hallelujah sing,  
While heaven's mansions ring  
With their glad praise.  
I, too, shall meet them there,  
Shall in their glories share,  
And my song raise

To Him whom now I love,  
He reigns enthroned above—  
My Saviour King.  
His mercy I adore,  
And shall do evermore,  
And anthems sing.

Norwich.

S. B. HUPTON.

## SLEAFORD ORDINATION SERVICES.

The Church meeting in Providence chapel, Sleaford, having invited Mr. Edward Carr to the pastorate, services in connection with his acceptance of the same were held on Thursday, April 4. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Coughtrey, of Nottingham. In the evening, a public meeting was held, when Mr. Thomas Carr, of London (a deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, and a brother of the newly-ordained pastor), was called to occupy the chair. After singing, prayer was offered by Mr. Hawkins, of Swineshead. In opening the proceedings, the chairman said he hoped the meeting would be both a solemn and a profitable one; that the Holy Ghost might be pleased to anoint the lips of the speakers and solemnise the hearts of the hearers. The object of the meeting was to confirm the choice of the Church, and to recognise their brother Edward Carr as their pastor, and he earnestly prayed that God would bless the union both to pastor and people.

The pastor gave an interesting statement of his call by grace, also to the work of the ministry, and related the leadings of the Lord in directing his steps to Sleaford. It appears that, under the ministry of the late Mr. James Wells, he was brought to see his state as a sinner before God, and the Eternal Spirit was pleased to reveal a precious Christ to him as just the Saviour he needed. The burden of sin was at length removed, and he was enabled to rejoice in the salvation of the Lord. He further related the exercises of his mind relative to the ministry, and how the Lord was pleased to call him to Sleaford. He then gave a clear and decided statement of the new covenant truths which he believed from felt necessity, and concluded by saying these truths, doctrinally, experimentally, and practically, would be the theme of his ministry.

Mr. Williams, one of the deacons, said a few words expressive of his belief that it was the hand of the Lord that had brought their young brother Carr to Sleaford, and it was his earnest and sincere desire that the Lord would bless the step taken, and, in the name of the Church, gave the pastor the right hand of fellowship.

Mr. Robinson, the other deacon, did the same, addressing a few kind and encouraging words to the pastor, expressive of his sincere attachment and love to him, praying that God would abundantly bless his labours.

Mr. Wilson, of Billingborough, gave the charge from the words: "But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine." It was a weighty and solemn address, containing good advice to the Church, the congregation, and the pastor.

Mr. Hawkins followed with a short address, in which he spoke kindly and affectionately to the pastor, and desired that the best of blessings might descend upon them all.

The meeting was then closed with prayer by the chairman, and it was felt to be a season of joy and gladness by many who were present.

## CANADA.

A correspondent writing from Toronto, says: "I am a firm believer in the doctrines of grace, and have little or no sympathy with the free-will and duty-faith preachings of the day in which we live. Toronto, where I reside, has a population of about seventy-five thousand, with Churches in abundance; some of them as fine as any you could find on the continent of America, costing as much as a hundred thousand dollars. The Jarvis-street Baptist Church costing more than that, is the finest building, in the shape of a church, in the whole city; and yet, out of them all, I do not know of a single place where they come out straight on the truth as we believe it.

I was a member for some time of the Church when it was Old Bond-street, but what with the preaching and the worldliness of its members, I could not stand it, and so withdrew from them, and, for a long time, have had no place where I could hear with any profit, or fellowship with any comfort, to the soul. One of the Baptist Churches, however, have had a change in the way of pastors, and the new comer bids fair to be a man that will be very useful in this very much benighted city. He is a bold, fearless, honest, earnest, good man, and one who seems to be thoroughly imbued with the feelings of the apostle when he wrote, 'If I seek to please men, I am no longer the servant of Christ.' Would to God that we had more of that feeling amongst our ministers. Joshua Donovan (that is his name) is quite a Puritan in his preaching and in his practice, and one who preaches Christ as the Alpha and Omega of a sinner's salvation. May it please God to use him for the upbuilding of His people, and make him instrumental in leading many redeemed ones to their Saviour and Friend, Jesus the Lord.

I would like you to forward "Faith," by Israel Atkinson, a work which you have highly recommended. I have seen a few persons here—viz., Mr. W. Kullton, T. Hodder, George Howard, all of whom you will remember.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. J. Wilkins, minister of Queen-square chapel, has been advised to rest awhile. This is a heavy trial. At Ebenezer, Richmond-street, Mr. Israel Atkinson is baptizing and receiving additional members. One Welsh family has joined as father, mother, son, and daughter. Happy Ebenezer! Our new Baptist Mission-hall, in Nighall-street, Edward-street, was opened Sunday, May 12. Brother Boxall's opening prayer, and his sermon in the evening, will be followed with blessings we pray and believe. Addresses by Mr. Fish and Mr. Virgo were savoury and appropriate. A school has been commenced. The hall is most comfortably finished. Mr. Virgo preached on the following Thursday evening. The friends who have inaugurated this mission movement will carry Gospel truth with loving hearts to many who never heard it.

## STOWMARKET, SUFFOLK.

Grew Baptist chapel. Monday, April 22, 150 sat down to tea; public meeting was presided over by Mr. Harris, of Ipswich; prayer was offered by Mr. Geo. Frewer. Mr. Jas. Garrard, deacon, expressed his sorrow, and that of the Church and congregation, at Mr. J. R. Debnam having resigned the pastorate. He was happy to speak of the good character of their pastor, and of the kind and loving manner in which he had moved in and out among them. There were none who wished their pastor to leave. On behalf of the Church and congregation, he presented Mr. Debnam with a watch, &c., as a token of their high appreciation of his past labours with them.

Mr. A. J. Cornell, after addressing the meeting, presented Mrs. Debnam, on behalf of the Church and congregation, with a purse of money.

Master G. Armes, a member of the Bible-class, on behalf of the same, presented Mr. Debnam with a large handsome writing desk, well furnished, as an expression of their love and gratitude for all the energies he had exercised on its behalf.

Some able remarks were made by the chairman, who also expressed his high opinion of Mr. Debnam, and his deep sympathy with the Church and congregation. He urged them all to pray and look unto the Lord for help and direction for the future.

Mr. Debnam responded with deep and manifest feeling, thanking all present for their attendance on the occasion, and for the great kindness which characterised the presentations, and had always been shown both to himself and his beloved wife; for their kindness he could not express what he felt.

Addresses were also given by Mr. Tooke, Mr. Debnam, sen., and the meeting closed by prayer offered by Mr. E. W. Debnam, brother of the pastor.

**RUSHDEN.**—**MR. BANKS.**—You know since Charles Drawbridge was taken from us, we have had a poor time of it. Arthur Baker, William Tooke, C. Cornwell, Margerum, and such a variety of ministers came. Still we did not grow much in grace, nor abound in love as we desire. Mr. George Pung is now settled over us. We wish to be blessedly confirmed in our hope that the Lord has sent him to be our pastor. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday we had Isaac Levinsohn, with many people, and with our hearts down from the willows, we sang praises to our living, reigning Lord.

**CAMDEN LECTURE HALL, KENTISH TOWN.**—Sunday school anniversary was May 16; chair taken by Mr. Styles; report interesting; chairman kindly introduced Mr. Isaac Levinsohn; he delivered a lecture on "Daniel in Babylon" with freedom, and heard with great interest. The lecturer suffered from a severe face-ache, but, in delivering the lecture, the pain ceased; the Lord greatly helped him. To our Lord we will give all the praise.

## BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

Services were held as usual on Good Friday to commemorate the sixth anniversary of the pastor. On Sunday, April 14, an excellent discourse was delivered by Mr. H. Myerson, of Hackney. I am sure if Churches were acquainted with his ability, many would seek his help. A sermon was preached from Psa. cxlvi. 16, on Good Friday afternoon, by the pastor, to a good assembly of hearers. The schoolroom was crammed with friends who stayed to tea. The evening meeting was well attended; Mr. Cornwell in the chair; and excellent addresses were delivered by the brethren, Batson, Bonney, Inwards, Holland, Lawrence, and F. Wheeler, and an excellent spirit was manifest. The tea was given by the friends, and one of the deacons (C. H. Flint) paid the ministers' expenses, which brought the collections—which were for the pastor—up to a little over fifteen pounds, so that we had in every way a good and happy day, which greatly cheered the heart of your humble servant, C. C.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—On April 1, 1878, Strict Baptist friends took tea at Charlotte-street Baptist chapel. Public meeting in evening; pastor Mr. Robert Howard (alter singing and prayer) stated "He believed the Lord was blessing his labours; they were dwelling in peace and unity; they were that night represented by Archbishop Jones, of Broseley; Bishop Hall, of Bilston, &c. He believed the Lord would continue to bless them; they had 'cast their bread upon the waters, believing it will be found after many days.'" Mr. Thomas Jones, who is truly a marvel of God's preserving goodness, gave many encouraging words of comfort. Brother Hodgetts, of Oldbury, spoke of the one great sacrifice and the perfection thereof. Brother Hall's subject was "The Lord is There." Brother Rayment, of Willenhall, entered into the various causes of dissension among the Churches. Choice of hymns and singing were most excellent. This ended one of our happiest meetings. "For ever with the Lord" closed the scene.—**TOMAS DREW, HENRY DREW, DEACONS.**

**BROADSTAIRS.**—We were highly gratified on Easter Monday by the presence of a large number of friends from the town and neighbourhood to tea, provided in the large school-room of Providence Baptist chapel, High-street, which was filled to overflowing. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel; J. W. Carter, pastor, presided. Choice pieces were sung, and addresses given by Mr. Wise, Mr. Denmeo, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bennett, Congregational minister. The Lord's name be magnified.

**DUNSTABLE.**—"A Visitor" says the old Baptist chapel has been modernised, renovated, and improved; the Church and congregation appear united and happy. Easter services were evidential of soundness in the faith being still maintained.

**WALTHAMSTOW.**—Second anniversary of Zion chapel was May 14. Mr. McCure preached an edifying sermon. A comfortable tea prepared us for public meeting. Mr. T. Dunn, of Buckhurst-hill, presided. W. Beddow craved the Lord's blessing. Mr. Smith's report informed us the cost of the chapel was £170. Last year the debt was £100. Since then £35 7s. 11d. had been raised. The collections this anniversary amounted to £5 18s. 8d.; so leaving the debt now £65 13s. 5d. Brethren Bennett, Stanley, Joiner, Haydon, and Milbourne, spoke good words.—W. B.

**GRAVESEND.**—Zoar chapel (a visitor will find in), Peacock-street. We were there when it was first opened thirty years ago. Yes, it is a Strict Baptist Church. Thomas Stringer, the late Mr. Wall, Mr. Shepherd, and many men considered faithful have been settled pastors. Now Mr. Shaw, from Whittlesea, is the pastor. Services: preaching, Sunday at 11 and 6.30. Prayer meetings, Monday and Friday evenings at 7.

**READING.**—Sunday, May 12, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached to us; the Sun of Righteousness did shine on us; in afternoon Mr. Levinsohn addressed the Sunday school; children were much delighted with the short address; we pray the messages delivered may bring forth a harvest of blessing; we had a refreshing day; the Lord bless the Church here; may the Spirit of God bless our brother Isaac. Amen.

**SURREY.**—We realised a hope that we should be saved after all through the grace of God. On Monday, May 20, 1878, in brother Charles Turner's new Baptist Church, on Ripley-green, Mr. Graffham gave us three sermons on the Sunday; Charles Turner gave us sweet expositions and prayer on Monday; and C. W. Banks preached two sermons. Fath'r Green was very kind. Our large upper room was quite filled. Soft hearts, tears of joy, and faith in the soul, all said, "The Lord is there."

**ILFORD.**—J. T. says a free-grace Gospel is still maintained at Ebenezer, where brethren Thomas Austin, W. Beddow, Archer, J. D. Fountain, and others always give a certain sound. Our previous correspondent did not refer to Ebenezer. But, is not the grace of a Triune-God preached Scripturally in any other place any Ilford?

**GRAYS, ESSEX.**—Mr. John Wiltmore has announced in public Mr. Levinsohn and ourselves as holding some dreadful error. If he has one grain of honest principle in his conscience, he will either write to us or meet us.

**PECKHAM ROAD.**—Good Friday, sermons by brethren Lawrence and Nugent. Our kind sisters gave the tea. Nearly £5 collected, which almost cleared us. We are all unitedly seeking the blessing of Heaven on a true Gospel ministry. J. C.

**BETHNAL GREEN.**—For many years, with a steady faith, good Matthew Branch has pursued his pastoral and ministerial work in Matilda-street Baptist chapel, and we know the Lord has made special use of him to the Church and to the schools. Anniversary services were held May 19 and 21. Sermons by the pastor, C. W. Banks, James Hunt, G. Reynolds, Kemp, Joiner, Golding, &c. Charles Gordelier conducted the meeting with a pleasant quietude and Christian spirit. We require a new chapel for our brother Branch; in fact, we have several devoted brethren who are hidden in Cave Adullams because we have not a few thousands of pounds to set them in more commodious places.

**EARLS BARTON.**—At Rehoboth Baptist chapel we had Mr. Isaac Levinsohn on Sunday, May 5th. It was a happy day. He preached three Christ-exalting sermons to crowded congregations. Our chapel being of no use after morning service, we had the Board-school for afternoon and evening, and many who came in the evening could not get in. I hope some seed was sown that may spring up. Collections to do up our chapel amounted to £7. The Lord prosper him in all his works, prays

A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

**PENN.**—**BROTHER BANKS.**—We had a blessed day on May 5; chapel was full. The Lord enabled me to speak from these words: "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" I baptized in the morning; received into the Church in the afternoon, speaking from "He brought me into His banquetting house, and His banner over me was love." I hope others are coming forward.—G. WHITE, High Wycombe.

**BYTHORN.**—The Charly Commissioners, we hope, will see our Baptist friends in their true position before long. As their late pastor has removed to Cambridge, we hope he will find out and help the Fulbourn friends. Their state is truly lamentable. Bottisham Lodge also will surely seek Mr. Kingston's help. Cambridge opens many doors for a minister like brother Kingston.

**WEST OF ENGLAND.**—"We have been through to the West. Nothing cheering. I understand How-street chapel has not been sold. Who could sell it? Mount Zion has truth and hope for her anchor. Plymouth is not what it was when I first knew it."—QUIET TRAVELLER.

**CITY ROAD.**—Jireh anniversary had the brethren H. Hanks, Lawrence, William Lodge, and Meeres for their preachers. We hope their pastor will be more useful to Jireh and other Churches than ever.

**ASHFORD, MIDDLESEX.**—Mr. Drake, once the ordained minister of Hungry-hill, and late of Windsor, has recently been called away from this world. His days of sorrow are ended.

**LESSNESS HEATH.**—Pastor Avery and his friends had the Gospel preached to them on Good Friday by Mr. Shaw, the new Graveyard pastor, and I. C. Johnson, Esq., of Mayfield. Our Kentish Churches pine for the heavenly showers. Where is there a growing prosperity in the truth? Where? where?

**IVINGHOE.**—The ancient Easter Tuesday services were held in Mr. William Collyer's chapel as usual. The venerable pastor was present in good health, although he is now in his 86th year. Sermons were preached by C. W. Banks; the choir rendered their services most delightfully, and cheerfulness prevailed.

**EATON BRAY.**—We had large Sunday School annual meetings in our Baptist chapel on Easter Sunday and Monday. Mr. Kempston edified people, teachers, and children. Our chapel has been improved. We enjoy the Gospel as it is proclaimed by the ministers who visit us.

### Notes of the Month.

**THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.**—Dear Brother in the Lord, in His truth and covenant love,—The Lord continue to strengthen and enable you to carry out your work in the ministry, and to the poor of His flock even to the end. He who remembereth the poor, the fatherless and widows, and the orphans, shall not want any good thing; the Lord will make and strengthen him upon his bed of weakness, and will make all his comforts to flow in times of trial, let them be what they may. His beds of languishing and sickness I take to be God's great love in His promises—that He will never leave nor forsake him, nor take away His comforting, refreshing presence from him in time, in death, and evermore. I was very pleased to hear from that godly man's widow, Mrs. Shepherd, whom you have helped, and who informs me you are still endeavouring to help by getting one of the little ones in a school. That will be a very great help indeed. That poor widow is not strong herself, having gone under an operation. If you can do anything for her, you will bestow a great boon. The Lord will reward you. Had her husband been spared she would have been out of the reach of want, but He who knows all things, orders all for the best. That beautiful hymn has been sweet to me—

"On Christ are hung all Heaven's affairs,  
And all His children's weighty cares;  
Then on thy Lord, thy Saviour rest,  
All things are ordered for the best."

She wished I should write and inform you how much she appreciated your last kind gift. Her loss of husband is great with so many little ones, but now, before the throne, great is his joy. I see you have very many cases, or I should remind you of the poor old deaf brother for whom you sent trumpet. He is still alive. I thought you would have remembered him at Christmas, but I felt sure

you were quite full of cases. Will no one help you to get one girl in a school? Are you coming to Cornwall this summer? I should be pleased to see you.—G. PAPPIN.

**WITNESSES FOR CHRIST,** work on with faith in the Word, with prayer to the Lord, and with perseverance in study and declaration, for who can tell? "We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. 'We are witnesses.' There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Doctor Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 15,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day."—TALMAGE.

**A NOTE FROM MR. JAMES HAND.**—Esteemed Brother and Companion in Tribulation.—When I last met you I had no thought that so soon I should be called to be a mourner at the interment of my eldest son. He was the one you saw when at Charlesworth when you preached there. He caught a bad cold, attended with inflammation and bronchitis, which, in a few days, brought his end. It has been a heavy blow. I pray for patience and resignation, to be still and know that He is God. What with mourning over Zion's calamities and my close bereavement, my soul at times seems bewildered. I want to say, even from my inmost soul—

"When and wherever Thou shalt smile,  
Teach me to own Thy sovereign right;  
And underneath the heaviest load,  
Be still, and know that 'Thou art God.'"

JAMES HAND.

Banbury, April 20, 1878.

**DEPLORABLE STATE OF SOME OF OUR VILLAGES.**—A correspondent says: "The chapel is shut up; no preaching there; there seems no spirit of hearing in this village. I am afraid if an angel from heaven was to come, they would find fault. There are some that hinder the Gospel when it touches their pockets; I think they want wooden parsons. We all need the outpouring of the Spirit of the living God to awaken these dead bones, for which we would earnestly beseech the professing Churches to pray that His dear children, His hidden ones, might be comforted."

**CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.**—Dear Brother Banks,—I will endeavour to come on Monday, June 3. Now to your questions:—1. Are you well? Yes, I am well. 2. Are you happy? Yes, I am happy. For

“A bleeding Saviour seen by faith.

A sense of pardoning love;

A hope that triumphs over death.

Gives joys like those above.

These are the joys which satisfy.

And sanctify the mind:

Which make the spirit mount on high.

And leave the world behind.”

3. Are you useful? Yes, the Lord has, and is blessing the Word. I shall baptize some before long I hope; others are joining who have been baptized; also we are well attended. 4. Are you assured of your interest in the Lord and His glory? Yes. For

“Once a sinner near despair,  
Sought His mercy-seat by prayer:  
Mercy heard, and set him free;  
Lord! that mercy came to me.”

And the promissory confirmation of this fact is in the following Scriptures: Joel ii. 32; Romans x. 13; Zechariah xiii. 9. Yes, I know I have been a caller upon God for many years; and “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed to His hands against that day.” The Lord bless thee and thine. With Christian love to you and your spouse, in which my ribjoins, I am, yours as ever in Jesus, J. INWARD, 2, Isabella-road, Homerton.

**ABIDING FRIENDSHIP.**—Dear Brother,—This morning I was reminded of the fact that our acquaintance with each other has reached the lengthened period of thirty years this very month of April. Well! here we are, kept by the power of God; like the worthies in the book of Daniel the fire has not consumed us. Why not? Because the Son of God, yea, God the Son hath been with us, and He has given us His notes of hand (Isa. xliii. 1, 2; Heb. xiii. 5, 6); and truly I can gratefully testify, never did the inward grace more sweetly sustain, and the realised presence more blessedly overshadow, than yesterday, in the testimony at Trinity; what is more, it was not confined to myself, but enjoyed and publicly acknowledged by the dear brethren settled and grounded in the truth. Take heart, dear brother, “God is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.” J. V., April 1, 1878.

**MEARD'S-COURT.**—“An Old Salemite,” with pleasure, mingled with sorrow, reading in **VESSEL** a letter announcing the death of a dear old Salem friend and brother, Mr. W. Stephens, at Fitzroy, Australia, says:—“I will remember the good man, also his beloved wife, now his widow, to whom I pray every consolation may be vouchsafed. I also remember the widow's late dear sister, Miss Martha Chandler, a member of Salem; she died soon after Mr. Stevens's death; she died rejoicing in her Saviour. Just before her departure, she sang, ‘Vital spark,’ &c. The late Mr. George Wyard preached the funeral sermon. It does my heart good to hear of

the blessed effects of the labours and preaching of my late beloved old pastor, Mr. John Stevens, they every now and then shew themselves forth. May the good Lord in mercy arise and have mercy upon poor Salem, and never suffer her once honoured, if not sacred, walls to resound with any other Gospel, but the old-fashioned one—the Gospel of the grace of God.—Yours in Christian bonds, **ONE WHO SAT UNDER MR. STEVENS, May, 1878.**

**A SPARROW ALONE UPON THE HOUSE TOP SINGING.**—“Let the inhabitants of the Rock.” “Hope you are enjoying much of the sunshine of His presence, who is the centre of all our joy, and the object of our best affection. His presence doth cheer this dungeon where I dwell. When I get but a faint glimpse of His beauty I sometimes cry out in wonder, ‘And shall those eyes, these very eyes, my glorious Saviour see?’ Then I think I will praise him above all the ransomed throng. Went to Pimlico to hear Isaac Levensohn's lecture. When he put on the white robe, that word in Isaiah—‘He hath covered me with a robe of righteousness’—came to my mind with overwhelming sweetness. I seemed to be wrapped in that all-spotless robe, with no black mark of sin upon it. I think I enjoyed, as never before, a sense of being complete in Him. For several days, sleeping or waking, the sweet thought remained, ‘He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.’

“When I shall launch in worlds unseen,  
Oh, may I then be found in Him.”

Another says:—“I have been ill several weeks; have kept my bed with congestion of the lungs; have been laid aside from my loved employment of trying to speak well of His name; but I rejoice that all my times are in good hands, who knows much best what to do to me.”

## Birth.

On May 13, at 11, Chrattle-road, South Hackney, the wife of J. J. Fowler, of a son.

## Deaths.

Mr. Banks,—I cannot express my feelings at the loss of my beloved husband, T. Drake. He died March 23, 1878, aged 71 years. His last words were “Death, come!”—**MARY DRAKE**, Ashford, nr. Staines, Middlesex. (The decessant was for many years a member of the Church in the Surrey Tabernacle. We took part in his settlement as pastor of the Church at Hungry-hill, some many years since; but tribulations attended his course even unto the end. He was a zealous believer in the Gospel of God.—E.D.)

On March 3, at Roma, Queensland, from congestion of the lungs, Mr. Cedric Selway, of the Congregational Church in that town, late of Walsworth, at the early age of 28. He was a valued worker in Sutherland chapel Sunday School.

On Lord's-day, May 12, five o'clock in the afternoon, Emma Evans, the beloved wife of William Henry Evans, fell asleep in Jesus, without a murmur, sigh, or groan.

# “Is God thus to be Mocked?”

A DISCOURSE BY MR. BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

*Baptist Minister, Pulham, Norfolk.*

“They made light of it.”—Matt. xxii. 5.

THESE words form a part of a parable in which we have—First, a certain King, by whom is meant God the Father. Next, we have the marriage of the King’s Son, and this was between Christ and God’s elect among the Jews. Next, we have the marriage feast, by which is meant the preaching of the Gospel in the land of Judea. We have, also, a general call to the feast—a general invitation to a participation of this feast—that is to say, the call is to the market-place, to the waters, to the means of grace, and because faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.

But did the Jews all obey who heard this call? No, they did not all obey the Gospel (Rom. x. 16), although it was their duty to do so, because all to whom the Gospel of Christ is preached are bound to believe the solemn proclamation, and are actually called upon to do all which that Gospel requires—as to its exhortations, invitations, precepts, and ordinances. This is the common call, the common report of the Gospel, because it is common to all wherever it comes, speaking to men as men, speaking to sinners as sinners. It declares what is necessary to be done by us, and must be done, for the fulfilling of both covenants, although we are found destitute of all power, and have no means of performing what is required, only in Christ and through Christ. Mind, we are to use every Scriptural means that can be used, and go to the full extent of all our natural and moral powers in the pursuit of that which is good, and then we must depend wholly upon God’s will, power, and grace for the performance of all vital acts of a spiritual nature. We are called upon to repent, believe, love, and serve God, showing what must be before we can enter into life eternal. When we are convinced of this by the Spirit of God, we then look out of ourselves, and look above ourselves to the Lord Jesus, through whom all these things can be done.

Here we have, then, what are God’s sovereign rights and claims upon all His creatures who live under His Gospel dispensation. God, under both covenants, ever holds this prerogative sacred to Himself, while His holy law never makes the least allowance or gives the least excuse for our impotency through transgression. That law still cries in justice to penniless sinners, “Pay me that thou owest.” I say again, this shows God’s rights and our obligations to Him as His creatures; but if the Saviour had left only one condition for us to perform in the way which the holy God requires, we could never be saved at all. How anxious we should be, then, to know for ourselves whether Christ Jesus has in our own experience fulfilled all conditions for us and in us.

The Gospel was despised by self-justicaries under the Old Testament, to whom the first call was made, as also by the same kind of persons to



whom the second call is made under the New. The first servants had to say, "Who hath believed our report?" and the second class of servants had to say, "I am afraid of you lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain."

Men still profess to believe in God, and in the things of God, and yet they make light of these things—one cavilling against this and another against that, although recorded in God's own Word. But let us notice some two or three things which are made light of. *First*, men make light of preaching. But do not swarms of people in this our day run after preaching and preachers? They do, and give great attention to the Word; but where is their earnest and solemn belief in it? Do they hear the Word as the Word of God? Do they hear it as coming to their ears from God's own mouth? If they did so hear, they would be solemnly affected by what they hear; it would not fail to beget an earnestness in them about their state, and what is to become of their souls. Instead of thinking about the nature of the Word and its just claims upon the hearers, and to endeavour to practise what they hear with heart and hand to the best of their ability, they resemble the careless children spoken of who sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play. They have heard the Word preached, they have verbally assented and consented to it; so far they have done all they believe they are required to do, and away they go from under the most solemn and precious things, join in conversation about things that are to no profit, and think no more about what they have listened to than as though they had never heard it. And so there is nothing reduced to practice, no leaven at work, no working out salvation, no carefulness to show unto men that the subject you listen to from time to time carries in its sacred sound the full weight of eternity. O, how many make light of what they hear; and yet Paul asks them this solemn question: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Now, men cannot be said to neglect that which they never knew or heard; but you have heard this salvation, and do hear it from time to time, and, therefore, be you bond or free, high or low, rich or poor, see that you do not neglect it by regarding nothing beyond barely giving it a hearing.

You who crowd together to hear the Word, and go away and trouble your heads about nothing, only your worldly concerns, do you think the Word of God is thus to be trifled with? Is God thus to be mocked? Is He to be thus indifferently and coldly treated? To treat a fellow-creature with cold indifference after you have heard of his goodness, kindness, benevolence, and philanthropy, in what light would you appear among the more grateful and thoughtful part of mankind? I think many of you need to take heed, lest in the day of judgment the Queen of Sheba should rise up against you. She heard of Solomon's fame, of his love and service for the God of Israel, and came a long journey to hear and see for herself, which, when she had done, she praised the God of heaven, and gave very liberally to the Lord's cause. If the Word do not make you perform in some way or other after hearing it, is it not evident you have disregarded what you listened to, and have passed it by as though, whoever it may concern, it by no means concerns you? In this you are evidently blamed by the Lord Jesus Himself; for you have neither looked within nor at anything without, by which you could manifest your love and gratitude to the

Giver of the Gospel feast, although He speaks to your reason, and through your natural senses. You seem to have forgotten the exhortation, "Render unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." You make light of this Gospel feast by setting before it your money, your fame, your merchandise, your wife, your family, and your business. You are like the man who saw his natural face in the glass, went away, and forgot what manner of man he was. Before you can fairly get out of God's house the sermon is forgotten, the praying is forgotten, the singing is forgotten, and the whole worship of God is forgotten, and very likely all your religion is laid aside till the next time of assembling together. I fear too many of you are, in your general practice, quite opposed to that solemn portion: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Take heed to yourselves, my friends, as attendants at God's house, and mind how you come, and what you come for. Consider the solemnity of what you do. It is God's house you go to. It is not man's word but God's Word you go to hear; therefore be careful as to your ends, and motives, and behaviour while in the presence of the Most High, because He tells us that His eyes are toward His sanctuary, while we read of His walking up and down among the golden candlesticks to see what order is observed. Do not hear for others, but hear for yourselves. How many go away from God's house declaring what a nice, pleasant preacher they have heard, how nice his manner, how correct his grammar, his pronunciation, how graceful his gestures, and how winning his way, and many such like things about the man: but, Oh, how little about the matter of his discourse, and about Jesus the Son of God! It may, indeed, be well said, "They made light of it."

Mind the Ninevites do not stand before some of you in the day of judgment. They believed God in reality, and made it quite manifest. You say you believe in God, but you are not in earnest, and do not speak the truth; for you can come to God's house and sit as His people sit, and hear as they hear, and seem like angels in your Sunday clothes, but you have not, like the Ninevites, repented of your evil deeds, and from hearing the Word, laid aside your evil practices. No, you can go away, get drunk, cheat, lie, and sin like devils. Will you not have the greater damnation for thus making light of Divine things? You hear the sermon, approve of it, set it down as the truth, and immediately act clean contrary to it, thus making light of what you have heard. Hypocrites on the public stage will not have so much to answer for in the terrible day of God as you will. The Word is blasphemed, despised, and made light of by you; for you have not, in obedience to the common call of it, come up to the Ninevites in your profession of the faith.

Every time you hear the Word, it says "repent." Every time you hear the Word, it says, "Let every one that nameth the name of the Lord, depart from iniquity." The king of Nineveh is before you, his princes are before you, his peasants are before you, and even his cattle are before you, under the preaching of God's servant Jonah. At the hearing of God's Word the men of Nineveh gave up their wicked practices, put on sackcloth, fasted, and said: "Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away His fierce anger that we perish not?" Did you ever half think as these thought? Did you ever half apply

your hearts to God's preaching as they did? In listening to God's judgments, is it that you are even worse than wicked Ahab himself? He bowed, he trembled, he humbled himself at hearing God's voice, and God took notice of it by saying: "Seest thou how Ahab is humbled before Me?" If even wicked men yield to God's Word, acknowledge it, bow to it, and turn from their abominable ways, this is taken notice of, being in accordance with the nature of the Word listened to, and good for society at large. Sin is a reproach to any people; if our immoral practices were laid aside, and men were to morally act according to reason and Scripture, who can calculate upon what the happiness of society would be? God's voice in every Gospel sermon is, "Depart from evil and do good." But, I would ask, is not this made light of? Do not swarms of nominal believers make light of the Gospel and its ministry; some of the doctrines, some of the precepts, and others of the ordinances?

Beware you do not despise the Gospel, as did the antediluvians. What race of men had good Noah to preach to? I find their wickedness was great in the earth, and all flesh had corrupted his way. Mind, the people did this, and so they are justly charged with it. But they were warned; there was a continual crying out against their sins, thus leaving them without excuse—I mean in the building of the ark. Yet they would have none of God; they cast His words behind their backs, and contemned the counsel of the Most High. By persisting in their sins they brought the deluge upon themselves, and hastened their own destruction. O sinner! O false professor! art thou not now doing the same thing for thyself? Consider thy ways and mend thy doings. Give attention to what the Lord says: "Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth Him of the evil."

How much is the wickedness and idolatry of Popery exclaimed against, together with many of our notorious and national sins; and yet we find the people of our nation, in a general way, labouring hard in tongue and deed to forward the interests of the man of sin. Under a garb of religious profession they indulge themselves also in nefarious practices, without any conscience disturbances and alarms. Popery and infidelity are bidding fair for the throne over old England—for Ephraim is joined to idols, while he has standing altars for sin. "O, my Lord, what shall be the end of these things?" Truth is pretty well fallen in our streets, and equity cannot enter. The people make light of God's darling, truth; she is held in derision, and, before long, we shall see her lie bleeding in the highways. Shall we print, preach, and cry out against the corrupters of God's Holy Word, and are there none to regard what we say? Are we to bring about our own destruction, after being warned again and again? Shall the Protestants be repeatedly told about the bloodthirsty foe that is now watching for the power to enslave us, murder us, debauch our wives, and deflower our virgins, and will they still remain deaf and unconcerned with the very knife at their throats? Shall there be a monster at the door, and a storm hanging over our heads, and we ourselves making light of it? I don't know that God wont look upon us as being worse than the men of Noah's days.

Let us look at how God's preaching was treated in the days of good Lot. He preached the Word in its most solemn warnings against the men of his day, warning them against both temporal and spiritual ruin, saying, "Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city." But they made light of Lot's preaching—they felt no danger, they saw no danger—but went on revelling in their sins, till fire from heaven consumed them all. Is not the preaching in our day regarded in a similar manner? Is it not become merely a custom to go somewhere and hear? And do they not then readily fulfil the lusts of the flesh, some in drinking to excess, others in uncleanness, others in backbiting and defaming their neighbours, and others in studying covetous practices, how they may ascend beyond enough, and cannot feel it in their minds to trust God for the future? Are we not really worse than the men of Sodom, with all the means of light we have, in making light of all good things? May God have mercy on us, for I think our deserved judgments are close at hand!

Men, in our day, would not make light of preaching as they do if they were anything like good Bunyan's Pilgrim. He believed the preaching of God, could see he dwelt in the city of destruction, and was effectually warned to fly from the wrath to come. You see him with his face from his house, a book in his hand, and a great burden on his back. These do not make light of the Word; but by it they run away from house and home, and friends and relatives, crossing the plain, with their fingers in their ears, crying out, "Life, life, eternal life!" Satan may tempt, worldly enemies may call after the man to return, all hell may be up at arms against him, but onward he goes; for religion, the Church, the Word of God, and heaven are things of far higher consequence to him than all the riches of Egypt.

*Secondly.* Let us briefly notice another object men make light of. They make light of Christ Himself, whom they boldly call their Saviour, their Lord and Master, slighting Him in His word of command. Yes, thousands make light of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. They make light of His divinity, they make light of His humanity, they make light of Him as God's gift, and fling Him back again in God's face. In making light of Christ, by having no heart at all to put in open practice what you hear, you make light of Him as God's Prophet; for it is all one with you whether Christ had or had not spoken at all. But God hath spoken unto us in these last days by His Son. Let us study His prophecies, both in respect to the Jews and ourselves; let us believe them, stand in awe of them, and give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. Let us all, who are Gospellers, church-going and chapel-going people, take heed lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of us should seem to come short of it. Do we make light of Christ as God's Priest? Christ is our praying, interceding High Priest; and all others, in the service of the sanctuary, should follow in this principal exercise. But is not the intercession of our Great High Priest set aside and made light of? You will say, "How?" Why, look at your closet devotions. Do you do any business there? If you do, is it a pleasure, a delight, or a task? Let conscience speak. They may pray who will, but as for you, you feel no drawing or inclination to come to God's door. After dragging

yourself through the usual formal services of the house of God, with much difficulty, you have too much in hand to give God any more of your time, and so must wait your more convenient season. You know that you make light of a throne of grace; for while your words are about God, your heart goeth after its covetousness. Moreover, some of you pray well on the Sunday, and make no conscience of what you do on the Monday, thus making light of the most solemn exercise of prayer. Christ is made light of as our King. God has set His Christ as King upon His holy hill of Zion; and calls upon His subjects, every creature in heaven, earth, and hell, to bow to Him, and ascribe to Him honour, power, and glory, and majesty, and dominion. But, alas! while devils acknowledge Him, and hate Him too, there are other creatures who declare openly that God never had a Son till Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary; although it says, "He was before all things, and that by Him all things consist," and also that, "God has highly exalted Him as Man Mediator, and hath given Him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on the earth, and things under the earth." Although Christ our Lord is King absolute, His sovereignty is made light of as much now as it was when they smote Him, and said in mockery, "Hail, King of the Jews!" In the religious world there are Pope-kings and Protestant-kings, daily setting themselves up in His place, some denying His doctrines, others His precepts, and others His ordinances. But again, there be swarms in this our day who call themselves Christian men, liberal men, and men of honour and morality, who cry out against all sorts of wicked characters, and tell you they make conscience of everything; yet it is dangerous to take their word, or even to believe them for anything they may say; for, whether in religious matters, or in business matters, they can cheerfully and roundly promise you this and that, and directly after are careless of everything they have said. Thus they make light of their promises to their fellow-creatures, and so make light of Christ's counsel, "Let your Yea be Yea, and your Nay, Nay."

*Thirdly.*—Another object men make light of is the Holy Ghost. If you make light of preaching, you make light of Christ, and you make light of the Holy Ghost. You cannot forge a lie against the Gospel without forging it against Christ, and against the Holy Ghost. What you put in the place of the Gospel is a lie, what you put in the place of Christ is a lie, and what you put in the place of the Holy Ghost is a lie; and this is to make light of the Spirit's teaching. If men even contend for the Spirit's teaching, and practise that which is contrary to Him, whether in principle or in conduct, they make light of His teaching. If I set up any doctrine, or precept, or ordinance, which cannot be found clearly revealed in God's Word, I make light of the work of the Holy Ghost, who inspired men of God to write what should remain in force down to the end of time. By my thus acting I am in danger of that solemn judgment, "If any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this Book."

Again, some may hear the Word, weep under it, and even tremble under it, and yet make light of it. They may have a heart to hear the Word, but no heart to practise it. Like

Felix, they can tremble, and yet say, "Wait till I have a convenient season when I will call for thee." But we do not hear that such a season ever came. As to religious exercises there is a putting off here and a putting off there, a waiting here and a waiting there, as though the things of God are to be used as a child would make use of a toy. Almost-Christians make light of God's Word, being no better than Balaam. They like the sounds of mercy, grace, and love; but not one of these sounds has ever killed them to the love and practice of sin. They are almost-Christians on the Sunday; but are seen to act as heathens on the Monday. They can talk nicely on the Sunday, and get drunk on the Monday. They can say "friend" and "brother" on the Sunday, and cheat one another the very next day. Briefly, take heed you do not make light of your Bible, by either keeping it on your shelf, or reading it carelessly, even as some would read a novel or a newspaper. God's Holy Word is not to be ranked with common things. I have often thought that the Hindoos have more veneration for God's Word than what we have. The Jews looked towards their temple to the very last, the Mohammedans adore their Koran, the Papists, with enthusiastic feelings, fall down to images of wood and stone; but professing Christians listen to the Bible, and turn from it as though they had heard a fable read to them out of *Æsop*.

How many make light of prayer meetings. "Preaching, preaching," say they, "we must go and hear the preaching." If told of two or three being about to meet together according to the Saviour's command, where He has actually promised to bless them, all you can get out of them is, "It is only a prayer meeting." Depend upon it, such persons make light of that which Christ has enjoined, and He will not hold them guiltless on account of it. If you make light of the means of grace, you make light of your own precious souls, and who shall excuse you, who shall plead for you, while such a course is wilfully pursued? "Woe unto the people that are at ease in Zion."

Are you contented with a bare creed, with an unfelt Gospel, a religion that you cannot say you are a bit the better for, either in heart or life? Then you make light of the life and soul of religion, I mean holy communion with God. O how many are quite contented with a religion that is empty of vital fellowship with the Holy Three! As to real religion, these are walking skeletons, trees without root, clouds and wells without water.

Many are guilty of certain sins of omission, and acknowledge that they know they are wrong; but by the light way in which they do this it is easy to see that it is not a trouble or burden to them, for with all their sins of omission they can manage to live comfortably enough. Thus they confess the truth, plead guilty, and yet make light of it. There are many hearers who are beastly and sensual, who profess to know God, but in works they deny Him, they can look one way and row another, they are for God, for Christ, for the Church, for the Bible, and yet they can keep company with the world. Some are sottish, always sinning, repenting, working, and dreading, and are constantly charging Satan with the cause of all their villany; others charge their follies upon their fellow-creatures, who, they say, set traps for them, entice them, tempt them, and lead them away; showing that if Satan get them to go one mile they are willing enough to run two. Others again charge fullen

nature with being the cause of their evil doings by saying they cannot help what they do, it is their weakness, and their natural constitution. Thus they make light of reason and their moral powers, despising God's goodness in nature as well as in grace. And do you really wish for help, that you may be recovered from the snare of the devil? Then, remember, it is in vain for you to expect help from Hercules till you have first put your own shoulder to the wheel. Never expect help from God in any of your affairs, if you have no heart to help yourselves. I say, in concluding this discourse, take heed that you do not make light of anything that is God's, whether in heaven above, or in the earth beneath. Amen.

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LETTERS FROM MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER,  
TO HIS FLOCK AT LOCKWOOD, DURING HIS ILLNESS.

**T**O MR. CHARLES WATERS BANKS.—Dear Brother in Christ Jesus, the Hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof,—May grace, mercy, and peace be your portion here below, and of it may you sing when your work is done, and you are gathered unto your fathers in peace.

You will no doubt have heard of the severe and trying illness of our worthy pastor, Mr. Wm. Crowther, whom we, as a Church, esteem very highly in love for his work's sake. He has not preached since the last Sunday in April. He was then unwell, but none of us thought the Lord was about to lay him aside so long. Our pastor has kindly remembered us by three letters, which we think ought not to lie dormant; but that his many dear Christian friends should also have the pleasure of reading, and the way of conveying them to his friends, we, as a Church and congregation, have considered will be to send them to you for *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*. We know many read it, and love it too, and we ask you to allow them to appear in your *VESSEL*. Your Christian and brotherly feeling will grant us this favour, we believe, because your fellowship with him in the Gospel, we have no doubt, has been sweet, and of long duration.

There are a few lines, in addition to the third letter, written by another of your fellow-labourers, Mr. J. S. Anderson; we thank him much for his kind feeling and sympathy, and we believe we have his prayers for that restoring mercy which we hope and pray may be granted unto our dear minister in the Lord's good time. We ask also an interest in your prayers for him. We feel the loss of his ministry, but sincerely pray he may yet again in Rehoboth pulpit blow the silver trumpet of the ever-blessed Gospel, which has never failed to give a certain sound; it has cheered our souls many, many times, and has sent us home with our lap full of the good old corn of the land. I cannot close this note without giving your readers the four last texts Mr. Crowther preached from. On the 21st of April: morning text—Romans iii. 21: "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets." Afternoon—Isaiah xxx. 24: "The oxen likewise and the young asses that ear the ground shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan." On 28th of April: morning—John iii. 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath

everlasting life ; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Afternoon—1 Corinthians i. 9 : " God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord." The sweet savour of those four sermons rest on my mind even now, and I believe on the minds and hearts of many others who heard them. Allow me to say I have copied a few verses from a paper I had given me some years since by a Christian friend. Perhaps you will not object to print them when opportunity serves. With Christian love from my dear husband and myself, we subscribe ourselves your well wishers for Christ's sake. Amen.

JAMES and MARY FIELDING.

Oak View, Greenfield, Manchester,  
May 29th, 1878.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and other Friends worshipping at  
Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—You will no doubt be anxious to hear somewhat reliable as to the nature of my illness, and the probable cause and effect of it. One letter must suffice for all, and you must consider this as if addressed to each of you personally.

The cause of the illness is that from which I have previously suffered, suppressed gout, only this time the attack is on the kidneys and the organs dependent on them, and is, therefore, painful, trying, and tedious. I have now been under the constant care of two efficient medical men (who thoroughly understand the case) for nine days past. They now think the seat and root of the disease fairly reached, and we may now begin to hope to see signs of its yielding to treatment. It is, however, quite certain to be a tedious and painful illness, though it is hoped not a dangerous one, and will probably keep me out of my accustomed forms of employment for several weeks ; it may probably require my going away for entire change.

Some of you will probably wish to know what my feelings are, and have been, on being so suddenly and entirely put on the shelf. I answer—First, an acknowledgment of the righteousness of the Lord, and a submission to His appointment. Second, a desire for His blessing, support, and promise, in whatever form of change He may bring about. Third, a feeling that although I have been enabled in my small way to do a fair amount of work in my life-time, yet, if He pleases, I would like Him to use me in His service a few years longer. I do not care to live except to be enabled to work, and the work I care for is that which may, directly or indirectly, minister to the true well-being of the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, of whom there are none to whom I have had more delight in ministering in the past, or more desire to minister in the future, than to yourselves.

I may be able to give you some little further information as to my state in another week. At present I seem to have written as much as I am justified in doing in my present weak condition.

With Christian affection and prayers for your welfare, I am, my  
Christian friends,

Yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Gomersal, May 10th, 1878.



*To the Deacons, Church Members, and other Friends worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—A week has passed since my last letter, and I am still a close prisoner (the Lord's prisoner). A little turn for the better has taken place ; but it is much the case that as one symptom improves, another grows worse. So that all goes to indicate that progress at the best will be very slow. Patience must have her perfect work, and quiet waiting for the Lord's time will, it is hoped, have its reward, and I shall yet again be raised up both to tell and to sing of mercy and deliverance. My feelings during the past week have been the fulfilment of the promise—"The Lord will keep that man in perfect peace, whose heart is stayed on Him, because he trusteth in Him." I have peculiarly felt I had not the Lord to seek. He appeared to be waiting to be gracious, and to help me unasked, so that I have had so far much more occasion to sing than to cry. Instead of having to ask, "Where is the Lord?" I have seemed to feel His very presence, and to look up to Him, and say, "My God, I know Thee." I have felt the consolation and the value of those grand truths which for so many years I have tried, as far as God has taught me, to speak to you. Oh, what a happiness it is to my soul to feel I have nothing to wish to retract, but, on the contrary, have a solemn seal on my conscience of the eternal solidity of those God-glorifying doctrines, in the faith of which I have lived, in regard to which I now feel emphatically able to say, "I know whom I have believed ;" and as to which I know they will shine forth most conspicuously bright when all the human inventions which seem so flourishing now shall have been cast to the moles and to the bats.

I thank you for praying for me. I know many pray for me, or my hands could not be so held up as they are, nor could my consolations so abound as they do. Hoping to report to you again by-and-bye, and with Christian love to all who love the Lord, I am, my dear friends,

Yours truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal, May 17th, 1878.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood,*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—The past week has been a hard and painful struggle between internal disease and constitutional power. My strength is so much reduced by it that I am unable to write myself, and what I can say through another must be very brief, as I am unfit for the least excitement. My patience and power of endurance have been sorely tested, but still have been sustained by the everlasting arms underneath me, so that I have been kept from murmurings, and my faith has been enabled to maintain its ground, and to say unflinchingly, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." I am ordered to lie entirely in bed as the only means of giving the internal parts affected opportunity to heal. This position, although very reducing to physical power, is beginning to have its effect in the direction desired ; and this morning I am more free from pain and suffering than I have been for the last fortnight. This is a great cause of thankfulness and hope, for if once the internal illness be got under, physical strength will doubtless soon be regained.

God has blessed me with much of His soothing, quieting, peaceful presence ; I have no need of any other Comforter, and this I have I know in answer to your prayers, and those of many others. Hoping to be able another week to write personally,

I remain, yours very truly,

WILLIAM CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal, Leeds, May 24th, 1878.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—Another week has passed since I last wrote to you, and I am still a close prisoner in bed—I cannot say a poor prisoner, for although it is true I “have nothing,” yet I am sweetly and constantly reminded I “possess all things” in Christ, so that, as a partaker of His “unsearchable riches,” I feel my mouth stopped from saying a word about poverty. The same about sin and guilt, His blood and righteousness have removed all stain and charge, so that “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect ?” makes me feel that my God takes upon Himself to answer all questions as to my state and prospects, and thus frees me from care, and authorises me to cast *all* my care of all sorts upon Him. If I confess and groan under a sense of feebleness, I am at once reminded “the feeble shall be as king David and as Mount Zion,” and that as my day so my strength has been and shall be. Every excuse for murmur, or complaint of any kind, is taken away from me, and I am led feelingly to say, I have no will nor choice as to my future, but desire that

“All may come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.”

Had any person told me before I began to be ill that God would so support and comfort my soul in pain and in weary waiting, so as to make both appear as really “light afflictions,” I could not have comprehended such a thing ; now I know it, and I hope I may be able, in whatever future testimony He may enable me to bear, to speak better of Him as our loving, promise-keeping, soul-sustaining, and faithful God, who never fails nor forsakes His own. My words, I know, would be presumptuous if they were not true ; but conscious that the full truth is rather beyond than within their measuring, I testify them to you in the hope that they may be blessed to the helping of some little one to see and rejoice in the all-sufficiency (for all cases) of the provisions of our covenant God. It is, I well know, only because of God’s unspeakable mercy that I am thus sustained and cheered ; were He to hide His face, misery, doubt, complaint, and grief would at once fill my cup ; but so long as He upholds and refreshes by night and by day, I will say, and I hope you also in a measure will say with and for me, “Bless the Lord, O my soul !”

I remain (a prisoner of the Lord), yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal, June 7th, 1878.

FROM MR. J. S. ANDERSON.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—Being on a visit to your sick pastor, and sympathising greatly with him in his very severe affliction, and with his

family, and you who are afflicted in him, I add a few lines to the above, to express that sympathy, and also a hope that, by prayer and medical skill with the Lord's blessing, he may be soon restored. It is very painful to see him suffer and feel utterly unable to relieve; but it is matter for great thankfulness, that during the past night the Lord has in measure removed the pain; and it is truly blessed to know that while he is in the fire, the Lord is with him.

The Lord, by James, says, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." Hezekiah turned his face to the wall, and wept sore in his sickness, and the Lord sent him this sweet message: "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, I will add to thy days fifteen years."

Dear friends, you have the same Lord for your God, and He is the same in all His grace relations, and power. Be like the Church at Jerusalem, when Peter was in prison, plead with the Lord on behalf of your sick pastor; and may the Lord the Spirit help, bless, and comfort you; and may you before long have to meet and unite in thanksgiving for the recovery of him for whom you now plead; so prays your friend and brother in Christ,  
J. S. ANDERSON.

[The Churches were the other day alarmed by being informed both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Crowther were laid down ill. The Lord has mercifully raised up Mr. Anderson. We trust Mr. Crowther will also soon be restored. Many praying souls have pleaded for this.—ED.]

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## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

*(Continued from page 151.)*

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born."—Eccles. iii. 1, 2.

**T**HIS can only be true of the purposes of God, for man's purposes are often frustrated, and his wisest plans and best laid schemes find no season for execution. "There are many devices in a man's heart; but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand" (Prov. xix. 21). "The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass, for as I have purposed, so shall it stand" (Isa. xiv. 24). In that purpose we find the date of the covenant, well ordered and sure; to that purpose we trace the genealogy of the Church, and there every soul born of God shall sooner or later read its title to mansions in the skies. If, in the particulars of Divine purpose, the time of natural birth is fixed, we may not doubt that the time of spiritual birth is therein determined—the time of adoption, when the chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4) are appropriated and claimed by an act of grace, the infusion of spiritual life, "the accepted time, the day of salvation." Still it may be that the regenerated soul is not immediately conscious of its passage from death; but, as the presence of animal life is known by its developments, so it must be that the new principle, asserting itself by motions and appetites bearing relation to the unseen, evidences the fact that we are born from above. Perception and memory are not equally vigorous in all the family, but all are equally dear to the Father in heaven. We know the fruits of

the Spirit grow only on trees of righteousness, though our remembrance of the planting be indistinct.

In proceeding with my own case I say at once Wm. Huntington was the bearer of the message which God sent to my heart with quickening power. The mere mention of his name would send a thrill of pious horror through the nerves of Pharisees of all tribes, and they are many; to those who believe in a purposing and a performing God, and are acquainted with the coal-heaver's writings, he is identified with them who have contended for the faith once delivered to the saints. Implicitly as I believed in him, during some years of my youth, I have long ceased to think he was the only preacher of truth in his day, that he was in any reasonable sense infallible, or that he was the most amiably-tempered man in the world. I do not think him correct in all his interpretations of Scripture, that he was always fair in his treatment of opponents, or that he was invariably prudent in the economies of life; but I think and believe he was favoured of our God above most in a clear understanding of the doctrines of the Gospel, a deep experience in the vitalities of truth, wounding and healing, killing and making alive, and, the sweetest of all mercies, fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.

The first book of his which fell into my hands was a mere pamphlet, entitled "Zion's Alarm Not Without Cause." It interested me, though I hardly know why, for I certainly did not understand it; but its phraseology was singular, I had read nothing like it before, and I was puzzled with the discrepancy between the address and the signature, for it was a letter beginning "Father Carnal" and subscribed "William Huntington"—how was it that his father's name was Carnal while his name was Huntington? Be it remembered I was only about twelve years of age, and had had little intercourse with religious people, and was ignorant of their modes of speech.

However, the book was given to me, and I lent it to a free-willer who, I suspect, destroyed it, for it never came back. The next book of Huntington's lent to me was entitled "Ministerial Qualifications." It has often occurred to me as a strange thing that such a book should be put into the hands of a young lad; but it is to me one of a thousand proofs of the doctrine of Divine purpose, and of the hand of God moving in the coincidences of life, familiar to all observant minds, but which those who have no faith in a first cause ascribe to what they call *chance*. The Biblist has no such article in his creed; his Book teaches that not a sparrow falls to the ground but by the will of the Creator. The book, "Ministerial Qualifications," consisting of letters to ministers on ministerial gifts and work, which from its title and subjects would appear so unsuitable to my years and capacity, was *the book* which was to speak in my conscience as a voice from heaven. Well, so it was; I read it with greediness, somewhat fascinated by its novelty, though its positions and proofs were as meaningless to me as were the unearthly screams one heard during the Irving mania, fitly called "the unknown tongues." I was reading aloud at the request of an aged relative who understood it as little as I did myself, and I came to a passage in which the writer was shewing that through the subtily of Satan, who transforms himself into an angel of light (2 Cor. xi. 14), every doctrine of truth has its parody, and every grace its counterfeit. Referring for his

authority to chapter and verse, he says, "There is in the world a false Gospel, a false faith, a false hope, a false Church, a false Christ, and a false God." While reading these lines, my soul and my whole system was convulsed; I cannot describe the feeling, the words seemed to stop in my throat, and I know I must have looked like a person in a fit. My auditor was alarmed, and exclaimed, "What is the matter with you?" I could give no answer, nor could I read any more aloud. I pondered over the passage again and again, and the only idea I could bring home was that the shock to my body and mind came from or through the things I had read; but what they could have to do with me, and how words of a book not understood by me could so affect me, I could not imagine. I read the passages over and over, again and again, and was, if possible, more and more perplexed. The second day after this storming of my peace, I was standing alone, ruminating on the mystery, for I could think of nothing else; there it was, like, what I have no better word to name it by—like a verbal sensation darting through me—**YOURS IS A FALSE HOPE.** With this came the first day of truthful intelligence into my soul—a light that has sometimes flickered, but has never been extinguished. What was my hope? The hope all entertain—with many so groundless—a hope of acceptance with God and eternal happiness.

The conviction sank deep, mine was a false hope, the offspring of self-love, a conceit. It was then I began to read the Bible, to *search* it as for hid treasure (Prov. ii. 4), and there I learnt that a good hope is a lively hope, born in those who are born again (1 Peter i. 3), and are joined to the living family of God by a vitalising work (Eccl. ix. 4), share in the riches of grace, Christ in them the hope of glory (Col. i. 27).

I was quite alone in this case, had no religious acquaintances; all my surroundings exemplified the threatening in Isaiah lx. 2: "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." I speak as far as I know. Of course my world was small, and my thought was concentrated on one fact—I was a sinner and knew not the Saviour. I began to pray—hardly so—to *long to pray*, to seek or grope towards the Lord, if haply I might feel after Him and find Him (Acts xvii. 27). The preaching I heard seldom touched my heart, or described my feelings; perhaps not altogether the fault of the preachers, who sometimes seemed in great earnest, said many alarming things to the ungodly, and blandly invited them to Christ; but they did not describe fully the emptiness and helplessness of the sensibly lost, always in closing devolving the decision on the caprice of the hearer. Many a service was finished with the hymn having these stanzas:—

"O delay not,  
Listen to the terms of peace."

"Say, poor sinner,  
Wilt thou now be sav'd or not?"

Oh, how tantalising! Would I be saved? It was all my desire. What were the *terms*? They were all summed up in a word—**BELIEVE.** Believe what? That I was a chosen vessel of mercy, redeemed, and justified. I would have given a world, had I possessed one, for such faith.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH  
EMMA EVANS,  
THE BELOVED WIFE OF WILLIAM HENRY EVANS.

DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—If you can find room for the following, it will give pleasure to many friends in London and the suburbs, and also oblige

Yours in Gospel fellowship,

WILLIAM HENRY EVANS.

4, Rochester-terrace, Camden Town, May 15, 1878.

HER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTHFUL DAYS.

MY beloved wife was born of godly parents in 1823, before the days of innovation on the distinctive doctrines and practices, which have made the Strict Baptists a separate people, had commenced, when the Bible, hymn book, Bunyan's Pilgrim, and Hawker's Portion constituted the chief features of a poor man's library; and under such influence she was trained, and passed the first years of her life, until such time as her father removed with his family to London, which I think must have been over forty years since. On arriving in London, as a little girl with brothers, sisters, and cousins, she was sent to a Sunday school attached to an Independent Church at Islington, then under the pastorate of a Mr. Gilbert. Of the superintendent of the school (Mr. Starling) and of her teachers she ever spoke in terms of high esteem; but to truth, in its power, she was then a stranger, and continued so till brought under the ministry of the late John Andrews Jones, of which Church her father was then deacon. Here she heard as she had never heard before, and her first experience of the quickening power of the Spirit was under a sermon preached by Mr. Jones from the words, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Those words she never forgot in her whole life; but, like many of our dear young friends, she could not speak of deep convictions nor great joys; there was nothing definite, except this, she could never sin cheap.

The gaiety of this life had no charm for her; there was a holy dread of offending God, a reverence for His Word, and an attachment to His people.

A SPIRITUAL CHANGE.

About the age of twenty-one she lost a very dear friend; later on, when about twenty-five, she lost an affectionate sister; both these afflictions intensified her desires after better things, an increased concern to know her own interest in the love, blood, righteousness, and power of the Saviour was realised.

In 1848 she was, with her father and mother, sitting under the sound but searching ministry of Mr. James Newborn. Although mostly cut up and discouraged, she kept there, and, at times, was lifted up and cheered. Still she never dared to call herself a believer, or to hope she was born of God. She knew she was a sinner, she knew there was a Saviour; but the great concern with her was to know Him, and believe in Him, as her own Saviour. A favourite hymn which told out her feelings was,

"Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought,  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I His, or am I not?"

She was then acting as Sunday school teacher at Bethesda chapel, and the subject of many deep exercises as to the salvation of her soul; but little faith never died. Feeble hope held on, and encouraged the subject of it to keep up, as she would sometimes say in after years, "Faint, but pursuing." The grace given did grow, for in the year 1850 or 51 she offered herself as a candidate for Church membership, and was accepted; the senior visitor, Mr. Chaters—one who never spared the hypocrite, and had no sympathy with a fleshly religion; but who also knew a babe in grace, and how to treat them—commended her experience to the members of the Church, and, on the ground of her own statement, she was baptized, and received into fellowship with the same Church of which her father, mother, aunt, one cousin, and also him who was to be her husband were members.

#### HER MARRIAGE.

In March, 1852, the Lord gave her to me for a wife, and a great gift it was; He gave me what belonged to Him, a part of His portion and of His purchase, and in her He gave me a loving, industrious, and prudent wife; for such a gift, and permission to hold it, I would ever praise and thank Him; I dare not murmur, for while I feel my loss and know its effects, the Lord has only taken what was His own; and taken it in a very merciful way and manner. "The just Lord will do no iniquity."

#### CHANGES IN CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

After Mr. Newborn left Bethesda, we had supplies for some time. One sermon preached, I think, by Mr. Bland from the words, "Oh, when wilt Thou come unto me?" was much blessed to her, and the savour of the words remained with her for many years after—I might say all her days.

Soon after this we left Bethesda; a new Church was formed, Mr. W. Flack was our pastor. Those were great days and good days with both of us. She never soared very high; but dwelt much on the shady side, often expressing her feelings in the words:—

"I would, but cannot pray;  
I would, but cannot sing."

And, in contrasting her experience with those who can talk very much, she often concluded that the root of the matter was not in her. She was helped to hope on, and cheered with many precious Scriptures—such as *Psa. xxiii.*: "The Lord is my Shepherd;" and *Psa. xlii.*: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," and other Scriptures held her soul in life. Denham's and Gadsby's hymns were also great favourites, amongst them, "Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "God moves in a mysterious way," and the one before quoted, "'Tis a point I long to know." Thus she held on, shunning public life; but knowing how to help her husband in all the varied offices he has been called to fill—first, as Sunday school teacher; secondly, as deacon; and, lastly, as a minister of the Gospel, my hands have been held up by the humble but conscientious and honourable way in which she has performed her duties, and sustained the loss of that she prized above all other earthly blessings (namely, her husband's company), believing he was called of the Lord to the work, and had not run unsent. Of a man-made ministry, and, to use her own words,

“a mealy-mouthed parson,” she had a great repugnance. She never liked levity or vulgarity, either in the drawing-room, on the platform, or in the pulpit. She loved the truth, and could pardon a creature’s mistake if, as she would say, “the speaker spoke as if he felt it;” in a word, she loved and prized that ministry that stood in the power of God the Holy Ghost. “Power belongeth unto God,” was her motto.

As a pastor’s wife, during my service at Hounslow and since I have been at Camden Town, she has made many friends amongst God’s people. I do not know she ever made an enemy. In both spheres of labour the young loved her, while the more advanced respected and esteemed her; both old and young mourn their loss. “The memory of the just is blessed;” but let JEHOVAH, which justifieth, have the glory.

#### GROWING IN GRACE.

For some two years her most intimate friends and myself found a greater desire and readiness on her part to talk about better things; but only in private, in company she was generally all but silent, fearing lest she might say anything wrong. To God’s truth she became increasingly attached, and bold at times in defending it. Free-will, duty-faith, a conditional salvation, and laxity of discipline in the order and ordinances of God’s house, were all especially obnoxious to her; and for the salvation of all her children she was increasingly anxious; very, very many prayers has she put up for them when she felt and feared she had but little spirit of prayer for herself. The Lord has housed one of our little ones with Himself some few years since. Another has been called by grace, and is a member at Mr. Myerson’s. I still pray and hope that our other two will be made manifest in God’s own time.

#### AFFLICTIONS COMMENCE THEIR SAD WORK.

Last Easter Monday, my dear one was seized with a fit of apoplexy; from this she so far rallied that on the Wednesday or Thursday following I was able to ask her on what her hope was fixed. Clearly she replied, “On the Lord Jesus Christ;” but in such a tone as seemed to say, “And it would be strange if it was fixed anywhere else.” On the Saturday, she expressed a great desire that a dear young friend should come and sing and play the leaflet commencing—

“Lord, I hear that showers of blessings,  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing—  
Let some droppings fall on me.”

On the Monday, a Christian sister, the wife of one of our deacons, had some very blessed conversation with her, and in the evening of the day I had the same, during which, on my saying “It would be no use me exhorting you to do your best,” she replied, “I never could do much, now I can do nothing.” I said, in continuation, “Then the Lord must do it all.” Later on the same evening she spoke of the comfort and support she derived from the promise, “As thy days, thy strength shall be;” also those words,—

“Can He have taught me to trust in His name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?”

The remembrance of her Lord’s sufferings, when He said, “I thirst,”



while she had loving friends and relatives to wait upon her and administer every comfort, led her to repeat those lines,—

“His way was much rougher and darker than mine.”

And towards the end of the week to another of our deacon's wives she expressed a wish that she had been able to say a little more for the satisfaction and comfort of others.

#### NEARING THE END.

As to her anticipations of a better inheritance, she told me that she would be beautifully dressed in her other and better home.

As strength was gained, we were able to read short portions of the Word, and pray with her; and the second Lord's-day, the anticipation of the afternoon being spent with myself, in the things of God, had given her a deal of quiet consolation.

As the third week of her illness passed away, there was some fear and conflict that she would not hold out, and might be left to murmur and grow impatient. Being reminded that she would hold on, because the Lord would never cease to hold her, supported her under the conflict, and the fear of murmuring was never realised. The Lord gave her submission even unto the end.

On the third Lord's-day we left her in the morning much better, to find on our return from chapel that she had been taken about noon with another fit; recovering about half-past one, she repeatedly kissed us all, and tried to speak, but power of intelligible articulation had gone, although she knew myself and her children. About two, a slight fit passed down her right side, and then, from half-past two, she lay breathing peacefully, though rather hard, till about five, when, without a sigh or struggle, her spirit was gathered to the beautiful home she had anticipated. Her dust now rests in hope and peace till the morning of the resurrection, having been interred, in the presence of many Christian friends, in Highgate Cemetery new ground, by Mr. Flack, who also preached her funeral sermon, at Avenue chapel, Camden Town, from 1 Peter i. 5.

Now, dear reader, just a word—Are you young, and anticipating the happiness of domestic life? Have you sought Divine guidance in your choice? Are you seeking for daily help and direction under life's trials? The dear departed and her sorrowing husband, by God's grace, did; and sought it not in vain. A good wife is of the Lord. Have you one? Use her properly; love her tenderly; for if she is a believer in Jesus, the Lord has given something that belongs to Himself. As such hold it. And secondly, Are you a weak believer, not satisfied with your evidences, fearing you will not hold out? So was the departed, and see how the Lord held faithful to her; so will He to you, “For to Him the weakest are dear as the strong.”

Yours in Gospel union,

WILLIAM HENRY EVANS.

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JUSTIFICATION, once applied where it sealeth it makes an end of, and seals up, sins for ever, never to be taken off, which our sins shall never outdo. It shall never be said that sin imputed was too hard for Christ's righteousness imputed, or that it hath more interest with God against one, than Christ's righteousness for one: No.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

## BRIEF JOTTINGS OF THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK BAPTIST ASSOCIATION MEETING.

BY W. WINTERS, F.R. HIST. SOC., WALTHAM ABBEY.

ON the morning of the 5th of June, few of the London Strict Baptist ministers dared to venture far from the smoke in search of a purer air in the wilds of Suffolk, as the weather was not sufficiently inviting—at least, this is our interpretation of the cause—but ere we reached the busy little town of Harleston, once the home of the Danish Herolf, the atmosphere grew clearer, and the neighbouring roads were comparatively dry and clean, along which we travelled for the distance of four miles, on the verge of the Waveney Valley, which is here and there beautifully studded, in Nature's gay attire, with woods of primitive rusticity—a scene so congenial to the pensive mind which betimes realises the true spirit of the poet who sang—

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears."

ON the approach to the sequestered village of Fressingfield, Co. Suffolk, might be seen flags, festive garlands, and arches of evergreens bearing appropriate inscriptions. In the roads and by-ways there were also lively little groups of friends, chiefly sons and daughters of the soil, with a few "men of cloth," clustered together. Two fields were occupied by booths, one used for preaching in and the other for refreshments; at a short distance, happily not within hearing, was the gaudy remnant and hubbub of a country fair, sent, as some thought, for an annoyance by an enemy of Dissent, but it had the effect only of keeping children from being troublesome during service time. The old parish church, which stands on an eminence, overlooks the village; and beneath the shadow of the nave rests all that is mortal of the celebrated William Sancroft, once Archbishop of Canterbury, who was born in the neighbourhood in the reign of the first James, 1616. This primate lost his fellowship, in 1649, for refusing to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, but was restored in 1664. He was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower by James II.; and when the Prince of Orange was declared king, as William III., he refused to take the oaths, and lost his dignities. In this respect, this prelate was no whit worse than the disloyal wife of the elder Samuel Wesley, who would not pray for King William, as she considered him a usurper, consequently she lost the favour of her more conscientious and loyal husband for one whole year. And the indomitable spirit of Wesley fired the soul of his old parish clerk to compose a verse in memory of the landing of King William on the shores of Old England. The verse ran thus:—

"King William is come home, come home,  
King William home is come!  
Therefore let us together sing  
The tune that's called 'Te D'um'."

Sancroft was no friend to the *hypers*, as he opposed Calvinism with a vengeance in his Latin dialogue entitled, "THE PREDESTINATED THIEF." The Strict Baptists of the village worship in a substantial chapel (*alias* coffin), which will hold upwards of 700 persons. Mr. Broom is the beloved pastor. On the front of the pulpit of this coffin-shaped tabernacle is the following inscription:—"To the memory of the late George D. Spratt, who fell asleep in Jesus, August 10, 1855; he was the honoured instrument in the hand of God of raising this cause, and preached gratuitously for nearly twenty years." It has been said (not in reference to the labours of our departed friend) that "The labourer is worthy of his hire, and if he gets nothing for his labour, it is a sign he is *worth nothing*."

Noticeable among the ministers were Messrs. Cooper (Wattisham), Collins (ex-minister of Grundisburgh), Jull (of Carlton, Bedford), Bland (Beccles), Suggate (Halesworth), Lamb (Tunstall), Brand (Bungay), Edgerton (Beccles), Charles Hill (Stoke Ash), Jackson (Norwich), Styles (London), Kern (Ipswich), Houghton (Ipswich), Reynolds (Yarmouth), Dexter (Grundisburgh), Wilkins (Chatteris), Winters (Waltham Abbey), Debenham, Leggett, Taylor, Snaith, Cordell, Haddock, Dickinson, Kemp, Large, Hollingshed, Harris, Broom, and others.

On Wednesday morning, the moderator, Mr. Field, of Hadleigh, delivered an address; after which letters from the associated Churches were read by Messrs. Cooper, Bland, Suggate, Lamb, Edgerton, and Brand. The letters were rather more of an encouraging nature than those presented at the annual meetings of the last few years. After an enjoyable repast, Mr. Kern prayed, and Mr. Jull was

called upon unexpectedly to preach. It is usual for the Association to select strange ministers for the first day to preach. Mr. Jull preached a plain Gospel sermon, based upon 1 Thes. i. 5, in which he treated of what is enjoyed by those who know the power of the Gospel, and of God the Author of the Gospel, with whom the plan originated, that it was the supernatural revelation of God. In the evening, Mr. Edgerton read Isaiah li., and W. Winters prayed; after which Mr. W. J. Styles preached a very able sermon, founded upon John xvii. 19. The preacher expressed in words of kindness his sympathy with the Association, and was gratified in the morning of the day at the healthy tone of the letters then read. He spoke of our Lord living a life, not of glory, but of office; though now He dwells in light and in glory, still He has a love for His people. The speaker briefly commented on the surroundings of the text, from which he drew some important facts which served as topics for quiet meditation. He spoke of Scriptural obedience and the distinction between Christ's and ours, and also dilated on the love of Jesus and its collateral branches. He treated forcibly on the *devotion* of Christ in preference to the *sanctification*, and unfolded the nature of our sanctification, which he considered to be decretive, federal, vital, and experimental; also that the Redeemer's object was to sanctify His people, as there was no sanctification without His finished work. The speaker spoke encouragingly of the inwrought desire for holiness as an evidence of interest in Jesus, and the nature of that holiness after which we are striving. The sermon was listened to with marked attention as evidently the best production the London ministry could yield on the first day's occasion.

The services of the second day (Thursday) were prefaced by a prayer-meeting from six till eight, presided over by Mr. Large, whose prayers for days previous were then evidently answered respecting the weather, that "the Lord would stay the bottles of heaven." The weather for the two days was exceedingly fine. Thanks to God for the gift of such modern Elijahs to our Churches. At half-past nine was commenced the minister's prayer-meeting. Mr. Hollingshead read and prayed. Mr. Field gave out the well-known hymn of good Dr. Watts—

" Keep silence all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod;  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honours of her God."

The Suffolk patriarch, Mr. Samuel Collins, read two short Psalms, and made a few savoury remarks upon them by way of running comment, and delivered a long pleading, the substance of which bore the appearance of a sermon, and might not be so well received from a sprig of divinity as from a venerable father in Christ. Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, followed with a sermon based upon Matt. vi. 33: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The speaker treated the subject in a masterly manner. He spoke of true religion as being Divine, and quoted—

"'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live."

It is founded on relationship, and He who gave it will preserve it; it is ours, and by it we are encouraged. He spoke in a very practical way of God's claiming the services of His people for His own sake, and inferred, in the tone of a son of thunder, that those persons that could be dispensed with were worthy only of the name of cowards. This is a truism indeed, for some there are in our Churches who do little else but grumble; they love a cheap Gospel, and, should they do the smallest service, they are not content unless everybody is almost bored to death by the recapitulation of it; thus their society becomes wearying and nauseous. There is many a man, says the preacher, that is brave to fight before men, but when he comes to God he shakes in his shoes and trembles like an aspen leaf; he is the man worthy of the name of Christian that trusts his all on Jesus. He spoke of the *kingdom* of God in the text as not meaning the universal kingdom in which, as Ward Beecher says, religion makes men wealthy; the reality of such an assertion may be fully realised by fashionable religionists, but the Strict Baptists may legally claim exception to the rule. The *kingdom* was not the Gospel kingdom simply; not the heart which the Lord cleanses and fits for Himself, but the kingdom of His grace; besides His universal kingdom, He will have His special kingdom, which kingdom He is creating every day by gathering fresh subjects into it which are supported by the grace that creates them. In treating of the *righteous-*

ness expressed, the speaker inferred that it was not an acquired righteousness, nor the robes in which the sinner is clothed, nor yet the imputed righteousness, but the righteousness of God is His glory, and Jesus, who is God's mighty Christ, was made sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him whose righteousness is identified with His kingdom, and which kingdom God has united with His glory in one eternal bond. The preacher illustrated the character of the true seeker by the fact that every Englishman seeks the rights and interests of his country, and a true seeker cannot be cold and indifferent to the interests of the kingdom to which he is hastening. He exhorted believers to seek the extension of the kingdom, as all the sheep were not gathered, and not to excuse themselves by saying God's decrees would secure the safety of His own; he knew it would, but they were to seek the extension of the kingdom round about their neighbourhood and in their families, unless they all belonged to the devil. He spoke of men of modern thought who had gone farther than the truth, and the namby-pamby Gospel of the present day, and that it took more than a Sankey's hymn to save a soul. We were to seek the kingdom *first*, and not to bring our withered flowers to God, for He does not want our faded flowers; they were to be gathered and brought wet with the dews of the morning. Mr. Hill spoke of the Holy Spirit as not being a mere breath alone, but as the great God who seeks the glory of God. God has appointed us to seek His glory, and it matters not that we are weak, for he clothes the voice of man with Divine wisdom. The speaker having dilated at large on the *all things* given in the text by referring to God's prescience as a Father in providence who knows what we have need of; for where should the children be but with the Father in His own house? The life of Elijah was also described as a marvellous instance in proof of God's Divine providence, and that all things for our benefit were expressed as based upon God's shalls and wills. Mr. S. K. Bland gave out the hymn commencing—

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,"

which brought the morning service to a close. In the afternoon, Mr. Wilkins read and offered prayer, after which Mr. Jackson, of Norwich, preached a good homely sermon on the one great theme—the love of God (2 Cor. v. 14). Some excellent characteristics of the love of Christ were set forth by the speaker, its constancy and durability, as well as the constraining nature of it, more or less obvious in the life of the Christian. We understand Mr. Broom, the Fressingfield pastor, has written a circular letter entitled "Rest," and that the Association will (D.V.) meet next year at Aldringham, near Alborough. After the hymn—

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above"—

Mr. Broom pronounced the benediction, and Mr. S. K. Bland proposed a vote of thanks to those friends who had done their best to render all necessary help in making the gathering a happy one. Mr. Wilkins supported the proposition, and the whole of the proceedings passed off in the most agreeable manner possible.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey, June 12, 1878.

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## LOVE DIVINE GATHERS MILLIONS HOME TO GLORY!

"He gathers the lambs with His arms, and folds them to His bosom."

<p>OH! see how white, and still, and cold, With folded hands and fast-closed eyes, And lips that never no more will ope, Our baby in her coffin lies.</p> <p>Dearer to us than words can tell, This little creature God hath given; So short her stay ere she was called To join the infant host in heaven.</p>	<p>And though our hearts are dark and sad, We murmur not at His decree; Our child is safe from sin and woe, Untainted is her purity.</p> <p>We stand around her open grave, And lay our darling to her rest; And sorrowing, lean we hard on God, Who chast'neth those He loveth best.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">MARION.</p>
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## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SURREY TABERNACLE, WANSEY STREET, LONDON.

BANKS' TESTIMONIAL DEMONSTRATION.

SPECIAL NOTES BY W. WINTERS, F.R. HIST. SOC., WALTHAM ABBEY.

[The following report has been supplied to us by our highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Bonney, with a SPECIAL REQUEST that it should appear in the BODY of the EARTHEN VESSEL. It has been written by our valuable brother and correspondent, Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey. Not being present at the meeting, we read the report with much interest, causing deep gratitude of heart; and we could not refuse the request of our dear brother, believing our readers would peruse such a report with interest and some profit.—ED.]

"Oh! bright occasion of dispensing good,  
How seldom used, how little understood."—*Cowper*.

PERSONS who have but little interest in anything beyond their own personal aggrandizement, are apt to take too narrow a view of the pleasurable circumstances which has claimed the attention of the Strict Baptist Churches of late—i.e., The Banks' Testimonial Fund. Men of the world, as has been said, we know there are who hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive, for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser or more tangible gain. "Doubtless," says an author, "they are also convinced that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at." The motive which has actuated the Committee of the Fund hitherto in their promotion of its interest is pure, and free from the beggarly element of self-laudation; they are not desirous to elate C. W. Banks with a spirit of pride, or to place him in a position beyond his competitors, but simply to exhibit a spirit of Christian sympathy in his behalf, for the great good he has been the means of effecting in his particular walks of Christian life, during the latter half century of his earthly pilgrimage, and to encourage him in his few declining days, as well as to incite him to even a bolder and more intrepid course of action in his two-fold capacity as pastor and editor.

"For his bounty,  
There is no winter in't; an autumn 'tis,  
That grows the more by reaping."

Two public meetings of rather an extraordinary character were held in the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road, on May 21st, to further the interest of the Banks' Testimonial Fund, and to promote a spirit of unity and love among the ministers and Christian friends who hold, as principles of faith, the fundamental tenets of the Bible, and that Jesus Christ is all in all in the salvation of the chief of sinners.

In the afternoon of the day the Rev. D. A. Doudney, D.D., editor of the "Gospel Magazine," &c., presided; and in the evening the chair was taken by Albert Boulden, Esq., deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, and the ministerial and lay support during the services was highly gratifying. Noticeable among them were the worthy deacons of the Tabernacle (the sanctuary honoured by the labours of the renowned James Wells): Messrs. A. Boulden, J. Pells, J. Beach, J.

Mead, J. M. Rundell, S. Crowhurst, T. Carr, and J. Lawrence; also many of the Committee of the Testimonial: J. Bonney, Hon. Sec. The Executive Committee were present—viz., J. E. Elsey, J. Fowler, T. King, H. Myerson, Mr. Stanton, and F. Inquierey. Besides these there were the following ministers:—Rev. James Battersby (incumbent of St. Simon's, Sheffield), J. Vaughan (of Hackney), Mr. Varder (of Yeovil), W. Winters (of Waltham Abbey), J. Inward (of Homerton), E. Langford (of Dalston), J. Griffith (of Old Ford), J. Huntley (of Bath), T. Stringer (of Trinity, Borough), C. Cornwell (of Brixton), I. Levinsohn, G. Holland, W. Beach (of Chelmsford), J. W. Norton (of Chatham), N. Oakey, W. Beddow, Mr. Brown (of Colchester), Mr. Stevens (of Yeatley), J. Dickson, A. W. R. Ager, F. Wheeler, J. Wheeler, W. Archer, R. Alfrey (of Enfield), W. White (of King's Cross), Mr. Shaw, (of Gravesend), W. Webb (of Bow), W. Sack, J. Mote, Esq., Solicitor, I. C. Johnson, Esq., Mr. R. Banks, and Mr. J. W. Banks.

Mr. W. Webb opened the meeting with prayer, and hymn 419 was sung with power and sweetness:—

"Sons of peace, redeemed by blood,  
Raise your songs to Zion's God;  
Made from condemnation free,  
Grace triumphant sing with me."

The venerable and beloved Dr. Doudney rose and expressed his gratification on being called to occupy the position he did before such an excellent gathering of friends, and he felt no hesitation in complying with the wish of the friends of his Christian brother, C. W. Banks, to be present on this auspicious occasion. As, however, he considered the proceeding of the day would be the subject of much comment, he thought it desirable to commit to writing what he wished to say. This mode of procedure, however, was scarcely essential, as the good Doctor showed himself to be possessed in his after speech of a full flow of words of the most pleasant and profitable kind. In his opening speech Dr. Doudney remarked that:—

There is not a greater dependent upon the Holy Ghost than he who now addresses you. In the first two months of my ministry I wrote and read my sermons. In a very

remarkable way, however, I was led afterwards to lay aside my M.S., and (blessed be God!) after an interval of nearly one-and-thirty years, have never in a single instance preached a written sermon since. Nor (the Lord being my Helper) do I ever intend to do so again. I stand, however, before you to-day under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and, therefore, I am anxious to well weigh my words, and to avoid giving expression to ought that, in the haste and excitement of extemporaneous speaking, might suggest itself. It was of no mere impulse, or without due thought and deliberation, I responded to the invitation to occupy this chair to-day. These are not times for *splitting hairs*, or talking out about *straws*. There has been by far too much of "I am of Paul," and "I of Apollos." Satan has gained no little vantage ground by this kind of thing. Here our assured Gospel privileges are imperilled to a most fearful extent, and unless the Lord our God arise in our behalf, I tremble for the consequences.

I am thoroughly persuaded that the internal discord and division among the professed people of God is a thing far more to be dreaded than the attacks upon the external citadel of our Zion. Moreover, too lamentable is the consideration that there should be contention here upon the battle-field, and in the midst of so many and real dangers, between those who are *washed in the same blood, justified by the same righteousness, trusting to, and leaning upon, the same Lord, have hopes and fears, joys and sorrows*, in common, and are destined to dwell together in the same blessed and eternal home. Oh! be it ours increasingly to remember that "there is a *diversity of gifts*, but the *same Spirit*," that "there is one body, and one Spirit even as ye are called in one hope of your calling. *One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and in you all*." Let us remember, moreover, that He gave some apostles, and some prophets and some evangelists, and some pastors, and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Nor may we ever lose sight of the great fact that, although "there are many members, yet there is *but one body*," and "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary."

I most deeply sympathise with the honourable servant of God on whose account we have been called together upon this most interesting occasion. I most heartily rejoice that he is now, in his declining years, to receive at your hands a *practical expression of your appreciation of his long and most arduous services—long and arduous*, I scarcely need remind you, they have been. Few, if any, have laboured as he has done. It is only those who have been behind the scenes, and seen what editorship really entails, that can form any adequate idea of its weight and responsibility.

I am reminded at the moment of the remark of my sainted brother-in-law (the late incumbent of Charles chapel, Plymouth). He was the first who urged me to undertake the editorship of the "Gospel Magazine," which now, of God's great mercy, I have conducted for *eight-and-thirty years*. We had lived next door neighbours for some years; but it was not until he came to reside for a few months under my own roof in Ireland, that he was aware of what devolved upon an editor. It was then, and not until then, he plainly told me "*he had no idea of what editorship involved*." I can with the utmost truth declare that scarcely, if any, *two consecutive working hours* have passed during that *eight-and-thirty years* in which that magazine has not more or less occupied my thoughts. I cannot here forbear from quoting the testimony of the late Walter Rowe, as given at the close of the 42nd year of his editorship of the "Gospel Magazine." "A contemporary," says Mr. Rowe, "well describes our situation. I know," says he, "how a monthly periodical will wear down your exertions. In itself it appears nothing; the labour is not manifest, nor is it the labours of itself: it is the *continued attention it requires*. Your life becomes as it were, the magazine. One month is no sooner corrected and printed than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an *endless repetition of toil*, a constant weight upon the mind, a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time you are impelled to do the *severest drudgery*. To write for a magazine is very well, but to edit one is, as it were, to condemn yourself to slavery." Moreover, the amount of *soul travail*, on behalf of its readers and correspondents, few can imagine. And let it be remembered that editors, like preachers, are *but men*—poor fallible creatures like those around and about them. The treasure, if it has a true treasure, is in "*earthen vessels*," and the Lord takes care to let them know and feel it too. I think it is more than likely that a deep conviction of this, the *weakness and the frailty*, and the *sin* in common with his brethren, that prompted our brother to give his magazine the significant and very expressive title of the "*EARTHEN VESSEL*." Its very name ought to suggest to its every reader, and its every correspondent, the great need of the due exercise of forbearance, and *tenderness*, and *every possible allowance*. As it presents itself month by month, and year after year, its very simplicity and its unpretentious character should make it silent, but all-powerful appeal—"Bear with me; don't expect to find me faultless; I am but

"AN EARTHEN VESSEL;" and if my Lord and Master is but pleased to make some little use of me, to His name—and not in the leastwise to me—shall be all the praise and all the glory." Dear friends, when I took up my pen to put down what I wished to say to you upon this occasion, there were two thoughts uppermost upon my mind. In what I have written I have diverted from

these; and, wishing not to trespass too much upon your time, I must be brief in what I had intended to have brought before you. The first thought was, that our brother had a claim upon me, as I considered, and, therefore, I could not find it in my heart to decline the invitation to be present this day. The claim to what I allude was one of *practical sympathy*. Mr. Banks and I began life within the same three or four years of each other (he being only those years my senior). We both entered upon the battle of life at a very early age. A printing office was *his* college, and so it was *mine*. But our after course has been very dissimilar. He has had what I have been wont to consider a *roving commission*. The kingdom at large has been his parish, whereas *my* stated ministerial labours, extending over a period of one-and-thirty years, have been confined simply to *two* parishes. The other thought which I wished to place before you, in regard to my non-refusal to come here upon this occasion, was my disposition that these are not times when we should stand aloof from each other on account of our little Shibboleths, if so be we are one in the great, the grand, the precious essentials, the *covenant verities* of a *covenant God* in regard to a *covenant people*. If I believe a man to be a follower and a lover of my Lord, I care not to know, nor would I stay to ask him, whether he belonged to this or to that party. The mottoes which I chose for the "Gospel Magazine," when I ventured to undertake its editorship, were, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" "Whom to know is life eternal;" "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." These principles I have sought to maintain to the present time.

Dear friends, as literally, if we climb a height we lose sight of the divisions and boundaries which separate land and distinguish properties, so spiritually, if we are "risen with Christ," if "our affections are set upon things above, and not on things on the earth," the nearer our heavenly home, the less shall we be disposed to dwell upon our party names and petty distinctions. I close these few remarks with the heart-felt wish and fervent prayer that our brother's life may be spared for many years, if the Lord will; and that when his Lord and Master's time shall have fully come, he may receive that blessed Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The worthy chairman then called upon his friend and brother in Christ, the Rev. James Battersby, to address the meeting, and whom he warmly eulogised as possessing great knowledge of the Scriptures, and having them at his fingers' ends, with readiness of utterance to tell them forth to advantage. And certainly Mr. Battersby is a man of more than ordinary ability, and, without wishing to flatter, we say he is endowed with great mental qualification, his mind is read in his open countenance, and which is adorned with commanding address and unfeigned

humility. A fair portrait of such an one is given in the admirable lines of Cowper:—

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;  
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain;  
..... affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

Mr. Battersby rose and said that it afforded him very great pleasure to be one amongst them on this occasion, and especially as they had met to recognise the labours of a brother who had laboured so ardently in the cause of Christ for the past fifty years, he could therefore most heartily endorse what Dr. Doudney had said respecting C. W. Banks. The first Epistle of St. John was given to the speakers for the afternoon to dilate upon *ad libitum*, and Mr. Battersby considered himself necessitated to say something about it, although he had not noticed the subject in question on the bill till a very short time before the meeting. Mr. Battersby, like Dr. Doudney, did not read his sermons, and consequently, as we expected, he was exceedingly free in extemporaneous speaking. He expressed that the Epistle of St. John afforded a large scope for thought, and dwelt with peculiar force on the "*Word of Life*" as the opening subject of the Epistle, and the gift of life imparted to the sheep of Christ; "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28). This act of Divine love ever redounds to the praise and glory of His grace. Mr. Battersby spoke very encouragingly on the evidences of true religion, our *fellowship* with Christ, and communion with each other—that fellowship of the highest kind is clearly evinced by John, "and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." Mr. Battersby became exceedingly warm on the "confession" system of the (High) Church with which he is associated; he also dwelt briefly, but powerfully, on the divinity and humanity of Christ our Great High Priest, as seen in the altar and sacrifice under the ancient ritual. He considered that a good deal was said about the priesthood of man and confession of sins to man, which was an abomination; "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But do we confess to a priest? Nay! but to God. The priesthood of Christ was a burning question. Mr. Battersby thoroughly denounced the direful and pernicious system of priestcraft in a most trenchant style and supported the old orthodox order of the Bible in a manner which only an intelligent Christian could do.

A part of hymn ninety-seven was sung, and Dr. Doudney expressed his hearty thanks for Mr. Battersby's able speech, and remarked that it was a wonderful blessing to be personally and experimentally acquainted with the truth, and to feel oneself to be a sinner saved by grace; and having related the interesting anecdote of Lady Huntingdon about the M. and N. (see I Cor. i. 26), in defence of sovereign grace, he called upon Mr. J. Vaughan to address the friends

Mr. Vaughan expressed his great pleasure in seeing the Doctor in that position, and also said that C. W. Banks had been an acquaintance of his for upwards of thirty years, and he was glad that the Testimonial was not to be presented as originally proposed—i.e., to purchase Speldhurst-road Baptist chapel—which would incur many difficulties to him as well as to his surviving friends; but for his own personal benefit to use as he thought best. Mr. Vaughan is a tender and thoughtful preacher and well adapted to speak from so full and all-absorbing theme as the following—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14), upon which the speaker dwelt at some length in a most sweet and forcible manner, treating also of the full assurance of hope, the full assurance of understanding, and the full assurance of faith; he spoke of that desirable state of experience when the Christian could lose sight of all earthly things, and be fully absorbed in the love of Christ. The love of Jesus is a precious theme, "an ocean of infinity where all our thoughts are drowned." The closing words of Mr. Vaughan were the heart-breathings of many precious souls present. Oh! that we may know more and more of the holy brotherhood of Christ. There is a deep meaning in this sublime utterance, which is better realised in the soul than expressed either with the tongue or pen.

Mr. Varder (of Yeovil) spoke in high commendation of the usefulness of C. W. Banks; and his acquaintance with him as a Christian minister had been an agreeable one. Mr. Varder spoke, as usual, in a free and easy manner, on the grand sum of the Gospel—"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John iv. 16). He spoke also of the development of that love in the choice of His people from before the foundation of the world, consequent upon which they were designated by God, the election of grace.

Mr. J. Inwards (pastor of Homerton-row chapel) followed with a lengthy speech full of sound argument and Gospel comfort. Mr. Inward spoke delightfully on many things that were strictly characteristic of the love of God in Christ, who is the only exponent of His love in His work and Word, which love many waters cannot quench, because of its unchangeableness and perfection, and which love is shed abroad in the heart and casteth out fear. This love, the speaker illustrated by reference to the various acts of benevolence done by the children of God, and to-day many had come to pay their tribute of respect to C. W. Banks, both by their presence and substantial help toward the swelling of the Testimonial Fund. Mr. Inward had been on familiar terms with C. W. B. for upwards of thirty-three years, and had realised good in days past from his labours.

W. Winters (of Waltham Abbey) followed with some remarks on the essence and life of the Divine logos which is founded on the

unerring evidence of spiritual sight and hearing. The epistle of St. John speaks the language of feeling, and teaches of God the light, in distinction to the darkness of a fallen world, and of love pure and lasting as the eternal hills. The love of the creature is as transient as a shadow compared with the love of God, which is beyond description great. The love of God fixes our love to each other, as Christians, which no earthly power can separate, hence how beautiful the words of St. John, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth not us, because it knew Him not." The world knows us in a worldly sense, but not as members of Christ's mystical body. W. Winters spoke of the great and long labours of C. W. Banks, as preacher and editor, and hoped the desired amount for presentation would be speedily realised. The speaker alluded to the great literary labours of the worthy president of the meeting, who made honourable mention of the labours of C. W. B. in the printing of Dr. Hawker's works. Dr. Doudney had enriched the Christian literature of to-day with his "Walks and Talks with Jesus," "Walks and Talks with Fellow-Travelers," "Old Jonathan," "Gospel Magazine," "Life and Ministry of Rev. W. Parks," "S. Rutherford's Letters," "William Huntington's Select Works," "Dr. Gill's Commentary," &c. And as there was no royal road to learning, C. W. Banks had worked hard through a series of disadvantageous circumstances in editing the EARTHEN VESSEL for upwards of thirty-three years; C. W. B. was also the first to issue a penny religious weekly paper, after the repeal of the paper duty. This journal we presume to have been the "Christian Cabinet," to which Mr. C. H. Spurgeon contributed his first printed article, entitled, "The Pleasures of Religion," and continued to furnish articles for its columns during almost its first year's existence. C. W. B. also edits the "Cheering Words," which reached its twenty-seventh volume in 1877, and is still *in progress*. He has also written a number of small works of great interest, which will be cherished, doubtless, by many Christian friends when he is numbered with the dust of departed worth.

After the remarks of W. Winters, Dr. Doudney rose, and spoke in a fluent and lively manner of his labours as editor, especially with reference to the republication of "Dr. Gill's Commentary," nearly every page of which he had read in correcting for the press. The worthy Doctor related also a pleasing incident respecting his poetical genius—that he had composed a piece of poetry, consisting of thirty-six verses, on the "Nativity of Christ," but as he complained of want of memory, he could scarcely recollect one verse out of the whole, and wishing to test the retentive powers of the school children under his charge, he promised a small book to any child who should repeat the whole number of verses, and, to his



great surprise, upwards of 190 little competitors answered to the challenge. The good Doctor added quite a pleasant tone to the meeting by his parting address, which was much appreciated.

Mr. J. Griffith proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Doudney for his kindness in taking so prominent a part in the service, and he was glad that his memory did not fail him on this occasion. Mr. T. Stringer seconded the proposition, and it was unanimously carried with great applause. Dr. Doudney responded in a few appropriate words. After which an excellent tea was provided in a most business-like manner, and which was much enjoyed by several hundred friends. The "Christian World" and other publications rather over-estimated the number in saying "about 1,000 persons sat down to tea," but this weekly journal was quite correct in stating that "in the evening another meeting was held, when a still larger number of persons was present."

#### EVENING MEETING.

Albert Boulden, Esq., deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, was chosen moderator. W. Beach, Esq. (of Chelmsford), gave out the opening hymn—

"Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing."

Mr. H. Myerson engaged in prayer.

The chairman then rose and introduced the subject of the meeting in a kind, Christian manner, and spoke of the usefulness of Mr. Banks in the cause of God and truth. He believed in the sincerity of that principle which actuated the generous spirit of C. W. Banks, and consequently felt a pleasure in doing what he could for him in the promotion of the object for which they met. He hoped that the readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* would each send something to the Fund. He wanted this Testimonial to be a hearty expression of our sympathy, and a success. Mr. Boulden suggested that if every one of our Churches in the country and in London would send a contribution to the Fund, though he knew many of the Churches were small and could not do much; yet if each cause did what they could, by many helping, by united effort, the desired sum of money would be raised and the wishes of the Committee realised in completing the Testimonial.

The chairman then called upon the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. Bonney, to read the report, the substance of which is expressed under three distinct heads. 1. The origin and design of the movement. 2. The grounds upon which it was proposed. 3. The means employed, and the progress and prospects of the fund. The first head has been reiterated in detail, but suffice it to say that C. W. Banks has been universally known as a Gospel minister for upwards of forty years, and for thirty-three years as editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. He has also edited the "Cheering Words"—a little half-penny monthly—for nearly twenty-eight years; thus, while he has enjoyed the pleasures of good health, he has had to contend firmly

against the errors of "modern thought"—i.e., infidelity—in boldly declaring the grand old-fashioned truth as it is in Jesus. In addition to the editorial work, C. W. Banks has assisted the Lord's poor in a pecuniary way, which has been chiefly realised through the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, he having devoted a large space on its wrappers in acknowledging donations, as well as notices of persons requiring relief; thus he has acted as almoner in dispensing the bounty of liberal-hearted Christians amongst the afflicted and distressed poor of the flock of Christ. This labour he does honestly, cheerfully, and gratuitously, and which is certainly deserving of notice, although we are certain that such acts of continued kindness will not be without reward from the liberal hands of our heavenly Father; yet, that should not be a preventative to us in doing our utmost in raising the desired amount of six hundred pounds, half of which is already collected. The Committee, therefore, hope that, by the assistance of ministers and deacons lending their chapels for meetings, and by the liberality of the wealthy brethren and sisters in Christ, the sum will be collected before the close of this year. The prospects of the Committee are upward. They know the Lord can strike the golden chord of any heart he pleases, and it is patent to all that all Strict Baptists are *not poor*. There is, doubtless, wealth enough amongst the lovers of pure Gospel truth to bring forth the top-stone of the Testimonial at once, if the *will* was equal to the *means*. The Committee would not like it to go forth before other religious bodies that their project had fallen through for want of energy, therefore they earnestly hope that kind friends will use their best endeavours to aid and encourage them in their work and labour of love for the benefit of one aged brother who has spent the greater part of his life in the one great cause of God. True charity, says the poet (based upon the Scripture), is the *soul* of all the deeds of faith and virtue:

"Thus lasting charity's more ample sway,  
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,  
In happy triumph shall for ever live."

The chairman called upon Mr. Johnson (of Gravesend), who, though not of the giant order, physically possesses a well-informed mind, which brought to remembrance the potent lines of Watts:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with a span,  
I must be measured by the soul,  
The mind's the standard of the man."

Mr. Johnson evinced great pleasure in being present, and spoke of his many years' acquaintance of C. W. Banks, whose labours in the truth have been and are consistent with the Gospel. The speaker described the trials and losses of ministers of God, and their hearers in the early days of Evangelical Nonformity, as told by Neal in his history of the Puritans, when the Act was made for preventing Christians meeting together for Divine service in any place but the established Church of England. "Oh! name it not in Gath." Mr. Johnson touched upon God's

choice of His people and their union to Him as described by the vine and its branches (John xv.). He also dwelt at considerable length on the birth, baptism, and preaching of Christ, together with almost all the chief incidences of His wonderful life, death, and resurrection.

Hymn 337 was sung, after which Mr. Huntley (of Bath) spoke of the meeting in honour of C. W. Banks, and expressed that he had been waiting for the realisation of the soul-invigorating power of Christ, as he could not proceed far without it with any great pleasure. Mr. Huntley has a fine, bold countenance (which, if correct, is the index of the mind), and possesses a genial disposition, tempered by the influences of Divine love and fixedness of true religious principles. The speaker contrasted the apostle as a Hebrew of the Hebrews, &c., with C. W. Banks and himself, and if the former was a Baptist, a Christian, a poor fallen creature, a poor despised Baptist, an election Baptist, a five points' Baptist, so was he. Mr. Huntley spoke of C. W. B., taking the initials of his name as a guide; he said he was a courageous, courteous, cheerful, and contented man, who won't budge—the like he had not seen before. He then spoke freely on the new commandment, and Christ the Way of life, and went on to unfold the properties of the Way and the development of grace, which—

"All the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days,  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise."

Mr. Huntley handed to the Secretary a donation of £5 towards the Testimonial, and sat down.

The Rev. J. Battersby was asked to say a few more words before parting, and with noble boldness expressed some excellent thoughts on John xvi. 22.

Mr. T. Stringer (of Trinity) followed with a stirring speech, full of truth, and to the purpose. There is a vast amount of genuine material yet in the pastor of Trinity. He is not to be easily frightened by the bugbears of modern rationalism, nor does he care to condescend to things of to-day that bear not the impress of inspiration, though the multitude may swallow them with greediness, as an ox drinketh down water, and in this steadfastness of faith he has God for his strength, and the best wishes and prayers of many good old Trinitarians. Mr. Stringer spoke kind and tender words respecting the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, although he himself had not figured in its pages quite so frequent of late, owing probably to its heavy freightage of other valuable material. He spoke of C. W. Banks as being so exceedingly adapted for the work to which he was called: he was so good-tempered, did not render railing for railing, and he loved our nation, and built us, not a synagogue, but an EARTHEN VESSEL. The speaker said wisely that we—i.e., the Strict Baptists, are High Churchmen in the grand doctrines of the Bible. The Church of England had run away from the Thirty-nine Articles, and we had run away with them. He spoke of Christ glorifying

the Father in opening sinners' hearts, and quoted Bishop Hall's remarks that Christ never takes ready furnished lodgings. The perfect work of Christ in preparing the Church and bringing it home to glory, he treated of very powerfully, and closed with the adapted lines of Watts:—

"Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
His favourites from His breast."

Mr. Stringer presented the sum of £2 5s. towards swelling the Fund, and gave place to James Mote, Esq., who had so kindly come forward, as at other times, to speak a word in favour of C. W. Banks, and as a good pleader he adapted his speech to the more practical part of the business of the evening. Mr. Mote asked, What is £600 amongst so many Churches and readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL? He hoped that the faith of the many present might be seen and confirmed by their works—i.e., a good collection—as the Surrey Tabernacle friends had always maintained the character of a generous-hearted people. The friends could not withstand the call of the worthy speaker, and the collection was speedily made while the grand old hymn was sung in right earnest, beginning—

"Jerusalem, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!"

Mr. C. Cornwell (of Brixton) addressed the friends in his usual happy, colloquial style, confining his remarks chiefly to the Saviour's words to Peter (John xxi). The speaker dwelt, as far as time would permit, on the love of Peter to Jesus, and the test of that love in the questions put to him (Peter) by Christ, his answers, and the commission given: "Feed My lambs." A few verses of hymn 353 were sung:—

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness."

Mr. Isaac Levinsohn was called upon to say a few words. He thus rose to order, and highly congratulated the Committee on the noble efforts they had made in raising a Testimonial Fund for C. W. Banks. Mr. Levinsohn spoke of the EARTHEN VESSEL as a telephone, and its great use in distant lands. He also spoke very earnestly on the work of preaching the Gospel, the anointing of the feet of Christ by Mary, and Judas' covetousness, and appropriated the circumstance to the two classes of hearers of the present day. The speaker stated some incidents in connection with the arduous labours of C. W. Banks, and his kindness to the young servants of Christ, of which we have had abundant proof. The meeting then terminated with the well-known hymn, which was rendered with a full swell, commencing—

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

J. M. Rundell, Esq., conducted the service of song in a most praiseworthy manner. Thus ended one of the most heart-cheering meetings of the kind held in the Surrey Tabernacle for many a long day. Two letters of sympathy were received by the chairman from friends who were prevented from

attending the meeting, and which deserve a place in these pages. The first is from our old and much-esteemed friend Mr. T. J. Messer, and the other from our kind and intelligent friend Mr. R. A. Lawrence:—

Mr. T. J. Messer to A. Boulden, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I deeply regret being unable to be present with you at the meeting to be held in Surrey Tabernacle to-morrow evening. I have been shut up with a bad cough and cold the last ten days, and shall not be able to return to London as soon as I expected. Having now passed my 74th year, and having been engaged in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ over sixty years, I cannot bear exposure to atmospheric changes as well as I once could.

I feel deeply interested in the work in which the friends of truth will be engaged to-morrow at the Surrey Tabernacle. It is a pleasing thing in this materialistic and doubting age to find so many friends desirous of cheering such a self-ambiguating toiler as C. W. Banks in his declining years.

I have been on intimate terms of friendship with him ever since he was settled at Crosby-row chapel, and the more I have seen of him, the more I have admired and loved him.

If he could have managed the weekly papers he started, as some professedly religious journalists do, he would have needed no help now. He has, however, clung with an unswerving tenacity to the whole truth—truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and as the result, on looking into his purse in the days of his old age, he has found *nothing* in it. He shall, however, have his reward ere long, not of *debt*, but of *grace*, amid the brightness and beauty of the many-mansioned city. Though absent in body, I shall (D.V.) be present with you in spirit to-morrow evening, and shall rejoice to hear that the meetings have proved a great success.

With warmest Christian love to the ministers who may be present, and to all the Lord's people,

I am, dear Sir, yours in Him,  
T. J. MESSER.

May 20, 1878.

Mr. R. A. Lawrence to Mr. Albert Boulden.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—Through the agency of Mr. J. Bonney, who wrote me to ask my presence at your meeting, I beg to account for my absence. I am just off for a trip to Folkestone and the continent, and hence cannot be with you.

Our brother C. W. Banks, as an editor, needs no commendation from any. His kindness, courtesy, and gentleness (virtues he possesses almost to a fault) NO CONTRAST with the opposite of these things so lamentably prominent in the pages of some magazines, that a substantial acknowledgment of them is THAT which ought to be given.

Job says, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book." But Job did not live in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, or else he might have said, "Oh, that mine enemy would edit a magazine."

I have not any actual experience in the work of "editing," but, from a pretty well-informed idea of its onerous nature, I can only hope that God in His mercy will save me from ever becoming an editor, *except perhaps* just at the moment that a £600 Testimonial was coming off, and then, of course, I should not so much mind it.

With kindest Christian regards to your worthy self and colleagues, and to all the brethren who gather with you on the platform,

I remain, my dear brother,  
Very sincerely yours in Jesus,  
R. A. LAWRENCE.

May 13, 1878.

The Committee in adding a word or two by the kindness of Mr. Winters—through whose laborious generosity the above report is freely given—desire to state that this report appears in the body of the VESSEL, not by choice of the Editor, but by the wishes of several influential friends of the movement.

They hereby tender their hearty thanks to the deacons and Church of the Surrey Tabernacle for the free use of their noble chapel, and for the presence, sympathy, and generous assistance of the deacons in the arrangement and conduct of the meetings; to the worthy chairmen and large-hearted ministers and gentlemen who supported the meeting by their able advocacy—many coming long distances to manifest their Christian charity to an aged servant of Christ.

The Committee express their deepest obligations also to our London and country ministers and friends who so kindly helped by their presence and contributions, and who the Committee much regret were prevented, by pressure of time, speaking on the occasion.

Anxious to complete their work for their own credit and desiring it to be crowned with success, for the sake of the body to which they belong, *the Committee earnestly appeal* for the continued support of friends, and such united effort and assistance from all our Churches as shall make failure impossible and success certain.

Donations will be gladly received by the Secretary, and contributions already promised as early as may be convenient, either by P.O.O., payable at chief office, London, to John Bonney, 23, Gore-road, Victoria-park, London, or by cheques crossed City Bank.

The following sums were given and collected at the meetings held at the Surrey Tabernacle:—

	£	s.	d.
K. T. Enfield .. .. .	0	10	0
Mr. Bedford, Whitestone (Card) ..	1	0	0
Mr. A. Martin, Reading .. .. .	1	1	0
W. Beach, Esq., Chelmsford .. ..	2	2	0
I. C. Johnson, Esq. . . . .	1	1	0
Mrs. Holdum .. .. .	1	0	0
Mr. A. Boulden (previously acknowledged, £2 2 0) .. .. .	1	5	0
Rev. J. Battersby .. .. .	1	1	0
Mr. Piggott .. .. .	0	10	6
By Mr. Vardor—Mr Kellaway .. .	1	0	0
By Mr. W. Webb .. .. .	2	0	3
By Mr. Thomas Stringer .. .. .	2	5	0
By Mrs. Lynn, Whitestone .. .. .	1	1	0
By Mr. John Huntley, Bath .. ..	5	0	0
T. M. Whittaker, Esq. . . . .	5	5	0
By Mr. King—Mr. W. Waikely .. .	0	10	0
By " " Mr. Oullacott .. .. .	0	5	0
Mr. Debnam, Sobco. . . . .	0	6	3
Mrs. W. Head, Egham .. .. .	0	2	6
Mr. J. Dalley, Wooburn-green .. .	2	4	0
Mr. Littleton, Frome .. .. .	0	10	0
Collected at the Evening Meeting ..	39	16	3

£69 15 9

Should any contribution be omitted, please communicate to the Hon. Sec. The Fund is now over £300.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey,  
June 1, 1878.

## ROUGH NOTES ON THE LINE.

At Streatham, Friday, May 17, that word came: "Go round about her." Will the Lord carry me through all the engagements I have? After preaching Matthew Branch's anniversary, on Sunday evening, May 19, 1878, I had to remove off to Ripley, to Charles Turner's anniversary, Monday, May 20, for which Paul's words entered my heart: "Yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." As far as I could judge, brother Turner's was a sanctified season. Reached home at midnight. Next day, to Matthew Branch's meeting. Nine or ten ministers were there. Charles Gordelier took the presiding, and was quiet, brief, and conducted the service better than many. We sorrowed no more was made to give Matthew a better place. Joseph's branch, which runs over the wall, grows not everywhere.

Triangle, May 25, 1878.—Sailing now for Black Country. Another week is closing. At Speldhurst, last Sunday and Thursday, a little South wind blew. At Ripley, on Monday, there was dew, and love flowed. Now for Birmingham. After writing letters, reading proofs, running hither and thither, at Euston I took ticket for the central town of Birmingham, and in express roll and run toward the North. The first part of Psalm ciii. springs up with thoughts suggestive of that "perfection of praise" with which the happy saints will glorify the Lord when they have fully entered into the mansions of blessedness. Only by faith, in anticipation, can they sing this marvellous anthem here! Yea, not until after the resurrection will the whole of it be literally true.

That comprehensive little monosyllable is used to denote the entirety of our blessed Lord's salvation. Then "all that is within me shall bless His holy name." It is difficult now to call up all the inward faculties of the soul, all the passions of the heart, all the dictates of the conscience, all the feelings, and to harmonise and concentrate them in one only theme, to bless the adorable name of the Lord. Again, to "Forget not all His benefits." We cannot remember and think upon them all here. But, in the perfection of the glorified state, we shall have such clear views of the innumerable mercies which have followed us, that not one of them shall be forgotten.

Then! And how delightful in praise will they be who can sing, "Who forgiveth all thy iniquities. Who healeth all thy diseases. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction. Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Here are streams of grateful praise which fill the heavens with strains Divine.

Birmingham. Here is a noble hive of industry. Twice this 26th of May have I been permitted to speak. The eternity of God, the Church's relationship to the Deity, and the privileges flowing therefrom, were the themes attempted. Birmingham has had its witnesses in W. Allen, Henry Fowler, John Bunyan McCure, Abraham Howard,

Shelton, Lloyd, and now in Mr. Robert Howard. Master Wakefield, on the Parade, and Mr. Dennett, are also holding up small sections of the visible Church.

Netherton, Oldbury, Dudley, and on to Brierley-hill—all in the Black Country. With black tunnels, dark clouds, blazing furnaces, this May 27th, 1878, is not cheering, especially as the rain descends quite free, and the wind fills all our sails. Still onward to the end we go, and mercies every hour we need.

I have thought the almost spontaneous title of the lecture this evening implies a host of enemies, hard battles, and ultimate victories. The fall brought in floods of sin, sorrow, disease, and death; but in that anthem of "the Triumphs of Grace," written so plainly in Psalm ciii., we have them vanquished, and the redeemed followers of the Conquering Hero unitedly, harmoniously, confidently sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name; bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." This song is perfectly comprehensive. All iniquities are forgiven; no doubt about it there; all diseases are healed; not one pain or infirmity left; lovingkindness and tender mercies crown the whole; the soul is satisfied with good things, and the new covenant youth is renewed like the eagle's. Paul might truly say of our Lord God, "He hath obtained eternal redemption for us."

Waiting on Birmingham station; dark, rough day: May 20, 1878. Left Willenhall this morning, hoping to find a steamer to pull me into London. Brierley-hill Baptist chapel, with its cemetery, is a noble establishment. Its minister, Mr. Tooley, showed me the greatest kindness. That Timothy-like young Alfred B. Hall came to take care of me, and as a loving friend he watched over me till we parted this morning.

Willenhall is not a sea-port, but many vessels have been wrecked on her shores. They came in with full sail, but for the want of sufficient ballast they suffered loss, and many nearly perished with them. Last evening, when I was alone in my borrowed bed-room, I could not resist the cry, "What a miserable failure in many cases is the ministry! I could not sleep for thinking over Timothy on the bough, Isaac in the hall, Willium, Jessie's son John, and others.

O! miserable men,  
With tongues so long!  
How oft they've sinned  
The drunkard's song!  
But when God's day  
Shall all declare,  
How will their guilty  
Souls then fare?

Willenhall Street Baptist Church has had a skilful plot in Mr. Jabez Beddow, but the winds and waves have not always been in the fair havens, hence calamities have befallen Gomer-street. But Hope looks forward with prayerful expectation that a vessel may yet be sent to take her into the harbour of peace and goodwill.

By sailing under the red colour, the Burgh friends may rest assured their late teacher

has found a station of support for a season at Wolverhampton. He fears the Lord, and the Lord takes care of him. It is many years since we preached for the late Mr. Hatton, and first heard of his son's anxiety for the ministry. The father has long since gone home; the son has been mercifully sheltered; but I could never be reconciled to the loss of John-street. Let Temple-street glory in her faithfulness, in her deepness, and in her exclusiveness if she will, but we ought to have had John-street as a Strict Baptist *working* Church, with a zealous missionary spirit, seeking to have fulfilled in us, and by us, that ancient promise, "I will make you and the places round about My hill a blessing."

Much could I say here; but I opened the Bible this morning on Psalm lxii., which quieted and consoled me. But it waits in silence. Master Adams, at the Coppice, does his work well, and many believe our brother Alfred B. Hall has been a blessing to Bilston. If in any way the Lord's work can be known as progressing, it will gladden the heart of

C. W. B.

CANTERBURY, JUNE 6, 1878.—Our little Zoar anniversary is holden to-day. Robert Knill, once the successor of J. C. Philpot at Stamford, is the preacher; but John Austin, of Dover, fills up the sleepy service in the afternoon. The good soldier, Mr. Rowden, is still the Zoar pastor, and we hope a revival is coming. Some have been baptized, and others are coming forward. I was glad to meet the honourable Egerton Baptist pastor in Canterbury. We walked the delightful Dane John, had a few words on the olden times, and parted pleasantly. I, also, this morning called upon my blessed friend, Mr. Samuel Foster, at Sturry, whose time in the furnace is mostly occupied in fervent prayer and meditation on the Word, and sometimes he is able to preach in his little hospital to any poor soul who may be brought in to listen to him. I spent a few moments in prayer with him, and we parted in hope of ere long meeting again. Also, in the parsonic villa of my dear deceased brother Fulforth's widow, we had words of cheer, and sought for blessings none but Heaven can bestow. Met the Bethersden Baptist pastor, B. Baker, on the Sturry station. He has had a long and severe affliction, but the Lord has mercifully restored him in measure. He is a close student, and a useful pastor. The Bethersden Church will doubtless hold thanksgiving services when, with them, their beloved minister stands in his Master's name and strength. Bethersden anniversary was June 5. Israel Atkinson and John Austin gave the dissertations.

Now as we stearn

From the city so clean,

And think of those days

When so happy we've been,

We sigh for a seal

All fear to remove;

And show us our right

To the mansions of love.

In my native Ashford I close this note.

C. W. B.

HITCHIN, HERTS.—We had the pleasure of attending "the eighteenth anniversary of Mount Zion chapel, Park-street, Hitchin," June 12, 1878. From the commencement of this chapel's existence our honourable friend, Wm. Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, Leeds, has been the anniversary preacher, and so successful have these seasons been that (with the combined efforts of the pastor, Mr. W. Tucker, his industrious and faithful people, assisted also by the late Mr. Harris, of Barnett, and his much-loved family) the entire cost of this delightfully-situated and rightly-named "Mount Zion" has been all cleared off, and it stands naturally, locally, circumstantially, and evangelically in a highly-exalted position. Mr. William Tucker, for whose ministration this Mount Zion was erected, has preached the Gospel in Hitchin for twenty-five years successively. He is termed "the patriarchal pastor of Hitchin," having seen the coming and going of many other pastors in this happy and religious town; although Mr. Tucker is but, as yet, in his ripening prime, and anticipates for the future many years of joyful work in the Gospel ministry. We all grieved over the serious illness which kept Mr. Crowther from Hitchin this year. Special prayers were offered unto our heavenly Father for His blessing on the means used for the recovery of a minister so extensively acceptable as Mr. Crowther has been. We hope soon to announce some thanksgiving services for his re-establishment in health amongst us all. Mr. James Hand preached in the afternoon a free and faithful discourse from Psalm lxxviii.: "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." Mr. Mills, the eminent precentor of Bishopsgate, London, read the hymns, and the choir did their part effectively. In the evening C. W. Banks spoke of "the coming sinner, of the Gospel ministry, and of some blessings flowing from the obedience of faith." The chapel was nearly full. Some said, "We have never seen such a splendidly-planted garden of Eden on earth before." We confidently recommend visitors to ascend to the top of this Mount Zion in Hitchin; its views, plantations, shrubberies, walks, and sanctuaries are altogether unparalleled; so saith Mr. John Bunyan McCure, and he has seen both sides of this little planet.—A QUIET OBSERVER. [How is it "The Hand-Book" takes no notice of the Church under the care of Mr. Wm. Tucker?]

SANDWICH, JUNE 6, 1878.—The Thanet Isle once more we leave. It is hoped that the Gospel in its integrity in this quiet borough may soon be heard again. Here Thomas Hardy, W. Garrard, Teale, and others, have laboured. Can a place be obtained? Who will unite with "A Friend to Sandwich?" A visitor wishes to know where in Deal the whole truth is preached. We hear a new cause is rising.

**NEW BROMPTON.**—**WORKMAN'S HALL,** Lord's-day, June 2. Five persons who obtained dismission from Strict Communion Baptist Church, Enon, Chatham, were united together as a Church upon New Testament principles. Service commenced by singing, reading the Word, and prayer. Brother Jabez Price read the Articles of Faith written by Dr. Gill, to which each gave their assent; after which, they were united by giving to each other the right hand of fellowship. Three persons, formerly members of Strict Communion Baptist Churches, who had removed to this town, were received into the Church after giving a public statement of a work of grace in their souls. The Church chose brother Jabez Price as deacon, and myself as pastor. The Lord's Supper was administered. Some from other Churches communed with us. The Lord was there. We enjoyed His gracious presence. This is the first Baptist Church in this town, and we do hope that those things which are most surely believed among us will be faithfully declared, received, and maintained, and that each of the Lord's regenerate family, as taught and influenced by the Holy Spirit, will hold fast the beginning of their confidence in the truth firm unto the end, that Jesus may be glorified in each, and that all may practically evince their love to Him and to each other by a strict adherence to His laws, as it regards doctrines, precepts, institutions, and the order of His house; there can be no charity, either to the Church or the world, at the expense of truth: "By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep His commandments" (1 John v. 2). "He that hath My commandments," says Christ, "and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father; and we will come unto him and make our abode with him" (John xiv. 21). The Lord has granted His presence and made His Word spirit and life in our souls. May Christ always be preached here in love, and in the power of the Spirit, and His dear name be glorified in the experience of His chosen, redeemed, and regenerate people.—**WM. DRAKE.**

**BUCKLAND COMMON.**—Our Benefit Society and our Baptist chapel both fixed their anniversary for June 11; and on the same day the clouds agreed to pour down heavy rains. Many were hindered from coming to us; but our friend C. W. Banks came from London; brother John Shipton and others came from Berkhamstead. We had good services—two Bible sermons, and some glorious hymns. We have a debt of £10 on our chapel. It lays heavy on us poor people. Many who follow the Lord strictly in the New Testament revealed order of the Church might feel disposed to help us. Our brother Absalom Turner, the preacher of Christ's Gospel, on Buckland Common, near Tring, would gratefully acknowledge the smallest donation. So believeth "One Who Does Not Receive all Our Parsons Say."

**BILSTON.**—Sunday, June 9th, school sermons were preached by Mr. Thomas Jones, that beloved man of God; in the morning, on "The Sufferings of Christ and the Glory that should Follow." He spoke of the sufferings of Christ which we could conceive of, such as being reviled, spit upon, the crown of thorns, His ignominious death on the cross, &c.; also of the inconceivable sufferings by His agony in the garden of Gethsemane, when He bore the vengeance of the Divine wrath for the sins of His people, or Church, whom He engaged to save in the counsels of eternity, and who enjoy the blessings or glory flowing from those sufferings, being thereby made partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. In evening, his text was, "They first gave themselves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." We had the gracious and blessed invitation of the Gospel set forth in a sweet Gospel spirit. He spoke also of the characters to whom the invitations were precious—namely, the weary, hungering, and thirsting ones—such that have the will implanted in their hearts by the unction of God the Holy Spirit; and then we had a few thoughts on the fruits, such as following the Lord in His ordinances, and identifying themselves with the people of God. If one may judge, a truly happy time it was. Hymns were sung by the children; a good company attended. ( ) that we had many such men, who, like Mr. Jones, speaks the truth in love, bringing forward the doctrinal, experimental, and practical parts of Scripture.—Yours in Christ,

A LITTLE ONE.

**SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.**—From the daily journals which have reached us from Sydney we find pastor Allen has been lecturing, or preaching, in Hyde Park, near that city, on Sunday afternoons. Sometimes from 15,000 to 20,000 persons have assembled, and serious riots have occurred. Mr. Allen is represented as a bold, powerful, and eloquent defender of the great Protestant and truly Gospel principles, and the Romanists are much disposed to stop his manly, his merciful, his ministerial usefulness if possible; but, nothing daunted, the great preacher perseveres, his chapel is densely crowded, the streets leading to his home and chapel are thronged, and an unparalleled sensation is created, out of which, we hope, great good will result. Public meetings have been convened in the Protestant Hall to support Mr. Daniel Allen in his mission services. At these meetings, gentlemen, clergymen, aldermen, and persons of great influence have come forward determined to uphold our ministerial brother in his zealous enterprise to proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God to the teeming masses of people in and around that immense city. We shrink into nothingness when we contrast Mr. Allen's untiring labours with the cold, lukewarm, almost indifferent condition of our country. We are anxious to review the speeches at the meetings referred to.

**MARGATE.**—Mount Ephraim Baptist chapel, in Thanet-road, has been considerably enlarged, and rendered convenient and comfortable for a large number to meet in for Divine worship. It was re-opened on Sunday, June 2, 1878, when the pastor, Mr. Wise, preached the sermons. On Tuesday, June 4, we had a sermon in afternoon by C. W. Banks; a tea, well supplied by the friends; a public meeting in the evening, presided over by Wm. Beach, Esq. (of Chelmsford), and opened in prayer by Mr. J. J. Kiddle (of Broadstairs), with some Gospel addresses by brethren Sharp (of Ramsgate), Carter (of Broadstairs), Wise (the pastor), and C. W. Banks. The enlargement and purchase of Mount Ephraim chapel has involved the Church in a debt of nearly £500. They require help from friends who zealously abide by New Testament dogma and directions. T. H. Perry, Esq., 3, Upper Grove, Margate, or Pastor J. B. Wise, Albert-house, Addington-road, Margate, will thankfully receive and acknowledge donations. Mount Ephraim chapel, in Thanet-road, lies almost in a straight line from the railway station.

**BOW.**—Tenth anniversary of Mount Zion, Albert-terrace, was celebrated June 9 and 11. The Lord's-day sermons were preached by W. Webb, R. A. Lawrence, and Mr. Osmond. Tuesday afternoon: T. Stringer delivered a Christ-exalting discourse. A bountiful tea was supplied, and public meeting was held; Mr. W. Webb presided. Mr. Holden prayed. Addresses were given by Messrs. Griffiths, Elven, Stringer, Inwards, Stead, and Lawrence. Collections amounted to about £6. Praise and prayer closed this interesting service. A new chapel is in course of construction.—W. B.

**WILLENHALL.**—A friendly gathering occurred in Gomer-street Baptist chapel, May 28, 1878, with a view of encouraging the hearts and strengthening the hands of the members and teachers, in their present trying position. Mr. Alfred B. Hall presided. Suitable words were spoken by R. Howard, T. Collett, C. W. Banks, Jabez Beddow; and fervent prayers were presented at the throne of grace. The Church in Gomer-street has been greatly afflicted—like the bush burning, yet not consumed. We heartily desire that a spirit of grace and supplication may be poured upon their souls, that discernment, decision, and a season of prosperity may yet be granted unto them.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Mr. Robert Howard, as pastor of the Charlotte-street Baptist Church, baptized and received into the Church some new disciples, June 2, 1878. We saw the venerable David Lodge, late of Banbury, and of Bilston. When at Birmingham he is still preaching the Gospel; but his literary talent has been buried. Has he not made a mistake in that? We also saw Mr. Lloyd, once the Shrewsbury minister. Birmingham is not without its truth-speaking ministers; but where they labour, with what success, we cannot find out.

**WILLINGHAM, CAMBS.**—On Monday, June 10th, a very happy day was spent at the old Baptist chapel, Willingham. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached in the afternoon and evening to crowded congregations. Tea was provided in the chapel for a very large number. Collections amounted to about £30, which will enable the friends to clear off the debt.

**FULBOURN, CAMBS.**—Mr. J. Kingston preached two sermons on Sunday, June 2. He is willing to help us all he can; had we the funds we should keep him; here is good to be done if the Gospel is preached. It was a Sabbath-day to us; the Gospel of peace and goodwill to men, proclaimed in a right spirit, is the power of God to raise us up.

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### Notes of the Month.

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**MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN.**—To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."—My dear Christian Brother,—I have to-day received orders from the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, in whose service I have the honour to be, to proceed immediately to their depot at Vienna, Austria, in consequence of the sudden illness of their manager at that place. This, I regret to say, will preclude my fulfilling the engagements I made with my friends for the following two months at least. I hope to return to England in the course of two or three months, and then to have an opportunity of serving the Churches of Christ. I commit myself to your prayers and to the faithful prayers of all Christian friends.—I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours, for Christ's sake, ISAAC LEVINSOHN, 8, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, June 4, 1878.

THE ANNUAL GATHERINGS of the friends to the "Earthen Vessel" and "Cheering Words," on the two first Mondays in June, in Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney, were refreshing seasons. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's lecture on "The Literature of the Greek and Protestant Churches," introduced by Isaac C. Johnson, Esq., was a noble and beautiful outcome of great research and of experience in those peculiar branches of knowledge but few could enter into. It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Levinsohn will publish that lecture. Our friend T. J. Messer came expressly from Scotland, and gave us a descriptive oration on the planting of Popery in the land of Knox and the good old Covenanters. Many friends from different parts honoured us with their presence. We thank them most devoutly. Our report of those meetings stands back awhile.

**DEATH.**—Our brother Mr. J. Clinch (for ten years pastor of Down Baptist chapel) has been called to suffer the loss of his valuable and beloved wife. Her dying testimony was—she was watching, waiting, wishing to be gone. A most devoted wife and mother, and a true Christian has been called away. We saw the remains laid in the grave in the Strict Baptist corner of Nunhead cemetery, on Tuesday, June 18, 1878. To us it was a solemn scene.—C. W. B.

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### Murriage.

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On June 26th, at Grove chapel, Camberwell, by Rev. Thos. Bradbury, pastor, Clement John, second son of George Cowell, Esq., Derby (*Way-side Notes, Gospel Magazine*), to Eugenie, eldest daughter of Frank Whitlock, Esq., Limsfield, Lower Tulse-hill.

# "The Morning Cometh."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." ~

WHEN the dark night gathered round thee, And thy soul was wrapt in gloom, And thou laid thy fondly loved one In the cold and silent tomb ; When earth's friendships, too endearing, Failed thee in thy bitter need, And the vows, so stoutly spoken, Proved but passport words instead !	Cheered thee in thy isolation, Bade the woe and anguish cease. Now thy morn is bright and cloudless, And thy heart's filled with song ; And the praises of Jehovah Linger on thy falt'ring tongue !
When thou drained the cup of sorrow Which thy Father bade thee take ; When thy spirit fainted in thee, And thy heart was nigh to break— Thou despaired of the bright morning, Thought the joy no more would come ; All thy yearning, praying, pleading, Was that God would take thee home ;—	Praise thou Him for grace and mercy, For thy daily wants supplied ; For the rills of human sweetness, That again flow by thy side, For the hope of a re-union With the loved ones gone before ; For the prospect of thy glory Which awaits thee on that shore.
Then the Lord, in sweet compassion, Whispered to thee words of peace, <i>Holloway.</i>	Kneel and bless thy great Creator, Who has made the world so bright ; Glorify Him in the morning, Trust Him in the shades of night.  <i>MARION.</i>

## THE WHOLE OFFICE AND WORK OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY CONSIDERED.

[For a long time we have received letters, essays, papers, and pamphlets on that solemn and weighty work, called "PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO SINNERS!" Some few we have admitted; many we have retained. At length, Benjamin Foxley has taken upon himself to publish, in a separate form, the letter he once sent to us. We think we acted charitably towards Mr. Foxley and righteously towards our readers in not inserting his letter in the **EARTHEN VESSEL**; but now that Benjamin Foxley has thrown his epistle into the midst of our Churches and into the world at large, annexing our name to it, it appears to be time that we shew to all who may be interested in the question, what is really the mind of GOD, the mind of the SPIRIT of CHRIST, the mind of the most powerful and highly-honoured servants of the Lord in the past and in the present ages. And if this investigation be fairly and fully worked out—with but one motive, obedience to the Divine will—we shall discover that fatal ministerial imperfection which has almost brought our Churches to ruin. Quite unsought for by us, the following letter has been forwarded by Mr. W. Robertson Aikman, whose previous writings have produced in us such a sacred sympathy towards him that we prayerfully ask for it a candid perusal and a practical consideration.—C. W. B.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD."

**D**EAR SIR,—The circumstances, which are as briefly as possible stated below, have led to that proposal which forms the latter part of this communication. Should it seem to you to promise for the glory of God and the **PERMANENT UNION** of the Calvinistic or free-grace-witnessing Baptist Churches, be pleased, by the pages of the



EARTHEN VESSEL, to make it known to the whole body of the denomination.

The circumstances to which reference is here made are these:—A few days after my last ministration of the Word of God in Marlborough, a tract of eight pages, addressed to yourself by Mr. Benjamin Foxley, was forwarded to me by Mr. Chivers. And, not many days after, a second communication was, by the same Christian friend, made me, in which he gave me to understand that, on the strength of information which in conversation with me he had acquired—to wit, that I had begun to devote an occasional hour at night to “A Digest of the Whole Office of the Ministry”—he had taken upon himself to address a letter to you, of which the answer was enclosed.

Though Mr. Chivers has, in this matter, acted upon his own responsibility, yet for years past I have been inclined to consider a train of providential circumstances such as this a more effectual clue to the direction in which God would lead than the most conscientious and zealous suggestions of my own mind. And thus, after mature consideration, the consequence has been a resolve to submit to yourself and the Baptist Churches—but more particularly the brethren in the office of the ministry—the proposal which you will find annexed to the remarks that follow.

The subject of the tract which had been sent me, as stated by the writer, is, “The Solemn and Important Subject of Preaching to Sinners;” and to those thoughts which he has seen fit to submit I have given attention, but deeply regret to be obliged to affirm, that that question, which as the subject-matter of discussion is proposed, is not in reality introduced—does not in any part of the tract appear. But, instead of it, we are furnished with certain Scriptural passages bearing, first, upon God’s purpose certainly to save the elect of Christ; and, secondly, upon (what God holds to be) the *sinful and condemnable* disability which, through original sin, man has brought upon himself; for the Divine, or Scriptural doctrine is, that in the original sin by which the human heart has been corrupted all that have ever sprung from Adam are implicated. Now, it needs no very great intellectual depth to perceive that neither of these two subjects is that which, by the writer of the tract, has been proposed for inquiry—viz., “*the solemn and important subject of preaching to sinners.*”

But what next? Let the reader be pleased to mark what. After a few words of comment upon the passages which he sees fit to submit, the writer of the tract next favours us, first, with the following ADMISION; and, secondly, with a certain INFERENCE which, upon the authority of natural reason exclusively, he deems himself justified in drawing from his own comment. Hear, then, the extent of that admission. He says:—“Admitting that the Word of God abounds with solemn threatenings, denunciations, and executions of His anger and wrath against *sin and sinners*, mingled with warnings, entreaties, and expostulations *with and towards sinners*, combined with most blessed and glorious declarations concerning the way of salvation from the wrath to come by grace in Christ Jesus *for sinners*. Yet, with all these, I ask, ‘What does mankind in general know vitally of them?’ If we may judge by their actions, I reply, ‘Nothing at all; the book of the knowledge of God in Christ as a judge and a Saviour is sealed, and its precious con-

tents, spiritually considered, are hid from the eyes of their understanding” (p. 4). Such THE ADMISSION of Mr. Foxley, and such the reason upon which he sees fit to bring in HIS INFERENCE.

But, before recording that inference, be it with all Christian humility asserted, that if even to the utmost degree which this writer could desire, the fact for which more particularly he here seems to contend should be granted—to wit, that the precious substance of the spiritual salvation of Christ is hid from the sin-blinded minds of the unregenerate, and, as far as that is concerned, the Word of God sealed by very glory from their understanding, yet when Mr. Foxley admits that that Word abounds with solemn threatenings and denunciations against *sin and sinners*, the important question which arises is, “Are such denunciations and threatenings not to be preached to them?” And again, when the same writer admits that the Word, along with the denunciations and threatenings indicated, also mingles warnings, entreaties, and exhortations *with and toward sinners*, are such warnings, entreaties, and exhortations not to be sounded in their ears? And again, when by this writer it is yet further admitted that, combined with the said warnings, entreaties, and exhortations, the Word of God sets forth most blessed and glorious declarations concerning the way of salvation from the wrath to come by grace in Christ Jesus *for sinners*, are not these glorious and blessed declarations concerning salvation by grace in Christ Jesus to be by the living voice of the appointed instruments, the preachers whom God has called to the work of the ministry, to be conveyed to the ears and natural understanding of the persons indicated—to wit, SINNERS?

The deeply-to-be-lamented notion which the tract in question has been published to uphold is, that *such preaching, sounding forth, and witnessing to the ears of sinners*, ought not to be—ought not in the Church of Christ to obtain. Be the question, therefore, to Mr. Foxley himself very respectfully submitted—viz., “When the above three distinct inquiries shall, upon the three distinct admissions which appear in the tract, be by the Son of God proposed and on each an express answer demanded, what reply will he (Benjamin Foxley) on his own behalf offer, and what would he commend as sufficient to all occupying a similar position?”

Notwithstanding that these, and many similar, many equally weighty considerations float upon the very surface, the inference which upon the strength of his own reasoning the author of the tract with all authority—as the thing righteously to be done—lays down is, in his own words, as follows:—“If what I have written be true, which doubtless it is, for ‘let God be true and every man a liar,’ *the inference to be deduced from it is plain*—viz., that the exhortations, precepts, promises, invitations, and encouragements of the Gospel have no bearing or application whatever to those who are left of God to die in an impenitent state” (p. 5).

Now, should we even grant as correct that inference which, in diametrical opposition to the commandment of the Son of God and His personal example has been laid down by Mr. Foxley, yet the admission which he has previously made remains, and cannot by any sophistry be divested of its force—to wit, that there are threatenings and denunciations *against sinners*, entreaties, warnings, and exhortations *with and*

*toward sinners*, declarations concerning the way of salvation by grace in Christ Jesus *for sinners*; and if for sinners, and for them in particular, there have by the Spirit of God been such things lodged in the Bible—then ought not the ministers of Christ, who are the mouthpieces of the Spirit, to preach home to the hearts and consciences of the persons specially indicated—that is, TO SINNERS WHILE YET IN THE CHARACTER OF SINNERS—those things which unto the Churches have been revealed? If to this extremely weighty inquiry it still by Mr. Foxley be said, “Nay, it is of no use to preach to the unregenerate the several things to which in my admission I have pointed, for they cannot understand them,” then be the question submitted, “Can the very elect, so long as they abide unregenerate, a whit better understand them?” And if now it necessarily be answered, “No,” then the question which remains is this, “Are the things contained in the admission of Mr. Foxley’s tract not to be preached at all *until the elect of God are first regenerated and made godly?*”

But not further to dwell upon those dangerous conclusions to which the mind of the writer of the tract has come, be pleased, sir, to observe that, notwithstanding the nakedly untenable position here pointed out, the whole authority for departing from the command and practice of the Son of God and His apostles with which we are in the document under consideration favoured, is this:—“I have therefore come to the solemn conclusion that it is decidedly wrong to exhort sinners dead in trespasses and sins to the performance of spiritual acts which, while in that state, they never can perform” (p. 6). The words here recorded—viz., “*I have come to the solemn conclusion*”—are, be it observed, not inspired words, but only the words of Mr. Foxley; and uninspired words which embody nothing more than mere human opinion *are* not, and *cannot be*, a safe rule either for the Churches or for individual servants of Christ. If therefore that fact be admitted, then, when by reason of the dangerous nature of mere uninspired words, we reject as a sufficient rule of guidance the human opinion embodied in the words of Mr. Foxley, to what book, record, or covenant, for authority certain and unerring, are the servants of Jehovah and His Christ to turn? and where, in the wide universe of God, are they to obtain for ministerial practice a rule of guidance? If, of his courtesy, Mr. Foxley would be pleased in all plainness to show, the act will go far to put an end to inconclusive human reasoning, and to annihilate no small tendency in this controversy to “vain jangling.”

#### PROPOSAL TO THE CALVINISTIC CHURCHES.

Having, as briefly as the weighty nature of the case would admit, set forth the circumstances which in the course of Providence have led to this communication, the important matter which remains is, to state that proposal which, through those circumstances, it has seemed scarcely possible, as a servant of Christ, to avoid.

That then, which through your pages it is to the whole body of the Particular Redemption Baptist Churches absolutely necessary first to say is, that the subject before us—to wit, THE WISDOM AND WILL OF JEHOVAH IN CONNECTION WITH THE NON-ELECT—is one which can never be met and dealt with by a few crude remarks, a few private and disconnected reasonings, in a penny tract. The subject is too vast, too exalted by far, too intimately connected with the Divine nature, government,

and moral glory. In order, therefore, to deal with it as its momentous character, its great augustness demands, it is indispensable that *the whole office of the Gospel ministry*, that is, the Gospel ministry in the whole extent of its bearing—a bearing, it is easy to prove, inseparable from the highest creature-glory which brightens the peaks of the everlasting hills down to that confusion and shame which doubly darken the deepest abyss of hell—should be laid bare, and by every ministering servant of the Lord Jesus Christ very thoroughly digested. Short of which, under existing circumstances—that is, the tendency to extremes which for many years has in the Churches been more and more developed, and that self-valuing of the human mind which in proportion has attended it—we need scarcely hope to see the will and wisdom of Jehovah justified.

Since then, in this question, every individual professing the faith and service of the Lord Jesus Christ is concerned; but, in a sense greatly more weighty the professing ministers of the Gospel; since, moreover in order to a conscientious discharge of personal trust it is indispensable that this question should be thoroughly sifted, and for the glory of God that which is right once for all established; and since the time is but short until each soul for itself shall stand before Christ to receive, not its own, but His allowance or disallowance of its earthly actions; therefore it is of the last importance that, not by a mere individual, nor yet a few zealous Christian persons, but by the whole assembly of the ministers of the Calvinistic Baptist Churches, the subject which has already in the course of Providence been placed at issue, should to its deepest root, by the rule of Scripture, be investigated. To the end, that by the light of the unerring revelation of God, and that spiritual exposition, that consistent interpretation which by the most experienced of the servants of the Churches shall be supplied, not merely the wisdom and sovereign will of Jehovah may in our own day and generation be respected, but a Scriptural rule for the free-grace-witnessing Churches permanently exhibited. That this must necessarily be a movement approved by God, one upon which His effectual blessing may in accordance with His promise be expected, and one altogether calculated to prevent *the disruption*, and consolidate and strengthen the *spiritual bond* of Calvinistic Churches, it would seem that few possessed of Christian discernment could doubt.

If then any such inquiry as that which is here suggested is effectually to be carried out, two things seem to be essential to its success: the first, that the OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY—NOT MERELY IN ALL ITS RELATIONS, BUT THAT CAUSE IN THE FAR BACK AGES OF ETERNITY RENDERING IT NECESSARY—should be unveiled and in every particular digested; and secondly, that the plan adopted for conducting the inquiry should be such as shall prevent confusion, and, *by appeal exclusively to the Scriptures*, cut off all ground for private interpretation and personal feeling. The means which to these ends appear to be the best adapted, are, perhaps, the following (if any ministering servant of the Churches can suggest such as are better, let him without fail, as early as possible, do so):—

1. That some competent person from among the most experienced of the ministering brethren—one who has given, and is yet willing to give, deep and prayerful study to the subject—should be commissioned to

furnish that statement which has already been mentioned—to wit, of the originating cause and whole office of the ministry: of which statement a sufficient portion for general examination and digest should (God sparing the health of the person furnishing it) month by month in the EARTHEN VESSEL be exhibited.

2. That the whole body of the ministering servants of the Churches should from the beginning understand, that not only objections, *if supported by truly applicable Scripture*, but further suggestions, *if by the same authority substantiated*, are at their hand requested, and will, upon the editor being convinced of their Scriptural character and pertinency, be in some part of the magazine published.

3. That it should by every individual minister of the Churches forwarding to the editor either objection or suggestion, be thoroughly understood that the greatest brevity must mark communications, and only the clearest and most applicable passages of Scripture be for the proof appended: and that these, accompanied in each instance with a short explanatory rejoinder and Scriptural proof by the person furnishing the monthly exposition, having been placed on record, then, to the end that confusion and hindrance in the main inquiry may be prevented, the points to which they refer must be allowed to stand over until the monthly exposition of the office of the ministry is at length concluded.

4. That when the whole of the said exposition has been brought to a close, then, for the purpose of examining and deciding upon the objections and suggestions which may meantime have been furnished, a committee of the most weighty and experienced should be appointed to compare them with the whole body of the Scriptures, and decide upon those which may prove valid. Of this body, the proceedings should likewise be made known in the magazine.

5. That when everything that is Scriptural, undeniable, and to the use of edifying has been gathered together, arranged, and reduced to a befitting form and compass, then the whole should, as a standing declaration of the usage of the Calvinistic Baptist ministry, be for future guidance in a single volume recorded.

Should the proposal here submitted be entertained, it will be for you, sir, in council with your weightiest friends, to select from among *your own Churches* a competent thinker to furnish that exposition of the office of the ministry which is indispensable. It seems of importance that the agent should be *from among your own Churches*; but, if all decline, then, rather than see an undertaking so vital to the justification of the Divine wisdom, the welfare also of the free-grace-witnessing Churches laid aside, I myself (God upholding) shall be willing to do what I can. Such a work I feel I should be more likely to accomplish by portions than by a complete volume—the necessary leisure for which seems never to be available.

W. ROBERTSON AIKMAN.

“By grace are ye saved.” By grace ye are loved, redeemed, and justified. By grace ye are called, converted, reconciled, and sanctified. Salvation is wholly of grace. The plan, the process, the consummation all of grace.—*Christmas Evans.*

## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

*(Continued from page 210.)*

**L**ORD, teach us to pray," was the request of Christ's disciples. As Jews, they doubtless had been used to pray liturgically, or by rote, as parents and priests had taught them; but they heard the Church's Advocate pray as one who had power with God, and could say, "Thou hearest Me always" (John xi. 42); and they felt that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous One (James v. 6) was Spirit breath, an echo of the precious thoughts of our Father in heaven (Psa. cxxxix. 17)—prayer which availed much, and was never met by a Nay. Fain would they pray as their Master prayed; and they wisely asked Him to teach them. We have no doubt their request was granted. Saul of Tarsus—one of a sect who were in the habit of making long prayers as displays of piety in the synagogues and at the corners of streets—learnt, on hearing the voice of Jesus, that saying prayers was not praying, and that Pharisaical righteousness is no shield for a guilty conscience; and then he gave up all that ware, accounting it no better than dung and dross, and began to cry for mercy; and his cry reached the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, who gave a commission concerning him to Ananias, saying, "Behold, he prayeth." Aye, it is a sight worthy of attention—a proud Pharisee abhorring himself and repenting in dust and ashes (Job xlii. 6). "Behold," says Jehovah, who delighteth in mercy, "he prayeth." Angels look, and wonder, and praise; and devils look with vexation and wrath.

"Satan trembles when he sees  
A saint of God upon his knees."

I had been taught from a child to say my prayers, night and morning, which was little more than repeating the Lord's prayer, and what is called the Apostles' Creed. A parrot might have been taught to do as much, and with as much feeling and understanding; but as soon as I know by Divine light and solemn impression that the true God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth (John iv. 24), I was struck dumb; I dared not call the Holy One my Father, nor say I believed in God, or "in Jesus Christ His only Son." Lip-service was mockery, self-affiliation on the Eternal, presumption, blasphemy. Here every mouth is stopped, and all become guilty before God (Rom. iii. 19).

What could I do? My case was desperate. The forms I used to trust in were worse than valueless, and no resource lay open to me. It occurred to my mind that if I could find in some book a prayer consisting purely of confession and petition, and which I could learn and repeat on my knees, with my eyes closed, it might obtain acceptance and response. The ministers at the meeting-house so prayed, and there was an earnestness in their manner which gave, I thought, a power to their supplications, and which certainly accorded with the vehemency of my heart's desire.

On searching through some old books of devotion in the house, I came upon a prayer expressive of humility, penitence, and entreaty—just the thing to move the pity of God. I soon had it in my memory, and then I knelt down, closed my eyes, and tried, after my idea, to pray it; but could not utter a word. Surprised—for at that time I

had a very good memory—I rose to my feet and repeated the prayer readily, knelt down again, and with the same result as before. A third time I tried, and failed. I could say the prayer standing up and my eyes open, but could not get out a word in what I deemed a praying position. I was confounded and distressed. What could it mean? All at once it darted into my mind that the Almighty had bound Himself to answer the sincere prayer of those who should be saved, but I was excluded, and, therefore, was not permitted to pray. Only those who have experimentally stood at the foot of Sinai, burning with fire, and heard the voice of words which shook the earth—a sight and sound so terrible that Moses said, “I exceedingly fear and quake” (Heb. xii.)—only those can imagine the distress and misery of my soul at this premonition of eternal woe, dwelling with devils in devouring fire. The Book was my constant study, though it condemned me much more than it encouraged me. What I have long known and lived on as glorious Gospel was to me of the nature of law; its *IFS* were directly against me, and its promises only tantalised me. Satan, or my own bewildered heart, always suggested some condition impossible to me. Still it was the Book of truth; nothing not taught in it, or plainly sanctioned by it, had from me the slightest regard; by that only should I be finally justified or condemned. From it came now and then a scintillation of hope, something like the peradventure to which the Ninevites clung—“WHO CAN TELL?”

In the Book I read the case of the publican whose cry, so brief, so comprehensive, so successful, was promptly adopted by myself, and many times in the day—every day for weeks—I crept into any corner and ejaculated, “God be merciful to ME a sinner.” To this I subsequently added David’s prayer (Psa. li. 10): “Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.” Thus I began to pray. I believe the Lord taught me that the Spirit of grace and supplication constrained and gave utterance. I did not think so then, I knew so little of Him. When He called Samuel, the boy did not know the voice, but thought it was Eli’s. He girded Cyrus with might, held him by the right hand, subdued nations before him, yet Cyrus did not know Him (Isa. xlv. 1—4). “He maketh the clouds His chariot,” and often speaks to souls, as of old, out of the midst of the cloud and thick darkness (Deut. v. 22).

Doctor Hawker wrote a book entitled “The Bible, the Christian’s Prayer Book,” and it is certain a man can neither preach nor pray without the Bible; but with this in substance, where one says he had hid it—in his heart—there is no lack of thoughts, and feelings, and words to express both for speaking to God and of God. Here is the communion of saints; at the foot of the throne all are equal, Jews or Gentiles, rich or poor, bond or free; in the estimate of *self* they are minimized to nothingness. Pomposity of speech or manner, enticing words of man’s wisdom, are simply disgusting. Solomon was a man in years, and no novice in science, yet how simple his address to the Almighty: “O Lord my God, Thou hast made Thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am a little child; I know not how to go out and to come in. . . . Give, therefore, Thy servant an understanding heart that I may discern between good and bad” (1 Kings iii. 7). This might well encourage the humble who are tempted to

think they are not heard because they are not eloquent, but slow of speech and of slow tongue (Exod. iv. 10). The High and Mighty One who inhabiteth eternity says to the poor who have no helper, "Let Me hear Thy voice;" "Come now, and let us reason together;" "Thou shalt call and I will answer thee."

Among my many grateful memories, I often think of striking answers respecting books. These were costly in my youth, and I had not much money to expend on luxuries. A book now costing one or two shillings was charged five or six shillings. I did not know the authors of such books as I wished for help at the strait gate, and I used constantly to ask for guidance in that expenditure. "Hart's Hymns" was my first purchase, and that I carried in my pocket till I could have repeated half the hymns; that cost me 2s. 6d.—I have bought many copies since for 1s., and even 9d. My second purchase was Huntington's "Bank of Faith," 3s. 6d.; that can be had for 1s. The first periodical I bought was the "Gospel Magazine," which was 9d. a month, though containing not much more matter than we get in the EARTHEN VESSEL for 2d. Booth's "Reign of Grace," bought in numbers, and binding, cost 10s.; but it was worth all the money to me. I wish our young folk to see that if there be any truth in the oft-repeated murmur, "The former days were better than these," the price of books in *these* days must be taken as an exception. I may also tell them that at the date I am reviewing, California and Victoria held their precious hoards intact, and a golden guinea was to thousands of English operatives a curiosity. In many respects, the present generation is greatly favoured with mercies very feebly acknowledged.

But what of the use of the books? They explained and corroborated the teachings of the Bible, which means THE BOOK, justly so entitled, as it has God for its Author and salvation for its end. It is a revelation of the gracious heart of God, and the wicked heart of man. Such I found it, and can say with John Ryland, "We should bless God for a Bible inspired and printed, but especially for a Bible explained and applied by the Spirit." The Spirit explains directly by experience, and indirectly by the ministry of men who repeat to others that which God hath revealed unto them. The pulpit and the press are as trumpets through which are blown, the world over, disclosures of the Divine will, commended to the faith of the many ordained to eternal life (Acts xiii. 48). By such instrumentalities I was taught the fundamental doctrines of truth, the first rudiments of the oracles of God—His choice of a Church, and His method of saving. The doctrine of election, sovereign and unconditional, which to the carnal mind is so displeasing, and against which so many books have been written, and which is denounced as sorely discouraging to would-be Christians, was to me the most encouraging tenet in the Gospel system. Perhaps the poet was much in my case when he wrote,—

" Though God's election is a truth,  
 Small comfort there I see,  
 Till I am told by God's own mouth  
 That He has chosen me."

Small comfort is comfort though small, and I had comfort in election even when I feared it did not include me. "Whom He predestinated, them He also called." Jesus said He came to call "sinners to re-



pentance"—was I under that call? Was this labour and striving to enter in at the strait gate according to or of His working? (Col. i. 29). Was this hunger and thirst after righteousness such as He pronounced blessed? (Matt. v. 6). Only those not written in the Book of Life will be cast into the lake of fire. Salvation is of grace, not of works; I had none to plead or trust in. I could have no wish to expunge the doctrine from Zion's charter; my business was to give diligence to make my own calling and election sure (2 Pet. i. 10), praying always with all prayer and supplications, and watching thereunto with all perseverance (Eph. vi. 18). Blessed be His name for that I was kept from fighting against Him in hatred of His sovereignty, and that the earliest lesson learnt at His feet was what He taught His disciples: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you;" and that which John wrote, "We love Him because He first loved us."

"Why so offensive in men's eyes  
Doth God's election seem?  
Because they think themselves so wise  
That they have chosen Him."

*(To be continued.)*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF DROPPING THE MEMORIAL STONE.

"But who shall see the glorious day  
When, throned on Zion's brow,  
The Lord shall rend that veil away  
Which blinds the nations now?  
When earth no more beneath the fear  
Of His rebuke shall lie;  
When pain shall cease, and every tear  
Be wiped from every eye."

**L**EAVING the big hills of Buckinghamshire, flying away from the forests and cornfields wherein, between the services, I had been thinking, and reaching home mercifully preserved on July 16, 1878, took a quiet walk (after a hearty grip with that delightfully-easy Christian brother Kemp, of the Glory Mill; after a bit of holy homilising with that ancient singer who once read the hymns in Newland, but who tells me now he is fast going on for his 83rd birthday, he feels his singing is gone out of him; after bidding God-speed to those growing lads in the Master's service, Geo. White and Freddy Burgess; after assuring the zealous deacon, Master Lacey, we would do all a kind Providence would enable us to keep the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in Newland; after a silent hope that none of the first-class people in Wycombe would be angry with us for once more proclaiming the Gospel in that ancient and long-preserved place of worship—the original of all the Noncons.—in the solid borough of High Wycombe; after a moment's pause, we marched) on to Bow, found Botolph's-road, in Devon's-road, not far from old Bow church, where the memorial stone of a New Testament Tabernacle was that day to be lowered into its destined cavity, on which is written the fact that it was laid by William Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, the building being intended

for the assembling of the Church and congregation now under the pastoral care of that honourable minister of the Gospel, Mr. William Webb.

On ascending the platform especially erected for the open-air services of the day, we found the workmen waiting for the arrival of the gentlemen who were expected to officiate on this auspicious occasion. We had time for reflection. We felt we had some interest in the growth and good-doing of this little garden which the hand of the Lord had planted. Instrumentally, we formed the Church, and when its first pastor was ordained, a most singular circumstance occurred. The late beloved JAMES WELLS was engaged and announced to deliver "*the charge*" to the pastor-elect, Mr. W. H. Lee, now of Wellingborough (and why he was not present at this stone-laying we could not divine). We returned from some part of the country on the day fixed for the said ordination of William Henry Lee in Mount Zion chapel, near Bow church, and as we were appointed to take some part in those ordination services, we were hurrying immediately again to leave home for the said Mount Zion at Bow. Now, some of our highly-gifted divines may smile at what we are about to declare as decidedly true, without any colouring or extravagance. As we were preparing to start off, it was as though an angel, or the whisper of the Spirit, said inside of us: "Mr. Wells will not be there; *you* will be called upon to give the charge." No one had given me the least hint of such a change in the services; had been far down in the country, and only just returned; but so strongly did the words come into me: "You will be called to deliver the charge," that my soul cried out, "Whatever shall I say?" And as distinct and as quick as possible the answer came, "Say unto the young man, 'Fear not; for I am with thee.'" In a moment my little "*charge*" (as they call it) was all laid out in three divisions. First, the Lord's ministers are the subjects of many fears; secondly, the Lord is ever with them; thirdly, their fears shall not hinder them, nor prevent their usefulness in the service of the Lord.

It turned out exactly as the Lord told me it would, and I gave William Henry Lee his charge. He has grown up; I have grown down. I have known nothing really of his movements for years. At his ordination, I believed he and his excellent deacons, Henry and James Lee, would soon arise and build a house for God's glory, for Christ's Gospel, and for Zion's ingathering; but years have rolled on, the pastor moved to Wellingborough, and in that (now rich) mining and manufacturing town, with its teeming thousands of rough and rustic toilers, they tell me Mr. Lee is very useful in the ministry. That high-toned and serious censor, James Godsmark (quotes in his volume of "*Mercies and Miseries*" the Tyrolese proverb who) says:—

*"God has His plan for every man,"*

and infinite wisdom drew that plan on the imperishable parchment of eternal predestination, on which

*"every step of our pilgrimage is lined out,"*

for God hath "determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."

Is this truly the case, Christian? Ah, it is! Then, why so much murmuring because our hopes are blighted, and God's happy purposes all come to pass?

Returning now to the stone-laying platform at Bow, last Tuesday, July 16, 1878, I proceed to sketch the services, and the servants who were called to "do duty" in celebrating that notable event.

Soon after three the service commenced by Mr. Henry Lee reading out and singing a precious hymn; but Henry did not look quite happy, he is a preceptor of the first water; but as I watched him, a gloom o'ershadowed his manly frontispiece, and I felt as though his heart was not so full of joy as is usually his prosperous wont. Perhaps it was with my esteemed brother Henry Lee as Bowring has it, where, depicting the deeply-sanctified spirit, he sang,

" Now let the solemn thought pervade  
My soul, and let my heart prepare  
A throne! Come, veiled in awful shade,  
Spirit of God, that I may dare  
Hail Thee! Nor let Thy servant be  
Blinded by Thy bright majesty."

It was for both the builders, Henry and James Lee, a season of great responsibility. For a small Church these hard-working builders have engaged to build this house of prayer, and Satan might be busy in throwing in his suggestions. However, the ground was secured, the contract was sealed, the building must be erected, Christ's cause must go on, and HE will not forsake them.

That model of evenness, that specimen of Nature's excellent chiselling, the pastor of Hope, James Griffith, approached the throne of grace with a placid and well-worded petition, comprehending all the necessities of the present and of the future. There are "charms in gentleness" which captivate the anxious heart, and often bear it upward, while storms would fright it clean away.

The first public oration, the speech of the day, came next from THOMAS STRINGER, whose physical, mental, Biblical, spiritual, oratorical powers well qualify him for such a work. 'As we watched his agility, listened to his flow of appropriate sentences, we said,

" Not clothed in purple or fine robes, there stood  
The wilderness apostle! He was found  
O'er canopied by wild rocks fringed with wood,  
Where Nature's sternest scenery darkly frowned;  
There stood the seer, his loins begirt around,  
With outstretch'd arms, high brow, and vocal eye;  
His voice, with strong solemnity of sound,  
More thrilling than the eagle's startling cry,  
'The truth, the truth!' exclaims, 'Christ's kingdom draweth nigh!'"

The Trinity preacher did his work well.

Then William Beach stepped up to the stone. They gave him a trowel, they lowered "*the Memorial*," William tapped it with his trowel and declared the stone to be duly laid. He told us some thought the Strict Baptists were dying out; the intended erection of the chapel for them (James Lee having boldly declared it was for the Strict, Particular, Close Communion Baptists) expressed more of life than of death. We thought it was a fine time for a gentleman like William Beach, Esq., to have openly revealed, and positively to have declared, the mind of Christ, the faith of the apostles, and the practice of our forefathers, our fathers, and of our venerated brethren, who had gone before us. Our children, our young people, the public around the platform, and even

the host of ladies (some of whom hesitate a little touching the propriety of such strictness); yea, all of us would have been glad if our benevolent lay-leader, preacher, and patron had done as good old Geo. Wright, once of Beccles, did, who, on laying the stone of the Martyrs' Memorial, mounted on the top of it, turned it into a pulpit, and then poured forth an address of the history and mystery of the Gospel that had and would be preached in that uprising building. We saw John Clayton lay the stone of York-road chapel, Walworth, when he was a very aged man; but he jumped upon the top of the stone, and he told us all what things he believed; so the assembled peoples might have heard for once what even Dr. John Cramp has been honest enough to proclaim, that "*The Baptists have always been persecuted by all the other sects.*" And even now the honest, the honourable, the faithful, the Philadelphian Baptists who have "a little strength, who keep close to Christ's Word, who will not deny His name" (and these are the only Baptists who can consistently wear the name)—even these Baptists, in these times of light and liberality, are more secretly maligned than any other section of the professing communities. And those who come the nearest to us are our most determined foes. We wish old John James had been there, he who once was pastor of a Baptist Church in Whitechapel, and on Oct. 19, 1661, was dragged from his pulpit and committed to Newgate, from thence to Tyburn; and under those awful circumstances John James manifested a behaviour of Christian dignity, and at the execution he said, "*I do own the title of a baptized believer; I own the ordinances and appointments of Jesus Christ; I own all the principles in the New Testament.*"

They hung the good man; they cut off his head, stuck it upon a pole, and planted it opposite the place of his meeting, and cut his body into four quarters, hanging them on the gates of the city. The Baptists had men in those days. God forbid that we should give offence, but as our friends erected a noble platform, came out into the world, invited all to come and hear the Strict Baptists speak out their faith in God and their fellowship in the Gospel—*then*, yes, then was the time, boldly, affectionately, and Scripturally, to tell the people WHY WE DO NOT WORSHIP in the Romish Churches, nor in the English Churches, nor in the Wesleyan, or Presbyterian, or Open Communion and free-will Churches, because we are bound to obey the Lord Jesus Christ, and follow only in the way He has revealed and commanded. But, alas! the opportunity was lost! Brother Beach looked poorly; he laid £5 on the stone, and walked away. He had to preside that evening over another meeting in Chelmsford. But then the meeting was in the hands of the pastor, William Webb; and we hoped (after dear brother Meeres had given us a nice address on good things) that William Webb, as the minister of the new chapel, would have fearlessly propounded and expounded some questions like the following:—

1. Seeing we have in Bow, churches and chapels of every size and kind, WHY build another, seeing none of the churches and chapels around are filled?
2. WHY are the people who are to worship in the new Mount Zion called Strict, Particular, Close Communion Baptists?
3. What authority have they? Why cannot they do as others do, waive all differences, and have one happy family?

These New Testament authorities, distinctions, and examples, ought to have been proclaimed to all who would hear.

Nothing of the kind! Thomas Stringer, and J. L. Meeres, and W. Beach, did very well. But if some bonny Baptist advocate had taken Luke's text, "That ye may know the certainty of those things wherein we have been instructed;" and if some one had given a cheerful and comprehensive view of the Church's New Testament birth on the Pentecostal day, and her faithful progress from that time up to the present, through floods, flames, and deaths of every kind, we should have rejoiced, good would have been done. There was a good half-hour wasted, which might have been well employed. There sat John Inward, William Carpenter, and a host of Strict Baptists; but, of course, they feared to transgress the programme; hence, we sauntered away to get a cup of tea; and we cannot think one man in the whole assembly could heartily rejoice seeing a testimony in defence of Strict Baptist principles had not been given.

The evening meeting was quietly conducted by the pastor. We made a small attempt to define our position; but we were only allowed ten minutes, and then the rising gentlemen laugh at our little fire; and so, with a few generalities told over and over again thousands of times, we sing "All hail," and go home, thinking we have done wonderful things.

We are prepared to prove all we said at the meeting, and a great deal more. Our great bishops and clever speakers may laugh us down; but, until there is more godly decision, more Gospel discrimination, more burning zeal, more heavenly fire, more God-given unction, more wrestlings of soul with God (all His own gifts we know), we fear many of our Churches will find it hard work to maintain their ground, much less to spread abroad and grow. God be merciful unto us, prays

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
July 17th, 1878.

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### MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER'S HEALTH.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others, worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—“Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” Such would be the conclusion of every one in my circumstances, and looking at them in an ordinary and natural point of view; happily I have not been left to look on things in a mere natural way, or according to outward appearance, but have been led to acknowledge, and see the hand of God in my affliction. He taught me in the beginning of it how near and ready to help and waiting to be gracious He can be, how He can make the cup run over when all creature streams appear to be dried up, how He can prevent us with the blessings of His goodness, when we know not what we need, nor how to pray as we ought. He has often filled my soul with astonishment at the way He has anticipated every want, and completely stopped every tinge of murmur; now He appears to be teaching me another lesson, not quite so pleasant, but equally profitable—namely, “to wait on, and for, Him.”

This lesson I have learned something of before in past times of affliction, bereavement, and sorrow, but we need line upon line, and precept upon precept, and soon forget whatever we learn, except as the Holy Ghost brings to our remembrance the teachings of the past. As weeks follow each other, I am led to ask: "How long, Lord?" and I get for reply, "Be still." It is good for a man that he quietly wait and patiently hope for the salvation of God; and, I am further told, the vision is for an appointed time. In the end it will speak and not lie, though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, and not tarry. All apparent tarryings are no tarryings at all; but God has determined the times before appointed, and has, in many respects, kept them within His own knowledge and power, and brings them to light as when He please, thereby shewing Himself to His people that He is indeed "God over all, and works all according to the counsel of His own will."

It is no doubt very profitable to be taught these lessons over and over again in a life-time, that we may, in word, act, and feeling, justify God in all His sovereign acts, both great and small.

I am not so much better this week as I hoped to be when I last wrote, yet I am still slowly making advance in what we think the right direction. I am very thankful to know the pulpit has been well supplied during my long absence, and I hope the abundant blessing of Heaven may be much realised, both by speakers and hearers; and I remain, my dear friends,

Yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Field-house, Gomersal, July 12th, 1878.

[While the long affliction which has befallen our brother Crowther greatly tries the faith of his friends, yet all must be thankful for the great grace by which he is enabled to remain passive in the Lord's hands.—ED.]

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## CYPRUS, THE NATIVE LAND OF BARNABAS, "THE SON OF CONSOLATION."

"This is the Lord's doing."

**A**LL the papers, the pulpits, and the people are full of thought and talk of that little island called "Cyprus," which has just been taken possession of by our Government, and is now under the care of our beloved and highly-honoured mistress, VICTORIA, Queen of Great Britain and of the Islands of the Seas. Surely, in faith and hope, with inwrought prayer, we shall take down our harps from the willows, and sing again, with more confidence than ever, because so literally true—

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

In a Scriptural point of view, "Cyprus" has a sweet sound with it in my ears; but my first thought over this little island was, the fulfilment of one of the most merciful proclamations which the Lord God Almighty made concerning His well-beloved Son and our Saviour—Immanuel! "God with us!"

The thought has not been borrowed by me; it may not be accepted; nevertheless, it carries Divine truth in its bosom, and it may strengthen faith in some distressed and down-trodden soul; and if the blessed Lord has given it to me, He will use it for His own glory in the experience of some poor Cyprus-like seeker after a restoration to holy fellowship and favour.

The word "Cyprus," as it travels down to us from its original, through the Old Latin, simply means a "rush," or a "bulrush." Every one acquainted with the history of this now popular little island must see in it, first of all, the truth of the burning bush in which the Lord came to Moses: "A bush all on fire, yet not consumed;" and, secondly, the faithful verification of that proclamation before referred to: "A bruised reed shall He not break; and the" (dimly burning, or) "smoking flax shall He not quench; HE SHALL BRING FORTH JUDGMENT UNTO TRUTH."

Like "the island of the innocent," spoken of in Job; like the true Church of the living God, this little "Cyprus" has been the scene of desolation, of bloodshed, of wars, of conquests, of endless cruelties, of tyrannical idolatries for ages out of all calculation. Both before and since the Christian era, Cyprus has been the coveted inheritance of all the different races. The Egyptians, men of Persia, Greece, France, and others, have sought for, fought for, bled for, and, for a time, have conquered this little garden of treasures. Last of all—worse than all—Cyprus fell into the hands of the awful Turk, and its misrule has almost sunk it in endless misery. It has been a bruised reed; most certainly it has been like a forsaken bulrush; a bush burning with idolatrous and wicked flames; yet it has never been consumed, and now, at length, Christian England, Gospel England, Evangelical England (bad as in some respects this ungrateful British isle may be, yet here the Lord reigneth), and it may be called, "ENGLAND, THE HAPPY," whose flag is now hoisted over Cyprus; and under the civilising, moralising, Gospelising powers of the grace of our Lord Jehovah-Jesus, under the influence of the missionary spirit going forth from the Churches of this land, may all the world behold the fact that, although our Lord bears long with His people; although nations and warriors may seem to crush the favoured inheritance of the Lord, yet—

"The bruised reed He'll never break,  
Nor quench the smoking flax."

The Church of Christ, like Cyprus; many a child of God, like Cyprus; many a once-favoured spot, like Cyprus, has often been for a time apparently given up of God; "the enemy has come in like a flood;" and who of himself can resist a flood? Zion has been overwhelmed; every kind of opposition has been raging with Satanic malice against her; floods of blasphemy, of infidelity, of idolatry, of superstition, of Satanic violence, have burst upon her; the Smithfield fires, and the flames of Rome have threatened to consume her; she sinned, and her sorrows came; but of every—even of the sorest and darkest of all her nights, it might be said, "Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

As it has been with the Church of Christ comprehensively, so has

it been with many of her branches, and with many of her ministers, and with multitudes of the individual members of the mystic body. The third part are brought into the fire, and through the fire; much dross is consumed; the little pure gold is preserved.

I have for forty years travelled through the almost deserted Churches of our faith and order, where TRUTH has, at one time, stood in the power of God. Not so now. I have also known some of the servants of Christ in asylums, in prisons, in unions, in the lowest of all conditions; but if their souls are rooted in saving grace, if their "life is hid with Christ in God," if they have ever passed from death unto life, the ancient promise shall be true in them, the ready-to-perish shall come to their Father's house, and for these the fatted calf shall be killed, the fulness of Christ shall be their salvation; for—

"The bruised reed He'll never break,  
Nor quench the smoking flax."

"HE WILL BRING FORTH JUDGMENT UNTO TRUTH."

In nearly all our Churches a self-righteous and proud spirit has been exercised to crush the bruised reed. They have been forsaken. Their own loftiness has crumbled them down to the dust.

"How readily, upon the Gospel plan,  
That question has its answer—WHAT IS MAN?  
Sinful and weak—in every sense a wretch."

But of Cyprus yet I have much to write. Let the poor child of God hope in his God. Only there is the hope of the writer that God has begun to recover Cyprus for some glorious ends. Let others have their thoughts, this is the faith of the bruised

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
July 20, 1878.

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## THE LAST ONE!

"Like crowded forest trees we stand,  
And some are marked to fall;  
The axe will smite at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all."

**I**N Ecclesiastes, Solomon saith, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." I have seen that literally and sorrowfully true. Whereunto have they passed? No one can answer that—at least, I cannot.

It is one hundred and twenty-one years, May 10, 1878, since there was born into the world, at Dallington, deep down in the county of Sussex, a little boy, who was called Samuel Waters. He married a lass called Kitty, and they settled down for life in the churchyard of Cranbrook, in the county of Kent. This said Samuel Waters set up in business as printer, book-binder, law-writer, school-master, and secretary to some societies. The people so much respected him that they made him parish clerk, and presented him with a black silk and velvet gown to wear in doing duty in church. He had, grown up, five sons and three daughters. My mother was the eldest daughter. I was her first-born



son. Never can I forget her saying, "I was brought up to the Church of England, and always responded to all the prayers." One Sunday afternoon, as soon as I had cried out,—

*"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,"*

some one said inside of me, "What a lie you have told! your eyes never have seen God's salvation!" That sentence went as a dagger into my mother's soul. She sunk into deep soul trouble. She left her father's roof, went into service in a high family; but, when she could, she ran after the Gospel, and under some good old Baptist minister she found peace through faith in the person and mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ. My grandmother, when I was only seven years of age, adopted me into her family; hence I was brought up in England's National Church; and many hundreds of times heard I my grandfather call out,

"Let us sing, to the praise and glory of God, the Morning Hymn." Then at it we all went.

I think grandfather Samuel Waters was fond of me, and I was of him; but when I was fourteen years of age, he died. I lost my friend, but I continued in the printing-office until over twenty. All that generation has passed away. The last of them died at Tunbridge Wells, and of his end one of his sons gives me the following note:—

DEAR COUSIN,—Mr. Thos. Edwards, of Salem chapel, having received a letter from you asking for particulars of my father's death, and he, not being fully acquainted with the particulars, has asked me to furnish you with the necessary information.

My father departed on May the 20th last. He was in his 83rd year, and, considering his age, his health was very good up to within a few weeks of his death. For the last few years he was unable to work, and received the benefit of his club.

He had an impression that he would go suddenly, which was verified, for on the Sunday afternoon he went out into the yard, and mother, thinking he was gone longer than usual, sought him, and found him fallen down, evidently gone, although only 15 or 20 minutes had elapsed since he left the house. But his end was peace.

A few nights before he died, he had a vision, in which he saw himself dressed in the robe of Christ's righteousness, and with His girdle of truth tied firmly around him. He was much awake that night. Mother reminded him that he first received his girdle under the ministry of Mr. I. Beeman, and which had cleaved to him, and would never leave him. He tried to express to mother his feelings on the subject as far as he was able, but what he saw and felt was beyond his expression, and he was quite overpowered in trying to tell mother of it.

Mother has been thinking of you lately, and would like to have a letter from you. She is pretty well in health, when you consider her age, but she feels that her days are nearly numbered.

Hoping you and all yours are quite well, with kind love,

I remain,

Your known, yet unknown, cousin,

SAMUEL WATERS.

19, Crescent-road, Tunbridge Wells, March 7, 1878.

How wonderfully death sweeps away families, friends, and foes! I look back to the time when all the Waters's of Cranbrook were living and busy. All now silent in their graves. How intensely I yearn after another sacred seal of our precious Redeemer's salvation to my soul.

C. W. B.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

## THE CLERGYMAN AND THE CALVINISTS.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

MR. EDITOR,—I am thankful for your kindness in lending me the published sermons preached by Edward Husband, of Folkestone. I cannot think much of Mr. Husband's sermons, for his book does not contain anything worth the name of sermon, it is mere idle talk; I am surprised that a man who had an education in a theological college of the Church of England should be so weak and childish; I do not see one logical argument therein.

In the so-called sermon I. the preacher takes for his text, John iii. 16: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Surely this is a text that any man who has any grace in his soul could speak something of the love of God, the gift of God, the happiness of believers, &c. There is nothing in the so-called sermon but abusing Calvinism; I am surprised at his stupid remarks. The preacher said, that "amongst the strange, almost unaccountable, heresies which have disfigured the pure faith of Christ, has been that chiefly known to us by the title of Calvinism, which in reality says God did not love the whole world, that it is not 'whosoever believeth in Him' that hath everlasting life, but the 'elect,' and the 'elect' only, who have 'everlasting life.'" If the preacher thinks this is the translation of the text as Particular Baptists and all Calvinists hold, I can only say I pity the man for the absence of his power of thought. For the real belief of Calvin and the belief of the Calvinists who believe in the doctrines of election, predestination, and final perseverance of the saints, I have found to be, that Jesus died for every one that deeply feels the need of that atoning blood. Is this narrow-mindedness?

The preacher says that Calvinism is one of the most frightful and God-dishonouring doctrines of modern times. I confess Calvinism is not appreciated by many of the learned clergy; but I ask, Was Christ's teaching appreciated by the learned Scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, and others of the public? When Jesus spake the blessed truth as it is in Himself, then they said He blasphemed; had the Master applauded the Jews, they would have said, "This is the Christ." Not so

was the conduct of Christ. Men did not admire His teachings, still He did the work the Father gave Him to do; He said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." Mr. Husband says, "I claim for Jesus Christ a complete and perfect victory." This is the doctrine that Calvinism upholds. If the rev. gentleman believes in his previous remarks in his so-called sermon, then he contradicts himself, for if God hath not elected a certain number of the human race to be saved, if man be left to his own will to accept salvation if he likes, or refuse if he pleases, then Christ could not claim to be a complete and perfect Conqueror; then the will of man and of Satan would be stronger than Christ's. Satan could then say to Christ, "Thou hast no power at all, compared to my power: look to the saved and see how few; but behold in hell and see the myriads." I firmly believe the doctrine of election can teach us the fact that the power of Christ is omnipotent. "*He saves whom He will save.*" No man dare to lay any charge against the King of kings.

One illustration the preacher used in expressing his ideas of Calvinism is as follows: "There was once a preacher who believed the doctrine that Christ died for all; he was invited to preach to a Calvinistic congregation; but he was told, beforehand, that he must preach to the 'elect.' When he ascended the pulpit, and had given out his text, he told the congregation that he was authorised that evening only to preach to the elect, so he requested those who believed themselves to be the 'elect' in the congregation just to stand up for a moment in their places, that he might see which were the elect, and which were the reprobates; but no one responded to his request. No elect ones stood up, all kept their places. Seeing this the preacher caught up his Bible, exclaiming in the presence of all the people, 'It appears that there are none of the elect here present this evening, I will therefore preach the full Gospel, "Whosoever will let him come."'" The gentleman does not say who this distinguished preacher was, nor does he say when and where it took place. I am inclined to think this illustration is not founded on fact. I have heard many illustrations of the kind, but am glad to think that there cannot be found any truth in them. I think that if Edward Husband had passed through the university of the

Lord, if he had learned something of the true grace and love of God for himself, he would not waste precious time in writing such a pamphlet of idle talk. I agree with the expression of the preacher that

"There is a wilderness in God's mercy,  
Like the wilderness of the sea;  
There is a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.  
For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of men's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderful and kind."

[The Folkestone preacher may have a few lessons from us yet. Brought up as he was under the teaching of the men with whom his sainted sire associated, he doubtless imbibed prejudices, which may yet be cleared away from his bewildered brain. Is it necessary for us to convince Mr. Husband that he is opposing his ordination oath?—ED.]

*Bacons and Patterns; or, Lessons for Young Men.* By the Rev. W. Landells, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1878. A splendid production as regards its workmanship. Printers and binders have run in harmony to give us a gem fit to be presented to the Prince of Wales, or any of his younger brethren; yea, the Queen's grandsons, and the sons of all her loyal subjects, might be constrained to accept a beautiful little volume like this without the slightest feeling of disrespect. Dr. Landells has so usefully, so skilfully turned many of the leading Biblical characters either into danger signals or patterns worthy of devout imitation, that we wonder not several thousands of the nice book have gone already, and as each copy will be certain to commend itself in every circle where it moves, the demand for it will be steady for a good while to come. Fathers, give it to your sons; follow the gift with all the faith and prayer the Lord may work in you; it will make your heart rejoice another day.

Jeremiah Weeping.—"For these things I weep." Well he might; and if you read from the Lambeth Conference down to the G. S. A. S. meeting there is enough to make a Christ-loving soul weep tears of blood. We have carefully studied the columns of *The Rock*, published by Messrs. Collingridge, and we are compelled to declare that such fearful exposures of the drying up of pure Divinity is to be found in no other publication extant. A tame, a cold, or a sensational species of literature characterises almost all the press now produces. But *The Rock*, like a roaring lion, stands for no repairs. She beholds all around her traitors are gathering against Christ and

His Gospel; and with warnings full of life and zeal, she bears the danger signal on every hand.

The Press pours in a variety of literature. We have *The Little Gleaner* and *The Sower* still conducted with care by Mr. Hull. We never look on these excellent monthlies but we sigh over the loss of their original editor, although we know he is "For ever with the Lord."—*The Church of England Directory for London*, a new shilling edition, is now issued at its own publishing office in Racquet-court. All the London clergy, their churches, private residences, alphabetically arranged; all the societies and every kind of Church intelligence, well printed and bound, forming a book for reference at all times.—"Mr. Cuff in Shoreditch" has attained a strong position. We cannot answer Seventy-four's question.—"Redeeming Love," by "An Old Sunday Scholar," is lily-like, lovely, truthful, and touched with excellent poetic genius. Here is proof—

"O mystery of mysteries sublime, [explore?  
Who can its length, and breadth, and height  
Vainly beyond the narrow bounds of time  
Imagination's lofty wing may soar.  
'Tis far above the heav'n's, what can'st thou know?  
'Tis deeper than the earth's unfathom'd depths  
below."

Delicately reticent, the author gives neither name nor address. Many spiritually quiet souls would enjoy these "Thoughts in Verse." Why put such a light under a bushel?—Samuel Minton's review of Canon Liddon, on the Immortality of the Soul, is a lofty lifting-up of natural intellect to becloud the awful revelation of that man's destiny who lives and dies in rebellion against his Maker. God's holy law, His righteous indignation against sin, and His declarations that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with the angels of His power in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;" these warning voices are kept back from the people, the grave old pulpit is turned into a platform of puns and pretty talented essays; souls are deluded; but Jesus was explicit in Mark ix. 43. He says, Hell is a fire that never shall be quenched, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." We have Edward White, Sannel Minton, the Congregationalist Archbishop Dale on one side of us, we have the faithful old Bible, and old Thomas Brooks' Heaven and Hell Epitomised on the other side of us, with Canon Ryle's "Dogmas;" and having known here something of the pains of hell, and of God's wrath against sin, we shall never be enabled to smooth

down the tremendous consequences resulting from the daring blasphemies of wicked and ungodly sinners.—*The State of the Wicked after Death* is the title of "two sermons preached by Rev. J. Vaughan," in Trinity chapel, Hackney. The balances of the sanctuary are fairly adjusted in these discourses. They can be had at Paul's pulpit office, Chapter House-court, St. Paul's, for twopence, and only those gentlemen who dare to pervert the Word of God will dare to dispute the ponderous facts and arguments here demonstrated.—*Will without Power*. An extraordinary sermon by Arthur Wilcockson. Why extraordinary? We are preparing to shew. We understand Arthur has returned again to Hull. It is a little singular that, with Arthur Wilcockson's *Will without Power*, also comes C. H. Spurgeon's sermon headed *Believers Free from the Dominion of Sin*. We put the two together for calm perusal, the result our readers may anticipate.—*The Gospel Magazine* for July has living and dying testimonies to the power of God's grace. Dr. Doudney is a much-honoured servant of Christ. Not only has he a heart and head qualifying him for his position, but he has a host of correspondents, all rich in faith and full of living hope. The good old *Gospel Magazine* comes to us with more smiles than all the other publications put together (W. H. & L. Collingridge).—*The Family Friend* (S. W. Partridge & Co.) is giving long and much-edifying chapters on the Jewish ceremonial and forms of religious worship. Of course everybody is talking about, and going to see, the Paris Exhibition. We content ourselves with seeing it, and reading all about it, in Shirley Hibberd's *Gardeners' Magazine*. The Trocadero Palace and Gardens is a grand picture in the June part, to be had of Allen, Ave Maria-lane.

"It is for Your Life.—There is a war against the Bible. The regiments of the enemy are numerous. The finest-looking fellows, the most beguiling, the strongest in literary and moral force are the scientific philosophers of the age. It is the serpent over again, with enticing words of man's wisdom; young Eve with her fashionable children are at the garden gate, looking and listening to the eloquent but awfully-delusive arguments of these earth-born angels of light. Gordon Calthorp, in July part of *The Fireside*, gives a reading on "The Divine Human Book," &c. He tells us plainly: "Unstable souls—souls without the life of God in them—are swept away (by these scientific talkers and writers) like dead fish down the current." Yes,

classical Atheists, intellectual torpedoes throwing all their poisonous electric fluid upon the fortresses of a Divine revelation. "The Bible is none the worse. There it stands, living, strong, effective as ever." Thanks to Gordon Calthorp. May the Great Paraclete bless *The Fireside*, so ably conducted by that studious Divine, Charles Bullock.

#### MYSTERY AND MERCY MINGLING IN PLENTITUDE AND POWER.

"Religion should extinguish strife,  
And make a calm of human life;  
But friends that here do differ  
On points which God has left at large,  
How freely will they meet and charge:  
No combatants are stiffer."

"Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's Narrative," with splendid photo likeness, is now handsomely printed and bound. Copies can be had of Mr. R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. This volume will be useful beyond the limits of our small circle. Every thinking, inquiring, serious mind, whatever their mode of faith may be, will eagerly run through these pages, and while they may be inclined to some touches of unbelief we believe its thrilling genuineness will strike a light in many a dark spirit, and, once awakened, they, like dear Isaac, will never rest until Jesus Himself is found, and the soul satisfied with his salvation.

Robert Warren, in his note, breathes the desire of many. Robert says:—

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have been a reader of the EARTHEN VESSEL for a number of years; even out in the wilds of America, where, for years, your VESSEL was all that I could get. Never there could I hear one Gospel sermon; but my object now is to tell you how interested I am in reading our young brother 'Levinsohn's Narrative.' It has made my heart leap for joy, and endeared a precious Christ to my soul, until I have cried out with Berridge:—

"O Thou bleeding love Divine,  
What are other loves to Thine?  
Thine's a drop and Thine a sea,  
Ever full and ever free."

My dear children are anxious to read it. Who can tell what the Lord may intend to do? My earnest prayer is, that the Lord may keep our young brother faithful, that he may go forth and preach a full and a finished salvation—a salvation without money and without price. May the Lord make him a blessing to His tried family. May the time soon come when the veil may be taken from the heart of the Jew, that he may look on Him whom we all have pierced, and mourn and be in bitterness as he that mourns for his first-born." [Who will not add a hearty Amen to Robert Warren's prayer?]

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### THE SANDS AND SANCTUARIES OF GREAT YARMOUTH.

*Sketch of Mr. Anderson's Sermon, &c.*  
BY WM. WINTERS, F.R.H.S.

THE editorial note on the wrapper of the *JULY EARTHEN VESSEL*, respecting the houses of truth near the different watering-places in this country, will be delightfully helpful to many sea-side visitors. The sands of Yarmouth are very pleasant, and the town is singularly curious in its construction, as many know. Its ancient cathedral-like church is visible anywhere in the neighbourhood, and it contains a few curiosities worthy of the traveller's notice. In this church two distinct congregations met for worship at one and the same time in the terrible days of Cromwell; there Church and Dissent was divided only by a brick wall, which remained till within the last thirteen years, and which separated the chancel from the nave, the Independents occupying the former, and the Church people the latter; this was as near as could well be to be pleasant, and especially if they had such an organ as they have now; like the sailor and the ass, only one could then speak at the same time to be heard. In one of the side aisles of this building is a fine ancient library of valuable works, especially to black-letter hunters—

"Who, like Kemble, on black letter pore,  
And what they do not understand, adore."

And who are, for want of good judgment,  
apt to—

"Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,  
And draw on prodigality for praise.  
These, when some famous hit or famous phrase  
Has blessed them with the bolke of gods advice,  
For ekes and algates only deign to seek,  
And live upon a whillome for a week."

There is preserved a beautiful MS. roll of the book of Esther, written in the centre in Hebrew, without the vowel points, and the margin illustrates the chief incidences in that sacred book. The roll is on a carved ivory-handled roller, and dates probably to the fourteenth century. Of this relic I have a photograph, as also of a singular revolving reading-desk of respectable antiquity. The church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the fishermen, which ought to have been joined to St. Lawrence, whose noble insignia is a gridiron; they could then have cooked fish till further orders. In fact, the construction of the town is curious indeed; it forms one large gridiron, of which the bars are represented by 154 rows of buildings or blocks of irregularly-built houses, some of which are of great age, and the passages or bars between them are inconveniently narrow; but the inhabitants are alive to business; "Live and boill'd shrimps sold here by the catcher," is inscribed over many doors; and in the chief market of the town you may purchase for a trifle a roe from a quadrant to a bunch of

turnips. The carts that are continually running up and down the narrow streets are like so many Roman war-chariots divested of their formidable wheel-knives. Thus, Great Yarmouth has been rightly called "The Norfolk Gridiron." Churches and chapels there are in abundance; one may see in a few minutes a specimen of nearly all the religions in existence, from the parish church to the Church of Jesus Christ in York-road, over which the Holy Ghost has made Mr. Reynolds overseer. One may be allowed to use the better rendering of the word overseer, as it has so much of the churchwarden about it—i.e., bishop.

It was our privilege, on July 3, to listen to an excellent sermon by Mr. J. S. Anderson, of London, in this neat and comfortable chapel. His text was Isa. lxi. 9. The preacher went on to shew that every minister of the Gospel had his individual peculiarity in setting forth the great method of salvation, and so had all the original writers of the Old and New Testaments; though living centuries apart there is no contradiction in their statements; and if we cannot see the harmony, it is for want of a capacity and light in us. He spoke of the source of Christ's sympathy, which is sovereign and everlasting, and which we realise from His oneness with us. Christ began life not as Adam, but as a babe, and He was not sinful flesh, but condescended to be made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and dwelt amongst us as our brother. And the extent of His sympathy is to all His people; He has no favourites one beyond the other; His Church being His mystical body, His sympathy is realised by the whole upon which His heart and hand is set. His sympathy will apply to natural every-day things. He had to do with every-day life; if you are poor, so was He; if you are busy with daily toil, and weary, so was He. He had all these responsibilities before His mind; in all your afflictions He was afflicted.

The preacher made some savoury remarks on the salvation arising from His love: "In His pity and in His love He redeemed them," and the nature of this redemption was very ingeniously and encouragingly supported by Mr. Anderson, and which the friends enjoyed very much.

We hope sincerely that our brother Reynolds will be much encouraged by friends who love the truth, as he is deserving support and sympathy. He stands out in full relief amidst a host of blazing professors as one that preaches the great and grand old-fashioned, fundamental truths of the Gospel; and any of our London or country friends who are making Great Yarmouth their temporary home, and require a little spiritual provender, they will do well on Sundays and Wednesday evenings to turn in to York-road chapel and hear what God shall say to their souls through His humble servant, Mr. Reynolds.

The brethren and sisters of the Church are also courteous and kind, especially to strangers (Heb. xiii. 2). This is not the case everywhere, we are sorry to say.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

**WHITSTABLE.**—DEAR MR. BANKS, —I beg, through the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, to tender our thanks to the many friends who kindly gathered round us on our day of special services. We feel encouraged to go on to declare that salvation is of Christ alone. Brother Wise, of Margate, gave us a true discourse on "It is finished."

It is finished! gracious tidings,  
Far and wide the message tell;  
Christ has fully paid the ransom,  
To redeem our souls from hell.

It is finished! law and justice!  
Christ has full atonement made;  
All the Church's sins and follies  
Were upon the Saviour laid.

It is finished! O ye sinners,  
There is hope for you and I;  
Pardon, peace, and life obtaining  
From the Saviour's dying cry.

C. W. Banks preached from Hebrews i. 8: "When He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

"Our sins," which like a mighty flood,  
Embracing all the Church of God  
In one tremendous curse  
Of death, and hell, and dark despair,  
With not a ray of hope to cheer  
From any human source,

Were purged in Jesus' precious blood,  
When for our sins He surety stood,  
Drown'd in eternal love;  
And now He sits at God's right hand,  
And there shall all His chosen stand,  
To sing His praise above.

JOHN HUGHES.

**GUILDFORD.**—To the Editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**.—DEAR BROTHER,—There is no just cause for a third Baptist interest in Guildford. The old Church existed early in the last century, and has been favoured with the outspoken testimony of faithful pastors, among whom may be noted the names of our brethren Blake, Cesar, Hillman, and Roland, who have all entered into their rest. Since then our brother Kern was chosen to the pastorate, and filled it with success till the Master directed him to a larger sphere of service in Ipswich. The Church then invited our brother Mitchell to serve them in the Lord, and who is now labouring among them as their elected pastor. Ever since the Lord brought me to Guildford—now nearly 19 years—I have been in close friendship with them. When without a pastor I have frequently served them on week evenings; our senior deacon also; with a rising and promising young brother who is a member with us, has frequently occupied their pulpit. These particulars are mentioned to shew there is no valid cause for a new Baptist interest here. Let our two Baptist Churches first be filled and the number of believers multiplied before we can admit there

is any reasonable cause for a third Baptist interest in our little provincial town.

I am, dear brother, faithfully and affectionately yours in the Lord,  
Mr. C. W. Banks. C. SLIM.

**A COUNTRYMAN IN CAMBERWELL.**

MR. "CHRISTIAN RECORD,"—I think you editors ought to try and make some of the crooked things straight for us illiterate and unlearned disciples of the Lord Jesus. You know I was a friend of the late Mr. Greenfield, also of the once famous Joseph Irons, and James Wells I always thought one of the most valiant men of Israel. My mother said he was a Boanerges-Barnabas-the-Blessed. Well, now, all these men I could understand. Their sermons were like Jacob's ladder. They came straight down from heaven, right down to us poor sinners on the earth; and while you was hearing them, three blessed sensations bound you fast. You saw the sermon from end to end was straight; you heard the Lord God Himself was above it as a Sovereign Ruler, Revealer, and Promiser. Ah! Mr. C. W. Banks, you know you and I once met in Grove chapel, the anniversary morning, thirty years ago, when the blessed house was filled up and down, and Joseph was lifting up His Lord in good style. He never brought down His Majesty, he never lowered His dignity. Then, thirdly, you said you felt, and I felt too, as though the angels were flying up and down the ladder, carrying up and bringing down.

But, let me see, what was I going to say? Oh! I was in Camberwell and in Peckham, July 16. So my wife's uncle he goes to Mr. George Moyle's chapel (as I call it), and he says to me, "Tis our anniversary to-day, nephew, and I hope you will come with us all day." Now my heart was for the old Grove. So says I, "What preachers have you at Rye-lane now, instead of Wells and Foreman who are gone home?" Out comes a big bill: "Fifty-ninth anniversary of Rye-lane," &c. Preachers: Rev. J. P. Chown, Rev. E. G. Ganga, and a lot beside I never knew, only I saw our lawyer, James Mote, was to patronise them. "Now," says I to my wife's uncle, "whether these are Jacob's ladder-men or not, I can't say, but I shall go and hear Thomas Bradbury at the Grove anniversary." Uncle was offended, and I never see'd him since. The early prayer meeting, so young Strickett told me, was full and blessed. Thomas Bradbury rolled us out strong food, and no mistake. Grove chapel anniversary, this year, was considered a high day.

On leaving the sanctuary, an old friend had got the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and he asked me to stop with him, and go and hear one James Clark, at Heaton-road; then I must go to Nunhead-green to hear "the Jew." "What Jew?" cries I. "Is that young martyr, Isaac Levinsohn, preaching up here?" "No," saith my friend; "it is E. Samuel." Then he begged me to hear Mr. Buckett at Peckham-road. Well, I

turned dizzy. I was astonished to find what a host of divisions, sub-divisions, disturbances, distractions, and commotions abounded. "Try the spirits," something said. So now I am home in my Rose-villa, Master C.W. B., I shall, it may be, warn you, in writing, against these most painful splits in the wall. [We must adjourn for the present, but if the countryman's "Trial of the Spirits" does appear, it will fetch the dust out.]

**HORNING, NORFOLK.**—Sunday, July 7, was first anniversary of this cause. It was celebrated by Mr. J. Bane, pastor, administering the ordinance of baptism in the river Bure. He preached previous to going to the river side from "I will establish His kingdom." The service at the water was conducted by S. B. Hupton, co-pastor, who spoke from Mark xvi. 15, 16. It was a truly hallowed time; the Lord was there.

**THE FALL AND SALVATION OF MAN.**

My God, how wondrous was the plan  
To make and form Thy creature man  
An image of Thine own;  
More wondrous still his awful fall;  
It does my inmost soul appal,  
And make me weep, I own.

More wondrous still the plan to save  
The fallen one, the devil's slave,  
From endless woe and pain.

'Twas God's own Son was manifest:  
He came at God's most kind behest,  
And for our sins was slain.

He cried in dreadful agony,  
'My God, My God, why leav'st Thou Me  
Alone, alone, to die?

Upon the cross I'm raised up,  
To drink of wrath's most dreadful cup,  
And drain it, drain it, dry.

I've shed a stream, a purple flood  
Of sinless, pure, and precious blood,  
To save Thy chosen ones;  
To cleanse each sin-polluted spot,  
And wipe away each dreadful blot  
Of all Thy precious sons.

"Ths finished! yes, the deed is done  
The battle fought, the victory won  
O'er Satan and his train:  
I've crushed his head—he bruised My heel,  
And of My wrath he now must feel,  
And roll in endless pain."

And now, my soul, rejoice and sing  
In honour of your Saviour-King,  
Who suffered this for thee,  
That thou might'st reign with Him above,  
In regions of eternal love,  
And all His glories see.

Norwich. S. B. HUPTON.

**"EARTHEN VESSEL" COMMEMORATION SERVICES.**

On June 10, special services were held in Speldhurst-road chapel, and considering no particular effort was put forth to make them known, the meetings were well attended, especially the latter services of the day. In the morning of the day, the service bore a devotional character with the exception of an elcquent speech from the venerable orator, Mr. T. J. Messer, on Popery in the land of Knox.

Mr. C. W. Banks made some few remarks on the nature of the meeting, and several brethren engaged in prayer; hymns were

sung, God was glorified, and souls refreshed. An excellent dinner was provided. In the afternoon, Mr. Messer prayed, and Mr. R. C. Bardens read 1 Peter i., and spoke in right earnest on the fourth verse of the chapter, which discourse was followed by one from Mr. Banks on the progress of Popery and the uselessness of attacking it, according to his own practical experience of the matter for many years past.

Mr. Messer then followed with some further interesting details on the progress of error in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland which had come under his notice during the past sixteen years of his occasional sojourning in that country. Mr. W. Winters made some remarks on the circumstance of the meeting, and dilated largely on the "Tree of Life," after which a hymn closed the afternoon's proceedings. In the evening the gathering was exceedingly good. Walter James opened the meeting with prayer, and W. Winters read a portion of the Scriptures, and spoke on some passages in the life of the prophets. He was followed by several discourses from ministering brethren. All the services on June 3 and 10 were sacred seasons.—W. W.

**WELLINGBOROUGH.**—ZOAR. The fourth anniversary was held on Tuesday, June 25, when brother Stringer preached two excellent sermons to good congregations; full to overflowing in the evening. The friends kindly gave trays for tea, so that all the proceeds went to the building fund; total proceeds, £9 17s.—W. H. LEE.

**SHARNBROOK.**—BETHLEHEM. On Lord's-day, June 21, the friends responded to the appeal in the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and I went and preached to them, and although they are so very low (thinking of closing the doors), they collected 20s., which went to the building fund. We hope others will do likewise.—W. H. LEE.

**BOSTON.**—While resting in Mr. William Simpson's house in Lincoln, after the anniversary services, he returning from Boston where he had been preaching, said, "There is a line in the Carlton Road paragraph, on page 186 of **JUNE EARTHEN VESSEL**, which the friends cannot understand. It says, 'Psalm xl. 2 suits John Bolton well!'" We saw at once, and for the first time, that the compositor had made a serious mistake by putting an i instead of an l. Hence the printer makes us to say of John Bolton that he is like "the wicked who bend their bow," &c. Whereas, we declare we wrote "Psalm xl. suits John Bolton well," which reads, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock," &c. Now this is distressing to us. It may be asked, "Whose fault is it?" First, the compositor's; second, the reader's—i.e., the person who reads the proofs; third, the editor's for not detecting it in revising the sheet. It is singular that the error should escape three persons. We often think the adversary aims to do us mischief even through the blunders of the press. We hope this will remove the anger of the Boston friends.

A LETTER FROM MR. ISAAC  
LEVINSOHN.

*Lamentable State of Religion in Vienna—A Grand Scene at the Palace Commemorating the Coming Down of the Virgin Mary—Vienna on a Sunday—A Strict Baptist Community in Vienna.*

MY DEAR C. W. BANKS,—I am thankful to have another opportunity to be able to write you a few lines, and as you asked me to send you all the news I can, and especially how the religious state of Vienna is, I therefore beg to send you a few lines, and it will, no doubt, give you an idea of the state of the Gospel in Vienna. I can assure you that never in my life have I had such an idea of the wickedness of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah till I came and observed life here. It is strange the Vienna people are very kind and noble-natured, but most lamentable that almost all, without exception, of the inhabitants are given up to sinful pleasures. I was very much affected several times, when reading the daily newspapers here, to find numbers who commit suicide because they cannot enjoy those pleasures which they love. Only the other day a nobleman shot himself, and a letter was found in his pocket saying, as he could not obtain the pleasurable object he wanted, so he did not consider it worth living in this world.

Dear brother, what a mercy that, by the grace of God, we are made to be different. Surely, if left by ourselves, we should, perhaps, be like others. Thank God for the blessing of Divine grace in our hearts. On Thursday, June 20, when I arrived here, I was very much struck with the gaiety and liveliness of the inhabitants of the town. Many shops were closed; I thought very likely it was a religious holiday. In the morning, being very weary from travelling, I took a very quiet walk until I came near the palace of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria; then I was struck, seeing several regiments of soldiers in their full uniform, and many priests, bishops, and cardinals, and thousands of people assembled to witness something very grand. I then very eagerly made inquiry as to the cause of the event, and I was informed that that day was the greatest holy day in the year, in commemoration that the "blessed Virgin," the mother of God, came from heaven and instituted the holy ordinance of the sacrament or the Lord's Supper. I watched with more and more eagerness as to what would take place next. Suddenly a very grand procession took place: cardinals, bishops, and priests, and His Majesty the Emperor Franz Joseph among them, all of them covered, from head to foot, with most beautiful and costly robes, and decked with the most precious jewels.

The mass was then celebrated, and the air was filled with the smoke which rose from the incense. All the people, rich and poor, honourable and low, bowed their heads and knees, and offered prayers, &c. Although the spectacle was very dazzling and grand,

I felt so disgusted with the idolatrous ritual that I left and went to my hotel, where I rested for a few hours.

On the following Sunday I left my lodgings to try and find some Christian place where to worship. Walking through the streets, I was attracted by seeing banners, crosses, and various images. One very grand procession took place, when a number of students carried the Church banners. After them followed a large number of priests singing anthems; then a large cross covered with gold with an image of St. Joseph praying. A long banner was carried with it. On it were very large gold letters, saying, "Holy Joseph, pray for us!" Then followed the bishop. A canopy was carried over him, and as they were all marching on, the bishops were hard at work in making the smoke arise from the incense, while all the people bowed with their heads uncovered.

Afterward, a very strange procession took place. A large number of children (girls) followed, all clothed in white, and carried a little table with an image of the Virgin, with very precious jewels set in it, a crown on the head, and a banner over it. On it was written, "Holy Mother of God, pray for us!" Then a number of sisters of mercy, monks, and Jesuits, &c., some of the ugliest of the human race, and they sang hymns, &c.

When I had enough of this disgusting and most idolatrous religious sight, I went on looking out for a place to worship in. I went to the Church of England at the British Embassy, where I thought that although against my creed, yet I hoped to hear a sermon which would refresh my mind; but it was unfortunate that the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Elliot, was away, and the clergyman, Rev. Johnson, the chaplain, did not think it worth while to preach a sermon in the absence of the ambassador, so that you can imagine how I felt. It may also surprise you that here the services are conducted once a day, every Sunday morning only.

On the following Sunday, I went to the Reformed Church, which service commenced at ten o'clock, and then the preacher, in a very pompous manner, preached. I can assure you if he was a preacher among our Strict Baptists in England, he would not get any sympathy as a preacher. I do not know if he understood himself what he said, but I know that the people did not know what the preacher was talking about. I was glad when the people said Amen, and left the church, and then went to the Church of England again, with the hope of hearing a sermon, and it so happened that the preacher read a splendid sermon, which I enjoyed. When I got home, I was so pleased to meditate on the sermon that I took a book with sermons preached by Dr. Hoffnucker, one of the great German preachers, and was surprised to find that what the preacher said, Dr. Hoffnucker had said many years ago, so you can again imagine how things are here. But I am happy to inform you that, under all these circumstances, I found that there is a little community of Strict Communion



Baptists — most of them converts from Romanism—conducted by Mr. Millard, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

I visited Mr. Millard, and had a very profitable conversation with him. He informs me that every Sunday they meet in an upper room; service is conducted with closed doors; admission by tickets only. The ordinance of baptism is conducted very strictly private. The police are always at hand to prosecute, even when there is no cause; but, however, some very happy and spiritual refreshing hours are realised by the few Strict Baptists here.

Museums, some of them, are closed all the week, but all are open here on Sundays; the liveliest day in the week is Sunday. The only two societies that spend their energy in spreading the truth in this dark country, is the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society. Tracts are very strictly forbidden to be distributed. The only way that I do is, I go one evening with my note-book and put down a few addresses, and the next day I do up a number of tracts, and address them accordingly, and afterwards leave them at the various places. This is the only means by which tracts can be distributed here, and this also must be carried on strictly private, as the police are always at hand. I can assure you the more I look around and see of the continent, the more do I look forward with great pleasure to be in good Old England again, and I truly feel and say—

“England, with all thy faults,  
I love thee still.”

I hope soon to be back again in the land of the free, and begin my labours, in the name of the Lord, at Carmel chapel, Westbourne-street, Pimlico, where I am engaged to preach during the months of August and September, Sundays and week nights. I again beg of you and all praying people, to earnestly pray to God for a blessing on the labours of the two societies who are doing all in their power to spread the truth of the Gospel here.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

Erstes Wiener Depôt  
Evangelischer Druckschriften,  
Wieden, Kalrsgasse 5,  
Wien,

July 6, 1878.

**BOROUGH GREEN.**—For three-score years and ten there has been an assembly in this quiet Kentish district of Primitive Baptists, and still the Lord has a flock and a fold in Borough-green, and lately Mr. Geo. Holland has been invited to pass a probationary term of preaching to us. Many have been the men who have come here as ministers of Christ—[the review of an old disciple cannot yet be given]. We know, painfully know, “except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.” Wise master builders in these days are scarce.

“I’LL LAY AND LOOK AT HIM!”

A NOTE TO C. W. BANKS.

The subject of this memoir was one of those much tried souls who walk in darkness and have no bright shinations. I have no account when the work of grace was begun, but it was in childhood’s days. My father being blessed with godly parents, for many years he attended the ministry of Joseph Irons and J. Wells, and lately Mr. T. Bradbury. Forty-seven long years ago the Lord gave him this promise, “At eventide it shall be light” (and if you remember in praying with him, you were led to quote it); he lived upon, he hoped upon, that promise, being encouraged with the thought that, if the Lord had meant to destroy him, He would not have shown him these things. The storms of sin, sorrow, and tribulation swept over his soul, sinking him deeper into the slough of despondency. My father was bereaved of twelve children, the last, my only brother, at the age of 35, who left a blessed testimony, and departed to be with Christ. A few weeks before my father died he said to me, “How can I be saved without love, without faith, for I have neither? I am a poor wretch; but I’ll perish at His feet.” I spent much time with him in reading and prayer, and enjoyed the presence of God much in so doing. On the Sunday previous to his death, he said, “Read.” I said, “What?” He said, “He must needs go through Samaria.” I was much moved in prayer, being led to ask the Lord to shortly take him to Himself, feeling heaven was not far off. On the following Thursday, I was sent for; his face lit up with joy on seeing me, but quickly turned upward, where he seemed engaged in conversation with the invisible. The following expressions dropped from his lips: “I’ll lay and look at Him! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Ready! Ready!” “My Father who is in heaven!” He gave one sigh, and his spirit took its departure to the regions of eternal day—the covenant God of Israel manifesting His faithfulness and glorious immutability. The Lord strengthened me on the following Saturday (according to his wish) to commit his body to the earth, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. There was a goodly company present, and may we not hope the Lord will bless the words spoken in much weakness? Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I must subscribe myself, one of the chief,

T. BALDWIN.

#### THE YOUNG MAN’S SIGH ON STARTING IN LIFE.

Oh! be my lot the better part,  
While in this vale of tears I live;  
My choice, a humble, contrite heart,  
Which never can itself deceive.

Thus may I spend my life’s short day,  
Obedient to His will and Word,  
Till death shall call me hence away,  
Into the presence of my Lord.

Hurst-hill-street, JOHN CORNFIELD.  
Bilston.

### AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUMS, CAMBERWELL AND HORNSEY RISE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow me, in the less formal mode of a friendly letter, to inform our many friends, through the *VESSEL*, of the incidents connected with the recent anniversaries of the above two asylums? And first let me begin with Camberwell. Our meeting was held on June 19th; the afternoon sermon was preached in the chapel by Mr. Baxter, of Eastbourne, to a full congregation, from *Psa. cxxx. 7*: it was a season of spiritual enjoyment. The friends assembled for tea in the tent in goodly numbers (about 200); this gave opportunity for friendly greetings with many of the "one family"—the redeemed of the Lord. In consequence of the dampness arising from the morning rain, the meeting was held after tea in the chapel, which was closely packed, many being obliged to stand. Our old friend T. M. Whittaker, Esq., presided in his usual genial and loving style. Prayer was offered by Mr. Murphy. It was my privilege to give, on behalf of the asylum committee, a hearty welcome to the brethren and sisters who had come from many homes to meet us once more, and then a few facts concerning the asylum were given. Excellent addresses full of the old Gospel were given by brethren Vaughan, Trotman, Bradbury, Whittle, Sylvester, Davis, Franks, and Usher—the chairman giving a few parting words. Collections £14, in aid of the "benevolent fund" for the sick and infirm inmates, twelve of whom are now needing help from this source. In all respects this was a very happy, God-glorifying anniversary. Praise the Lord.

Our next joyful occasion was the meeting at Hornsey Rise. This took place on Wednesday, July 3, and here we have to record the Lord's goodness in giving us a fine day, and a large gathering of friends. The annual sermon in the afternoon was preached by Mr. Rolleston, of Scraptoft; the chapel was quite full; it was a precious opportunity for the people of God. Tea was provided and carried out admirably, by the ladies, in the hall, where about 300 sat down. Opportunity was given whilst the tables were removed for the evening meeting for the friends to perambulate the beautiful grounds, and pay a visit to the aged pilgrims. At half-past six the bell summoned the wandering guests to the hall now ready for another, but spiritual, repast. After singing, and prayer by Mr. Sylvester, Geo. Williams, Esq., the president, in a few loving words introduced the business of the evening; the secretary presented a statement of facts, and very specially called attention to the "sustentation fund" of the asylum which was about £170 in debt, and he hoped it would be cleared off on this occasion. An old friend had offered ten guineas, if nine others would do the same. This kind offer was liberally responded to. Mr. J. B. Pope, the generous donor of the forty new rooms, has entered into rest last March. There are now in the asylum 123 inmates. Excellent addresses

were delivered by brethren Vaughan, Bradbury, Battersby, and Davis. Mr. Heathfield, one of the treasurers, gave a few remarks on the "sustentation fund," and referred specially to several friends who had rendered important service to the asylum by kind presents, and for which cordial thanks are due. Messrs. Sharp and Murphy proposed thanks to the chair, which was cordially agreed to. The collections for sustentation fund were £25 8s. 9d. Donations, &c., about £80. The doxology and benediction closed the proceedings. During the day the ladies held a sale of useful and ornamental work in the entrance hall, which was frequented by many purchasers; the sum of £37 was obtained on behalf of the asylum benevolent fund. We have much reason to be thankful for the results of these anniversaries, and, with the Lord's help, we desire to pursue onward in the work for His poor and aged people.—Yours faithfully,

July 15, 1878. Wm. JACKSON, Sec.

### WEARY WANDERER, LOOK HERE!

"Oh, what is honour, wealth, or mirth,  
To this well-grounded peace?  
How poor are all the goods of earth,  
To such a gift as this!  
This is a treasure rich indeed,  
Which none but Christ can give:  
Of this the best of men have need;  
This I, the worst, receive."

Is the poor worldling here? Has he been brought to turn over at last fairly and honestly the page of his life? And as he turns over leaf after leaf, he finds but one thing in it; one blot. Where can he look for peace? Does he look to the past? there is no peace there. Does he look to the present? there is no peace there. Does he look to the future? there is no peace there. Does he look at this poor world? there is no peace there. Does he look at ordinances? they give him no peace. Does he look at ministers? they give him no peace. What does give him peace? Beloved, when that Gospel, of which I am speaking, is felt to be God's Word, and received as God's truth, setting forth that salvation freely and fully, full of Christ, full of grace, it is just what he wants.—*Evans*.

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SOHO CHAPEL SICK VISITING SOCIETY annual meeting was held in June, under the presidency of Mr. Box. The chairman said their denomination had not perhaps done all it might do for the furtherance of the Gospel to those who were still lying in the hands of the wicked one. It would be well to take a lesson from the past. There had been raised at Soho chapel, since he had been pastor, for extraneous objects, over £300, so that he thought the society, for a young one, had been well supported. Mr. John Battersby, the hon. secretary, read an admirable report, which showed that the agents were doing a good work amongst the poor, both in a spiritual and temporal point of view. The financial statement shewed a balance in hand of treasurer of £11 11s. 0d.

## RAILWAY NOTES

FROM BISHOPSGATE TO BLETCHLEY,  
NEWPORT, &c., JULY 9, 1878.

KIND BROTHER WILLIAM SIMPSON,—

Since I left you in Lincoln, June 26, I have been permitted to press on from day to day, fulfilling in some measure every engagement. Setting sail this morning for Newport, I engrave one line to you, because the Scripture which has followed me for days led me much to think of you—[We are all now bustling to get off, but my thoughts run much upon you]—for I am just now walking with that deep-suffering prophet, Jeremiah—not when he was looking at the “glorious high throne,” but when he was in full view of the afflictions of the Jews; when, in the spirit of prophecy, Jeremiah saw how the professing people of God would turn off to idolatry, and when he saw God’s judgments upon Zion, so that, although she “stretched out her hands unto the Lord, yet there was none to comfort her.” Hence Jeremiah said, William Simpson has said, this little scribbler can say, “For these things I weep. Mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me.” Of course, William, this is not the feeling nor the condition of all who prophesy in our day. No. There is a large army of bold bravadoes; they drive the free-will coach six-in-hand; they can have more passengers than they can carry; they pull down their barns, they build more and much larger; they gather thousands of people, thousands of pounds, thousands of praises, and millions of so-called prayers ascend unto the skies for them. “Ah!” you say, “C. W. B. is jealous of them!” Not an atom, William. The only question in my mind is, Has the Lord left us? Is He gone with them, to provoke us to jealousy? I will (D.V.) tell you, William, something more of these immensely popular preachers another time. Let us beware of going to extremes. Let us never represent the state of the Church to be worse than it is. It may be low with you and me, with Jabez Whitteridge, and a few others, but we are not everybody. Another extreme is, of sewing pillows under the arms of the ungodly. This is largely done. Let us be careful, and try and do our little bit of work as clean as we can. There is one other extreme we must keep clear of—that is, passing the sentence of death upon those people who can do what we cannot do. There is a class of licensed preachers who do that. Poor little pugnacious pedlars! Let us leave that work to them who get well paid for it. You and I will work for our bread, and help (not hinder) the Churches all we can. Coming to Jeremiah, let us consider—1. His name. 2. The Lord’s call of him. 3. His end. 4. His deep sympathy with Zion in all her sorrows. Here, you see, she has lost her Comforter; and as this character belongs to each person in the Trinity, is applied to such ministers as God sendeth, and even to the saints themselves, you will conclude that when the Comforter was gone, all spiritual blessedness was gone for the time being;

wherefore let us ask—1. How does each Person in the Trinity comfort Zion? 2. How do ministers comfort her? 3. How do the saints comfort one another? 4. What can Zion do when all her streams of comfort are dried up?

(Some left out: coming presently.)

## THE BEGINNING OF THE WORK.

“Almighty grace, arrest that man.”

“It is GOD that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.”

THE CONVERSION OF T. CHARNLEY,  
MINISTER OF ZOAR CHAPEL, PRESTON.

Now I attempt to give you my conversion. May the Lord help me, and may the Head of the Church be glorified thereby. I was born in sin, March 7th, 1847. In vanity I spent my youth, a careless and sinful creature; yea,

“Against the God who rules the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high;  
Despised the mention of His grace,  
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.”

I can testify to the truthfulness of Paul’s assertion, “The carnal mind is enmity against God.” O how dead in trespasses and sins I was, entirely lifeless, void of all that is good, until the Lord (O bless His precious name) plucked me as a brand from the burning. The first manifestation of His power was by a dream, which was very remarkable. On Oct. 24, 1865, I dreamed I was looking in an old cradle of ours, which, at that time, contained some bedding, and as I was lifting up the clothing I dreamed that I saw my youngest brother dead at the bottom of the cradle, which awoke me from my sleep, and to my surprise I heard an unusual noise in the front room, and then, in a moment, my mother came to tell me and my brothers that grandmother was dead; my mother and grandmother slept in the front room, in separate beds, and when my mother got up she found grandmother dead in bed. O what a house we had. I had gone to bed careless and prayerless; but the Lord sanctified this painful dispensation to my soul’s good; from that time I date my first serious impression. When I became concerned about my immortal soul, I could see by demonstration that “in the midst of life we are in death.” O the thoughts of eternity became a real weight upon my mind, and the Lord from this time kept teaching me precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. He sent this arrow into my heart, “Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.” I went with my head bowed down like a bulrush, pondering over my sad state by nature and practice. O the fears, doubts, sighs, cries, and tears. Not a soul can understand these things, but those who are quickened by Divine grace. When I thus felt my position,

“I tried the precept to obey,  
But toiled without success.”

I found the claims of the law to be very broad; then the Lord sent this into my heart, “If we offend in one point, we are guilty of all.” All my strivings after holiness in self became abortive. I kept striving and falling,

striving and falling, until I became like the woman in the Gospel that spent all her money on physicians, but, instead of getting better, she grew worse. I felt it to be so with me. I was stripped of my supposed righteousness, and found it as filthy rags. I had to come with

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

(To be continued.)

**BROSELEY, SALOP.—BIRCH-MEADOW CHAPEL.** Profitable and pleasant are the services of the Lord's house, whether those services are for the express purpose of worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness, and to hear what God the Lord will speak to our souls; or to commemorate His goodness and mercy shown to our rising race. In this ancient town (where, for many years, the pure Gospel of the ever-blessed God has been proclaimed), the Sunday school anniversary was held June 9th; two sermons were preached by Mr. A. B. Hall, of Bilston. Our young preacher appeared to enjoy much liberty while he unfolded to us, in the morning, the growth and increase of the Church of God (Psa. lxxii. 16), and also in the evening, while he set before us the path of vital godliness as one of pleasantness and peace (Prov. iii. 17). Congregations were good; liberal collections were realised; the melody of the children's voices while singing the praises of God appeared to touch the hearts of all present. On the following day, a tea and public meeting was held; about 160 sat down to a substantial tea, and the meeting was presided over by the venerable pastor, Mr. Thomas Jones. He, surely, has renewed his youth, like the eagle's, and the words concerning Moses are applicable to him, for his eyes are not dim, or his natural force abated. Earnest prayers were offered up to God, and interesting addresses delivered by several friends. Mr. A. B. Hall, speaking of the usefulness of Sabbath schools, illustrated his remarks by his own personal experience, being called of God through the earnest teaching of his teacher, Mr. Edgerton, now pastor at Beccles, and was baptized at the early age of fourteen. Of the Sabbath school with which he was connected (Hope chapel, Bethnal-green, London), no less than eight of the teachers are now preachers of the Gospel, and four out of that number are almost household words in the denomination. An interesting meeting was thus spent; it was a foretaste of what it will be above.

"Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
And hasten on the glorious day  
When we shall meet to part no more."

May the Lord continue to shine upon this part of His vineyard, so that the name and fame of our precious Jesus may spread abroad, is the prayer of A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

**CLAPHAM.**—July 9th was a day of great spiritual pleasure to many of the friends of our highly-esteemed brother, Mr. Henry Hall. The services of the day were as various as they were interesting and profitable. Many of the friends convened together at seven and ten o'clock for prayer. Mr. Chas. Hill was "himself again," which every man ought to be that professes to preach the Gospel. The basework of his discourse was Rom. i. 16, and he expressed himself as being not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Dinner was provided in the vestry. Afternoon service commenced by Mr. W. J. Styles, who read and commented on Psalm lxii.; Mr. Israel Atkinson preached a sermon founded upon Luke xviii. 13, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Mr. Atkinson has his own way of putting things together and unfolding them; although some of us are not quite so judgmentally strong as Mr. A., our faith is as valuable in laying hold of the same Saviour, the merciful One by whom the sinner is justified, notwithstanding his being only able to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It is, no doubt, the want of a capacity in us large enough to fully realise all we hear at times respecting God's "acquired right of moral government," the knowledge of which we must leave, with many other stupendous and finely-drawn lines of argument, for celestial beings of infinite capacity to fully grasp and enjoy. In the evening, the chair was occupied by Walter Howe, Esq., whom Mr. Hall introduced to the friends in a warm speech. Mr. Dearsly prayed; Mr. Bardens led us into some of the beauties that surround the name of Jesus; the sweet vision of His face was dilated upon by W. Winters; Mr. Bennett was on the spiritual knowledge of God's children; the character of "the unknown God" was declared by Mr. Steed; the glorious Trinity was Mr. Inward's theme; "My God, we know Thee," Mr. Griffith's text; loving words were spoken by Mr. Holland on the perfections of grace; followed by Mr. Osmond on the sameness of Jesus Christ. Mr. Trotman, on firmly holding the Head, spoke of the kingdom of God within the Christian; the bond between Christ and His people was clearly stated by Mr. Kevan; the brotherhood of Christ, by Mr. Benford. The time came "to put up the shutters," but Mr. Lawrence was instructive on the many-headed subject of Christ's words, "Be opened" (Mark vii. 34), and Mr. Hill spoke discriminatively on the confusion of Babel tongues and the gift of tongues in Pentecostal times, which, with a few words from the pastor and Mr. Howe, terminated a long and profitable day's proceedings.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

**BOSTON.**—Ebenezer chapel, in Liquorpond-street, was re-opened after renovation, Sunday, July 7. Mr. Joseph Flory preached; Mr. William Simpson, the minister of Zoar chapel, Newland, Lincoln, preached the closing discourses, and, with the dew of the Spirit on his branch, his testimony was gladly received.

### THAT MONDAY NIGHT AT NEW BROMPTON.

It was July 1, 1878. Had been buried about for many weeks. Had preached in Enon, Chatham, twice on the Sunday; fled home that night; Monday morning conversed with that devout man of God, George Kellaway; he had preached for me the day previous; bid him farewell; walked and tram'd it to office, then to Holborn Viaduct on to Chatham. Walked to the mansion of friend Olliss, back to Enon. Sweet meeting, with Alderman Johnson presiding. Pastor Norton, young Mr. Lawson, and that sublime child of Isaac (which is by interpretation, laughter), brother Peplow, and others were speaking. I spluttered out a few words on the sense of danger, the extreme difficulty, the intense desires of living souls to reach the assurance expressed in Psalm xlviii., "For this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death." Walked away with dear Jabez Price up—Oh! so high—over the Chatham lines, and in the commercial and domestic stores of that clear-headed, honest-hearted Mr. Harmer and his precious family, found a resting-place.

O rest! How sweet!  
A pure retreat!  
My Lord I'd meet  
At mercy-seat.  
Fell at His feet  
And did entreat  
Some word from Him,  
That to the brim  
My soul He'd fill,  
For Whit-sta-bill,  
Where the next day  
I was to stay,

Some words to cheer and guide.

On laying down, and sighing, with new savour it came, as though kissed into my soul by the Divine lip of the eternal Spirit, so quietly: "When He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." This led to the consideration of two of the most impenetrable mysteries which have exercised some of the noblest men the Church ever had to minister unto her—I mean the "blackness of sin and the beauties of holiness." These two themes run through the whole history of the world, as far as we know it; and of these two widely-different mysteries I have begun to prepare something for "E. V.," if goodness and mercy will lengthen out my days.

**THE CITY OF LINCOLN**, for civilization, for culture, and for the varied confessions of the faith, is decidedly a centre of great moral influence. Its bishop is a ripe scholar, a hard student of prophecy, a laborious worker with strong tendencies toward the fashionable ceremonials of the age. The rising of new churches, the swarming of curates, the monster meetings for tea and talk which the Church-folk get up, all show they are fully aware of the necessity of work and of winning, lest the Noncons. (who all have enterprising institutions here) should become too strong for them. The General Baptists, the so-called Huntingtonians, and

the Strict Baptists, are the only bodies who, with great humility, keep quietly in the back-ground. I was honoured with pastor William Simpson's request to attend all four anniversary services on June 23, 24, and 25. The closing tea-meeting was a delightful gathering. It took an omnibus to convey the provisions, and they consisted of every substantial and delicate kind of nourishment. The pastor's wife, daughter, and several cheerful sisters worked with industry and kindness to render every one satisfied. An elderly lady had walked miles to see if I could inform her what had become of the late Wm. Odling's property. She said she was his only sister; he had buried three wives; left no issue, and she was anxious about the will. I once knew William very well, but of his death, &c., I told her I knew nothing. Should the Lord lead any lovers of the New Testament order to Lincoln, we hope they will visit Newland Strict Baptist chapel.

**NORWICH.**—I am requested by friends at the Tabernacle to write you; we consider the **VESSEL** might mislead some. Your correspondent says we have good sermons in Tabernacle by brother Benjamin Taylor. Some might suppose there were no good sermons preached there by any one else. But, blessed be the Lord, my poor ministry has been made a special blessing, being the means of quickening some into Divine life, and others built up upon a precious Christ, the object of their faith. And I solemnly believe before God that, in some humble measure, we have the same life, love, faith, and zeal as to its nature as Christ and His apostles had, but not the amount. Oh, no! I sensibly feel this for myself as their minister, and they equally feel so as a Church; but the little that we have we are truly thankful for, and are often led to pray for more. It is very singular, but our Church and congregation are all outcasts, gathered from all quarters; and the Lord told me He would gather the outcasts and the "ready-to-perish" ones by me before I ever spoke in His name. I am looking for many more to come. I love Zion, and long for her prosperity. The Lord will bless us as a city above the expectations of many.—Yours truly, ALFRED DYK, Minister of Norwich Tabernacle, and a true witness for Christ. [This note has long been lost.—ED.]

**NEW NORTH ROAD.**—Special services at Salem chapel, Wilton-square, June 23rd and 25th. Mr. McCure preached from "Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." At public meeting, W. Flack presided. Mr. Bloom prayed. The chairman said they required money to clean and repair the chapel; £60 would be required. Addresses were given by brethren Myerson, Evans, Bloom, Brittain, Griffiths, Langford, and Dearsly. Mr. Flack is sustained in his work; the renovation of Salem will, doubtless, soon be effected, for the smiling providence of God carries the Church through all her enterprises.

## PRESCRIPTION FOR THE PULPIT.

"Nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine."

Parsons, as well as other people, sometimes get out of health. The soul is sickly, the appetite for the Word is not sharp, the mind is dull and stupid, the heart is cold and wandering. So Master John Warburton once said; he was glad when Sunday was over. We would like it to be Sunday all the week if the Lord was truly with us. Alas! we too often slight His company in secret; and out of love, to correct us, He leaves us in public.

Old Master Pacific, upon the important work of meditation, once did write the following sentences. Good brethren, consider this advice. It may give a tonic to thy weak digestion:—"Meditation" (said the schoolman) "is a word almost obsolete in the Christian Church. Our religious life is so entirely active and outward. Few of us give such prominence to secret prayer, the study of the Word and meditation upon it, as did the saints of former ages. Yet how emphatic are our Saviour's directions on this point: 'Enter thy closet.' 'Shut the door.' 'Pray to thy Father which is in secret.'"

"England's greatest engineer was said to be a man of no great natural talent, yet he performed wonders, bridged torrents, pierced mountains, &c. When he came to a difficulty that seemed insurmountable, he would shut himself in his room, and neither eat nor drink, that he might concentrate his mind on that difficulty. At the end of two or three days he came out of the room with the look and step of a conqueror, and gave orders to his men which seemed to them like inspiration. So it would be with Christians if they spent more time alone with God. They would come from their closets, as Moses came from the Mount, with shining faces; and having power with God, they would have power also with men."

**BYTHORN.**—Had that able servant of God, Mr. G. Pung, minister of Succoth Baptist chapel, Ruabden, to preach for us at Bythorn, June 13th. Some of God's hungry poor were well fed from Lev. ii. 14-16. We had a full Christ, a perfect Christ, made so through suffering, set before us as the only food upon which a regenerate soul can feed. Only those who know something of the profound thought, burning eloquence, and fervid zeal of the preacher, when the unction of the Holy One is gently distilling upon his soul, can form any idea of the blessed time of refreshing we enjoyed. Between the services, tea was provided. Our collections were quite satisfactory; several friends who could not be with us sent tangible proof that they remembered us; our worthy deacon has intimated he should not feel at all annoyed if he has yet to acknowledge further receipts. On the following day we gave our school children their annual treat, under the efficient management of Miss Sykes and other friends of the cause. The children were happy with the provision

set before them, also in the field, and in the chapel where, with Miss Bunyan ably presiding at the harmonium, the children sang precious hymns, the music of their voices thrilling through our very soul; both old and young thoroughly enjoyed the treat. To God shall be all the praise; so says your humble servant, THE PASTOR.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.** — June 17, 1878. Nothing joyful. Boston Bethel is gathering under John Bolton. Ebenezer is on her watch-tower. At Swineshead, Wm. Hawkins has had thoughts of leaving this immensely-long village; he is highly esteemed, but longs for more success. Sleaford has two causes now for truth. It is thought Mr. Samuel has the people, Mr. Carr the power. There is a testimony for free-grace in Sleaford, and Hope says good is resulting. At Spalding, Mr. John Vincent is increasingly a large planter. He provides well for the body, and Love-lane looks beautiful. Billingborough pastor, W. Wilson, labours hard; he looks no younger, but speaks cheerful. Had a few words with him, and went on to preach in Peterborough Tabernacle; Mr. John Sturton is preaching the truth in love. Saw the widowed daughter of the late Penu pastor, Mr. Miller, and other friends. Now, flying from Lincolnshire by late train. Friends at Boston, and Mr. John Vincent, exceeding kind. We are asked if Mr. James Wise is still at Quadring. We understand he still sounds out the trumpet; but we have not seen him for many years.

**CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.** — Anniversary of Forest Fold Baptist Chapel was June 4; sermons by Mr. P. Dickerson, Mr. Horton, Mr. Masterson. The expectation of seeing and hearing again our venerable brother Dickerson drew together many. He was able to speak in a confirmatory manner from the words, "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things; His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory." He spoke as one nearing the rest remaining for the righteous, and many ministers with others made the remark that, considering his advanced age, he was the most remarkable minister now living and labouring among the Particular Baptist body. We had pleasure in seeing our esteemed brother Doggett, who was instrumentally the origin of this cause in the year 1832. Mr. P. Dickerson formed this Church in the year 1845, and baptized the first twelve.

G. ASHDOWN.

**HEYBRIDGE, MALDON, ESSEX.**—Poor Oliver, who once read out the hymns so blessedly, has fled away. Solemn event. Heybridge cause is alive, and some have recently joined the Church. Also the good old cause at Maldon is favoured; baptizing and adding to the Church cheers us. Father Denison, nearly eighty, comes to preach to us once a fortnight; Mr. Elleston, from Braintree, also brings us good news.

## DOWN IN THE MIDLANDS.

"Happy Brother" was at Hanslope; "the venerable deacon spoke a little, but, what a pity! no strong ox to tread out the corn. O, dear C. W. Banks, cannot you, as God's servant, send us a wrestling Jacob, a prevailing Israelite?" [To see good old Hanslope lift up her banner, and around it gather in the hosts of careless ones, would be joyful.]

"July 1" (says Earnest James) "was a day of love and mercy for us Salemites at Two Waters. Thomas Stringer gave out two wonderful sermons. A lot came to look at him, to listen to him, and to receive good words from our God through him. What a voluminous, comprehensive, happy man he always is! We thank the Lord for such a downright honest witness."

"July 9," writes the Carlton cedar, "we went to Newport Pagnell anniversary; it was more than twenty years since we heard our old EARTHEN VESSEL editor. As he was to preach twice at Newport, something said, 'Go, you will never hear him any more.' So we went. Before ever he began preaching he said, 'There are three things very pleasant to me—1. To be invited by the Lord's dear people to come and preach to them. I cannot go to all the places, but I am as willing as ever to go where I can. 2. When invited, it is consoling to hear the whisper of the Spirit giving me express messages to carry to the people. 3. To have the unction of the Holy One in delivering the message; then it is sacred work indeed.' Well, at Newport he had these pleasures, and we praised our Lord for the grand remedy, the precious blood which cleanseth, cureth, and comforteth our souls. Our brethren North, of Aylesbury, and Whiting, are useful preachers at Newport, but one said, 'We want a pastor.'"

**WALWORTH.**—At York-street, meetings were held, June 4th, to form a Senior Band of Hope. June 18th, the members of the Junior Excelsior Band of Hope assembled; 200 children had an excellent meal. Thanks were given by the children to Mr. and Mrs. Preston for their kindness to the society. Mr. Searle presided. Addresses by Messrs. Beddow, Robertson, and Mosley. Chairman presented five volumes of "Pilgrim's Progress" to five children. Mr. Searle has helped us both by his presence and his purse. Mr. I. Dobson, a member at the Surrey Tabernacle, is still the president and treasurer, so that the society is altogether orthodox, and deserves the support of all well-wishers to the cause.—W. BEDDOW.

**WOOBURN GREEN.**—We had pleasant anniversary at Ebenezer, June 25. Mr. Hazelton's illness prevented him coming, and father Richard Howard being almost laid aside, cast a gloom over us; nevertheless, Wm. Hawkins preached the sermons, and many friends came to give us encouragement. We are looking forward with prayer and hope that a spring-time in our souls, and a harvest in our Church, may yet be enjoyed.

**LOWER NORWOOD.**—Opening of new chapel on Auckland-hill, Lower Norwood. On Tuesday, June 25th, we opened at eleven o'clock, by prayer; a good number of brethren and sisters present asking the Lord's blessing on the place. At three, Mr. Hall, of Clapham, gave a good Gospel sermon, to a chapel full, from Haggai ii. 9: "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." At five there were more people than the place would hold; they had to sit outside on the grass to tea. A public meeting was presided over by Mr. Whittaker, of Blackheath. Addresses given by Cornwell, Lawrence, Hall, Mote, and Trotman. People thoroughly packed. Thus ended a day long to be remembered. The Lord be praised.  
W. CRUTCHER.

**CHESHAM.**—Besides the many Baptist causes in this town, we have one on Lee Common, where the Gospel has been warmly and victoriously proclaimed for many years; and we have now some young cedars springing up who encourage our fathers, who have long borne the burden of past days. At our anniversary in May, that strong and well-equipped minister, John Jones, of Speen, delivered to us two well-freighted discourses. We praise our God for such men as John Jones, of Speen; he is a worthy and well-qualified man for Gospel work. In September, C. W. Banks has promised, God willing, to preach our Sunday school sermons. We pray the Lord to come with him, and help him, and us, and our children, to glorify the Lord. Pray come to Lee Common, so crieth a

A TRIED SEEKER.

**CHATHAM.**—ENON. We had baptizing here April 28. Mr. J. W. Norton, our pastor, delivered an able defence of Baptist principles. We are praying for showers of blessing. Mr. Norton being occupied in London all the week, he would gladly supply any week evening services. Address, care of Geo. Allison, Esq., 218, Central Meat Market, West End, Smithfield.

**LOCKWOOD.**—Although we have been this year deprived of the blessed services of our beloved pastor, Mr. W. Crowther, our hope is in the Lord to raise him again. Our Sunday school anniversary services were successful in blessings; the collections amounted to more than £50.

At Broadstairs, in the neat and convenient Providence chapel, in High-street, we had the privilege of preaching before the retired and the resident pastors, brethren Kiddle and Carter; and truly some holy things the Church said of Christ much comforted us, and a nice circle of friends came together. Broadstairs, for quiet, extensive sea views, and for godly health-seekers, is a choice retreat.

**Marriage.**

On the 15th. at Camberwell, William, eldest son of W. Standbrook, of Peckham, to Martha Anno Valls.

# The Toplady Centenary.

BY W. WINTERS, F. R. HIST. SOC., WALTHAM ABBEY.

ONE hundred years have passed away since one of the noblest and sweetest of Zion's songsters crossed the threshold of time, and found, as Milton finely expresses it,—

“——— A death-like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal life.”

And following his happy spirit in imagination the greatest mind of this age might repeat the lines of old Shirley,—

“——— 'Twere happy  
If I may find a lodging there at last,  
Though my poor soul gets thither upon crutches.”

Augustus Montagne Toplady, B.A., died (as his biographer records) on Tuesday, August 11, 1778, in the 38th year of his age—just a century since. Though he was only in the prime of life when he died, he stood, as Southey remarks, “paramount in the plenitude of dignity above most of his contemporaries.” He was in fine a strenuous champion of Calvinistic theology—one of the Martin Luther type. Having inflexible enemies to withstand, he strove with them roughly—Wesley to wit. His nerves were like steel, his bow like iron; and the force of his pen has been compared to the weight of the club of Hercules. Like Calvin and many of the glorious old Reformers, he was a polite scholar, a complete gentleman, and, above all, an excellent Christian, with feelings fine and delicate. It is declared that he pushed his adversaries with more intrepidity and vigour than was ever done by any preceding champion; and his animated zeal and knowledge were justly proportioned to the cause he had espoused. The objections that have been reiterated against the doctrines of grace appear to have been collected and held up to his view with an air of triumph, and with the confidence of certain victory; but under the Divine guidance, and in the spirit of sincerity and truth, he was enabled to repel the attacks that were made against the Church of God in such a masterly manner as to place him above any eulogium that can be passed upon his uncommon abilities.\* As a polemical writer in defence of the Church of England against Arminianism, he appears like a giant, and exhibits a thorough “knock-down sledge-hammer style;” yet the union of strength, with elegance and precision of diction, places his writings high in the estimation of most intelligent readers. He was a thorough red-hot Boanerges to his enemies, and a calm and loving Barnabas to his friends.

The name of Toplady is better known now to many Christians by the hymns he composed, although many of his well-known and precious hymns are left out of some modern selections, especially of the Broad

\* See First Ed. of his works.



Church ; but they will for ages yet to come be highly prized by thousands whose religion is as pure, ancient, and solid as the great Author of it himself. There is nothing tame, pointless, or milk-and-watery about "Rock of Ages cleft for me;" "A debtor to mercy alone;" "Your harps, ye trembling saints;" "When languor and disease invade;" "Christ whose glory fills the skies;" "Deathless principle, arise;" "What though my frail eyelids refuse;" "I saw, and lo! a countless throng;" "Happiness, thou lovely name;" "Compared with Christ in all beside;" and many others the product of his noble mind.

The writer of these hymns, as Mr. Ryle has observed, "has laid the Church under perpetual obligation to him. Heretics have been heard in absent moments whispering over 'Rock of Ages,' as if they clung to it when they had let slip all things beside." The same writer, speaking of Toplady (see "Christian Leaders of the Last Century"), says, "I give it as my decided opinion that he was one of the best hymn-writers in the English language. I am quite aware that this may seem extravagant praise, but I speak deliberately. I hold that there are no hymns better than his. Good hymns are an immense blessing to the Church of Christ. I believe the last day alone will show the world the real amount of good they have done. They suit all, both rich and poor. There is an elevating, stirring, soothing, spiritualising effect about a thoroughly good hymn, which nothing else can produce. It sticks to men's memories when texts are forgotten." And by the Spirit of God will touch the vital chord of the inner man sooner than the most eloquent discourse, as old George Herbert sang,—

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

Really good hymns are a treasure to the Church; but there are few men that can write them. Many hymns that swell the bulk of our selections of Christian psalmody are not worthy of the name they bear; they are wretchedly lame, tame, and insipid, and generally showing the worst side of fallen nature, which, at best, is a poor thing to sing about. It is a subject for prayer and not for praise. The doggerel nature of some of our hymns is sad in the extreme; their lack of originality and unction prevents them from either doing good or harm. They are far behind Sterhold and Hopkins, and are little preferable to the old Scottish version of the sixty-fifth Psalm, the third verse of which must be far from elevating to sing—

"Iniquities, I must confess,  
Prevail against me do;  
And as for our our trans-gres-si-ons,  
Them purge away wilt Thou."

Of this version says Dr. Clarke, "O David, if thou art capable of hearing such abominable doggerel substituted for the nervous words thou didst compose by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, what must thou feel if chagrin can affect the inhabitants of heaven!"

Toplady was born at Farnham on November 4th, 1740, and was initiated into the Church of England according to its established rites. When very young he was sent to the famous school of Westminster

"—Where little poets strive  
To set a distich upon six and five;"

and there he attained a degree of proficiency in the classics which raised him high above his fellows. His mother being early involved in the sorrows of widowhood, was desirous of giving him a good education, in the hope that he might be a comfort and help to her in her declining days. In 1755 he entered as student in Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of B.A. And he had good cause for thankfulness in looking back upon Ireland as the land of his spiritual nativity. In his letter to Ambrose Serle, Esq., he says, "In the year 1755 I was first awakened to feel my need of Christ." The Lord directed young Toplady into a barn where a Mr. Morris was preaching, when the words of the text were fixed upon his conscience with mighty power; and some time after he said, "I could indeed say I groaned with groans of love, joy, and peace. That sweet text, 'Ye who were sometimes afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ' (Eph. ii. 13), was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul. It was from this passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God. Under the ministry of that dear messenger, and under that sermon, I was; I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756." "Strange that I," he continues, "who had so long sat under the means of grace in England should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name! Surely it was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous." The dear young man afterwards says, in a letter to his spiritual father, "It is now above eight years since I saw or heard of my ever-dear Mr. Morris. The Lord knows you are near my heart, and are often present to my thoughts. God grant that this letter may find my valued friend as well in body and as lively in soul as when I saw him last. I have now been in orders between six and seven years, and now write to you from my living (Broad Hembury). The Spirit of God has kept me steadfast in His glorious truths, and given me such joy and peace in believing," &c.

Leaving John Wesley's slanderous report of Toplady and the fearful contest that was waged between them even to death, and Toplady's glorious dying avowal of his faith, delivered from the pulpit in Orange-street Chapel, we must content ourselves with a note or two of his last moments on earth, when he could sing—

"Careless (myself a dying man)  
Of dying men's esteem,  
Happy if Thou, O God, approve,  
Though all beside condemn."

The heaven-born spirit of Toplady dwelt in a sickly frame, and the more impaired it grew, the more vigorous and happy his soul seemed. Being asked by a friend if he always enjoyed such sweet manifestations of the love of God, he answered, "I cannot say there are no intermissions; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but when they abate they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus, that my soul is still filled with peace and joy." At another time, and indeed for many days together, he cried out, "O what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have not words to express it! It is unutterable! O my friends, how good

is God ! Almost without interruption His presence has been with me." And then repeating several passages of Scripture, he added, "What a great thing it is to rejoice in death !" Speaking of Christ, he said, "His love is unutterable !" He was happy in declaring that Rom. viii. 33 and six following verses were the joy and comfort of his soul. Upon that portion of Scripture he often descanted with great delight, and would frequently express with joy and earnestness, "Lord Jesus ! why tarriest thou so long ?" He sometimes said, "I find, as the bottles of heaven empty, they are filled again." When he drew near his dissolution, he said, waking from slumber, "O what delights ! who can fathom the joys of heaven ?" And a little before his departure he was blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding in clearness ; "but," added he, in a rapture, "for what is most of all, His abiding presence and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky is clear, there is no cloud. 'Come, Lord Jesus ; come quickly !'" Within the hour of his departure from this world, he called his friends and his servant, and asked them if they could give him up. Upon their answering him in the affirmative, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied, "O what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me. It will not be long before God takes me ; for no mortal can live (bursting into tears of joy while he said it) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." He then saw—

"Ten thousand smiles in Jesu's face,  
And love in every smile."

And his blissful spirit joined the august assembly of the spirit world, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. His mortal remains were interred in Tottenham Court Chapel under the gallery opposite the pulpit, in a vault 13ft. deep. His desire was to

"Steal from the world,  
And not a stone tell where he lie."

A marble slab, bearing the following inscription, was placed on the wall of the said chapel :—

WITHIN THESE HALLOWED WALLS AND  
NEAR THIS SPOT  
ARE INTERRED THE MORTAL REMAINS  
OF THE  
REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY,  
*Vicar of Broud Hembury, Devon.*  
BORN 4TH NOVEMBER, 1740.  
DIED 11TH AUGUST, 1778.  
AGED 38 YEARS.  
HE WROTE  
"ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME,  
LET ME HIDE MYSELF IN THEE."

Dr. Illingworth performed the funeral service, and Rowland Hill, who was then a young man, delivered an excellent funeral oration in his best style of eloquence, which is said to have produced a very powerful impression on the minds of those to whom it was addressed. Thus passed away one of the most powerful defenders of the faith, and his name is embalmed in the memory of the living body of Christ. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Churchyard, August, 1878.

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## THE EVIDENCE OF BEING WITH CHRIST IN GRACE AND IN GLORY.

**I**T was beautifully moonlight; the untaxed "light by night" was at her full. Some dark clouds tried to keep her from shining on us; but she rose above them, and threw a clear light upon the hills and dales, over and in which we had to travel. It was Monday night, August 12, 1878. We had travelled early that morn from London to High Wycombe, from thence our cheerful and industrious deacon Lacey, of Newland, drove us in his trap from Wycombe to Amersham, where, after preaching two anniversary sermons, and partaking of a little refreshment at Samuel Toovey's bountiful table, Geo. White, myself, and deacon Lacey started to return from that quaint, quiet, long, well-behaved town of Amersham to Wycombe, that I might get train for London, being engaged at another anniversary in South Woolwich the next day.

I shall never forget one person that came to speak to me in Amersham, a lady of some fifty or more years old, a widow of a gentleman, who, a long time since, sat under my ministry in London. This lady said, "Mr. Banks, I am as sure of going to hell as I am here, and I sometimes long for the door to open and let me in; I have no rest night nor day; I hate religion; I have no desire to love the Lord Jesus; I hate everything; I feel hell burning in me!" So awfully solemn did she declare her lost condition, so terrible did she look, yet so sensible did she speak, that I can find no words to describe my concern to quiet and calm down her agonising distress. For six long months had this inward sentence of death been upon her, and the strong, the oft-repeated dreadful assurances of her soul perishing for ever, it is not easy to express. I said, "You are under a very dark temptation." "No," she replied; "it is no temptation at all; it is a real fact, and I know it." I said, "It is the result of some physical weakness; your mind is affected and afflicted with some internal disease." "No, it is not," she said; "it is, my soul is lost. I am sure to be lost, and many times I want to go down into the deep." I said, "If you mean to say you feel a strong wish to go into hell, I believe you never will go there." Then she stretched out her arms more vehemently, repeating the same fearful conviction, adding again, "I hate religion; I hate my own children; I hate everybody; I am like a devil!" "Then," I said, "you hate *me*." She looked and said nothing to that. I said, "Cannot you pray at all?" "No, not at all." "Have you been to the services to-day?" "Yes, I have been twice." "Would you

deliberately write down what you say of your certainty of being lost ? " Yes, that I would." " I want you," she exclaimed; " to make my brother and sister believe that I am lost ! " " No," I said; " that I cannot do, for I cannot believe it myself, and I do not think you are justified in so dreadfully declaring your eternal destiny. I believe," I continued, " the Lord will turn your captivity, that He will deliver your soul out of this dark delusion, and bless you in His mercy." I must add no more on this case at present, only there were three feelings strong in me; one was a painful conviction of my weakness. I expressed it by saying, " None but the Lord Himself can possibly bring you out of this calamity." Another feeling was a *fear*; yes, I realised a kind of momentary fear lest the *same* spirit should get into me, and this produced a desire to bid her farewell, her dear sister telling her I must go, as the conveyance was waiting for me. Of this case, however, I purpose to write something more presently.

It was getting late, and we had several long hills to climb, some miles to travel. From Amersham we fled. That poor woman's soul, however, lay heavy on my spirit. What could it be? Was anything like it in the Bible? Could it be insanity? Was it Satan, for the time, possessing her? Was it *really* as she said it was? On these things I am dwelling; further into her condition I am inquiring. I would pray, if the Spirit would help me, for her soul's deliverance. I would go any distance if I might be God's messenger to carry comfort to her soul FROM HIMSELF. I have had two seasons of terrible shaking of faith and hope myself lately. The night before I went to Berkhamstead anniversary, I was terribly assailed with a sense of horror, and I arose up, fell on my knees, and sighed unto the Lord. While on my knees, the words came sacredly and certainly into my soul: " O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and NOT COMFORTED." The impression was, "*Go with that to Berkhamstead.*" I did so, and brother John Shipton and another aged brother assured me that message was good to their souls. Of these things much is to be said yet, but to return to the journey. Friend Lacey and his minister, Geo. White, were in the trap talking over the services of that day. I was musing. " What shall I have to carry to South Woolwich to-morrow? " A sigh went out for the Lord to speak some precious word right home. Looking upward, as it were, I almost cried out—

The moon is up! How calm and slow  
She wheels above the hill;  
The weary winds quite keenly blow,  
The world out here is still.

The way-worn travellers with delight  
Her rising brightness see,  
Revealing all the path and plain,  
And gilding every tree.

The waning moon in time shall fail  
To walk the midnight skies;  
But God hath kindled ONE BRIGHT LIGHT  
With FIRE that never dies!

God's *fire* of LOVE, which is HIMSELF, and His *fire* of LIGHT, which is His SON, can never die!

Where neither of these fires are found in the soul, there may be one of those demons—*infidelity*, or *presumption*, or *despair*. My soul feareth

there are immense numbers now full of presumption. That ancient writer, Master Ames, says, "MORE PERSONS PERISH THROUGH PRESUMPTION THAN THROUGH DESPAIR." God help us all to lay these things to heart. I have been recently astonished at the out-spoken testimony of two ministers on the side of truth. The first I name is Dean Close. He says :—"To my judgment the great peril of the day is compromise, amalgamation, and *suppressio veri* by mutual consent; a plausible but insincere union and co-operation, not merely with known avowed and shameless conspirators and traitors, but with Sacramentalists, and Sacerdotalists, and Nothingarians, who are all smiles and beaming piety, but who in heart hate the doctrine of justification by faith only in the blood and through the righteousness of Jesus, who ignore the works of the Spirit, the conversion of the soul by grace, the eternal purposes of God's election, and such-like grand and fundamental truths, of which we hear so little now-a-day, either in the pulpit, or on the platform, or in Christian converse and communion. Neither the Pope nor the Infidel would make such havoc among us if the little band of faithful men would come out and be separate! Our most dangerous foes are not the decorative and monastic Ritualist, nor the loud-barking Atheist or Sceptic, but the plausible, courteous, affiliating 'dearly-beloved brethren,' who would knit all the so-called Churchmen into one patchwork quilt, which might cover them in a soft and downy bed of spiritual sleep, and torpor, and indifference, dreaming of security, and peace, and charity, and fraternity, while the noxious errors which prevail among them are eating out the very vitals of true godliness, spiritual experience, and sound Gospel doctrine!"

That is it. God knoweth I have been separate enough for forty years, for the first-class scholars, students, senators, and sublime leaders in our section, have worked well to keep me separate; but in the high-ways and hedges, in the lanes of poverty and penury, an abundance of work has been found. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." How the Lord heard and answered my silent sighing prayer that night while pulling on to Wycombe, of my inquiries after the poor despairing one, and of the evidence of being one with Christ, will in the next time you get a line from

C. W. BANKS.

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#### THE SECOND DEATH.

"WHERE their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix. 44). How solemn are these words, thrice repeated by Him who cannot exaggerate, who wept over man's sins, and bled for man's redemption! Here is reference to the twofold mode of disposing of bodies after death. In a dead corpse we see death in its reality and loathsomeness; but even corruption and decay, loathsome as they are, fail to set forth the horrors of death eternal. Look into that coffin which was closed some weeks since. You say you dare not. Then imagine what is within. The worm is there. He pursues his work till the once fair body becomes a heap of dust, and then the worm dies. But "their worm dieth not." See that pile raised to consume a dead corpse. The work is soon done; a few ashes only remain; the fire itself is gone out. But "their fire is not quenched." These awful figures set forth the intensity and eternity of the sufferings of the lost, and are the awful paraphrase of Paul's words: "Everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." Divine wrath once found awful satisfaction on Calvary. Thither let us all flee, who desire to escape the wrath to come.

Chelsea.

J. KEALY.

## CONFLICT BEFORE VICTORY.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

"I asked them whence their victory came?  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to THE LAMB,  
Their triumph to His death."

[We desire to render thanks to Almighty God for having given our brother, Mr. Levinsohn, a prosperous journey to Austria, and for having brought him back to England again safe, sound, and in good health. Long, very long, after we have passed away, may the ETERNAL SPIRIT make him a ministerial and gracious blessing to the Churches in this the land of his adoption. The following paper Mr. Levinsohn has written since his arrival home, and freely gave it us for *Cheering Words*, but we venture to place it in THE EARTHEN VESSEL.—ED.]

WALKING through the wonderful Ringstrasse of Vienna, I was very much affected seeing a poor pensioner of the Austrian army who had lost his legs in the late war between Prussia and Austria. His clothes manifested a very poor appearance; every one that saw the poor man felt very much affected to see him struggle along the street, using his arms as substitutes for his legs. But it was very interesting to notice his breast covered with various medals and crosses, which rendered a very pleasant appearance. I put my hand on the poor man's shoulder and said: "Dear friend, it seems to me that you have passed through a great deal in your life?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am an old servant of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and have been engaged in many battles, and have passed through many conflicts, but I have found *victory after conflict*. My medals and crosses will confirm the truth I tell you."

I then thought of the solemn truth in these words—"VICTORY AFTER CONFLICT." Surely, if such is the truth of a soldier in the army of an earthly monarch, how much more is it in the experience of Christians who are soldiers in the army of the King of kings, even Jesus Christ our Lord. *Conflict before victory*. Has it not been so in the experience of the Captain of our salvation Himself? How bitter was the cup He drank! How painful were His trials! In the hall of Herod what a conflict! When in the Garden of Gethsemane—"O My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from Me?" What a sorrowful appearance and hard conflict when with a crown of thorns on His head! How painful a struggle on the cross on Calvary, when in bloody agony He cried—"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani—My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But behold victory following conflict! How grand and victorious He appeared when He said: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18)! How grand and victorious was His appearance to St. John—"I am Alpha and Omega: the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last. I am the Root and the Offspring of David, and the bright and Morning Star." How sublime is the testimony of our Lord that *victory is after conflict*! "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before My Father, and before His angels." St. Paul also has taught us the grand doctrine that "*Victory is after conflict*." "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; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

The life and death of Dr. Martin Luther teach us also the same truth that "Victory is after conflict." For Luther, after a life of conflict and struggle, triumphed when the hour of death approached. How grand the prayer at his death—"Thou, the God of our Lord Jesus Christ; Thou, the source of all consolation; I thank Thee for having revealed unto me Thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe; whom I have preached, and acknowledged, and made known; whom I have loved and celebrated, and whom the Pope and the impious persecute, I commend my soul to Thee, O my Lord Jesus Christ. I am about to quit this terrestrial body; I am about to be removed from this life; *but I know that I shall be eternally with Thee.* Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."

Wycliffe, worn out by his labours and the persecutions he endured, when lying sick upon his bed, said to the friars, "*I shall not die, but live to declare the noble works of Jesus.*"

In the life and death of John Calvin we may also learn the truth that victory is after conflict, for Calvin, too, was a soldier of the cross. He had experienced many conflicts, fought many terrible battles, but how pleasant it is to observe, when just before His death he was brought in a chair to church, where he remained during the whole sermon, he even joined with a trembling voice in the last hymn, and cheerfully said, "Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace."

Thomas Cranmer was also a grand witness of the truth that "conflict is before victory;" for, after he endured so much persecution, and so many sufferings, when taken to be burnt, he also felt perfectly certain that there remaineth a rest for the people of God, and exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

My brethren, we must all, if we are true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, pass through much tribulation; but, Oh! do not despair, because your peculiar trials in this world are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory, to that crown prepared for them who fight, and who at last shall be more than conquerors; for remember that never has any one perished who fought under King Jesus. Search the borders of hell, and even there you will not find one who has faithfully fought under the blood-stained banner. Look above, and see the multitude that no man can count; these are they who passed through much tribulation; but now they are clothed in white, having been washed in the blood of the Lamb, sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and now reign with the King, and shall reign with Him for ever and ever. Brother, sister, are you engaged in this warfare? If so, it shall be well with you, for your Lord is always nigh to help you, and give you victory. And Oh, that those who are still far away from Christ may be brought by the Spirit of the living God to know that there is no master like our Master JESUS; no portion like the Lord, who is my Portion and my Inheritance; no rock like the Rock of Ages, cleft for poor sinners; no captain like the Captain of our salvation; no king who rewards his soldiers like the King of kings—Immanuel.

Thus, then, fight, and by the help of God pass through the various conflicts in life, and then prove that victory is certain to those who



endure conflict first. Brother, sister, pray for more and more grace, to be faithful unto death, that at last you may receive a crown of glory.

“Who are they clothed in radiant white  
That stand around yon golden throne?  
Their garments of celestial light,  
Pure, with a lustre not their own?  
Those are the saints who once below  
Walked in the path their Master trod;  
Midst pain, and mockery, and woe,  
And scorching flames, they sought their God.  
Therefore, around the throne they stand,  
And in His holy temple shine;  
Rich in the joy of His right hand,  
Robed in His righteousness Divine.  
There they can never hunger more,  
Nor ask the cooling draught in vain;  
For He will living waters pour,  
And heal them from all earthly pain.  
In those blest realms of endless day  
The Lamb shall all their wants supply;  
And God's own hand shall wipe away  
The falling tear from every eye.”

[May this be the truly blissful portion of all our readers, is the sacred soul-breathing prayer both of writer and editor. Amen.]

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### THE POOR YOUNG WIDOW MADE RICH.

“The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.”—Ruth ii. 12.

**R**UTH was a highly-favoured one. Gathered as a lamb into the bosom of the tender Shepherd of Israel out of the strange land—the land of idolatry and wickedness. As a daughter of Moab she had no inheritance or portion in Israel, yet God had destined her to be a sharer of the blessings of the goodly land. By her union with one of the sons of Elimelech and Naomi, she was brought into a certain nearness to Israel, and soon became a partaker of the afflictions of the exiled family. She was, with her sister Orpah, left a widow, and thus came under the promise, or rather gracious provision, “Let thy widows trust in Me.” Grace having taken possession of her heart, she was not *disobedient*; and when the time for Naomi's return to her own land came, she was willing, yea, determined, to return with her, to *trust* under the wings of the God of Israel. It was *this work* to which Boaz referred when he said: “The Lord recompense thy *work*.” It was—

1.—A work of faith—“To trust under the wings of the God of Israel.” Ruth must leave her *all* in Moab; and, according to tradition, she was no *mean* person there, but a princess—daughter of one of the princes of Moab. The circumstances under which she is called upon to leave her father's home, her kindred, and her country, are not of a propitious character. Her mother-in-law was evidently impoverished by her long sojourn in Moab, and makes the humbling confession, “I went

out full, but the Lord has brought me home again empty." Yet Ruth cleaves to her mother-in-law, choosing—as did Moses before her—to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to remain with her idolatrous kindred and enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. She renounced all her old trusts and confidences, and trusted herself under the wings of the God of Israel. She trod that long and wearisome way homeward towards Bethlehem, till the fair fields of that town—afterwards so famous as the city of David—were presented to her gaze, smiling with gladness on the returning exiles—they returning at the beginning of barley-harvest, when the beautiful words of David might well express what she saw. "The fields are covered over with corn. They shout for joy. They also sing." So, though Naomi returned empty, and Ruth shared her penury, the God of Israel met them, not with handfuls, but with a smiling *harvest of plenty*. "God had visited His people *in giving them bread*."

2.—It was also a labour of love. Ruth loved her mother-in-law. So did Orpah. But Ruth loved the Lord, and Orpah did not. So Ruth returned with Naomi, and Orpah remained in Moab. Now that they look, with mingled gladness and sorrow, upon the plenty around them, Naomi is reminded that her husband's lands, which should have descended to her sons, are *gone*, and not an acre of her former inheritance can she call her own. No doubt the value of the land had been realised to enable them to go into Moab in search of bread, and that was spent. Truly there was the right of redemption, but that was a tedious affair, and involved *long waiting*. Yet there is one *portion* in Israel which is *her's inalienably*—the *portion or right of the poor*. The corners of the field were to be left for *the poor*, and the gleanings were to be left for *the poor*; and as Naomi has descended from her affluence to *poverty*, she has come into possession of this *qualification*. And the words of our Lord are very precious here—"Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Now, can Naomi go and glean her *portion*, take her right? No; but Ruth, her daughter-in-law, is both able and willing to do so. She says: "Let me go and glean in the field of him in whose eye I shall find favour." And Naomi said: "Go, my daughter." And here Boaz found her gleaning. This was her labour of love—gleaning not for herself alone, but for her mother-in-law. Oh, this precious faith which works by love! It just fits our absolute helplessness, and just prepares us for God's gracious fulness of light, life, and strength, righteousness, and peace.

Lastly.—*Patience of hope*. This is a part of Ruth's *work*—to be recompensed. Boaz took knowledge of her. He knew her whole history and her belongings; and doubtless her *rights, under the law*, were not unknown to him. But he does not take her into his house, and send for her mother-in-law, and instal her in the place suited to her expectations, as the heiress to so much property as once belonged to Elimelech, and the destined bride of, possibly, a richer man than himself, the *nearest* of kin. No. He encourages her to *work and wait*. So she continued through barley-harvest and through wheat-harvest, still toiling and plodding on through those two or more weary months, comforted by her mother-in-law. "Sit still, my daughter." Yes; after all this toil there was a time for sitting still. After she had laid her humble claim to the kinship of Boaz, and he had acknowledged that

claim, then she must *sit still*. "For," said Naomi, "the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day."

The blessing with which Boaz blest her—"The Lord recompence thy work, and a full reward be given"—this was both a prayer and a blessing, after the manner of the ancient patriarchs—as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who each pronounced blessings on others, and often in the form of petition to the God of heaven.

Boaz knew that only Jehovah Himself could sufficiently reward such faith, love, and patience as Ruth had evinced. He knew that He would do so. He desired that He should, and that he, too, should be a sharer of the blessing in the possession of Ruth, whom he loved most ardently.

W. TROTMAN.

### A SERIOUS LOSS AT BARNLSLEY.

YORKSHIRE has for its population of two millions and a half of people nearly 200 Baptist chapels, but those where the New Testament pattern is adhered to are not much recognised in the published record. We have preached in different parts of this big, bustling, cold county, but never realised much liberty. In Barnsley we found some zealous disciples of our Lord, who suffer on account of their practical decision for that Gospel which flows from, acknowledges, and is maintained by, the three equally-glorious Persons in the Godhead—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Our esteemed, tried, and earnest brother, Mr. Joseph Taylor, the Barnsley Baptist minister, sends us the following account of

#### THE DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH WILKINSON,

who died at Jordan-vale, Barnsley, July 14, 1878, aged 65 :—

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—I convey to you the painful news of the death of one of our principal friends at Barnsley.

Mr. Joseph Wilkinson was born May 18th, 1813, and departed this life July 14th, 1878, after a short but very painful affliction. His father and mother were weavers by trade; they belonged to the old Calvinistic school of Independents; the deceased, therefore, received his training in the doctrines of grace held firmly by his parents. He sat under such ministers as Mr. Ellis, Mr. Fish, and others of the same faith and order, until he was over forty years of age.

The cause dwindling away in Barnsley, Mr. Wilkinson and others secured the services of Mr. Johnson,\* of Sheffield, who was then a Strict Baptist minister, but now makes his home among the Arminians. They took a room at the Temperance Hall, where Mr. Johnson and myself served for some time alternately; then Mr. Johnson alone, who, for some reason, gave up his services at Barnsley. I was then applied

\* This "Mr. Johnson, of Sheffield," was one of the late John Stenson's hearers at Carmel, Pimlico, and went from London as a decided New Testament Baptist many years since. What can have turned him from truth to error is a painful problem. We despise none, we condemn none, who "hold the Head;" but when a man has been professedly baptised into Gospel truth—when a man has for many years preached that Gospel which Christ and His apostles did—when such a man turns from it to uphold the Arminian creed—we feel painfully anxious to ascertain the real cause of such a downward course.

to by them to take the services, and have done so to this time, assisted by my brothers Elam and Haddow.

Our departed friend was a firm and willing supporter of our little cause; always in his place, save when his official duties required his absence. He was a pushing, active man, no flatterer, but honest, outspoken, and thoroughly decided in his views upon the doctrines of grace held by his parents and by us. All his family are Wesleyans; and it is a feature worthy of note in our friend when we remember that, although in the course of his life he has taken an active and conspicuous part in public affairs, yet no consideration or position whatever could prevail upon him to forsake the outcast few with whom he chose to worship God after the way of his fathers and of the apostles of Jesus Christ.

He took a conspicuous part in several political movements of our country, especially in the agitation of '39 for the people's charter. He fulfilled the office of secretary over an Odd Fellows club, and persuaded his fellow-officers to commence a Sunday school, of which he became the superintendent. He has been heard to say some of his happiest hours were spent in that Sunday school. Several beneficial societies in the town he helped to establish. He contested, in April, 1865, for the situation of relieving officer, and was returned, which situation he held for more than thirteen years, to the time of his death, which occurred so suddenly and strangely that his friends, relatives, and brethren with whom he used to meet in our little room have been plunged into feelings of grief and surprise it is hard to describe.

With no expectation of his end being so near, either by himself or others, he was seized by a terrible affliction in the head, which deprived him of his eyesight, hearing, and senses. He was taken, in the course of two days, from our midst, without exchanging one word between either his friends, his brethren, or any one, and, so far as we can judge, without the knowledge or consciousness of his own mind as to his decease.

I was requested to read the funeral service over our friend in Barnsley cemetery, on July 16th. Brother Elam attended me, and spoke a few words at the grave side, and so ended what to us all has been a solemn and a strange surprise. Not from his lips are we permitted to give any testimony of the state of his mind at death, this has been kept from us in solemn silence, but the voice of his life is that of an upright, active, public man; and I can testify, from five years' communion with him in the faith and many pleasant remembrances of conversations in the past, to his honest, generous, and hearty support of the cause at Barnsley; and I did feel that I could read that service and commit his body to the grave in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to life through our blessed and glorious Saviour Jesus Christ.

So has passed away our friend, whom we all loved and greatly respected. Nothing but the Gospel of a finished salvation, of an election of grace, of completeness and readiness for death in Christ, of full redemption and effectual calling to faith and holiness, of separation from the world and being kept by the power of God unto eternal life, can give to the friends or to us (in such a mysterious death as his was) any hope that he is present with the Lord. Thanks be unto God, He giveth us the victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, we are ransomed from thy power; nothing shall separate us from His love, for

He loveth His own unto the end; so we believe that, even as Jesus died and rose again, so also they that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, and our comfort is in these words.

I remain, yours very faithfully,  
JOSEPH TAYLOR.

#### OF THE MANNER OF MR. JOSEPH WILKINSON'S DEATH.

Such events as our brother Joseph Taylor has described are painful as *we* look at them. But, from the circumstances of the case, many useful lessons present themselves. Let us seriously weigh a few:—

First of all—"DEATH" is specially mentioned as one of the great powers which cannot *separate* us from the love of God, which is in CHRIST JESUS our Lord. Death is the first thing Paul mentions (Rom. viii. 38): "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." Out of the ten expressions Paul mentions, it is remarkable that he puts death in the front of them all, because death is the most formidable to look at. It does separate us from the body, from friends, from all things belonging to time, to flesh, and to sense; but THE SALVATION of the ransomed of the Lord has its origin, its procurement, its revelation, its manifestations, its security, its perfection, its meetness, yea, its all in THE LOVE of GOD, which is IN CHRIST JESUS our Lord. Love laid the whole election of grace up in Christ before the world was; Love laid up all that constitutes salvation in Christ also: "Your life is hid with Christ in God;" there was the first of Love's great movements—choosing, laying, uniting, locking them all up in Christ. What was the second of Love's movements? "God so loved the world (because His Son made it; because His people were in it; because herein the SPIRIT was to work the new creation in the souls of His beloved family; because here the Son of God will be yet more wonderfully glorified; therefore) He sent His Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." What will be Love's final movement? "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also;" and, "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Nothing that may occur between Love's first and final movements will ever separate the Lord's people from that love which is in Christ, and which will draw them into that sea of love which never can cease to flow. Death has come to the Lord's true believing worshippers in all manner of forms. Look at the first in the Old, and the first in the New, Testament—Abel murdered by his own brother Cain; John the Baptist murdered by a wicked conspiracy. One of Paul's most comprehensive references to Christ's incarnation is Heb. ii. 14, where the apostle shews for whom and for what special ends our adorable LORD assumed our nature. He says: "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, HE also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might

"DESTROY HIM THAT HAD THE POWER OF DEATH,  
that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

In reviewing the Church's history, are there not millions of proofs that permissively Satan has had the power of death? Oh, how terrible, how cruel, how full of malice, and of mystery appear the deep-dyed slaughters of the saints! Who can those fearful scenes explore?

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

This one great lesson let us daily learn—it is not the time nor the manner of Death's seizure. It is life in the soul, eternal life, before Death opens the door to let it fly to its own native source; it is having CHRIST in the vessel; it is the possession and exercise of FAITH in the Son of God, the Redeemer, ere Death appears. Then—

"It matters not at what hour of the day  
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come  
To him untimely who is fit to die:  
The loss of this cold world, the more of heaven;  
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

Joseph Wilkinson's family and friends may *weep* over his loss, but they need not *wonder* why so suddenly, and, to them, so strangely, his parting time did come. For,

Secondly, "Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth?" Have not Christians believingly sung,

"Tho' plagues and deaths around me fly,  
Until He bids I cannot die?"

The Hebrew of Job's question reads two ways; yet both are true. "There *is* an appointed time, which is one common *warfare*, for man on the earth." "The whole life of man here is full of visible or invisible dangers. He passes the pikes every day." I travelled lately with the venerable Thomas Jones, of Broseley. He has long left his eightieth year behind him. Still he lives, thinks, prays, preaches, travels, has health and strength to labour. And looking to his God he sings—

"Who could hold me up but Thou?"

None! "The life of man is measured out by the will of God." Some men may cut their thread of life, but they cannot cut the thread of God's decree. But this unknown decree of God which measures our lives must not lessen our care to preserve our lives so long as the Almighty is pleased to enable us diligently to use the means. Good Joseph Wilkinson has not gone before his time. Let us, with resignation, chant the ancient solo, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Thirdly. What we call sudden deaths often have in them the warning voice, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Last of all, because my space is brief. Earnest, industrious, devoted, persevering men, like Joseph Wilkinson, often work their brain too hard. A great physician once said to me, "We all do work our brain too much!" Many young men come out from college, where they have strained their mental power to the utmost, and still, by night and day, they pursue their work incessantly, until the silver cord snaps,

and they are gone. Brother Joseph Wilkinson had lived to a ripe age; and now, instead of the thick atmosphere and constant care of his Barnsley life, he says:—

“ All o'er these wide-extending plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
Here God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.”

That we may be essentially, experimentally, and habitually prepared to depart and to be with Jesus, is the inwrought desire of CHARLES WATERS BANKS, of 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, August 10, 1878, who remembereth his Barnsley, Sheffield, and Rotherham friends with gratitude and prayer.

### LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

**J**ANE MARY ELIZA PRESTON, the beloved wife of Mr. D. C. Preston, was born in Germany, May 13, 1841. She first began to seek “the God of her mother” (as she said) at the early age of 5 years. When 8 years of age she went to boarding school, where she remained for a long period, still feeling after the Lord more or less until the age of 18, when a distressing circumstance occurred which caused her much sorrow. During this period of distress, the Lord drew very near to her, by speaking home to her heart this portion of Scripture: “Knowing that 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.” By the abiding application of these words, she was sustained and soothed so tenderly that she became “as a weaned child;” and though the sorrow remained for many years an open wound, oil was continually poured into the same, and her mind reconciled thereto.

Being a ward of Chancery, she was expected to attend the Church of England; but as the work of the Lord deepened in her soul, convincing her more and more of her utterly ruined state by original transgression and heart-depravity; and feeling certain that in nowise could she better her sad condition before a just and holy God, it caused her for a long time to feel very wretched and forlorn; and this wretchedness caused her secretly to hunt for Gospel food, such as she could not obtain where she regularly worshipped. After some time, she was graciously directed (apart from all human means) to Hill-street chapel, Dorset-square, on a Monday evening, where she listened with much deep soul-pleasure to a Christian brother in prayer. It was the very music she had been longing to hear; the very language just suited her experience; she felt she had found that living water that her thirsty soul had so long desired; for the first time she felt at home, and determined to hear the minister. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Foreman preached, and her soul was immediately knit to him by the Gospel he then proclaimed. Light, liberty, and joy were the result. Some time after this she was sorely attacked by Satan suggesting to her that, in consequence of her vile and polluted state before God, her case was hopeless.

Returning from chapel on one occasion, with this feeling of sad depression, she was suddenly surprised by an application of these sweet words to her soul: "Thou art all fair, My love, there is no spot in thee." This she called her "sealing time." Shortly after, having seen the Divine ordinance of believers' baptism, she made application for membership; and after following her Lord in that ordinance she was received as a member into the Christian Church at Mount Zion, and was favoured to drink sweet draughts of Gospel wine for a long period, until at last, with less enjoyment, she was brought to rest entirely (whether happy in the Lord, or mourning after His dear presence) on covenant love and Divine immutability, never harassed with doubts concerning the work of God in her soul, for which she was always very grateful. Sweetly did she enter into the truth as proclaimed by the late loved and highly-esteemed pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle, which was to her another Gospel home.

A short time since, when a heavy and deeply-distressing domestic trial came upon her, she was "joyful *in* tribulation;" so much so, that fears were entertained by some lest her mind should be overjoyed, and painful results follow. But when the troublous cloud was passing off, her greatest fear was that her dearest Lord was going to hide His sweet supporting presence; and, with this thought harassing her mind, she hastily sought her fond mother, crying out, "I fear He is going to leave me! Oh, no, Lord! no, Lord! pray don't leave me! I cannot bear it, Lord!" This was a never-to-be-forgotten period to both mother and daughter, and was a time, also, of rejoicing with those who shared the sorrows and the joys of that period.

Shortly after this, a bright future opened before her, and a happy union was formed with her dear husband, Mr. Preston. Things looked brighter, and brighter temporally, and the joy long desired was in near prospect. It came—but, ah how sad (we say), her son, her first-born, is taken straight home to glory. The mother mourns, and then utters the sweet lines of Erskine—

"Babes thither caught from womb and breast,  
Claimed right to sing above the rest,  
Because they found the happy shore  
They never saw nor sought before."

With other words, such as, "The first fruits shall be holy unto the Lord," &c. She then blessed the Lord for sparing her own life, and all looked as though her precious and valuable life would be spared. As days passed away, she was considered to improve, though slowly; but no *real* sleep caused great concern, and superior and additional medical aid was called, when her case was pronounced to be most critical. The night's rest which had been obtained for her by means of a sleeping-draught did not improve her condition as was expected. Dr. Braxton Hicks gave little or *no* hope. After this sad intelligence, her sorrowing mother said to her, "My darling, you are very ill." She looked up, and said, "Am I?" Little more was said by her at this time. Soon after, turning to her attendant (a godly woman), she took her hand; the nurse then said, "Dear Mrs. Preston, when my daughter was dying you gave me great comfort by what you said concerning her hope for eternity; and now, may I ask, 'What is your hope?'" Pressing the nurse's hand, and looking up in a remarkable manner, she replied—



“ My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness ;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.”

And immediately after repeated with glorious emphasis the whole of the 103rd Psalm, “ Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless His holy name,” &c. She then moved her dear lips in silent prayer. Afterwards, a much-loved friend present looked at her and said, “ Underneath are the everlasting arms.” She replied, “ *I feel them.*” From the time when she was informed she was very ill, the nurse observed her manner to be that of one dead to this world entirely. The announcement by the medical gentleman of “ little or no hope ” seemed to astonish every one but herself ; she was indeed

“ Calm amidst tempestuous motion,  
Feeling that her Lord was nigh.”

What solemn yet precious lessons are to be learned from her eventful life and her most peaceful end. At night, on August 6th, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesu's arms, without a struggle or a groan, and entered into full possession of her “ inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for her.” This sweet promise had been powerfully spoken to her heart some four years since, when she said to her dear mother, “ Ah, I have such an inheritance in reserve, whether I ever possess my earthly one or not.” She was visited by a few loving friends at the last, when her end was very near, amongst whom were Mr. Rundell and Mr. Mead, who could only look on her dear face and hold their peace, because “ The Lord had done it.” Her precious remains were interred in Nunhead Cemetery, on the 13th inst., in “ sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life,” in the presence of a numerous and sorrowing assembly who came to pay their last fond tribute of respect to her beloved memory ; when her minister, Mr. G. W. Shepherd, delivered a most suitable address.

“ I was dumb ; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.”

Impromptu lines written by the late Mrs. Preston, on receipt of a Christmas card from a friend, 1877 :—

“ The Lord knoweth them that are His.”

I know thee, child, in weal or woe,  
In sorrow, sickness, pain ;  
I know thee, and I know thy foe,  
And will his rage restrain.  
Know thee, to shield from fatal harm ;  
Know thee, to love and cheer ;  
Then lean upon My faithful arm,  
The same from year to year.  
Long ere I formed the rolling sea,  
Or land, or sky, or light,

My thoughts of love were set on thee,  
As lovely in My sight.  
In love I made thee feel the smart  
Of Moses' heavy yoke,  
Causing thy soul with fear to start  
At every word he spoke.  
Wonder and gladness filled thy breast  
When first I made thee prove  
The bounties of the Gospel feast,  
The riches of My love.

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GOD manifest in the flesh. Thus heaven and earth met and kissed one another.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Found on the table. "God's Help; or, Grandmother's Wedding Story," as given in the *British Workman* for August, is worthy to be seriously read by every newly-married pair. With "God's help" it might save many a poor man and woman from ruin.—"Come Up Hither" in *The Family Friend* (S. W. Partridge) is enough to make one's soul long to fly out of these dull and sinful dungeons which so becloud and bind us to the earth.—"Life and Religion Among the Jews" is faithfully sketched with pen and pencil in *Family Friend*. Captain Pagett's death is announced in August *Gospel Magazine*, and three verses of his hymn, which the Captain composed when he was delivered from fearful despondency, are so precious we here quote them:—

"So nigh, so very nigh, to God;  
I cannot nearer be;  
For in the Person of His Son,  
I am as near as He.  
So dear, so very dear, to God;  
More dear I cannot be;  
The love wherewith He loves the Son,  
Such is His love to me!  
Why should I ever careful be,  
Since such a God is mine?  
He watches o'er me night and day,  
And tells me, 'Mine is thine!'"

Dr. Doudney is happy in obtaining rich contributions for his good old monthly.—The sermon for the Jews, by C. H. Spurgeon, is given in August No. of *Sword and Trowel*. We hope Mr. Levinsohn will read it and take courage. Of gentle Christian hindrances Mr. Spurgeon says, "To my mind, baptismal regeneration is about as glaring a piece of Popery as there is to be found in the world; the Jews can hear that lie publicly taught in England;" ah! and many other lies as bad as that in nearly all the churches and chapels in this country. We are fast becoming a superstitious, loose, and lukewarm nation of idolaters. But the redeemed and regenerated Church of Christ has "a little strength;" she keeps His Word, and will not deny His name; hence He promises to keep her from that "hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." The narrative of the two slaves in *Sword and Trowel* we shall refer to in *Cheering Words*. [We require a thousand agents to scatter little *Cheering Words* everywhere.]

Poor pastor Standen Pearce underwent an operation in St. Thomas's hospital, and then died. In Richmond, Virginia, one Mr. Holmer, pastor of the first African Church, has gathered into a pro-

fession of Church membership an immense number of the coloured freedmen. Recently, one Sunday morning, he baptized no fewer than 580 persons. We cannot do that in England.—"Garibaldi on Popery" is given in *The Ventilator*, issued by C. W. Brabner, 150, Kingsland-road. It always gives forth sound counsel on vital subjects. Garibaldi says plainly, Popery is a cancer, an imposture; it is the smile of Satan; it rules by falsehood; it ruins souls; is a deceitful cloak."

*Green Leaves* for August has a full report of the memorial-day at Bow. Puts us in the shade.—That prolific Scotch writer, Gilfillan, after a little sickness, died at Brechin, August 13, aged 65; he must have been almost continually writing. Any man who diligently pursues the two offices of editor and minister has need of strong elastic brains: they frequently snap suddenly.—John Lindsey issues a fly-sheet for free circulation on Cardinal Manning's League Guards. It is another Gunpowder Treason Plot. John Lindsey is trying to give the alarm before they succeed in blowing Old England into the arms of the apostasy. From Linslade, Beds, this leaflet may be had. Also Mr. Lindsey's pamphlet on "Sabbath Breaking, and its Results." This national evil is, beyond all description, awful in London.

Books and papers on Cyprus, so numerous, so contradictory, we pause over them.—Dr. Ingram, of Sotland, is the oldest preaching clergyman in the world—is now 103 years of age. Severe criticism is useful, after a few sharp thrashings. We pray to be able to sing,  
"When we trust the wise Father,  
Who sees every jot,  
And who shapes for the best all our ways,  
Our work is His work; we shall stand in our lot;  
And we'll rest at the end of our days.  
We're sure that He'll see us right through it,  
Then we'll stand to our duty and do it."

"The Watchmen on the Walls; and the Woes of the Bad Workmen." Dark description. Look up, young men.—"More Light on Nunneries." Pastor Daniel Allen's *History of the Convent*, to Nos. 9 and 10, have reached us. It will be a perfect encyclopedia of the work and wickedness of Popery in all its secret and open movements. Mr. Allen pursues his work with courage and success.

We have read, from end to end, Mr. R. A. Lawrence's published sermon on *The Glory and Excellency of Jehovah*. It is an outline of the highest theme in the whole universe of theology. To fill up

this outline, our studious young cedar-like Lawrence might preach at least twelve full discourses. And, if the Lord is pleased to lead, anoint, and strengthen him, we should beseech of him to do so. He has skillfully drawn the plan. Let him now work it out. Under the tenth division on our Lord's glorious appearing he says,—

"I have often told you that I do not like the idea of the grave. I would rather go out of the world without passing through the grave. I would rather be alive when the Lord comes, as there is something so repelling in the wooden box and cold earth that we describe as 'burial.' But some of you may be saying, 'How shall I be found when He appears?' Well, if you love His appearing in a way of grace-manifestation now, you will certainly love it in the way of glory-manifestation by - and - bye. If, while seeing Him through the 'glass darkly,' such joy abounds in your soul, infinitely more joy will be felt by your spirit when, without the intermediate glass, you realise His glorious appearing, see Him face to face, and are made like Him. 'We beheld His glory,' says the inspired penman, but that was His glory in His humility; presently it shall be a glorious appearing indeed for those who are waiting on the tip-toe of expectation for His advent." There are thousands of clergymen and college-men who are hard up for subjects and for sermons. If this Gospel map was republished with the following title, "Suggestions for Twelve Gospel Discourses," multitudes of the Church's fishermen would be glad of such a comprehensive net.

"Heresy!" Mr. James Speirs sends us, with others to notice soon, one pamphlet, *Characteristics of the Religious Life of the Age*. By Robert Jobson. This gentleman's testimony is alarming for the religion of the present day. He declares plainly, "Heresy was, at one time, a thing to be dreaded and shunned, a plague-spot to be extirpated from the land. It is so no longer. Heresy is becoming quite fashionable. She proudly lifts her head in our colleges, cathedrals, and in the highest and humblest of our dissenting chapels. It may be very truly said of her as the poet said of vice:—

"Heresy is a monster of so frightful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Alas! it is even so. We New Testament Baptists are the only people who abide by the doctrines, ordinances, experiences, principles, and practices which the Almighty Lord God revealed unto

the prophets, which He more fully proclaimed by His Son and confirmed by His apostles. We are not perfect by any means. We are comparatively few, poor, unlettered, divided, persecuted, despised, declared to be in a rapid consumption, whose death-knoll is expected soon to sound, whose funeral many say will quickly banish us out of sight for ever. Yet we are not dead. We have an immense army of faithful preachers. We have some of the oldest chapels in the kingdom where the Gospel of Christ is still preached, and the commandments of the Great Master truly observed. We are building new chapels, increasing in our schools, and our anniversaries, all the country over, as we have witnessed, are seasons of rejoicing and demonstrations of power. And if the Holy Ghost would enable us more faithfully to carry out Christ's grand commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" if, with a burning zeal, a God-wrought faith, and an unctuous power, with Paul we could "make known what is the riches of the glory of that mystery, which is

"CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY," abiding by that Divinely-inspired declaration, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom," &c.—then assuredly we, or our successors, would behold that, in the Philadelphian Church dispensation, Jesus Christ, the Holy and the True, the Holder of the key of David, hath still set before us an open door which no man, no Pope, cardinal, or archbishop, no amalgamator, or compromiser shall ever shut. The editor of this EARTHEN VESSEL, the insignificant writer of these few lines, who has now known and sought the Lord over fifty years, would solemnly pronounce his conviction that it is a million times better to "have but a few names" in this Sardis state of the Church than to be surrounded by thousands of admirers, if by grace we may be kept from defiling our garments with any of the popular errors, if we may but walk with Jesus in the white and perfect robe of His righteousness, and if we may, through Mercy's mighty manifestation, by Him be counted "worthy." As for this eloquent Robert Jobson, we fear he is deep in the pit himself. But we expect to call him up for further examination.

*The Fountain*, on election, &c., comes out better than we expected.—*The Life and Experience of William Ridgeway*. To be had of him at his residence, Bourton-street, Aylesbury. "My only object," says W. Ridgeway, "in publishing the

following pages is the glory of God and the good of souls." How "the first plough was thrust into his heart to break up the foul ground of sin," how he travelled, preached, and prayed, is expressed in original lines; we wish to give extracts, if the author will allow; but we wait.—*Testimony to the Efficacy of Hydrophaty in the Cure of Disease.* (W. Tweedie & Co.) Grievously-afflicted persons should study the volume.—*George Herbert—His Life and Works.* We quite long to let our readers know some of the extraordinary experiences of this quaint old poet. O how he loved his Lord, although in trammels oft he walked. It must be true that Christ often lives in strange habitations here.

Review of John Wycliffe in *The Rock* demands our attention presently. We are pleased with the improvements in *The Rock* in every way. Toplady's centenary. *The Rock* tells us some one wished Mr. Ryle, Mr. Spurgeon, and Dr. Doudney to unite in getting up a celebration of Toplady's centenary. Mr. S. said he could not, the Canon would not, and the good Dr. alone concurs in signalling Aug. 11 by singing "Rock of Ages." We preached on the Rock, and sang "Cleft for me," with feelings not easily expressed.—*The Banner of Israel*, a penny weekly journal of high literary merit, calls "Cyprus our New Gate." *The Banner* is always instructive.—*Jehovah-Jesus, the Lover, Husband, and Glorifier of His Church.* A sermon by Thomas Bradbury. What a title. A subject most profound. A discourse of extraordinary dimensions.—Letters reach us expressive of the spiritual benefit derived from the perusal of Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's Narrative.

*Dr. Wylie's Speech on the Aggression of the Apostate Church in England and Scotland* is a bold testimony against the Governments and the sleepy Protestants during the last fifty years. We have seen the three unclean spirits growing fast; they are Popery, Infidelity, and a free-will secret persecution of the holy Gospel of Christ. We fear, with Dr. Wylie, "the crash of some terrible catastrophe" will fall on Great Britain if she awake not from her apathy and declension from the truth. Had we the means we would scatter Dr. Wylie's warning by millions.

Thomas Whittle, sen., the free-grace poet-laureate, has written two letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has published them with some *Free-Grace Rhymes on Scripture Subjects*, which are (not printed by, but) to be had of R. Banks, Racquet-court, and of Mr. Whittle, 5, Devonshire-terrace, London-road, Croydon. Our brother Thomas has been writing, preaching, and praying for more than fifty years; he is no novice, but the increase of error in the Churches has caused him to sharpen his sword afresh, and to come forth as a champion in defence of his Redeemer's honour. We wish to give our readers some specimens of our brother Whittle's poems, but must defer them unto a more convenient season; meanwhile, we hope this edition will all be cleared off, and (as regards the printing) a second and much improved edition will be speedily issued.

*The Remembrancer* is always stored with the finest of the wheat.—*The Gardeners' Magazine* is in its glory now. Some of our friends are highly delighted with it.

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### THE DEITY ADORED.

THE ever-sounding wave,  
The all-devouring sea,  
Are chained within the limits fixed,  
Almighty Power, by Thee.  
Thro' every land and clime,  
Where comes Thy glorious light;  
Greater Thy love than thought can reach,  
Or tongue or pen recite.  
Thou rainest blessings down  
In never-failing store,  
And ceaseless happiness will grant  
When waning time is o'er.  
We see Thy hand abroad,  
In earth, in sea, and skies,  
Welling, Kent.

And boundless excellence and love  
All nature testifies.  
As often in review  
We glance on long past days,  
Inspired with gratitude and awe,  
Our hearts would burst with praise,  
Vainly shall doubts assail,  
For well we know that Friend  
Who for us died, still lives again,  
To keep us to the end.  
In firm reliance set  
On Thee, our gracious all,  
Our happy souls shall patient wait  
Till Thou be pleased to call!

WILLIAM BRAZIER.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## "A SON OF PRAYER."

*Outlines of a Sermon on the London Itinerant Baptist Ministers' Association.*

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

"And the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son."—Luke 1. 13.

THAT "God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform" was experienced by Zacharias, the priest, mentioned in our text. It was a subject of great sorrow among the Jews when, a few years after their marriage, they had no children. Still there is a law which permits the Jews to be divorced from their wives if, after a few years from their marriage, they have no children. Zacharias, the priest, and his wife, have grieved because the Lord has not given them a child; they have, therefore, prayed very earnestly unto Him to whom nothing is too hard to do to satisfy them in their request, and give them a child. God, who never despiseth the prayers of His children, or ever turns away from hearing them, has in mercy heard the groanings, longings, and sighs of his servant Zacharias and his handmaid Elizabeth. As he was earnestly praying, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said, "Thy prayer is heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son; and thou shalt call his name John."

We observe, in this wonderful history of the birth of John, that he was a *son in answer to prayer*. And the Lord who, in sovereign mercy, heard and answered the prayer of Zacharias, did not only give them a son, but the son given to them was a distinguished prophet, and the forerunner of the Lord of lords and the King of kings. John was born for a great purpose—to *prepare the first advent of Christ* (Matt. iii. 1). He was born about six months before Christ. We notice, also, in the history of this wonderful man of prayer, that his life and work was of a peculiar character.

In the first place, we observe that the office of John was a *very difficult one*, for John had to stand up against the learned of his age and defy all that was opposed to the will of God. We may well suppose that it was no easy matter for him to stand against the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Herodians; neither was it an easy matter for him to stand before the chief governor, and rebuke him of his immoral life, &c. And we notice, a little further, that the office of John was not only difficult, but it was also of *profound humility*. He grew up in solitude, and when thirty-two years of age he began to preach in the *wilderness*—to call people to repentance. His manner of life was solitary and austere, he subsisted on locusts and wild honey.

Not only was the office of this child of prayer a difficult one, and one of profound humility, but it was also an office of *distinguished honour*; John "prepared the way"

for the advent of the Lord of lords and King of kings.

Looking at the history of the London Itinerant Strict Baptist Ministers' Association, we are reminded of the years gone by when there was no such society in existence, when many Churches in the country, of the Strict Baptist denomination (who could not afford to support a minister), were often deprived of hearing the ever-blessed Gospel of the grace of God. Many poor Churches have, therefore, lifted up their hearts heavenward, entreating the Most High to send them men of truth who shall be able to occupy their various pulpits. The Lord has in mercy heard the earnest prayers of His people, and has inclined the hearts of some of His servants to form themselves into a society, and to go forward by His command wherever they might be called to preach the Gospel of sovereign grace. Thus far, we think, we are perfectly justified in calling that noble society a *son of prayer*, for we firmly believe that the formation of such a society has been purely in answer to the many prayers offered up by the Churches. Furthermore, we must also observe that the work of the London Itinerant Baptist Ministers' Association is a *very difficult work*, for, as John found his work to be difficult to stand up against the doctrines and practices of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians, so the members of this association find the necessity of being firm in the principles of their faith, of being pure in doctrine, and of exposing the teachings of false prophets, for we still have around us the Pharisee, who thinks that he must always do some work or other in order to complete his salvation. Alas! how many thousands dishonour the Lord of lords by endeavouring to work out a salvation with the toil of their own hands, not knowing that Christ has done all things well. We have also the Sadducees, who are quite on the opposite side, who do not believe enough, for the Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection. Alas! how many thousands are around us dishonouring our Saviour by believing too little; some go even so far as to disbelieve in the Divine nature of our blessed Lord, and many more awful doctrines. We have also the Herodians, who are neither like the Pharisee nor Sadducee, who don't do too much nor too little, but care for nothing, and these Herodians are known to us by the modern title of Rationalists, who seem to live entirely to themselves, care not for God nor for His Son, but live eating and drinking and making themselves joyful. Against all these classes of men the members of the London Itinerant Baptist Ministers' Association must stand up and teach the pure doctrines of the sovereign grace of God, of justification by faith in Jesus Christ.

Seeing, then, that the work of the members of this society is of a difficult character, we firmly hope that the Churches of Christ will earnestly pray on behalf of this society,

that the difficult work may be performed in the fear of the Lord, and that the blessing of the Lord may rest on all their labours.

The work of this society is not only of a difficult character, but also one requiring profound humility. Surely *humility* must be the virtue of the preacher of Christ! How grand the example the Master has left us on humility! It is with much pleasure and gratitude that we have learned that the spirit of humility reigns amongst the members of this society, who go forward from time to time without any price for their labour, and deprive themselves of home comfort, leaving their beloved families, &c. Surely, when we consider their privations, their patience, their difficulties, and hardships, we can only pray, with all the earnestness of a Christian—"Lord, bless the London Itinerant Baptist Ministers' Association." And, as we have already observed that the work of the society is difficult and of profound humility, we may also add that it is a *work most honourable*. It was an honour to John to prepare the way for the first advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the members of this noble society are engaged in that glorious work—preparing the way for the second advent of the King *Emmanuel*, they are engaged in fulfilling the Divine command, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith the Lord." Having thus briefly noticed the real work of the society, which I love with a strong affection, we sincerely trust that the blessing of the Lord will rest upon each member and upon the society collectively.

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross!  
Lift up His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall be led,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.  
Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be,  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally."

AMERSHAM.—Our ancient Baptist chapel, which has existed more than 200 years, looked cheerful on Monday, August 12, 1878, which was a pleasant anniversary day. We were filled up with friends from the district around us. Brother George White, of Newland, conducted the devotional services in afternoon, and we had two discourses from brother C. W. Banks. Our pulpit is supplied by brethren S. Toovey, and others from Chesham—and very kind and useful ministers these brethren are; but A'saph's prayer doth fit us well, and often we cry out, "Return, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." We understand the history of this most blessed old cause will be given in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. We ask for the prayers of our sister Churches.—MARAHA.

## LETTERS FROM MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others Worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—Again I can report to you improvement in my health, though still it is very slow, scarcely any difference can be seen from day to day; a little may be seen from week to week; but when August 2 is compared with July 2, a considerable improvement is clearly seen. We had hoped the progress would have become more rapid, but such does not yet appear to be the case; all is done that can be done as far as human skill and attention can go; all results rest with Him who, with or without means, can heal when He pleases. It is a great cause of thankfulness that such changes as have taken place have been favourable; there has been as yet no drawback or relapse; besides, there are many comforting considerations that make one desire to wait the Lord's fixed time in preference to seeking, even if such a thing were in any way possible, to hasten any result. Among these are the much sweet intercourse, the many profitable lessons, and the establishing meditations that the Lord Himself specially favours me with making me feel that I am still under His sacred and watchful care. I hope that these distinguishing favours may never be forgotten, or the sweet relish of them lost so long as life may last. Theu, again, there is the comfortable consciousness that all my future is in His hands. I am as truly serving Him in bearing His will as in preaching His Word, or in fulfilling the duties of this life; and I may, and will, be satisfied to be at such place and in such circumstances as His infinite wisdom and goodness have for the present arranged for me, especially as I am both led and helped to believe that the present and the future have a bearing; and in His time and way shall shew an effect upon each other which shall be to the praise of His name, to the good of His Church, and my own spiritual well being; of all this I feel so well assured, that my desire is that no feeling should exist in my heart, nor any word rise to my lips, but such as shall be expressive of thankfulness, satisfaction, and patient expectations. Oh, that you with me may say feelingly, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."

I am, my dear friends,  
Yours very truly,  
WM. CROWTHER.

Field house, Gomersal,  
August 2, 1878.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others Worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I think I may now report myself as in a fair way for the recovery of my health, as I am now able to remain up the greater part of the day, and to take short walks and enjoy the beauty and

freshness of the light and air. I am in one sense a prisoner at large, my liberty depending on its being carefully used; so far I have taken no cold, nor experienced any drawback, but am gaining strength daily. If this continue to be the case, it is proposed, God willing, that I leave home on Thursday next, for some weeks' stay in Reichy, in France, the expectation of my doctors being that the use of the waters there will enable me to return home in September fit for labour. Of course all this entirely depends on the will of our God, to whom I have said, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence," and to whom also I do not doubt you will commend my case in the same sense; my own feeling is, that my God has been so wonderfully gracious to me in all my affliction that I would infinitely prefer being where He is pleased to show His presence with affliction than in paradise itself without His guiding care and His cheering smile; but the great goodness which He has showed emboldens me to believe that He intends to direct my future for good in the way of restoration to health. I believe my work is not yet done, for I cannot think the lessons and instructions God has been giving me are not for mere private consumption, but are intended to furnish matter for future testimony for the comforting of the living family of God in their afflictions and temptations. I cannot say that doctrinally there has been any addition to my creed; but there has been a wonderful confirmation of the vital, spiritual, eternal truth of that which I have tried to preach and explain, accompanied with such practical and experimental illustration of their personal application and realised value in the soul, that it seems to convey the assurance that I must again tell of the things which I have seen, and tasted, and handled connected with the Word of life, and thus be able, with especial emphasis, to repeat that we have not followed cunningly-devised fables, and that the Gospel we preach we received it not of man, nor by man, but by revelation of Jesus Christ.

Hoping, if the Lord will, to write you again in a fortnight, and commending you to God,

I am, my Christian friends,

Yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal.

August 9, 1878.

#### CUCKFIELD BAPTIST CHAPEL.—

A tea was given by Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Mr. M., since the death of our beloved pastor, G. Field, has taken the Bible class. Tea was given to the members of the Bible class. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Boxall, Virgo, Martin, Brackall, and Davis. We trust our dear brother Martin may long be spared to us; may God bless him abundantly in his work of faith and labour of love. He has been with us and his dear wife for many years, useful and beloved by all who attend the chapel; he usually preaches on Tuesday evening. We hope the Lord will send us another pastor after His own heart in due time.

SOUTH CHARD, JULY 30, 1878.

[A Note to R. G. Edwards.]

KIND MINISTERING BROTHER,—Saw your photo in Wellington villa, and we talked over your labours, in this lovely part, where Nature unfolds her beauties, and where the lucid springs, the distant hills, the variegated gardens, the fruitful orchards, the quiet lanes, all celebrate our Redeemer's praise, without the least thought of hypocrisy or the smallest atom of guile. Unlike our fallen nature, Creation is content to be where and what her Maker designed; she ministers to man's necessities without ostentation, she endures storms, hurricanes, wintry blasts, and scorching suns without complaints; and although Paul's testimony is true, that "the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now," yet she never runs about proclaiming her sorrows; but submissively receives the chastisement sin has entailed upon her, and to her lordly stewards, who wisely use her, she gladly giveth the fruits of her travail. The graves which hold the dust of those you lost when here are faithful to the charge committed unto them;

And when the dead in Christ shall from the deeps arise,  
You'll see in brighter forms those precious to your eyes.

South Chard Baptist chapel still stands in its reticent corner; it is as clean, as modest, as innocent-looking as ever; father and mother Wellington, brother Drake, and more have emigrated to another colony; but here is still a seed to serve the Lord, and a generation to call Him blessed. The widow Drake has found her husband's God to be unto her a very present help in trouble; that devoted orphan, that earnest Ruth-like helper in Christ's cause, which for many years we have known as "the Lydia of South Chard" (you know I mean Miss Wellington), still holds on her way, her heart and soul are in the Gospel, in the school, in the Church; and for the much seed she has sown, for the cups of cold water she has given, for the many poor servants of Christ she has cared and provided for, for the virtuous and Martha-like testimony she has so long borne to the efficiency and efficacy of Christ's own Gospel, we are all certain she shall in no wise lose her reward, neither will the silk-working superintendent with all his friends, who instrumentally are a real blessing to the rising race, which is numerous, healthy, and fast rising up in life.

Their pastor, our godly brother William Shepherd, of Exeter, has been ministering to them now over fourteen years, is as acceptable and as profitable to them as ever. My valet who came with me to the station (who is to be united to the family if he is a good boy; he) said to me, "All our people are very fond of Mr. Shepherd;" so they are, for he lives in the love of God, has been baptized into the likeness of Christ's death, and is a plant of the Father's own right hand planting. From the city of Exeter yesterday (where in Zoar chapel we had two Gospel services) I trained it to Chard Junction. The good

Shepherd met me; through the shady poetic lades, over the peaceful river, we trudged it. Lydia and her niece gave us a good dinner. In chapel we found scholars all waiting, held happy intercourse, then, with banners and singing, in orderly and correct procession we marched off to the farmer's field; tea was given to the children, and to a large company of friends; the evening service in the chapel was cheerful. Thus closed another South Chard Sunday school anniversary, and, as far as I can judge, it was a day for which some were grateful. These little notes I pencil down while (under the Salisbury hills) the S. W. joggles me with a miserable hurley-burley. Go on, good lad, to sow the seeds of truth, the harvest is at hand. May we then be gathered into the garner. So prayeth C. W. B. [Of Exeter, some few words in the future.]

**WARE, HERTS.**—Our friends held annual meeting on July 18. Mr. Flack occupied the pulpit in the afternoon, and appeared quite at home. In evening Mr. Shepherd preached on the chariot of Solomon; he did not seem so free in his utterance as in some sermons we have heard him deliver; however, it was heart-cheering. We could not but think with great pleasure of the happy opening of this cause of truth when Mr. Flack baptized sixteen believers, and the beloved pastor, Mr. Sampford, was one of the number. Mr. C. W. Banks that day was well up in his work, and did good service in the pulpit, and which the Ware folks will long remember. Our dear old friend Bird, whose soul is now in glory, took part in the service. "The Rural Shepherd," a small publication of the period, contains the whole of that memorable day's proceedings. Mr. Sampford still labours in this house of prayer as the pastor, and we may say without flattery that he is in the highest sense a worthy man, and we wish him and his friends lasting prosperity.—**W. WINTERS**, Waltham Abbey.

**DEVON.**—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS.**—In bonds that never bend nor break to the will or power of fallen man nor men, having been settled by a three-one God before time, or Adam was made from the dust; hence those vast settlements of grace are older than Adam's sin, or the age of angels, for whom, and by whom, and to whom, every vessel of mercy afore prepared, sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Jesus Christ, amidst the ruins of the fall, and effectually called by the Divine person, God the ever-blessed Spirit, will for evermore give all the glory. Allow me to greet you, through this medium, to Devonshire. May the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush bless both you and them by and through your visit. I am waiting to see what the Lord will do for me and with me. The waters through which I am passing are deep, and the way is often dark and rough. Were it not for His never-failing faithfulness, I should almost give up. Hitherto He has been my help. Praise His name.

#### TESTIMONIAL TO MR. MEAD AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

Monday evening, July 29, 1878, a meeting was held of a very pleasing nature. When Mr. Mead, who, with the assistance of Mr. Boulden, conducted the prayer meeting, had pronounced the concluding benediction, Mr. Boulden requested the congregation to remain for a short time, as our good brother Walter wished to address them for a few minutes.

Mr. Walter then made a few remarks, of which the following is the substance:—

"My dear Christian friends,—It has done our souls good to once more listen to the good old truths as enunciated by our brother Mead this evening. Where can we ever find, or when shall we ever wish for, a better Gospel than we have just listened to? And have we not many times blessed the Lord for giving us such a man to speak to us on a Monday evening? Some people say it is only a prayer meeting, but may the people at the Surrey Tabernacle never think lightly of that inestimable Christian privilege. For seven years our good brother Mead presided at the Monday evening meeting, and warmed our hearts with love to the blessed truths he was enabled to bring before us, thus helping us on our Christian pathway. It had been on my mind for some time that we ought in some way to shew our gratitude to God and our love to His servant by making him some slight testimonial. I mentioned it to one or two, thinking we might get a few pounds together, not because he needed it, but to shew in some humble way our appreciation of him for his work's sake. I have had many responses, more by far than I anticipated, and the result is what you see before us this evening; and I have very great pleasure in presenting our dear brother Mead, on behalf of the many friends who contributed, a clock and a purse of money."

The timepiece was a very handsome, though, at the same time, a plain and massive piece of workmanship. The cost of the present, the writer was given to understand, was the same as the amount in the purse. It has a brass tablet at its base, bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to Mr. John Mead, by the friends of the Surrey Tabernacle, with a purse of thirty sovereigns, as a token of their love and esteem; he having presided over the prayer meeting for seven years. July 29, 1878."

Mr. Mead in replying, said the first time he ever attempted to speak from a portion of God's Holy Word, was in that vestry in April, 1809. The text was 1 John ii. 27. He has gone on to the best of his ability ever since. He had often said he would not stand up to speak again, but repeated testimonies from the Lord's people of the Word being blessed through his humble instrumentality, determined him to go on. He certainly did not need this manifestation of their kindness to convince him of their affection for him, for he knew they loved him. He should ever remember this evening, and should highly prize the handsome present. It should never



be parted with, it should never go out of the family, it should go down to his son, and his son's sons, as a memento of their attachment to him. He felt it to be a great honour to be associated with the saints of God, and to be able to serve them, though in a very humble way. After thanking the friends most heartily, and making some further remarks touching upon his first coming among them, he concluded by expressing his earnest desire that the Lord would abundantly bless the Surrey Tabernacle, and that it may be filled with anxious inquirers after the truth.

The meeting then dispersed, many of the friends crowding round our good brother to shake him by the hand, and to wish him God-speed.

Dulwich.

J. C. L.

HIGHBURY VALE is as poetical in its sound as it is picturesque and beautiful in real location. In the midst of a respectable clump of buildings in Gillispie-road stands a neat little chapel, the property of Mr. J. Whitteridge, "the minister of the place." We hope Mr. W. will live long to enjoy the fruit of his labour. It has not proved always well that the pastor should be the proprietor; but there are exceptions to the general rule. While the truth is maintained in Gillispie-road chapel, all lovers of God's Word will thank God that He put it into the heart of Mr. Whitteridge to build a house for such a purpose. The neighbourhood is quite new; consequently the chapel will be a boon to many when all the buildings become inhabited. The opening took place July 17; sermons were preached by Mr. S. Mitchen-hall, Mr. A. Brandon, and on July 21 by Mr. Whitteridge, on the 23rd Mr. Inward preached to a select gathering from Isaiah viii. 17, which text he divided thus—1. The people who are here foreviewed—the house of Jacob. 2. The absence of God, that hideth His face from the house of Jacob. 3. The presence of the Interposer. A public meeting was then held, when the subject of Paul's dwelling two whole years in his own hired house was hinted at by the speakers, and which was the basis of the opening sermon, by which Mr. Whitteridge realised a warrant to pursue his onerous course. The brethren who took part were Messrs. Whitteridge, Oakey, Bennett, White, Wheeler, Hall, Inward, and W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

PRESTON.—Our anniversary was a good day; we are a small congregation, but we collected £11 4s. 7d., for which we were heartily thankful. In the morning, I spoke from, "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." In the evening, we had for our text, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I love to preach from the invitations of God's Book, they speak with an inviting voice to poor sensible sinners. We closed the day by singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—THOS. CHARLEY.

### HAPPY REFLECTIONS.

"A wake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from thee,  
His lovingkindness, Oh! how free."

What an exceedingly sweet hymn writer was Medley! About most of his poetic effusions there is a pathos which, at times, clings to one most tenaciously. I think he must have drawn largely upon and lived very near to Him about whom it was his delight to sing, for he discovered, we find on one occasion (to use his own words), and many a believer has taken up his strain—

"My springs are all in Thee."

Without doubt, many of his productions were the result of deep experimental feelings, for

"The bird that soars on highest wing  
Low on the ground doth build its nest."

At the anniversary of Sturry Baptist chapel, Monday, August 5, Mr. Charles Hancock, the pastor, opened the service by giving out the hymn the first verse of which is at the head of this paper; it was most harmoniously sung to the melodious strains of the tune "Kindness," a tune so nicely expressive of, and specially suited to, this glorious Gospel sonnet. I have often heard the hymn sung, and joined in this delightful acclamation of praise, but never before did the words seem so full of meaning. I think I shall never forget the impression made on my mind when those two lines were sung—

"And though I have Him oft forgot,  
His lovingkindness changes not."

Their echo reverberated upon my soul for days. It is not often one is favoured with so much enjoyment. I recollect some years ago, at Unicorn-yard chapel, hearing that well-known hymn sung—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

I never before, or since, heard it with such pleasure and sweetness. It was, indeed, a most delightful commencement to a day which proved to be a spiritual feast to many. After reading and prayer, C. W. Banks delivered a most discriminating discourse, showing the difference between sons and servants, taking for his text Ezek. xlvi. 10, 17.

In the afternoon, Mr. B. Baker, the much-loved pastor of Bethersden Baptist chapel, gave us a discourse full of consolation for the third-part people who are passing through the fire.

In the evening, C. W. Banks gave his lecture on "The Triumphs of Grace," which was listened to with breathless attention. The lecture, which was full of fresh incidents, took one hour and a quarter in delivery, the large audience hanging upon the lips of the speaker with evident delight.

I was glad to see such a marked improvement in the chapel. I rejoiced to see such an excellent staff of young people who take an interest in the place and neighbourhood. I thought I could work with a people like that. Go on, young men, in the strength of the Lord, and if you can—induce the halt, the blind, and the lame to come in—such is the advice of

J. W. B.

**WATFORD.—BRULAH.** As a Church and people we desire to record the goodness of our covenant God in favouring us on August 5 with a good anniversary. The heavens on the previous night were covered with dark and threatening clouds; but the morning broke forth, the clouds were dispersed, the sun shed forth his cheering beams, giving us literally to prove the truth of the poet's lines,—

"The Lord can clear the darkest skies," &c.

We had the pleasure of greeting Christian friends from the great metropolis by road. A two or three hours' ride out of the smoky, noisy city, through the charming scenery, and invigorating air to Watford, proved both beneficial and pleasing to our friends, as well as cheering to ourselves. Five or six vehicles brought upwards of sixty friends from Chadwell-street, and Soho, Oxford-street. This pleasure was damped on the return journey, for rain poured down some time before our friends could reach home, reminding us there is not below a rose without a thorn, a pleasure without a pain. We were also encouraged by the gathering together of many friends from Harrow, Pinner, Stanmore, St. Albans, Berkhamstead, King's Langley, Abbot's Langley, Bedmond, Chesham, and other places. All could not gain admission. Services were opened with singing,

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

Mr. Hazelton preached a comprehensive sermon from Ephes. ii. 15, on the grand old theme of reconciliation to God by the Mediator's blood, showing how Jehovah's immutability is sustained, and the Church perfectly, honourably, and universally saved by the blood of God's great Son. A good dinner was then partaken of. In afternoon, brother Jno. Box preached to a full house from Heb. xii. 3, wherein was pointed out two evils attendant upon racers and pilgrims to Zion—namely, "faintness and weariness," and the remedy provided against the same—namely, a gracious consideration of the person, work, and sympathies of the blessed Redeemer. About 200 friends took tea. In the evening brother Box directed our attention to an interesting and instructive subject founded on the words, "Until his time came, the Word of the Lord tried him;" pointing out the favoured character to whom secrets were revealed, whose pathway was tribulation, but whose destiny was honour and exultation." A happy day was closed by singing.

"Once more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name;"

and the friends dispersed to their various homes, we trust in safety under our Father's protection. £18 were realised as the proceeds of the day.—G. BURRELL.

**HAMPSTEAD.—T. M. J.** is wise. We wish to insert his note. The high character accorded to Mr. Green is admirable. The necessity of a new chapel, a better position, and something more, all true enough. But who will set about it?

#### MR. EDGERTON'S SERMONS AT WEST END.

Tring Ebenezer chapel Sabbath school anniversary sermons were preached, July 14, by Mr. Edgerton (formerly pastor), now settled over the Church at Beccles, where the late George Wright so long and honourably laboured. The morning theme was John xi. 48, the Master, the Master's coming, and the Master's call. Christ was shown to be the sole Master of the Church, and His various ways of coming to quicken, liberate, sanctify, and render the Christian useful were spoken upon. The call was personal, present, and powerful, leading the sin-burdened to trust in the finished salvation provided for all who believe. The call of Christ must be heard by all at the last great day. In afternoon sermon in Luke i. 66: "What manner of child shall this be?" Mr. Edgerton showed the importance of this question as applied to our scholars, assigning as reasons for the same: 1. The too often unfavourable home influences exerted by irreligious parents. 2. The encouraging examples of early piety in Scripture. 3. The child's immortality. 4. Its consequent destiny, either in bliss or woe. 5. The claims of the Church, the demands of the age, and the threatening dangers arising from error around us. In concluding he showed that the converting, guiding, restraining, and supporting hand of the Lord could alone insure a satisfactory answer to the question. In evening Mr. E., with much liberty, preached from "The great mystery of godliness." Sweet and inspiring pieces were sung by the scholars, accompanied by the harmonium, which was well played by Mr. Clark, who has done his best to train the infant voices. Congregations good.

On Monday the scholars met in the chapel, address given by Mr. Edgerton. Subject: The Book of Life.—Life was compared to a book. 1. As a record of thoughts and deeds. 2. An autobiography. 3. Varying in size and number of volumes; so life's tale is written in short lives very often. 4. A copy is given to write from—even Christ. 5. The book will soon be finished, and nothing but the blood of Jesus can remove its blots. A procession was formed and led to West Leith meadow; tea and pastimes were provided. Tring Temperance band played a selection of sacred airs. At the close the scholars gathered round Mr. Edgerton, who, after addressing a few words to them, called upon them to give hearty vocal thanks to the friend who had lent the meadow, which was done. A hymn was sung, prayer offered, the scholars formed in procession, and marched back to the starting place, having spent one of the happiest days in the history of Tring West End Sunday school.

A WITNESS.

**KETTERING.**—It cheers us to learn Mr. Marsh's ministry, and the Church under his care, progress in peace. Why is not the Kettering Strict Baptist Church enrolled in the Year Book?

**STEPNEY.—CAVE ADULLAM.** Our brother Mr. George Reynolds has laboured very assiduously in this corner of Zion for some years, and several friends and ministerial brethren gathered together on the evening of August 13 to encourage him in his work and labour of love. At public meeting Mr. Reynolds occupied the chair, and gave, in his opening address, a clear and concise account of his present position as pastor, and of certain Bible truths which are but feebly grasped by many and yet tenaciously held by himself, and it did us good to hear with what simplicity and openness he delivered himself. We hope we shall not do wrong in saying that probably Mr. Reynolds is not yet half understood by many for one main reason, because he is a reading man, and consequently a full man, a thinking man, and a free man, one who has a judgment of his own on Bible subjects especially; he has his own peculiar style of expressing it, a privilege no one has a right to deny him. We have no wish to imitate or patronise Mr. Reynolds in anything foreign to truth, and we are sure he has no wish to propagate anything contrary to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. It is a surprising fact that in the present day men of thought are not valued according to their merit, or the pastor of the "Cave" would realise a larger support. It may be the case yet with him as with the Prime Minister, who, when he first entered on his Parliamentary career, the Members of the House would not hear him; but he said, in effect, that the day was coming when they should hear him, and it has come to pass. W. Winters was called upon first to address the meeting after the chairman had resumed his seat, and was followed by Mr. J. Inward who powerfully spoke on the great work of the Holy Spirit in the sinner's soul. Mr. C. Gordelier spoke much to the purpose on the heart being established with grace, and not with mere fancies of the brain. This speech provoked the chairman to clear himself of not being guilty of simply preaching fancies instead of solid truth. Mr. M. Branch brought up the rear with some few remarks on sound, practical, and experimental religion. The meeting closed to the apparent satisfaction of all present, and we hope to the praise of God. —W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

**ENFIELD.—R. Alfrey** says:—"The Church and friends at Providence Baptist chapel, Enfield-highway, Middlesex, held fifteenth anniversary the 30th July, 1878. We are thankful to many friends who by their presence and liberality encouraged us all. In afternoon, brother Meeres preached blessedly from Solomon's Song, under the various heads of the discourse, as 'The Rock, the Desire,' &c., which, we trust, were owned and blessed by the Lord, to the comfort and encouragement of many present. Friends then took tea. At evening meeting, brother Meeres was moderator; brethren Winters, Bowles, Hall, Samford, and Holland delivered addresses. We thanked God, and took courage."

**HIGH WYCOMBE.**—For near 200 years—since 1680—there has been a Baptist Church assembling in Newland, High Wycombe. From 1685, and onward, was a time of awful trial to all Dissenters. They could only then assemble at midnight or at early dawn. Ah! the poor Puritans suffered severely then. They had to meet in disguise; no psalm could be sung; no preacher's loud voice must be heard. Such a man as Thomas Stringer, in those days, would have been in prison, if not in the flames, in no time. In 1687, King James II. issued "A Declaration of Indulgence," removing all restraints on Nonconformity, and in 1688, a real revolution came in, and Dissenters met together in many parts. Among them were some worthies at High Wycombe, and in the Newland district they planted a home for the Lord. We expect to give some account of this ancient Particular Baptist Church. Its 198th anniversary was celebrated July 14 and 16. A beautiful sermon was preached by Mr. G. White, and three discourses were delivered by C. W. Banks. Mr. F. G. Burgess presided over the public meeting, who was well supported by Messrs. Scott, White, Ridgeway, H. Webb Smith, and others. The tea gathering was a splendid sight. The Newland ladies and friends served up such a choice and excellent variety of provisions, that the numerous assemblage were all well prepared to sing, "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food." For many years this dear old mother in Israel—Newland Baptist cause—has been hanging her harp on the willows. We hope all the ministers and friends of the New Testament Churches will help her to take her harp down, that she may sing Psalm ciii., even down to ver. 5: "Who satisfeth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Amen. We thank the friends from Thame, Maidenhead, Marlow, Askett, Wooburn-green, Aylesbury, and other parts, who came to cheer us in our day of hope.

**KING'S CROSS.**—Special services were held in Ebenezer Baptist chapel, Caledonian-road, on August 4 and 5. Prayer meeting at 7 and 10 o'clock; brethren C. W. Banks, R. A. Lawrence, and W. White (pastor) preached encouraging discourses; many of Zion's pilgrims were made glad and rejoiced in their Saviour. Brother Bardens, of Hayes, preached on Monday afternoon. The friends filled the house of prayer. At public meeting, brother Meadows prayed earnestly. Brethren Bolton, Carpenter, Bardens, Whittridge, Leach, Woodrow, Benzley, Oakley, and White spoke cheering words to the tried people of God. On Wednesday, Aug. 14th, our pastor baptized three believers from Peckham, one over 70 years of age; all three brought under the sound of the Gospel preached at Peckham by our brother. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

**WALSHAM-LE-WILLOWS.**—We have had James Lock to help us in the ministry; but since John Andrews left us, we have not been settled.

ILLNESS AND DEATH  
OF MR. JOHN HOLMAN;

ALSO OF  
MR. THOMAS RAY.

The late John Holman was brought up under the sound of the Gospel from his infancy, but it had no power over him until about six years ago, when the Lord convinced him in a powerful way of his state as a sinner, and his need of a Saviour. He commenced attending Matfield chapel, under the ministry of Mr. Bilton. He was brought into Gospel liberty, and was baptized.

In the providence of God he was removed to Riverhead. One day, not feeling well, he came home and told his wife this Scripture had been powerfully impressed on his mind, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." He gradually decayed. The last time he attended public worship was March, 1878. Mr. McCure was to preach at Knockholt. Although ill, he desired to hear him. His wife hired a trap and took him there; he got on well with Mr. McCure. Soon after, he kept his bed altogether; he was much distressed in body; his mind was calm, but he wanted another manifestation of the love of Jesus to his soul. One evening he was in such a state of delight, he called for his wife and his mother, and taking one in each hand, asked them to help him to bless and praise that blessed Jesus who had forgiven him, redeemed him, and was now shedding abroad His love in his soul. He said, "I can't half praise Him for His mercy." His countenance beamed with delight; this lasted about two hours; he then continued in a calm state of mind; often, when suffering agonising pain, he would say, "Dear Lord, do give me patience; don't let one murmur escape my lips, but take me to Thyself as soon as Thy appointed time is come." Mr. Dray, of Sevenoaks, gave him much consolation; his prayers seemed so suitable to him. As he got weaker, his desire increased to be gone; he told his wife that as soon as the breath was out of his body, to call them together and sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," for that would be a blessing indeed. Once about to leave him, I said, "Well, John, if I don't see you any more alive, what shall I tell your friends when they inquire after you?" He replied, "Tell them I am in heaven; saved alone by the precious love and blood of a crucified Christ."

On the evening of May 25, he breathed his last, and was buried at Riverhead church on May 30, followed by relatives and friends, including, his father-in-law, Mr. Ray, Baptist minister, who engaged to preach his funeral sermon, on June 16; but man proposes, but God frustrates; for on the following Sunday, June 3, while preaching at Lamberhurst, the Lord suddenly and powerfully laid His afflicting hand on him; he was conveyed home, put to bed, and in two days was numbered with the dead. I was with him during the night of June 10. I was requested by his dear wife to put a question to him to ascertain if he was

conscious, and also the state of his mind. I said, "Are you in much pain?" He replied, "Yes, very much." I said, "How is your mind?" He said, "Dull." I said, "You have said many times when preaching to others, that if a person had only a small hope, they would not exchange it for a thousand worlds; how do you feel?" He said, "The same;

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

The next day he was asked if he would like to see his old friend, Mr. Jones, of Wadhurst. He said he should; and Mr. Ray's son drove to Wadhurst (eleven miles), and Mr. Jones stayed with him till the last. Two or three times during the night, when they thought he was sensible, Mr. Jones asked him a question or two, only just to get the reply, Yes or No; and that was done with difficulty, as he was got so feeble and low; and on the morning of June 12, he breathed his last. He was buried in the little chapel-yard at Forest Fold, in Sussex, on June 16—the very day that he had engaged to preach my brother's funeral sermon.

Mr. Littleton made appropriate remarks, showing the ties which death severs, and stating that he himself should deeply feel the loss of an affectionate friend and brother minister, whose society he had enjoyed for several years past, and that he should preach a funeral sermon at his own chapel, on June 30.

Mr. Jones preached a funeral sermon at Lamberhurst on June 23, to a chapel full. He said, I first knew about him nearly forty years ago, and have been associated with him ever since. About twenty-seven years ago, myself, with Mr. McCure, and Mr. Shindler, took part in the recognition services here, and here he has remained, and here he finished his work.

Thus ended the earthly career of two Christians, one 78 years of age, the other 43 years.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. — DEAR C. W. BANKS, — I cannot be sufficiently thankful for Mr. Aikman's paper in this month's *VEGSEL*. No subject is of more importance to the Strict Baptist Churches, and no man is better fitted, or more able to do justice to it, than Mr. Aikman. I do trust that, by God's blessing, it may be the means of bringing us back to the more excellent way of Christ and His apostles, as recorded for our instruction in the inspired Word. Then may we expect the blessing of God on our ministry and on the Churches.

GRUNDISBURGH, SUFFOLK. — The anniversary of the Baptist Sunday school (W. K. Dexter, pastor) was held on Sunday, July 14. Mr. G. T. Congreve, of London, preached to the young, morning and evening, and conducted a juvenile service in the afternoon. The scholars recited portions of Scripture and sacred poetry at each of the services. The chapel was crowded throughout the day.

**BRIXTON TABERNACLE.**—**GLORIOUS NEWS.**—Our seventh anniversary was Lord's-day, July 28, and August 5—happy and joyful days! On the Monday, at 10.30, a prayer-meeting; then brother T. Stringer gave us a good sermon. About fifty friends dined in the schoolroom. At afternoon service brethren Griffith, Inward, and R. A. Lawrence, gave us addresses from Rom. viii. 30: the called, justified, and glorified. The doctrines of sovereign grace were powerfully set forth. Near 500 took tea. In evening, Mr. J. Lee, of Bow, took the chair. Ministers:—Messrs. Battson, Wheeler, Stringer, Griffith, Lawrence, Inward, Webb, and other gentlemen were present. We had soul-stirring addresses. Our worthy chairman (who is a kind, generous, and gracious man of God) spoke the very sentiments of the meeting, when he said, "I really feel that surely God is in this place." Nothing but love and heavenly-mindedness seemed to possess the minds of speakers and hearers through the whole day. It was really a truth uttered by one of our brethren who said, "Friends, our conversation is in heaven." Even now, while I write this brief account, I remember how the dew lay all night on my branch, so that I did weep for joy at the blessed remembrance of the day. I have often seen unpleasantness arise from too much time being taken up with money matters—not so here! Our debt was £35. Our friends and school children by cards gathered, some 10s., some 20s., some 40s. The money matters were left entirely in the hands of the chairman, and were all speedily settled. The harmony of the meeting was not disturbed. My wife had privately begged of the friends sufficient to provide dinner and tea. They produced over £10 clear profit, and inclusive of £5 from our chairman, we found proceeds of this anniversary amounted to £41 8s. 1½d., thus realising £6 more than sufficient, which £6 fell into the hands of your humble servant,—C. CORNWELL.

**WOOLWICH COMMON** is a splendid piece of Nature's beauty, where fresh air and good health are enjoyed. Hosts of the artillerymen abound here; but, hitherto, no place where the original and only true Gospel could be heard, has existed, until a band of believers, about a year ago, opened Cave Adullam Baptist chapel, in the Ordinance-road, for the worship of God, under the ministry of Mr. Burbridge, late of Plymouth; and here we have enjoyed precious seasons of refreshing in the preaching of Christ, and in the fellowship of the saints. Our anniversary services on August 13, 1878, were heart and house-warming seasons. John Inward, of Homertou-row, came up in the afternoon, with a heavenly commission, proclaiming with ability and comprehensiveness the Divine decree that the saints shall reign for ever and ever. The ladies spread out a comfortable banquet with good tea and an abundance of nourishment, which a large company enjoyed. C. W. Banks delivered the evening discourse to a crowded assembly. One of the friends told me Mr.

Burbridge was a useful and well-instructed minister. Woolwich has never been destitute of the Gospel since I have known it. Chas. Box, Henry Hanks, and many others have faithfully unfolded the "wondrous plan to save rebellious man;" and the valuable ministry of Henry Hanks is esteemed and accepted as much and ever. Nevertheless, there is room for friend Burbridge in the Ordinance-road; and if Plumstead Tabernacle could be favoured with a young man of spiritual and evangelical power, devoted to God and to the Gospel, it would soon be filled.—**ONE FROM SUFFOLK.**

**MANCHESTER.**—**DEAR SIR,**—I have noticed a letter from your Manchester correspondent, in which he depletes the scarcity of places of worship in this neighbourhood where the truth is preached. I am sorry that there are not more Strict Baptist Churches here, yet their number is by no means so limited as he seems to think. I am a Southerner myself, and know comparatively little of the North, but in conversation the other day with a widow of one who was a preacher of the truth here, she named so many Churches around us that I felt the North was not so far behind the South in its Gospel privileges; and among the many that are prospering I should like to call your attention to the Church in Byrom-street, Eccles, near Manchester, where a few of the Lord's people meet who are true witnesses for God and conservators of His truth. The pulpit is supplied by valuable men, and, through the Divine blessing on their ministrations, the chapel, built about four years ago, has become too small, hence the Church decided to enlarge the building, and it has been done. The new portion was opened July 7 last, when three profitable sermons were preached to good congregations, the collections of the day realising £105 odd. Many may be glad to know of this place, which, for comfort to the hearers and for the spread of the truth in its purity and clearness, is unsurpassed.—**A HEARER.**

**HERTFORDSHIRE.**—**MR. EDITOR,**—You must not think there are no real Antinomians. In my survey of the hill country lately, I was cut down by the existence of a great hyper, who, to his workmen, can use awful language. Yes, sir, it is fearful to know such terrible characters do bring shame upon us. Warn your readers against them. Bless the Lord, there are many hundreds of true saints in the straw plait and agricultural counties of Herts and Bedfordshire, where I have been surveying lately. Little Bedmond is on the hill, and Master Wood is pastor still. I have dropped in at Salem, Two Waters. Their Sunday school sermons were preached on Aug. 11 by the ven. Jno. Kealey. The people were all alive. They have had Mr. Margerum and Mr. Nightingale—two strong men in the Gospel! Oh, yes, my father, James Wells, is gone; but some big boys are coming up. They only want a little more oil.—**A SURVEYOR.**

**HERTFORD.**—Anniversary of Baptist cause was July 24. Mr. E. Vinall, a venerable brother, preached experimental sermon, "To whom coming, as unto a living stone." We had very pleasant talk with our brother T. Bradbury, in company with Mr. Bowles, Mr. Fowler, son of the late much honoured Mr. Henry Fowler, and other friends; we were highly entertained in listening to a marvellous account of the conversion to God of several persons in one family, in "the Black Country," through Mr. Bradbury's ministry, which did our souls good; we believe it will appear in a pamphlet printed by Mr. Robert Banks. Evening sermon, by Mr. T. Bradbury, was refreshing; some said they "never heard the like before." This kind of statement we are accustomed to hear from some who attend Divine service only on high days like this. The sermon was on the words, "They shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." The preacher spoke at length on the genealogy of Jesus Christ, and on the name as interpreted to us by the Holy Ghost, and which exhibits to us His glorious acts of love throughout His whole life. It was cheering to the pastor, Mr. Robert Bowles, to see such a gathering of friends. Mr. Bowles has laboured here upwards of seventeen years, which speaks well for a man of truth in these dark days of error and fickle-mindedness. We should love to see the chapel renovated and made more comfortable for the hearer. Brother Bowles is a faithful servant of Christ, whom to know is to love; he is surrounded by a faithful band of godly friends. We wish him and his dear family every new covenant blessing in Christ. This is the honest expression of our heart.—**W. WINTERS**, Waltham Abbey.

**BURGH AND MONKESTHORPE.**—O, Mr. C. W. B., we have had times of it here lately! Although our cause is more than 200 years old, it is become quite young again. Robert Fletcher and some others have done as you advised—gone back to the old chapel, and they say Mr. Huxham is so solemn. Well, I felt inclined to go and hear for myself. We hope the Lord will revive us, and gather in souls to fellowship with Christ. As I had seen your portrait and sketch of "John Slate Anderson," I was inclined to go and hear him at the anniversary. A friend said, "John Bolton, deacon Lill, and others from Boston have come over, and Mr. Huxham went and preached anniversary sermons for Mr. Bolton at Boston. Huxham and Bolton are both near me in these parts, and the Churches under them are cheerful now." We have seen these things before. We pray for "durable riches and righteousness." Mr. Anderson preached upon the paschal lamb, and on the different kinds of bitter herbs we have to eat. Many heard him well. Will write again soon.

**ONE OUTSIDE THE GATES.**

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—We were all alive at Bozcat anniversary, August 4th and 5th. Brethren J. D. Fountain, of

Ilford, and Frederick Fountain, of Sharnbrook, delivered unto us that which had been given to them of the Holy Gospel. On Monday, excellent tea, public meeting. Encouraging words from the two blessed Fountains and brethren Knight and Conby, of Rushden. We hope the little cause was helped every way.

**"WHAT SAITH THE SCRIPTURES?"**

Wednesday, August 7, Mr. Denmee (with about twelve of his Folkestone friends) paid a visit to Beulah, Ashford, where F. Hancock preaches. His chapel he kindly lent us for baptizing two believers. Brother Denmee's discourse was on Paul's question to the Galatians: "Nevertheless, what saith the Scriptures?" He showed the text suggested the great importance of taking the "Word of God" as our standard of faith and practice; and proceeded to show: 1st. What the Scriptures said respecting the subject of baptism, and showed from the Word of God that they were true believers in Christ. 2nd. What the Scriptures said respecting the practice of baptism; that it was practised by Christ, by His disciples, and the apostles, and that upon His authority who had instituted the same. 3rd. What the Scriptures said respecting the manner of baptism; it was really immersion, and not sprinkling; and though this much-honoured ordinance was much ignored by many, yet it being sanctioned by "God the Father," instituted by "God the Son," and the Holy Ghost having moved holy men to make a record of it, handing it down to us in the Word of God, let men say what they will, our watchword shall be, "What saith the Scriptures?" The friends listened attentively; the Lord's presence was renewed. We were glad to see our brother's heart cheered; he has had much to discourage him. We are pleased to learn several others are coming to follow their Lord in this way, to whom our brother's ministry has been blessed. We shall be pleased for them to pay us another visit.

**ONE WHO WAS THERE.**

**PECKHAM RYE.**—**ZION CHAPEL, HEATON-ROAD.** Anniversary services were held Aug. 13th, when three sermons were preached. In the morning, Mr. G. W. Shepherd delivered a very practical and profitable discourse from Isa. 1. 10. In the afternoon, Mr. J. S. Anderson was graciously helped to bring before the people much of the Gospel blessedness typically set forth in Exod. xii. 7, 8, and in a most lucid manner described the substitutionary work and character of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the evening, Mr. J. Hazelton took for the subject of his remarks Isa. xliii. 21, and added one more gracious testimony to his catalogue of the faithfulness and lovingkindness of our covenant God. The services of the day were of a very happy and encouraging character, and we were grateful to all our friends for their substantial help and sympathy on this occasion. We are also pleased to add that our esteemed brother Clark is preaching with much acceptance and profit

to the people here, and we hope, by the Divine blessing, the Word in Zion chapel may be instrumental in leading many of the Lord's chosen to unite with His people in this part of His vineyard.

**ANNIVERSARIES.**—Mr. James Hand preached first anniversary sermons of new Baptist chapel, Banbury on Sunday, June 30th.—Grove chapel, Camberwell: the anniversary of that good old established cause was Tuesday, July 16. Sermons by the pastor, T. Bradbury, M. Welland, and Baxter were delivered to large audiences.—Streatham Baptists, in Baker's-lane, celebrated the Divine goodness by sermons and services on July 22, conducted by Messrs. Cornwell and Bradbury.

**RAMSGATE.**—"Deacon Write and family" will not be in Ramsgate long before they may find several Baptist places; but we must not define their different features. Of the Boat-yard, with Mr. Packer, we know nothing. Mr. W. Sharpe, in Camden-road, still holds on. Cavendish-street, where the once young Mortlock Daniels flourished, has not enjoyed undisturbed peace; what the separation in the hall will do, is not fully declared. When ministers fly in the face of their friends, especially when the brook dries up, it is no marvel if some remove to another side of the hill. "The pastor's position," says "Deacon Write" most truly, "is not a perfect paradise in these days of upstart criticism."

**MARGATE.**—The new baptistery in Mount Ephraim Baptist chapel was opened the 1st of August, when Mr. Wise baptized believers in the name of the Lord, and a correspondent says, "The Lord was with us." [Anonymous reflections on the past can do no good. Wherever Christ sets up a Church, differences will arise. Let us seek Zion's welfare and the glory of God.—ED.]

### Notes of the Month.

"PREACHING TO SINNERS."—We have received Mr. Aikman's second chapter on this subject he hinted at last month; but Mr. Benjamin Foxley has favoured us with a second communication, wherein he seriously charges us with a want of fidelity, and Mr. Aikman with having misunderstood and misrepresented him. We have carefully read Mr. Foxley's article—twenty-fourty quarto pages closely written, enough to fill a greater part of our September VESSEL. We are in a fix. We cannot feel justified, as yet, in inserting Mr. Foxley's long controversial paper, and yet, not to do so, gives him the opportunity of asserting that ourselves and Mr. Aikman have not done him justice. We have a perfect horror of dry controversial papers; but as Mr. Foxley steps in with a series of charges against us and Mr. A., we have been literally compelled to ask for time for consideration and Divine direction. After a long fifty years' association with the Baptist Churches, after frequent deep heart-searching and Bible-searching seasons, after listening to, and watching the preaching, the practice, and the spirit of many who fill our pulpit and pews, we have, with dejection and sorrow, concluded, when weighed in the balances, some will be found wanting. We shall soon hear the call: "Give an account of thy stewardship, or thou mayest be no longer steward," and we

can only pray that our closing work might be such a testimony to the whole work of the ministry, as, in the Lord's hands, may be useful to the rising race, if not to the fathers and brethren now in the Churches.—C. W. B. [A wise letter from Mr. Bonney, and some others, we hope to give next month.]

**THE WEALD.**—A minister who spends many hours in preparing his sermons, would ask, How can any one man be constantly preaching four or five days in every week? "Quietus Querim" says, "Some preachers are reckless fellows; they mount pulpits without either prayer or preparation; they say anything, everything, and nothing after all. Multitudes of weak minds choose these vagrant talkers." Again, further on, he says: "Other parsons retail the same things over and over again. Stereotypers are they, and under their high and dry discourses the people sleep." Toward the end of his charge, he says: "Chastened, Christ-made pastors have steam engine minds; they are perpetually reading, praying, thinking, weaving thoughts together, erecting literary monuments, opening up rivers of theological and experimental waters, fresh, clear, and comfortable." Of the latter sort, Zion now wants many.

**MINISTERS GONE.**—Thomas Woodington, aged 81; Charles Marsh, 63; Old Joseph Howe, 83. He was one of the late Mr William Gadsby's curates. The young talented writer and preacher, William Braden, successor to Thomas Binney, has been suddenly called away. Young men of active and strong brain should remember it is quite possible to strain them until they collapse. Widows and orphans are everywhere left in a most melancholy condition.

### Marriages.

On July 31, at Christ Church, Victoria-park-road, South Hackney, by the Rev. John Waters Banks (uncle of the bride), assisted by the Rev. C. J. Egan, John Dunham (of Greenwich), to Margaret Mary (Minnie), eldest daughter of O. W. Banks, Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

On August 1, by Rev. W. Roxby, James Wakely, to Fanny Louisa, daughter of the late Mr. H. Hellyar, of Thornford, near Sherborne, Dorset.

On August 8, at the Surroy Tabernacle, Wansley-street, Walworth-road (in the presence of a large number of friends), by C. W. Banks (grandfather of the bride), assisted by Mr. Thomas Jones (of Broseley), Walter, son of Mr. J. T. Keast, of Cuba House, Brixton, to Emma Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Banks, of Fleet-street and Old Kent-road.

### Deaths.

On April 15, Mrs. Caroline, relict of Thomas Smithers, of Squirrels-street, aged 62. Was baptized by Mr. Carpenter when quite young; has been an humble, consistent follower of the Lord Jesus; been a member at West Ham the last ten years.

On July 29, Philadelphia, the beloved wife of Mr. John S. Knott, of Bermondsey, aged 61. Our beloved sister was worshipping at Lynton-road chapel on Sunday morning, July 28, in her usual health, but, in a few hours, she was quietly taken to be "for ever with the Lord."

On August 3, Harriet, wife of Mr. J. Fish, of Brighton, aged 54.

On August 11, Thomas Scrivener, of Carlton-road, Kentish-town, aged 39. He died in peace.

On August 6, Jane Mary Eliza, the dearly loving and loved wife of David C. Preston (of Brixton-road and Nunhead), aged 37.

On August 21, after a short illness, Charlotte, the beloved spouse of H. Bartholomew, pastor of Baptist cause, Matfield, Breuchley, Kent.

# God's Government of the Church and of the World.

*Reflections arising out of that horrible calamity on the Thames, Tuesday, September 3, 1878, when over 600 souls were suddenly plunged into Eternity.*

**W**EDNESDAY morning, September 4, 1878, while waiting on Cannon-street station, to take train for Kent, my attention was directed to the astounding announcement of the collision and sinking of the *Princess Alice*, on the previous evening, in the Thames, when it is stated over 600 precious souls were instantly swept away, and driven into the boundless sea of a never-ending eternity.

When I reached my journey's end, and was mournfully conversing on this lamentable event, John Plaw sighed out with a solemn emphasis, "Ah!

" HIS JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP! "

For awhile those six words passed away; but they sprang up again and again; and fluting them in the centre of a rich cluster, my mind became occupied with them; and I commend them to the notice of all serious hearts.

They stand in Psalm xxxvi., which begins with a melancholy representation of a wicked man. There are seven lines on the character and condition of the wicked transgressor. Consider them for one moment:—

1. "There is no fear of God before his eyes."
2. "He flattereth himself in his own eyes until his iniquity be found to be hateful."
3. "The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit."
4. "He hath left off to be wise, and to do good."
5. "He deviseth mischief upon his bed."
6. "He setteth himself in a way that is not good."
7. "He abhorreth not evil."

Reader, here is a looking-glass, wherein the Spirit sheweth you the different parts which make up "the transgression of the wicked."

Then, immediately, the Divine Teacher taketh the Psalmist up into a perfect view of the four great pillars which represent the government of the Almighty Jehovah, and the three new covenant streams of grace which flow from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

These pillars are too high and much too comprehensive for me to measure them; and the streams, or "wells of salvation," are too rich and full for me to define them; nevertheless, if I may be instrumental in calling attention to their unity and harmony, it may tend to strengthen our faith in the perfect arrangements of the Lord God, whose "way is in the sea," whose "paths are in the great waters," whose "footsteps are not known."



The first great pillar is called "MERCY!" "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens." It was in the highest heavens where MERCY was first set up. Read Psalm lxxxix.; is it not Christ in prophecy speaking of the root and royal rising of the kingdom of grace? The Spirit of Christ in the prophet sings of the mercy of the Lord; for, saith the eternal God, "I have said mercy shall be built up for ever." The foundations of it were laid essentially in the covenant made with God's chosen; they were laid executively in Christ's obedience and bloodshedding; they are laid ministerially and experimentally by the Spirit, and by the ministers He employs; and thus Mercy's building has been growing up into an holy temple in the Lord; and if we are living stones in that temple, we shall be built up for ever, for God's mercy is in Christ, and He is in the heavens; there our life is hid, there our souls are safe, there our heaven is sure; and Peter giveth clear evidences of being in Mercy's temple; having tasted the Lord is gracious, He is unto them most precious. Paul declares plainly salvation, in the original gift of it, is "Not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." This mercy has been shown in Christ, and revealed to us by the SPIRIT; and it is from everlasting to everlasting upon all them that fear the Lord. Mercy is the first great pillar in the salvation of the Church.

Secondly. "Thy FAITHFULNESS reacheth unto the clouds." Faithfulness refers to the covenant made with Christ, to the fulfilment of that covenant by Christ, and to the promises given unto the Church on the ground of the covenant made and fulfilled. *Clouds* of false doctrine, of fierce persecution, of darkness, and of delusion, have fallen upon the Church in all ages; but Jehovah's faithfulness runs parallel with all the clouds, let them be what they may. You look at Jacob and Joseph, at Daniel and Stephen, at Paul and Peter, and John in Patmos. You read the experience of the martyrs; reflect upon your own cloudy days of trial; has not the Divine faithfulness always reached unto the clouds, so that no cloud could swallow up such souls in death?

The sinking of that steamer on the evening of September 3, 1878, is a cloud of dreadful meaning; but the faithfulness of God reached mercifully to all who belonged to him. Not to deliver their persons from going down into the deep waters; not to save them from the watery grave, but certainly to take up their redeemed souls unto Himself. While Mr. Temple—a good minister in Bethnal-green—was speaking at our Sympathetic meeting, his own beloved brother, with others of his friends, at that very moment, were hurled down in the jaws of a terrible corporeal death. That was passing through the waters indeed; but, being in union with the living CHRIST OF GOD, that so-called "accidental death" could not separate their souls from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus the LORD. Oh! could we know the experiences, the surprises, the realisations of the Divine faithfulness in the sudden flight of those souls who were in CHRIST, what a witness they would give to this word, "Thy FAITHFULNESS reacheth unto the clouds." On the other hand, could we read the agonies, the alarming terrors, the strugglings, the gaspings, the sinkings and screamings of those who had never known, never sought, never feared, never cared for the Lord God of our salvation—could *all* their horrors

of soul be written out, what a verification they would present of that demand in Psalm l., where the Almighty saith, "Now consider this,

"YE THAT FORGET GOD,

lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." Many souls on that fatal eve found there were "none to deliver."

Most majestic is the style in which *the third great pillar* is introduced: "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains" ("the mountains of God," the margin saith). The roots of the mountains go down under the seas, and so tie themselves together as to bind and hold up the world. They rise up to the heavens, and like impregnable bulwarks they stand around to defend the city of our God. The Person and perfect work of Christ is God's righteousness; and by its imputation, it is the Church's righteousness, too. Christ has justified every attribute in the Deity, every covenant and counsel in the mind and purpose of God; and all the angels in heaven can testify that the FATHER hath said of our Jesus in reference to His substitution and mediatorial work, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." As the Church is chosen in Him, accepted in Him, complete in Him, eternally one with Him, God is well pleased with her as the royal bride of this all-glorious Bridegroom, GOD'S ETERNAL SON.

The fourth testimonial pillar hath inscribed upon it, "Thy judgments are a great deep." Who can fathom them? Shall we look at the ancient flood? at the captivity of Israel in Egypt for four hundred years? at their exodus? at the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea? To come home, can we look at the recent wars and famines in India and in China? Can we contemplate this woeful tragedy of the sudden cutting-up of the *Princess Alice*, of the hundreds of souls driven away, of the thousands of bereaved men, women, and children? and can we tell WHY, FOR WHAT PURPOSE, this is? **NAY**; the universal providence of God is declared to be the great outcome of all His works; He "preserveth man and beast." Was, then, this dire calamity an accident unseen, unknown to the eye of the great omniscient Jehovah? Does not the Lord God hold the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hand? Is it not the Lord that commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind? Can a sparrow fall to the ground without our Father's permission? No! Most emphatically we sing—

"Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love see fit."

Did the penetrating eye of the great God see that steamer coming up the Thames? Did He hear them singing, and dancing, and merry-making? Did He let that screw-tug smash the poor little *Princess Alice*, and send her and her immense family down into destruction? He did. Surely this is a deep mystery. Job said, "God is not a man as I am." God is not to be measured by man. His ways are not as our ways. His thoughts are not as our thoughts. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts. "Our God is in the heavens, and He hath done, He is doing, He will do whatsoever it pleaseth Him." Let not puny man be going about curiously prying into the hidden cause and design of the bursting of this dark cloud. It has a voice no one

can misunderstand, which crieth aloud, "There is but a step betwixt us and death." And if you read the words of those who were

EYE AND EAR WITNESSES OF THE SCENES,

you will be constrained to admit—

1. That even this life is indescribably precious to those who are forced into dangerous circumstances.

2. That the agonies of death were to many of them more terrific than any of our words can express.

3. That the Person and power of Christ the Saviour is vehemently sought for in such cases by all who have any faith in Him.

Hear what some of the witnesses have solemnly declared. The authorities and saved sufferers say:—

The sudden sinking of the saloon steamboat, the *Princess Alice*, on the river Thames, on Tuesday evening, September 3rd, at a quarter to eight o'clock, is considered to be the most frightful disaster of the kind that has ever occurred in England. There has never been any disaster like it in connection with river traffic in this country.

A clergyman named Gill tells us that—

The shrieks, ejaculations, prayers, and wails of helpless agony around me were heart-rending. It was an instant and wholesale destruction of a vast mass of living men and women, of girls, of innocent and happy childhood. The swimming power which I had exercised as a boy, but which I had not used for years, did not fail me now; and to this and to the precaution of taking off my coat and overcoat I ascribe, under God, my preservation. I swam among a crowd of swimmers and strugglers until I was picked up by a boat.

We have not space enough to quote many testimonies; but the following fairly represent the whole:—

CHARLES HANDLEY, captain of the *Chance* barge, states:—"About a quarter to eight I was with my barge at Beckton, when I heard dreadful screaming, the blowing of whistles, and cries for help, and on looking down the river I saw that a collision had occurred. There was a regular tearing crash. Instantly I took my boat and my mate, and rowed to the spot. Ours was about the first boat there. I never shall forget the sight I saw. The whole river seemed alive with heads and hair. It looked like a river full of cocoa-nuts. Some people were holding on to forms, others to chairs and pieces of wood. A stout gentleman came close to me, and I grabbed at him at once, but he was so heavy that he nearly pulled us over. He was like a madman, and could not be quiet. I ordered him to sit down in the boat, but he would not, and my mate and I had to push him down. Then another gentleman cried out, 'Twenty pounds to save my life!' The promise of money did not influence me, but I seized hold of him, but he was so heavy. We tugged and tugged away, and at last we got him in; and whilst we were doing this, four little boys floated by us, and their beseeching looks were something dreadful. We saved them, thank God.

"The river appeared when we got there to be covered with ladies' hair. The ladies floated, whilst the gentlemen who could not swim sank at once."

Think of the poor girls here described:—

MR. W. PITTIVANT said:—"When the collision took place I made a dive into the water, and on coming up to the surface swam to the side of the screw steamer, and got hold of a rope to which three girls and a young man were already clinging. The girls were crying out, 'Lord Jesus, save

us!\* As we looked up the side of the ship we saw some one, as we thought, about to let go the ropes, and we cried out to them not to do it. It was a terrible moment for us, but we tried to encourage the girls to bear up, and presently a little boat came and picked us up, also a little child. We were knocking about for two hours in that little boat, the man in charge of it being unable to find a spot at which to land, and the tide preventing us making headway. Ultimately, however, we got ashore."

We have a narrative by one survivor, but we keep it for a second chapter. Such an event as this ought not quickly to pass from our thoughts. A painful service was held in Trinity chapel, Hackney, conducted by Mr. John Vaughan, on the occasion of burying Mr. Alfred Alesbury and his servant—two bodies rescued out of a party of eight who were in the ill-fated vessel.

The clergy and ministers in general have preached and published sermons. We may notice them another month. Criticism on all hands is now exceedingly rife; but Paul says, "It is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nought the understanding of the prudent." Good John Thomas, of Bargoed, writes us this sentence, "O! the mockery of God that is in the world." Proud, self-elated men are pretending to criticise and argue out this melancholy disaster; but for the present we leave them, and ask—In the midst of these wrecks and waves of woe, where can the broken-hearted sinner look? Where can the fearing, the mourning, the waiting, and weary Christian look with hope and confidence for rest and safety? Only to the "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Of the four pillars which constitute the strength and beauty of that home—God's mercy, His faithfulness, His righteousness, and His judgments—a word or two has been given in the former part of this little paper. Let us now listen to the voice of the sweet singer, after he has reached the inner court of this palace of peace and of prosperity in the perfect paradise of God. He says (in Psal. xxxvi.), "How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore, the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings." Then, looking forward into the far-distant interiors of this immensely glorious building of God, which hath foundations, he says they are "abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and the Lord will cause them to drink of the river of His pleasures for ever." For the whole of the

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\* "SO SHALL IT BE AT THE END OF THE WORLD."

A Christian of ripeness in age and experience, says, The splitting, sinking, and going down of the steamer in the Thames, is one of the warnings and signs of the end of this age; and seeing the suddenness with which multitudes are plunged into eternity, it is well for believers to "give all diligence to make their calling and election sure." What a confirmatory comment is this Thames calamity on Paul's words (1 Thes. v. 2—4): "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; for when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." How true was this with several hundreds who sunk in the river, also with near 300 in the Prince of Wales colliery, Abercarne, at noon, on September 11. They call it "the most frightful catastrophe that has ever occurred in the South Wales district." What with famines starving, trains smashing, steamers drowning, and colliery explosions burning, we have terrors exceedingly awful. "But ye, brethren," saith Paul, "are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief." If we are the children of light, and of the day, then let us watch and be sober. To be prepared to meet Him is mercy rich indeed.

election of grace, there is a good home to go to : yea, for all the partakers of mercy, as Maclaren declares, there is before them—

The glory of the disembodied soul in heaven,  
The glory of the resurrection at the Lord's coming,  
The eternal glory in the new heavens.

For this three-fold glory we are waiting. May we wait in patience of soul, is the longing desire of CHARLES WATERS BANKS, at Elder Tree-cottage, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, who, if spared, expects to furnish some incidents of a solemn character connected with the calamities now on record, filling the hearts and the homes of thousands with grief and with pain.

## THE GREAT MULTITUDE BEFORE THE THRONE.

MR. W. TROTMAN'S EVENING SERMON,

*Sunday School Anniversary, at Raunds, in August, 1878.*

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple : and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 15—17.

**J**OHNSAW a multitude which no man could number standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hand, and they cried with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God and unto the Lamb."

The account which was given by one of the elders concerning this great multitude is most interesting. We shall endeavour to notice—

I.—The people as described by the elder.

II.—The reasons assigned for their standing before the throne and before the Lamb.

III.—The present and eternal blessedness they enjoy.

I.—The people. 1. They are one people, gathered out of a variety of peoples and nations—all nations, and kindreds, and tribes, and tongues.

2. An innumerable multitude—a number which no man can number—a number known to God, but known only to Him; beyond man's calculation or conception. Enough to satisfy the Son of God, their Almighty Redeemer, of whom it is said, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied."

3. Their position is a high and exalted one, "Before the throne of God and of the Lamb." In the world they were more likely to be found in the cottage than in the palace; more acquainted with poverty than with royalty; little esteemed by the rich and the great. Lazarus at the gate rather than the rich man in the mansion; Daniel in the lion's den, Joseph in the prison, David in the cave of Adullam—see a description of them in Hebrews xi. But now John seeth them before the throne, glorified—"The spirits of the just made perfect."

4. They are victorious, for they are clothed with white robes; they have palms (signifying victory) in their hands. Moreover—

5. They are jubilant, for they cry with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God and to the Lamb for ever."

II.—The reasons why they are where and what they are.

1. They have come out of great tribulation. The path into the great tribulation was by transgression; the tribulation itself is the great death which came by sin; and the way out of it is by Christ Jesus, who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me;" and these have been delivered from so great a death. It is plain to any thinking, well-instructed mind, that tribulation of all sorts comes of sin. It is either the immediate consequence of sin in us or in others; or it is an infliction of God as a chastisement or punishment for sin. The first infliction of God as a punishment for sin was that great death which overtook man in the day he fell, according to the threatening, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Man did not die the corporeal and visible death on that day; but he died the moral and spiritual death. The decadence of all moral and spiritual faculties then took place, and he was a fallen creature. Henceforth, tribulation was his lot; so it is written, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." In the first steps of coming out of this trouble we have the real consciousness of it, for it is a quickening, and with spiritual life begins spiritual consciousness; and as one who had been long dead coming again to life in the charnel house, surrounded with the dead who are still what he was once, would long for freedom and separation from such companionship, would pant for the fresh air and sunshine suited to his new life, and not wish to dwell in the regions of the shadow of death, the tomb, and would be in trouble until he could for ever escape from his loathsome abode—so those who are born again, and are coming out of tribulation—the great death—they groan, being burdened with the grave clothes, till they are freed therefrom and clothed upon with those heavenly robes of "life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel." Those whom John saw had come out of great tribulation—God had redeemed them from all their iniquity, and "out of all their troubles," "therefore are they before the throne of God," &c.

The second reason given is, "they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Their robes—in the plural; they are said to be clothed in white robes; there is one robe which they wear which needs no washing in the blood of the Lamb, for it is the righteousness of God by faith in Jesus Christ. Christ needed not for Himself, as did the high priest under the law, to offer a sacrifice first, and then for the sins of the people, for He was holy, harmless, and separate from sinners. In this righteousness of His, we are justified, accepted in the Beloved. But, alas! sin has defiled us throughout body, soul, and spirit, so that we cannot think or act, desire or pray, wait or work, but sin is mixed in all we do, so that we have constant need of washing.

We find, under the law, provision was made for the shedding of blood by the offerer, and for washing of the bodies, and the clothing of the offerer, so you have the great altar of sacrifice, and the great lava for washing. To have washed the garments in blood would have been only to make them fouler, so there must be blood shed for atonement,

and water poured out for washing. But this poured out water, cleansing the persons of the garments of the offerers, signified the merit of Christ in His sacrifice, and the effectual working of His power by His Spirit and His Word to cleanse us from all sin. So it is said they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb ("The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin"); therefore are they before the throne of God. These are the two reasons: first, they have escaped death and judgment for sin, and secondly they have been cleansed from its pollution, and are thus not only made to be partakers, but are made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

III.—Their blessedness.

1. They serve Him without intermission or weariness, day and night, and where they have so longed to dwell for ever, all the days of their life—viz., in His temple.

2. They have the companionship of Him they love best—"The Lamb shall dwell among them."

3. They have lost all sensual lustings or cravings ("They shall hunger no more," &c.), having their wills swallowed up in the will of God, being conformed to the image (morally and spiritually) of the Son of God, who said, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

4. They know no fierce heat of temptation, nor bright glare of earthly grandeur, or beauty, to enchant or distress them.

5. They find fulness of pleasure, satisfaction, and sustenance in the fountain of life—or living water—called "living fountains of waters," to which the Lamb leads them; and—

Lastly, sorrow is for ever banished, tears for ever dried up, by the loving hand of a kind and gracious Father and Friend, their Lord and their God. Oh! may that blessedness be yours and mine, dear reader, prays

WM. TROTMAN.

Ruons, August 18, 1878.

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## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 238.)

ON the subject of useful books, there is only one besides those I have named to which I owe a special tribute in these scraps of soul history, and that is, "A Practical Discourse on God's Sovereignty," by Elisha Coles. It is commended as a legacy to the Church in Huntington's "Last Will and Testament," and, to my high gratification, I found it by a catalogue of old books on sale in the neighbourhood, price 1s. 6d.; an old battered fragment of print it was, but more precious than gold, and some one to whom I subsequently lent it perhaps had my opinion of it, as it was not returned to me its lawful owner.\* "Honour to whom honour is due" is an apostolic precept, and while I gladly honour the memory of Elisha Coles, whose elucidations of Scripture brought me more constantly to my knees than any other

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\* On no part of the decalogue is the moral sense weaker than that which affects property in books. A quaint old author says with grim humour, "Borrowing them is tantamount to stealing, and should be punishable with death."

uninspired volume, I may not withhold respectful mention of the fact, that when in the trade the book was "out of print," Mr. Spurgeon brought it out in respectable typography, at a very moderate price (2s. 6d.), obtainable of Passmore & Alabaster. In a preface by Mr. Spurgeon he says, "In my earliest days of religious thought this treatise was of great assistance to me . . . and I believe that the truths which he advocates are both honourable to God and sanctifying to the Church." "The points which he sets himself to bring forward are among the most precious and important in Holy Writ, and are so little palatable to our carnal natures that they need to be forced home upon the professing Church most constantly and powerfully. . . . Woe be to the people where the pulpit gives no utterance to the deep things of God; they will grow lean from want of nourishment, and sad from lack of comfort." This encomium from such a quarter may induce some young disciples to dig into this mine, and so doing, with godly diligence and prayer, they will come upon nuggets of spiritual riches, such as no rust can corrupt and no thieves shall steal.

The history of the first fifteen years of the present century is rife with political commotions, cabinets intriguing, armies and navies moving hither and thither, intent on each others' destruction, the Governments fawning national vanity in favour of war, and Parliaments voting expenditure of money and blood to an extent appalling to patriotic economists and genuine Christians. The penalty incurred by the madness of that period is being exacted to this day, and unless something occurs of a nature all right-minded citizens would deprecate, the slow process of liquidation will continue for many generations to come. The strifes and contentions which were shaking the earth set many well-meaning people to study the prophecies in the Bible to learn the signs of the times, and the probable duration of these miseries.

A clergyman of Norfolk compiled an eight shilling volume on what he deemed the foretellings of inspiration in reference to current events in Europe, and the results of the same to England more especially. A Wesleyan, old enough to be my grandfather, with whom I had many a wrangle on the doctrines, often drew on my knowledge of Scripture, and did me many kindnesses, bought the book and gave me the first reading of it. That was more than seventy years ago, and I forget the title of the book and the name of its author, it was the only copy I ever saw; but I know its tone was evangelical, that the writer was learned and well-read in history, and withal a trifle visionary.

Buonaparte was the great bugbear of the time. He was, in common opinion, the embodiment of all evil, the pestilence that walked in darkness, the destruction that wasted at noonday, Satan incarnate. The Norfolk clergyman found him in the Revelation by John, who wrote of him in the Isle of Patmos, and he credited him with further mission than he had already accomplished, and which, in fact, he never did accomplish. But my business is not with Buonaparte, with Nelson, or Wellington, with diplomatists or warriors, but to introduce my readers to a solemn episode in my own history, of which I am often reminded now by the expression of modern thought, the darings of a profane philosophy which is sapping the foundations of faith, and making the Bible a mass of fable. I forget how the expounder of prophecy inserted the heresy; but he roundly asserted that it is a mistake to accept the dogma of



eternal punishment for sin, that the ungodly will be simply annihilated, or, after suffering for a shorter or longer period, they will come out of the fire clean and white, fit associates for those who have laved in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, who were sanctified in Christ Jesus and called to be saints (1 Cor. i. 2).

It is said a drowning man will catch at a straw; he may, but the straw will not save him from drowning. With some such delusion, however, I caught at this opinion, and for the time it gave me wonderful relief. I was in the Psalmist's case, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow" (Psa. cxvi. 3). I had believed that the impenitent and unbelieving would be driven from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power, and the door would be shut upon them never to be opened; that the gulf between Dives and Lazarus would ever be impassable; that the wicked would go, after the judgment, into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal. Oh! the anguish of the thought of an endless exclusion from the presence of the holy God, to dwell in darkness denser than that of Egypt, and without hope of deliverance.

But here is the testimony of a clergyman learned in languages and all the ologies, who stakes his credit as Master of Arts, and representative of one of the Universities, on the comfortable evasion of a terrible truth held by the primitive Church, and reducing eternity to a very brief period, and allowing the soul of man an ephemeral existence, or, it may be—these speculators deal largely in may be's—that the soul dies with the body, and there is an end of it. Here was comfort for me, and I cheerfully took it and obtained thereby a false peace. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the God of grace, who waked me up from this stupor, and went on to teach me by terrible things in righteousness that His Word is powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, that He alone is true, that men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree—of high degree in scholastic attainments and ecclesiastical honours—are a lie (Psa. lxxii. 9). How few believe the humbling descriptions of man in his ignorance, pride, and presumption! How few believe in the freeness and mightiness of grace, in its long-suffering, its stoops, and its triumphs! I must defer the way in which the snare was broken and I escaped (Psa. cxxiv. 7) for another paper, and conclude this with the words, which were fulfilled in my case (Isa. xxviii. 15—18): "Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us: for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves: therefore thus saith the Lord. . . . Behold I will lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." The covenant with death, the agreement with hell, the refuge of lies, and the hiding place of hypocrisy, mean the flesh-pleasing theories of pretended theologians, the inventions of crafty priests, the vendors of spiritual opiates, who get wealth by crying "peace, peace, when there is no peace" (Jer. vi. 14). All through we trace free-will trust of the man in his own heart, and defiance of both law and Gospel.

*(To be continued.)*

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S FIRST BAPTIZING SERMON  
AND SERVICE IN LONDON.

[We are censured by some of the cloth for giving such prominence to our young brother's writings. Thousands are anxiously inquiring—"Will he settle down in the truth?" We feel it must be hopefully encouraging to the children of God to read testimonies of Mr. Levinsohn's progress in the ministry.—ED.]

ON Sunday, August 25th, a very blessed time was realised among the members and congregation worshipping in Carmel chapel, Pimlico. In the evening Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached to a very large assembly from Isaiah xli. 10:—"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." The preacher said, Through the history of the people of God we find there have always been three mighty powers which have caused them to be very often unhappy, and filled them with fear and dread. These powers are—their sins, their enemies, and their wants. Every Christian will acknowledge that the cause of all our misery is sin. Alas! how trying is it for the Christian to meet his enemies; and when engaged in the holy warfare, to know and feel his wants! How often are our hearts filled with the spirit of anxiety as to what shall be on the morrow! Yes, the sense of our wants makes us groan very often, and the only refuge we can find is to search the precious Book of books, and see if there is some portion to suit our peculiar necessities. Such being the experience of God's children, it is very sweet to observe how our loving Father has made provision for us in Jesus Christ, to quench the thirst of His weary and thirsting travellers, and to silence the yearning of every heart.

The text we have selected for our meditation this evening is one of the very many sweet promises of God; and blessed are the people who by precious faith know them, for the promises of the Bible are a rich inheritance to the blood-bought heirs of glory; they are suitable to all conditions of life; in whatever circumstances they may be placed there is always an appropriate promise of relief and deliverance. As it is sweet to the thirsty traveller in the scorching desert of Arabia when he finds a palm-tree, and from it obtains some beautiful dates, which revive him in his painful hours of thirst, so it is with the people of God, who, as pilgrims through this world (which proves a desert indeed), find the blessed promises of God in the Bible very sweet and refreshing.

We will notice—First: *That the children of God are very often the subjects of fear and dread.* Secondly: *That the sweet and all-supporting presence of Jehovah-Jesus is the antidote of the fears of His elect.*

I.—THAT THE CHILDREN OF GOD ARE VERY OFTEN THE SUBJECTS OF FEAR AND DREAD.

1. This fear is not the fear of the slave; the fear of the children of God is of a peculiar nature; quite different is it from that of the ungodly, for how awful is the state of their mind, especially in the hour of death! Blessed be God, His children are delivered from such fear, for they have learnt by precious faith that the sacrifice of Jesus redeems them from those fears which the unregenerate are the subjects of.

2. We observe further, that this fear, or dismay, the people of God are

subject to, is the effect of several causes. A knowledge of the majesty, holiness, and infinite purity of Jehovah in contrast to one's own sinfulness, will cause it. Surely every one of us, beloved, when we look at the holiness of God in His Son Jesus Christ, and our own vileness, must, like the leper of old, cry—"Unclean! Unclean!" And is it not enough, my brethren in Jesus, to fill us now and then with fear?

3. Sometimes this fear is the effect of natural timidity. Alas! my brethren, how many times have our spiritual enjoyments been interrupted through natural timidity. There are some, no doubt, in this congregation this evening who very often cry bitterly when they consider the matchless glory, majesty, and holiness of God, and feel that they cannot, they must not, come nigh to His footstool; yet they are sure that they are just the characters He calls; but their fears arise only through their natural timidity. My beloved brethren and sisters, whatever the course of your feelings may be, I pray that you may hear the voice of God through His Son, saying: "Fear not; for I am with thee."

4. I may also add, that the children of God are often afraid through extremely painful trials. How many of you, beloved, have sometimes felt firm in the faith of Jesus when you were travelling a path which was smooth; you then could sing the songs of Zion with hearts of cheerfulness and gladness! But, alas! when, through the hand of Divine Providence, you had to experience some painful trial—perhaps affliction or death in your family—how soon you began to sing a song quite different to the one you sang before! How soon your soul has been filled with fear, and you wondered if the Lord was your God, and if He would deliver you! But, children of Jehovah, mourners of Zion, you can also, I have no doubt, remember the time when the Lord was very gracious to you in those severe trials; how sweet were the promises when He applied them with power to your soul; and to every poor mourner in Zion in this house to-night, in the name of the Lord I deliver unto you this message, praying that the Holy Spirit may repeat these words after me to your soul—"Fear not; for I am with thee."

5. The children of God, we further notice, are often afraid and dismayed when they consider the final result of their profession. What a mercy, my beloved, that our safety and security do not depend upon our feelings; we have, blessed be God, a much better and stronger foundation—Jesus is His name.

6. We may also notice that the children of God are sometimes filled with fear because of their enemies. David knew well what it was to be afraid of enemies; but, thank God, we have more to comfort us even than David had; for David and the saints before him looked forward for the coming of the Messiah, but we are witnesses of the blessed truth that Jesus appeared, suffered, and died for His people, and rose again for their justification; and that Jesus has redeemed them from the power of Satan and his angels; even the gates of hell shall not prevail against them, but they shall enjoy perfect security. Oh, children of God, you are tried often because of your enemies, but listen then to the words of your God, "Fear not; for I am with thee."

II.—We observe that THE SWEET AND ALL-SUPPORTING PRESENCE OF JEHOVAH-JESUS IS THE ANTIDOTE TO THE FEARS OF THE ELECT.

Observe how tenderly God speaks to His people; the tenderness of a mother will fail to describe the tenderness of Jehovah to His children. How anxious He is to give peace and consolation to the elect! How wonderfully expressive is our text of His love and kindness—"I am with thee." Not nigh unto you to render you assistance when needed, but "I AM WITH THEE." Ah! it may be that some of you cry because you want to feel the presence of the Lord, and you say, as some said, "My Lord hath forgotten me;" but, beloved, often we see the clouds in the sky which prevent us from seeing the glories of the sun, but, nevertheless, the sun is in the same place; so it is often in the Christian's experience; we have clouds of unbelief and of fear which hide us from seeing Him whom our souls love. Brother, sister, wait patiently, watch and pray, your God is the Lord that created the universe; your Father is He whose name is Jehovah; your Saviour is His Son who is Wonderful, the Mighty God, the Prince of peace and of glory; your refuge is the arm of Omnipotence; your rock and defence is the Rock of Ages, cleft for sinners.

Cheer up, then, ye souls who are afraid. God says unto you, "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." My brother, my sister, what is your condition? Are you weak? If so, I rejoice to tell you that God says, "I will strengthen thee." Are you alone in the world, and you cry because you are without friends? Rejoice, then, beloved friend; God says, "I will help thee in the time of need." Are you ready to despair? To you the Almighty God speaks, saying, "I will uphold thee with the hand which is omnipotent and full of righteousness."

1. By the presence of the Lord we may understand it to imply His gracious presence. Although it is sweet to know the providential presence of God and His essential presence is with us, yet the Christian cannot feel satisfied with the presence of Jehovah unless it is His gracious presence through His Son, our blessed Saviour.

2. God is present with His people through all the chequered scenes of life, even when billow after billow rolls over them, and they are ready to cry, "Lord, we perish!" Yet He is near unto them, and says, "Fear not."

3. His promise to be with His people is often felt by the saints even when attacked by Satan, who goes about like a roaring lion; yet no lion shall hurt the elect, for they all shall be kept safe and secure; their keeping has been from all eternity arranged in the counsels of the Triune God; and for the encouragement of such, He says, "Fear not; for I am with thee."

4. In the hours the most painful to nature, when objects we love and for whom we feel we could shed the last drop of blood in our hearts, are in the bitterest of sorrow and pain, who can comfort them in such a season but an all-supporting God? When all earthly comfort and consolation fail, God in Christ is quite sufficient to console, when He so sweetly whispers to us, "Fear not; for I am with thee." It is sweet to realise that God in Jesus is our Shepherd, Brother, and Friend, our Prophet, Priest, and King; and when the time shall appear that it shall be our lot to bid farewell to this world and pass through the last river, even *Death*, then even shall none of the elect be afraid,

but joyfully shall we gird up our loins, and say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save,  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm ;  
His wisdom conducts thee, His power defends,  
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

O fearful, O faithless, in mercy He cries,  
My promise, My truth, are they light in thine eyes ?  
Still, still I am with thee, My promise shall stand,  
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name  
Engrav'd on My heart doth for ever remain ;  
The palms of My hands whilst I look on, I see  
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

I feel at My heart all thy sighs and thy groans,  
For thou art most near Me, My flesh, and My bones ;  
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,  
Yet all is most needful, not one is in vain.

Then trust Me, and fear not, thy life is secure,  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power ;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee at length in My likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak, are My care ;  
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer ;  
From all their afflictions My glory shall spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows the louder they'll sing."

After the sermon, Mr. Levinsohn addressed five candidates, expressing his peculiar pleasure and gratitude to God on their behalf, most especially because the Lord has been pleased to give them to him as seals for his ministry. He concluded the address by earnestly appealing to the candidates to show to the world that the religion they made a profession of is a holy religion—which they may prove by their life, conduct, and conversation. After the address, Mr. Levinsohn entered into the water with the five candidates, and baptized them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The service was then closed.

May the Lord in His mercy visit many and many more precious souls, that the Church of Christ may rejoice to see her Lord thus glorified. Amen.

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## PRAYER AND PRAISE.

BY B. BAKER,

*Minister of Bethersden Chapel.*

**D**EAR FRIENDS,—Paul, in the third of Ephesians, speaks of bowing his knee to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if in spirit our hearts bow with him, while we feel that the things he asks of God are just suited to us, I think it is a sweet evidence that we belong to the same family, chosen of God, blessed with

all spiritual blessings in Christ, accepted in the Beloved, to the praise of the glory of His grace (see Ephes. i.).

He says, "That He would grant you." Ah, we know it must all be a free-grace grant! "According to the riches of His glory." Oh, what am I asking? Am I not asking too much? Verily, no! He says, "Open thy mouth wide," &c. "To be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." Oh, this is just what I want! Weak enough I am; Oh, strengthen me in my inner man. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Ah, that's it! I want Christ. I want Christ in my heart. I want Him not merely to come and be gone again; I want Him to dwell there. Yes, Paul, my soul chimes in with you; this just suits me. "That ye being rooted and grounded in love." Yes, Lord, Thy wondrous love. Oh, root me and ground me in it; don't leave me merely to hear and read about it, but do root me in it. "That ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God." Oh, what a prayer! Paul! may we talk to God like this? May we ask all this? Dare we so boldly draw near? Yes, yes; for "through Christ we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Oh, then, what a privilege is prayer, and how mercifully inclined towards us is the ear of God. Yes, yes (as though Paul said), and do begin to praise Him. Indeed, I cannot refrain longer. "Now unto Him." Oh, the mercy that is unto us, the grace unto us, the good pleasure unto us. How meet and right it is, then, that our song of praise should be "unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." And is this possible? Have we not just asked the greatest of favours, the biggest of blessings, the choicest mercies? And will He go beyond it all? "Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Ah, then, you must know what verse 8 speaks of: even "the unsearchable riches of Christ." And all to enrich poor, sinful, empty creatures like us.

Strike up, Paul. Sing again—"Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Brethren, believers, does not your heart respond a hearty Amen to the prayer, and a hearty Amen to the praise? Oh, sweet employment! May we oftener be found in it. So shall we wonderingly exclaim: "What am I?" &c; and, on the other hand, shall be determined to "crown Him Lord of all."

#### WHAT SOME SAY IN AMERICA ABOUT PREACHING.

**T**HE following note should be scattered by millions all the world over:—

The Presbyterian Church has recently made its report, and, according to one of the prominent journals of the denomination, there has been an average of little more than one conversion to each Church. The most appalling statistic of the day! There is a dearth in all denominations. Millions of dollars for ministers' salaries. Millions of dollars for choirs. Millions of dollars for church-building. Where is the return for the investment? You say that one soul saved is worth more than all that money. True enough; but be frank, and confess that, considering the great outlay, the religious advantage reaped has been insignificant. What is the matter? I think, *in trying to adapt the Gospel to the age, men have crippled the Gospel.* Starting

with the idea that the people will not come to church if the old-fashioned doctrines of grace are presented, they have not sufficiently insisted upon the first theory of the Gospel—namely, *the utter ruin and pollution of the natural heart*. The inference in many of our churches is: "Now you are a very good set of fellows, not so good as you might be, and, in some respects, indeed—if we must say it—quite wrong. But, then, we are hoping everything from education, refinement, the influence of the nineteenth century, and a genteel religion." And so we have gone to tinkering the human heart with soft solder, and putting a few patches on the coat of morality, when it is all worn out. We have harped on the theory of development; and hoped that man, who, according to the scientists, began as a monkey, will go on improving, until after a while under each arm will be felt sprouting the feathers of an angel's wing. There is nothing but a little pimple on the soul which needs a piece of court-plaster. My friends, depend upon it, that is all wrong. It is infamous to try with human quackery to cure the cancer of the soul. The reason that more men are not saved is because we do not show their infinite need, their ruin—yea, *the rottenness of the human heart*. If I am very sick, and I call in a doctor, I do not want him to begin telling me there is nothing special the matter with me, and that all I need is a little panada, or gruel, or catnip-tea—when I want the most radical and thorough treatment, or in a week I am a dead man.

The Bible is either a truth or a lie. If it be a lie, cast it out and shut up your churches. If it be true, listen to Paul in Ephesians, where he says, "We are by nature, children of wrath;" to Jeremiah, who says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" to Moses, who says, "The imagination of a man's heart is evil from his youth;" to the Psalmist, who says, "They are all gone aside. They are altogether become filthy."

Ah! sin is no half-and-half thing. The human heart is not in a tolerable condition. The Bible, in the most uncomplimentary manner, says we are poor, and wretched, and blind, and naked. And if God should send His Spirit upon us to-night, making revelation of our true state, how many quick-beating hearts! how many blanched cheeks! And some soul in this audience, no longer able to keep silence, would cry out, "What must I do? Whither shall I fly? God be merciful to me a sinner!" It is not one screw loose, or one rivet dropped out; it is a rail-train at Revere run into by a Bangor express, telescoped and crushed, amid the shrieking horrors of death.

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SOLEMN MEDITATIONS IN MY SOLITARY CHAMBER.

SEPT. 14TH, 1878.

<p>ALONE with God! How solemn is the thought! The great Invisible, heart-searching God! Present, and yet Himself unseen! What mind Can grasp this wondrous, this stupendous theme? Annihilated is the vain attempt. Abashed and humbled into nothing, shrinks Proud self with all its boasted reasoning powers. Avaunt, then, every low, unhalloved thought, In presence of thy Maker, so august, Nor dare approach Him with a reverence feigned, Lest with His breath He seal thy awful doom! Go as a sinner to His mercy-seat! Yes, with a heart subdued by sovereign grace; Not in presumptuous mood, but melted down By God the Spirit in His holy fire. Yet not without an offering will the Lord Of spotless purity accept a soul So fearfully polluted and debased, And which must have perfection on it stamped To bear the scrutiny of God most holy, Which Gabriel himself could not present. The patriarch of old fore-shadowed light On this momentous topic to lost man— "My son, God will provide Himself a Lamb," God did: and now 'tis not, God will, 'tis done. God has provided, and accepted too, A sacrifice for thee, sin-burdened soul; No other ever will, or can be made. Talk we of things unfathomable? This Is an ocean man can never sound, Nor will eternity exhaust its flow! Dost ask its name? Here let the written Word Alone supply the comprehensive term—</p>	<p>"The Love of God"—its centre, "Jesus Christ," Here is profundity indeed, in which Archangels with the whole seraphic host May all be drowned, and yet a babe in Christ May swim and bathe with perfect satisfaction. Created powers all fall, however stretched, To sound this deep, or span its boundless circle! From this exalted sphere my muse descends Into the gloomy vale of vexing tangles, While thus in loneliness I gaze around On objects pertinent to mortal life, Oft wondering at its strange mysterious course, Its windings and its changes through long years: The vacant chairs—ones occupied by those Dear to one's heart in love and deep affection— But taken hence. The withered tree, or stem Alone—stripped of its branches! Wonder not That melancholy sometimes spreads its pall Over the feeble aspirations of A mind that dwells in such a rickety, And nearly worn-out furniture of clay! Dependent, too, for temporal supplies, To keep it still in being, not on its own Resources or employment, but the aid Rendered from time to time by friends, who feel And sympathise with suffering, through Divine And holy principles of Christian love. Cheer up, my soul, thou hast a home on high, And dost not know how soon thy loving Lord Will fetch thee to it, or in person come To claim His whole elect and ransomed bride; The blissful consummation, and for which The living soul shouts joyfully—AMEN!</p>
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## FLY ABROAD, THOU MIGHTY GOSPEL.

Amen! So let it be!  
 One word let's speak to thee  
 Who say ye're sent to preach it:  
 From every error free  
 Let GOD'S *own Gospel* be,  
 Then round the world go teach it!  
 AMEN! So let IT BE!

**T**HERE was once a faithful witness, they called him "B. Clark."  
 From his writings *The Rock* quotes the following:—

“‘PREACHING THE LORD JESUS’ (Acts xi. 20).

“This was the blessed employment of those who were ‘scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen,’ and Christ was their one unvaried and incessant theme wherever they came, and whoever were their auditors—whether friends or foes. In prosecuting their important mission, they were led, doubtless, to speak of, first, the glory of His person, as embracing Deity and humanity, the finite and infinite; the Child born and the Son given; the Word that was from the beginning, and which ‘was with God, and was God,’ in union with a body of flesh; ‘the seed of Abraham.’ Secondly, the perfection of His work: He came to take away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and thus to open a way for the recovery of sinners to God. Thirdly, the loveliness of His example. In His life we have a perfect standard for our imitation: the most eminent saint is only to be followed as he follows Christ. To Him let us continually look, that we may understand and learn to copy His patience, holiness, and unvarying fidelity to all His Father’s will; and, like His first disciples, let us seek to make ‘manifest the savour of His knowledge in every place,’ that through our instrumentality also many may believe and turn to the Lord.’”

When we read it, the lines at the top came bubbling up, and down at once we penned them. O! that we could, by GOD’S SPIRIT, fly, with Christ’s precious Gospel, into many a sinner’s heart; but “Satan hath hindered us” (1 Thess. ii. 18). Still we sing:

“Fast let the Gospel speed  
 To nations sunk in night,  
 And millions, from their bondage freed,  
 Spring to the dawning light.”

Amen!

C. W. B.

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“THOU KNOWEST MY PATH.”

FROM human eyes 'tis better to conceal  
 Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;  
 But, Oh! this thought doth tranquilise and heal—  
 All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,  
 Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,  
 Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din—  
 All, all is known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,  
 Or in the night but little sleep can take,  
 This brief appeal submissively I make,  
 All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned;  
 Each drop that fills my daily cup; Thy hand  
 Prescribes for ill's none else can understand;  
 All, all is known to Thee.



## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

## WHAT ARE WE TO PREACH TO SINNERS?

"All hearts are cold in every place,  
Yet earthly good they will pursue;  
Dissolve them by Thy sov'reign grace,  
Thaw these of ice, and give us new."

On Christ being lifted up, Mr. Battersby (in his sermon at Lambeth, Aug. 1, 1878) gave some excellent expositions of the Word of God. He said (in referring to the term "wisdom," in Prov. viii.):—

"By 'wisdom' I understand Christ. An objection has been made to Christ being wisdom in this chapter, because the words 'wisdom' and 'understanding' are feminine. It is said, on this account, they cannot refer to the Lord Jesus Christ. Allow me to deal with this objection before I proceed to make any remarks upon the verse. When the Lord Jesus Christ is spoken of as a Prophet, or Priest, or King, or when He is said to be a Sun, or a Shield, or a Defence, or the Word, these words are all in the masculine. There is no doubt about these words referring to the Lord Jesus Christ. But, mind you, there are words referring to the Lord Jesus Christ which are not masculine. I may remark that there are only two genders in the Hebrew, though it be different in the Greek. Now, if you take the 1st verse of the 2nd chap. of the Song of Solomon, where it is said: 'I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys,' do you understand 'the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys' to be Christ? I think you do. If so, you have two words which are feminine. But if we pass over to the New Testament (and we have to take the entire Scriptures, and not an isolated word or passage), and read the 14th chap. of the Gospel according to St. John, and the 6th verse, Christ says: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' These three words are all *feminine*. Again, in the 10th chap. He says: 'I am the Door' (verse 9). And in the 15th chap., 'I am the True Vine' (verse 1). And again, 'I am the Resurrection, and the Life' (John xi. 25). Christ is the 'First-fruits.' All these words are *feminine*. And I think there is no person bold enough to say that these words do not refer to the Lord Jesus Christ. And if they do refer to Him, then the objection made against 'wisdom' being Christ falls to the ground. But the Lord Jesus Christ is sometimes set forth by *neuter* words. When He says, 'I am the Light of the world,' the

word for light is *neuter*. When He says, 'I am Alpha and Omega,' the words are *neuter*. Now, what do we gather from all this, beloved? Do we not gather this, that He who is the Christ of God, and the Head of the Church, has sovereign authority to use any language or words He pleases to set forth the excellency and the beauty of His own Divine character?"

Further on, Mr. Battersby said:—

"The Lord Jesus Christ is lifted up in the *preaching* of the Gospel. I will tell you when I think He is lifted up. It is when He is preached as Christ crucified, the Saviour of sinners. We live in a time when almost everything else is preached but Christ and Him crucified. Was it so with St. Paul? No! He said, 'We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews'—indeed—'a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' A minister has nothing to fear in preaching the Lord Jesus Christ. Look what follows in my text, 'I will draw.' Preach Christ, then, in His blessed fulness, as Paul did to the Corinthians, when he said, 'I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' Oh! what a blessed thing it is to have the Gospel fully preached in our pulpits. I say, to have the Gospel *fully* preached. A full and perfect salvation through Him."

When will Christ draw all men unto Him? To this Mr. Battersby gives the following:—

"'I will draw *all*.' Now, is not this a clear case that all persons are to be drawn to Christ? Well, will all persons be drawn to Him? Were all those who crucified Him drawn to Him? Were all that dwelt in Judæa drawn to Him? You can return the answer to yourselves, my friends. Well, but then they shall be drawn unto Him. He will draw them unto Him when He comes again, as in the 25th chap. of St. Matthew's Gospel: 'When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left.' There will only be two classes, the sheep and the goats. But I never read or

heard of anyone that was a sheep being turned into a goat. Nor did I ever hear or read of a goat being turned into a sheep. There always have been two classes, and there always will be two classes. You cannot alter it. '*All must appear before Him.*' I grant this, but still I think that it is only those who shall be living on the earth at the time our Lord returns that St. Matthew speaks of. But you say, 'Will not God judge every man by Christ Jesus the Lord?' To be sure He will. This is clearly revealed in the 17th chap. of the Acts of the Apostles (verse 31): 'Will not all the books be opened as in the 20th chap. of the book of Revelation? And will not everybody be judged out of those books?' Well, if you look carefully, you will find that the *books* are kept only for those who are judged according to their *works*. There is only *one book* for the redeemed, and this is the Book of Life. Beloved, things explain themselves when we compare one Scripture with another. The Book of Life contains the names of those who have been crucified with Christ, and they shall all hear Him say, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' With regard to the rest, the goats, they are judged by their works, and they shall receive the merit of them—'The wages of sin is death.'"

[The Word of God is clear and clean. When the Holy Ghost draws it forth out of the sheath, and carries it into the soul of a sinner, it will pierce, it will quicken, it will regenerate, it will divide asunder. It will make manifest things as they are. Let us preach the Word which God giveth us. Let us preach the Gospel of the grace of God to all, and in faith and prayer leave the Spirit to work by it as He pleaseth.—ED.]

MR. THOMAS BRADBURY'S MOTTO :

"For Christ and my Country."

"The tide of time shall never  
God's covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever—  
That name to us is Love!"

"The preacher, the son of David, the king of Jerusalem," wrote, nearly one thousand years before Christ, these few words: "There is no new thing under the sun." The incarnation of the Son of God was an exception to this. Never before was it said of anyone—of the only-begotten Son of the Father can it ever be said, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." This was the "new thing" God had, by His prophets, promised to create; and,

in the fulness of time, that concentration of the Mystery of Godliness was sent forth to give an anti-typical, a perfect, an entire, a gracious, and a glorious embodiment to all the types and shadows of the Old Testament, to magnify the holy law delivered unto Moses, and to fulfil all the prophecies which the Spirit of God had given forth by the fathers of olden time. That one "new thing" is called a new covenant, a new name, brings forth a new song, and will ultimately culminate in a new heaven and a new earth, wherein righteousness and peace shall reign for ever.

As we look over the multitudes of men the Lord hath raised up and sent forth into the ministry, what a mysterious and marvellous variety we behold! No two men are alike. "One star differeth from another star," not in glory only, but also in grace; and especially in the persons and preachings of Christ's ministers. Nature mouldeth them differently. The Spirit traineth them (in non-essentials) differently. The like of Martin Luther, of Geo. Whitefield, of William Huntington, of "Master Gadsby," of hosts besides, has never appeared. Never will. Yet the same work of grace has been wrought! The same law has been applied! The same Christ has been revealed! The same Gospel has been preached, more or less, in all ages.

Some few years since, a gentleman introduced to the late Edward Butt a good man by the name of Thomas Bradbury. Presently the said Thomas Bradbury is found preaching the Gospel in the Surrey Tabernacle, and no small stir was made at his first appearing in London. We are gathering up his sermons and published tracts, to have a little review of the now regularly recognised minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell; and, when it is possible, we wish to present our readers with a correct photographic likeness of this stout, strong, bold, lion-like witness for Christ. For the present we only design to shew that Thomas Bradbury, of Camberwell, is not the first minister of that name with which London has been favoured. In that first-class commercial, official, and literary journal, *The City Press*—which now flows forth twice a week from the enterprising publishing house of the Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge—a series of interesting papers is given under the heading of "Bunhill Fields;" and in No. 1 of that series we find the following paragraph:—

"The Rev. Thomas Bradbury, a Congregationalist," a remarkable man, once minister of New-court, Carey-street, near

Chancery-lane." The writer says of him : "The cause of Protestantism was in considerable danger towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne. The measures pursued by the Ministry, headed by Lord Bolingbroke, were intended to set aside the Hanoverian succession, and to introduce the Pretender and Popery. In this they were supported by the High Church party. During this time a Bill was passed for the prevention of the growth of schism. It was against this tyranny that Mr. Bradbury became fearless of danger, for which, to use his own words, he was 'lamponed in pamphlets, belied in newspapers, threatened by great men, and mobbed by those of the baser sort.' It was said that he was offered a mitre, but this not taking effect, a plot was laid for his assassination, which was happily frustrated. On the very day when the Schism Bill was to have come into force—Sunday, August 1, 1714—the Queen died, and this produced a change in the Ministry. On this same day (Aug. 1, 1714) Mr. Bradbury was walking in Smithfield. Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, happened to pass in his carriage. Seeing Mr. Bradbury, he called and asked the cause of his great thoughtfulness. 'I am thinking,' said Bradbury, 'whether I shall have the constancy and resolution of the noble company of martyrs who were burned to ashes in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see similar times of persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause.' His lordship, who was a good Protestant, endeavoured to quiet his fears, and told him the Queen was very ill, that she was given over by her medical advisers, and that he was then going to Court to inform himself of the exact particulars. He told Mr. Bradbury that he would despatch a messenger to him with the earliest intelligence of the Queen's death, and that if he should be in the pulpit at the time of the messenger's arrival, he should be instructed to drop a handkerchief from the gallery as a token of the event. While Mr. Bradbury was preaching, the intelligence was communicated to him by the signal agreed upon. He suppressed his feelings during the sermon, but in his last prayer he returned thanks to God for the deliverance of these kingdoms from the evil councils and designs of their enemies, and implored the Divine blessing upon his Majesty King George and the House of Hanover. Mr. Bradbury ever afterwards gloried in being the first man in the kingdom who proclaimed King George I. The whole body of ministers of the three denominations of

Protestant Dissenters in London went up with an address to the King on his accession to the throne on Sept. 28, 1714. As they were dressed in cloaks, according to the fashion, a nobleman accosted Mr. Bradbury with 'Pray, sir, is this a funeral?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied Bradbury, 'it is the funeral of the Schism Bill, and the resurrection of liberty!' Mr. Bradbury, who took for his motto, "*Pro Christo et Patria*" ("For Christ and my Country"), died Sept. 9, 1759, aged 82. [A good study for these times.]—[Our notices of these papers, the Lord permitting, will be continued.]

*Form and Power Personified.* By Thos. Stringer, minister of Trinity chapel, Borough. To be had of the author, 19, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, S.E. "Form, fashion, and shame" (said one) "are the three evils in the professing Church." Our Herculean brother, Thos. Stringer, has been holding converse with "Mr. Form;" it appears, from this original and plain-spoken pamphlet, that "power" dealt out strong blows upon "form," but, as far as we can tell, "form" grew worse and worse, as in Christendom she appears to do. Form is clothing herself in all the most gaudy fashions, and appears ashamed of nothing but of "the whole truth as it is in Jesus." Lamentable indeed. Let us send Mr. Stringer's tract everywhere.

#### HOW THE PRIESTS PERVERTED THE GOSPEL.

"Atheists, libertines, and they who make a trade of religion, have always been their country's scourge." So writeth the Italian, L. Desanctis, in his work, which has been translated from the eighteenth Italian edition, by M. H. G. Buckle, Vicar of Edlingham, and has been recently published by S. W. Partridge & Co. This solid, awful, and conclusive exposure of the apostate Church bears the following title—*Confession: A Doctrinal and Historical Essay*. Every sentence comes evidently from a heart full of sanctified sorrow, from a mind full of gracious knowledge, from a conscience thoroughly purged from dead works; it comes altogether from a man—by the strong power of God's saving grace—who has sacrificed home, wealth, position, and all he had, to be free from the corruptions of the Papacy, and to be at liberty to publish the precious Gospel of God's mercy to sinful man.

In his preface, L. Desanctis says:—"Jesus Christ, the Divine Benefactor of humanity, ushered the Gospel of peace into the world to give man a foretaste on earth of the happiness prepared for His

elect in heaven. But the priests took possession of the Divine code which Christ had bequeathed to His people, and pronounced it their exclusive property; they new-fashioned it at first, then they corrupted it at pleasure, introducing so many additions as to give it the appearance of the patchwork coat of an harlequin. Confession, masses, indulgences, purgatory, celibacy, the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, the Inquisition, and other matters of the kind, are as much to be found (mingled up) with the Gospel as religious toleration in the Koran." All who read this excellent treatise will wish to see it extensively circulated.

"THE THREE GREATEST INTELLECTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM."

A poor old woman—a rigid hyper, a Strict Baptist, and a ravenous reader—ventured one day to express the conviction of a long contemplative mind, and she said the greatest intellect in the political world is Disraeli, the most inventive intellect in the religious world is C. H. Spurgeon, the most deceptive intellect in the apostacy is the so-called "C. W." "Can you contradict that?" sternly inquired the venerable dame. "I have in my pocket," I said, "a pamphlet with this title, *Lord Beaconsfield: A Paper Read by T. T. Hayes, jun.*, which throws off such a photo. of the once B. D. as can scarcely be equalled, but not confirmatory of your conviction. *The Bible and the Newspaper* (London: Passmore & Alabaster) is the fifth vol. of Spurgeon's Shilling Series, and fully confirms your idea of the 'inventive genius' of its author. But, as all the reviewers have so exhausted their eulogiums on this little book, I would like to find a flaw in it if I could; but it is so full of practical parables, and sits so wisely in judgment upon many of the follies and deformities of the times, that for the present I defer all criticism. *The Protestant Standard* from Sydney, sent by Pastor Daniel Allen, shews how mobs of the Romanists have united to stop his work and, if they could, slay the man. The lawyers took sides with the rioters, and the good Protestant pastor had little favour shown him from the secular and civil arms. The Lord has honoured and upheld His faithful servant. In the township of Young, near Sydney, one Father Finnigan—with some other bishops and deacons of the apostacy—have been raising up what they call 'Spiritual Retreats,' which turned out to be disgraceful devices to catch the people, and then to empty their pockets." O,

what schemes these pious priests concoct to rob the public!

QUIETLY FALLING ASLEEP.

In the September number of *The Silent Messenger*, which is edited by J. S. Anderson, we find the following solemn note:—"Our brother Kirkham worshipped with us on Wednesday evening, Aug. 7th, in his usual health; on the following Wednesday we committed his mortal remains to the cold, dark, dreary grave. His departure was solemnly sudden and unexpected, and forcibly reminds us of the Saviour's exhortation: 'Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh' (Matt. xxiv. 44). Thanks to sovereign grace, our brother was ready. He was brought to know his state as a sinner, and led to believe on Christ under the ministry of the late Mr. Bidder, of Bermondsey, and was baptized by him in 1852. In Divine providence, brought into this locality, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham united with us over thirteen years ago, in April, 1865. Except through affliction, our brother never was absent from public worship, and few of the Lord's family are favoured with such a measure of enjoyment as he experienced. He walked with God, and enjoyed the Divine presence and favour to such an extent as rendered him almost indifferent to all things else, and caused him to desire, like Paul, to depart and be with Christ. On the day of his death, he read that hymn to his wife which begins—

'Haste the delightful, awful day  
When this my soul shall leave her clay;  
Mount up, and make her last remove,  
And join the Church of Christ above.'

When he had finished reading the hymn, he remarked to his wife that it exactly expressed his own feelings, and went upstairs to take his usual afternoon rest. Not answering when called to tea, Mrs. Kirkham went into his room, and found him dead! No, no, not dead, but departed. Released from an affliction of twenty-five years' duration, and united with the blood-washed throng of the spirits of just men made perfect. Reader, how is it with thee? Thy end may be as sudden, as unexpected. Dost thou know Jesus? Hast thou fled to Him by repentance, and faith, and prayer? Our departed friend was not always in that state of mind in which death found him. Like us all, he was a sinner, a great sinner; but, convinced of sin, and his need of mercy, he fled for refuge to the blood of Christ, and learned the way of salvation in the Gospel. May this, too, be your experience, and so may death find you in Christ, and ready to go at His call."

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A NOTE FROM MR. DANIEL ALLEN,  
OF AUSTRALIA.

DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Love, mercy, and peace to you and your godly readers from Him for ever and ever.

It seems long since we had a comfortable word together in the love of the Lord. I have a few moments to spare for a word in His dear name, which is above every name. You have all the information relative to my work, and our late meeting, to which I need not add, except it is, "Praise ye the Lord." [These we noticed in September VESSEL.] I see, as ever, slander, injustice, tyranny, and ignorance abound where there is the highest conceit and most daring assumptions, down from the Pope of Rome to the small fish and fishers in our Churches, which makes one cry out at times, "Lord, what is man?" How true the words of the Lord, "He that is greatest, let him be your servant." He who has the most grace, wisdom, and love, faith, hope, and true dignity, will in his Lord's kingdom be the most humble servant. This is so fixed from observation in my mind, that when I see assumption in parson or people, I ask, "What little idiot have we got here, then?"

"The more His glory strike our eyes,  
The humbler we shall lie;  
Thus while we slak, our joy shall rise  
Immeasurably high."

I find by observation this assumption, in its desire to rise, seeks, by falsehood, fraud, and injustice, to damage the good to which they cannot attain, so to build its own house on the ruin of others. Thus the operations of the blessed Spirit are much quenched in Zion. Instead of the blessed things of the Spirit in daily conversation, it is, "Have you heard so-and-so?" Then comes the misrepresentation, the fiendish insinuations. What is the effect of all this? The operations of the blessed Spirit are much quenched, and the prejudiced people fall into a sad state. They do not hear well, pastor is so loud, so disorderly, so confused, so obtuse, so historical. Where cant has become more accomplished, it is, "Oh, it is not experimental; no savour, dew, or unction." Yes, but what about the slander and the malice? Is a gracious experience of the Lord's mercy and love, a holy realisation of the unction of the Holy Ghost, to be found where sinful works are carried on? No, it is horrid delusion to think so.

I knew a good man whose wife put the extinguisher upon the candle of the Spirit's holy operations in his heart for months by the way described. She got him from the Lord's table, the Lord's house, and the Lord's Gospel.

After some months, he broke through. He was in Zion again. The Lord gave him a feast of love. I overtook him as we were going home, and he told me all his heart. He said, "In giving ear to my wife, I have starved and slaughtered my soul. Now the

Lord has made me alive again. He has fed me by your sermon this day."

I have seen that in the same Church, in the same ordinance, in the same service, under the same sermon, where the Lord has made it a time of manifested favour. Many have come to me to say how much the Lord has blessed them. Yet, a few who are prejudiced, have said, "What a barren time we have had! How loud you spoke! My head aches! I wish you would be more orderly. We want more dew. My dear minister once in England preached from your text. Oh, my, it was a good time!" Yes, but what about the many brothers and sisters over there whom God has fed, while you have starved?

My dear brother, is not this the order of things in your scattered and cold Churches in England? Is it not done by your pigmy apostles in conceit and arrogance, as well as by the silly women? Until your Churches discipline for this foul crime, and deal with it as you would criminal acts, the blessed Spirit will not come unto you, nor unto us, in the plentitude of His power, and the blessedness of His Divine operations. Heaven's counsel is, "Quench not the Spirit."

The Lord bless you and your readers very much. With unfeigned love to you and them, I remain, yours in the Lord,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, June 20, 1878.

[We are astonished to find our brother Daniel Allen is thus tried. But we have known scores of honest, of earnest, of able and successful ministers, and, to some extent, they all suffered from the same thorns, tares, and terrible mischief-making people. The reports we have received in the Sydney papers shew very clearly that Daniel Allen has hosts of friends around him, and their handsome gift of a hundred guineas or more at the last anniversary, declares plainly that he is beloved by, and useful to, a large multitude.—Ed.]

HOMERTON ROW.—The 58th anniversary was held on Tuesday, August 27th. In the morning, Mr. J. B. McCure preached an experimental sermon. A good number of friends sat down to a cold collation. At three o'clock Mr. W. Winters preached from John i. 14, the subject-matter of which appeared afterwards to raise an inquiry on the true nature of the pre-existence of Christ. A great company of friends, more than could be seated in the school, partook of tea, &c., and in the evening Mr. J. Hazleton gave us a delightful sermon from Psa. lxxii. 6; it was listened to, we believe, by many with great profit. In closing the meeting, Mr. Inward thanked the friends for their kindness in favouring the cause with their presence and help on the occasion. We wish success to the pastor and Church worshipping in Homerton-row.—W. W.

**SPELDHURST ROAD.—SOUTH HACKNEY SYMPATHETIC SOCIETY.**—Third annual meeting was September 3rd. Mr. R. G. Edwards preached in the afternoon. After tea, C. W. Banks gave out—

"Children of the Heavenly King,  
As we journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways."

Mr. Stanton, the respected deacon, engaged in prayer, and Mr. Griffith read 1 Cor. xiii. C. W. Banks introduced the nature of the meeting, and said that the ladies who had taken interest in the society elected him to fill the chair. He was naturally very sympathetic; sympathy had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." He could not see a poor creature destitute in the streets without relieving him, and especially so since the Lord had called him by His grace some fifty years ago. He had strong sympathy with the Lord and with His people, and saw, from the Old Testament, that the Lord had also sympathy for His children (Exod. iii. 7; Acts vii. 34): "I have seen the affliction of My people, and am come down to deliver them." The speaker introduced several Scriptural characters into his opening address, such as the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, and closed by stating that the Church over which he presided was united, faithful, and loving, and there were seats yet unoccupied, free of charge, which he should like to see filled on Lord's-day. Mr. Young spoke on 1 Cor. xiii. 5, which he divided into four parts, showing in what way true charity commended itself to our notice in its most practical operations. Mr. Temple expressed great pleasure in being present on the occasion, as the object of the meeting was to do good. Mr. Temple spoke, as desired, on 1 Cor. xiii. 8, in a most cheerful and encouraging manner. Mr. Griffiths spoke on verse 7 of the same chapter, and showed the four properties of love couched in the text. Mr. R. G. Edwards followed with some encouraging remarks on the subject at issue. We are glad to learn by the report of the society, read at the meeting by Mr. Fowler, that the society is progressing; its funds are *small*, and call loudly for help. The report was adopted, and the officers re-elected. The society is for the immediate relief of the poor of all classes in and around the neighbourhood, and any assistance from friends, either in money or kind, will be gratefully acknowledged and appropriated to the best of purposes.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

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**BROADSTAIRS.—PROVIDENCE.** September 2, we baptized two persons on a profession of their faith in Christ Jesus into the name of our Triune-Jehovah, one of whom was our own son. Old friends and members are returning. The liberality and sympathy of friends who have visited us during the season have cheered us. The honourable Justice Lush spent a month with us, for all of which we heartily thank our God, and take courage.—J. W. CARTER

### ISLE OF SHEPPEY.

"The Patriarchal Judge of Faversham," says "A Waiter," has passed away. His end was not happy; but he had so worried himself about losing his badge of truth. God is the God of truth; and the truth of the eternal God never fails; but four-square-truth in Faversham has never lifted her banners very high. Pastor Beale was solid; his friends Sibon, Thiselton, and Barnes were of Abraham's seed, "strong in faith, giving glory to God;" but who their successors are we know not.

Zion chapel, in Sheerness, was quite cheerful at its anniversary, August 25, when Mr. Chivers preached. Truth in Sheerness has not been well cared for since steady and devout Cornelius Slim left it; still, we have seen good days there.

As we "waited" awhile, some one invited us to go to the Baptist schoolroom, where one of Job's sons, the patient J. R. Hadler, has been preaching for some years, and is now preparing to build a new chapel. Lo! when we entered the schoolroom we found in the pulpit our brother J. W. Stanford, author of "Scenes Beyond the Grave," and a profitable service we had.

Sheerness-on-Sea is much improving. The Baptists are not so numerous in their assemblies as they might be. Leaving the island, thinking over past sorrows, present gloom, and the sometimes mysterious future; seeing the ripe wheat cut, standing in the wet, weeping because it could not be gathered into the garner; beholding the wonderfully-clothed hop-gardens, all in mouldy sadness, because the sun could not shine upon them; witnessing the hosts of the miserable poor waiting to be employed, we silently sighed—

"I've soon, I've heard strange things indeed!  
They make the bruised heart to bleed!  
Alas! can all be true?  
One thing I know, whatever I find,  
I soon must leave all this behind;  
Lord Jesus, bring me through!"

Taking the little stanza (on my knees) in prayer to the throne, that heavenly aspration of sweet Isaac's came in as a healer—

"Oh, for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne;  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
Clothed in a holy like our own.  
Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall;  
The God shines gracious thro' the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all."

"Ah," said the "new life" within, "that is better than sighing over the 'strange things' you see around." Oh, yes; "the amazing joys" of the higher kingdoms are durable; but the sorrows of the way are transitory. My blessed prompter urged me to close up my "waiting" this time, with—

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee."

Amen. Between the strange things of earth, and the amazing joys of heaven, there is more difference than there is between

tracing the almost death-like streets of Queenborough, and ascending the lofty pinnacle on which old Miinster church doth stand, and from thence surveying the Kentish hills, the gentle rivers, and the fruitful valleys which gladden the eyes of "old long-sight" when thus he is favoured.

Whoever may travel that way, do as we did—call at the villa of Master Stanford, give him a word of encouragement, and bring away a copy of "Scenes Beyond the Grave." Thus follow the example of

AN ESSEX PASTOR.

#### WHITESTONE BAPTIST CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have been laid by for some little time unable to do anything; but I have no doubt my heavenly Father has some wise purpose in view, and we know that to those who are exercised thereby the peaceable fruit of righteousness afterward appeareth; "for the present it seemeth grievous." My Father knows when and where to lay His hand, His chastening hand in love. Oh, for grace and resignation to be able to say, "Thy will be done, not my will, but Thine." My will may often (yea, always, but for the restraining power of God) lead into wrong paths; but His infinite will can never err. Let us be patient then; for

"These severe afflictions

Not from the ground arise;

But oftentimes celestial benedictions

Assume this dark disguise."

I am glad to say, heartily rejoice to be able to say, that Whitestone seems to be looking up a little; the power of the Holy Ghost has evidently wrought a work in our Sabbath schools. The many prayers, and supplications, and pleadings have in some measure been answered. Are we not told to ask largely? to open our mouths wide and He, our Father, will fill them? These precious promises encourage us to go boldly again, from time to time, to the throne of grace, where we are promised we shall have help in every time of need. This is a time of need, truly—need for grace to withstand error and deception on every hand; grace to arm us for conflict with the foe, our enemy, Satan, who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may worry, and tease, and annoy; he would devour us if he could; grace to help us to see our calling and our salvation by Christ Jesus, and to anticipate the time when we shall see Him as He is, and shout, "Grace, grace unto it!"—the foundation and cornerstone of the spiritual building, God in Christ, God blessed for ever. Amen.

W. H.

PLYMOUTH.—"Woe be unto us! I was here when Arthur Triggs returned from London, and found Trinity quite different from what it had been. Trinity, Captain A. Chambers, Bubb, where are they all? We mourn like doves. How-street looks promising. Mr. Parnell is preaching there to many, but the three towns have declined in their zeal for the blessed Gospel of the eternal God. Will you tell me why?" [No, we cannot, we are too perplexed. Stand still, watch, pray, and hope to the end!—ED.]

#### MR. JAS. ORMISTON ON CYPRUS.

The vicar of Old Hill, Dudley, has written a letter to the *Rock* on behalf of the "pure Gospel for Cyprus." We quote the following:—

The "land" which Barnabas, the "Son of Consolation," sold, laying the price of it, in the interests of the pure Gospel, at the apostles' feet has now—in the mysterious purpose and providence of the God of the Gospel—come into the possession of our Protestant Queen, and is, therefore, included in that patriotic prayer which we loyally put up from Sabbath to Sabbath when we pray for "the welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions." I am anxious, as I am sure thousands of thoughtful Christians in England besides are, that the native island of that "old disciple"—Mnason—of Barnabas—and of those "men of Cyprus" who coming to Antioch "spoke unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus"—should in these eventful last days receive afresh that primitive Gospel which the fallen Churches of the East and West have hopelessly overlaid with corruption. I see an advertisement appealing in the *Church Times*, asking for funds to send to the island agents of a sacerdotal society. Will not the Church Missionary Society step in promptly and possess the land in the name of that Gospel which St. Paul preached and gloried in—that Gospel which has no sympathy with baptismal regeneration and sacerdotal succession? Surely it would be a disgrace to this Protestant nation to allow even incipient Romanism to first plant its Christ-dishonouring banner on that sacred soil. Let all who believe then that great prophetic destinies are bound up in this recent British acquisition gather round the glorious ensign which the God of Israel is unfurling by our instrumentality, and, if the Holy Ghost suffer it, hasten to turn from darkness to light the people who have for so many centuries sat in the gloom of error and superstition. My humble offering of a guinea is ready for any fund which Protestant societies may start. But let it be understood that success in this matter depends on prompt action. The enemy of Christ and His Gospel is awake, and is seeking whom he may devour.

[We rejoice in the holy zeal for the spread of the pure Gospel in this newly-acquired island; yea, we trust the Lord will stir up the hearts of some of His own servants to go forth with a commission from Himself. It is an island for the Baptists. God only can raise up a Caleb to cry out, "Let us go up at once and possess it."—ED.]

LOWER NORWOOD.—We have a very nice school at Auckland-hill Baptist chapel (late Tabernacle, Gipsy-road), numbering about sixty. We gave the scholars their treat to Riddlesdown, Aug. 28, accompanied by upwards of forty of the friends, in their well-appointed waggonettes. After a happy day all returned home in safety, for which we offer united praise to our merciful God.—W. CRUTCHER.

## MR. THOMAS CHARNLEY'S NARRATIVE.

*(Continued from page 257.)*

"When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man."

Yea, after the Lord had laid judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and showed that I was not only a sinner, but a helpless sinner, one that could not make one hair white or black; that could not add one cubit unto my stature; that the bed I had stretched myself upon was too short, and the covering that I did wrap myself with was too narrow; necessity was laid upon me, and I fled to the Lord an empty-handed sinner, full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores, like the publican, with "God be merciful to me a sinner," and with Peter, "Lord, save, or I perish," with the Syro-Phœnician woman, "Lord, help me." Those short prayers, put forth by the Lord's people, recorded in His Word, became my prayers, and such suitable ejaculations I sincerely offered up, and they entered the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. I was then led by the Spirit of God into green pastures, and beside still waters. He restored my soul for His name's sake. He took me to the banqueting house, His banner over me was love. He began to intimate that He loved me, and He shed abroad His love in my heart. He applied to my soul this Scripture, "Thou art all fair, My love, there is no spot in thee;" it was too great for me. I felt like a spotted leopard in my soul; but the words came, "There is no spot in thee." Subsequently, I became gloomy in my mind, was questioning if the root of the matter was in me, was living between hope and fear: again the Lord spoke, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The Lord has been very good to unworthy me, who am but dust and ashes. He hath done great things for me. Once, when sitting at the Lord's table, the minister gave out the hymn containing the two following verses:—

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
When others make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in,  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin."

O how humbled I felt in my own estimation. Nothing at all in self, but Christ was all in all to my soul. Well might Peter say, "Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious." I can say with the blind man, in the Gospel, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." I see that I was a dead sinner, void of will and power; I see that God's omnipotent power raised me from the ruins of the fall; I see that the law is our schoolmaster in the hands of the blessed Spirit until Christ is revealed as the blessed City of Refuge; and by faith I was enabled to embrace the Rock for want of a shelter, Christ is precious to me as my Redeemer, as my Justification, my Wisdom, Strength, Sanctification, yea, "He is altogether lovely.

This is a concise account of the Lord's bringing me out of darkness into His marvellous light.

THOMAS CHARNLEY.

## "PREACHING TO SINNERS!"

We have a flood of prosaic, polemic, and poetic papers on this long-veiled question. Some have drawn the sword with a fierce and flourishing sharpness, others are more calm and conclusive. We heartily wish we could get a host of sinners to preach unto, and the power of the Holy Ghost Himself so prompting our message, and so applying the truth to their consciences, as sparingly to quicken, sanctify, and lead them to become one with Christ in faith, fellowship, and an obedient following the Lamb of God; then should we rejoice with joy and gladness. We have seen such days, and solemn work done in them. Now, where New Testament doctrines and ordinances are Scripturally maintained, one part of Isa. xxxiii. appears true, but not the other as yet: "Sharon is like a wilderness," &c. But presently Christ's time will come, when He will fulfil His own prophecy: "Now will I rise, saith the Lord: now will I be exalted: now will I lift up Myself." What then? "The sinners in Zion shall be afraid: fearfulness shall surprise the hypocrites." Then will the searching cries be heard: "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with!

## "EVERLASTING BURNINGS?"

Sinners in Zion are not afraid now, nor saints either. Wise and foolish virgins are all slumbering and sleeping. We are going fast on to midnight. Then the cry will be heard—

"BEHOLD! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!  
"GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM!"

Then there will be such scenes, such sounds, such separations, such awful terrors on the one hand, and such supernatural joys on the other, as this world never yet did know.

Until that day of eternal decisions shall come, let every minister who hath been called, and made, and sent by Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost, let all such God-honoured men preach the preaching He has hidden them. We purpose to read all the papers sent us, if Providence permit, and give all that is to the point. But now we have so many services to attend we must wait.

C. W. B.

RIPLEY.—Brother C. Z. Turner's 21st anniversary sermons were preached by H. Hall, and E. C. Bardens, September 9, when "A Little One" says: "We had cause to bless our covenant God for all His goodness towards us. Our pastor's heart was gladdened; and we all take courage still to go on." [We have loved C. Z. Turner and all his friends for very many years; and such notes of gladness from Ripley fill us with joy. For more than thirty years have we travelled to and fro to preach to the dear people at Ripley; they have never been unmindful of us, nor has the Lord's blessing been withheld from them.—ED.]



## IS THERE NO NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH IN KIDDERMINSTER?

With its manufactures, its memorial to Richard Baxter, and its many thousands of immortal souls, is there no Bible truth, unadulterated, in this busy hive? One young man says, "The point at issue is, Is the Gospel proclaimed in Kidderminster?"

"Nothing is too great for our God, who does as He pleases with the armies of heaven, and with the inhabitants of the earth, and none dare say unto Him, 'What doest Thou?' I trust I am one of the fearing ones, who have a hope through the blessed God-Man Mediator, Christ Jesus our Lord. My mind is very small, and my thoughts limited. But by the grace of God, I hope to press forward towards the mark of the prize of our high calling which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. My desire is to walk like Him whom my soul loveth. O that we may feel sure of His drawing love; 'Draw us, and we will run after Thee,' that we may give diligence to make our calling and election sure. You say you thought I should be something by-and-bye. If you mean in the ministry, I think you are mistaken, I am not capable for that. If I get up to attempt a public prayer, I am lost, I cannot collect my thoughts. I can talk to you about these things as I would to a father, seeing you understand those who, like myself, am but young in Divine things. Pray for me, brother, that I may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, for there are great temptations, both within and without, which we have to encounter, cares, troubles, and anxieties, which, though not nineteen years old yet, makes me at times feel this to be a wilderness, and makes me long for the city which is to come, which hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God. I sometimes get into Doubting Castle; I feel the wickedness of my heart, and the old Adam-nature working within. So that one is led to say with that hymn,

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God of love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above."

"O what a mercy, 'it is not according to our works; but by grace that we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.'" What do you think of those identifications which are being set out in papers now of the English people being Israelites according to the flesh? Write and tell me. I shall be pleased to receive a note from you, as I have no one to talk to of the good things while here, except by communion; this is a dark corner.

"The God of all grace strengthen, uphold, and sustain you while here below; and when your race is run, may you for ever bask in the love of God. Thus prays one in covenant bonds."

MEOPHAM, KENT.—The pastor, Mr. W. K. Squirrel, baptized two believers on Lord's-day, Sept. 1, in the name of the Holy Trinity.

COLCHESTER. — HONOURED-BROTHER IN CHRIST.—I hope the Lord will continue to bless you, that you may ever be favoured to rest beneath the Almighty shade, and know that Abraham's Shield surrounds you, that the ear of Isaac's God is open to your cry. As we have to stand between the living and the dead—Satan's slaves and the willing captives of Christ—may the hand of God be upon us! May we hear His voice, and behold His goings forth for the salvation of His people! May we drink of that river of life that flows from the heart of God to us through Christ. As to the Churches around us, many are slumbering while the enemy is sowing tares among the wheat. My heart bleeds; I could wish my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears. Fidelity, meekness, lowliness of mind, love to God and to each other, zeal for the honour of God, devotedness to His service, all these are scarce. The few who contend earnestly for truth are coming through the fire; judgment must begin at the house of God. Perhaps you have not a man in the connection that has suffered more than myself. Many of the old school are praying for men of sterling truth, who will not soften and accommodate the Word of God to amuse and gain favour, but declare the honest truth. May God arise for His own glory! At Marks-Tey, our brother French is still proclaiming the truth. Mount Buers are a happy flock; steadily increasing; quite alive. Coggeshall is in a low place. Halstead is increasing. At Sudbury, the work of God is reviving. Brother Robert Page, of Cavendish, is getting on well at Glemsford, so is brother Baker at the old cause. Clare is rising under the ministry of brother Hoddy. Some cannot boast much as to numbers, still they are high in favour with God, intimate in fellowship, and powerful in prayer. The Lord help those that are weak, is the prayer of yours faithfully, GEO. SEABORN, Magdalen-street, Colchester, Essex, Aug. 21, 1878.

MR. S. FOSTER. — DEAR MR. BANKS, — On the 3rd Aug. I steamed down to Sturry to see our long-afflicted brother Foster. I found him in much pain, but Jesus was with him speaking peace. I have paid him a visit every summer for years past, and have seen and heard how wonderfully God has owned and blessed his humble testimony to many poor souls, and I do believe God does greatly honour His own Word from his tongue and pen. I do hope the dear friends will not forsake him; he has entered his twenty-ninth year of affliction, and, while gifts of gold are being given to public ministers, I hope they will think of God's hidden one—S. Foster. Will you put this in the VESSEL?—J. TAYLOR. [Mr. Taylor and myself were together with our long-afflicted brother, S. Foster, and were eye and ear witnesses of his mysterious affliction on the one hand, and of the great grace bestowed on him on the other. To us it is so painful to witness him that we know not how to endure it. But we trust many will sympathise with him.—C. W. B.]

## SOUTH CHARD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I was very pleased with your poetic description of the above Somersetshire village, with its "little church round the corner," abiding in truth and love, and verdant with the ministrations of the "shepherd" in their midst; also at the preservation of my shadow on the walls of the Wellington-villa, after so many years have rolled away into the ocean of the past.

South Chard will ever be held in my fond remembrance as the scene of my first pastorate. It had entered on Lord's-day, May 9, 1847, when the slow van from Taunton landed me for the first time safe at the residence of Mr. Wm. Edwards, Draper, Chard, then active deacon of the "little church round the corner." After some refreshing sleep and breakfast, we rode over to South Chard, a distance of about two miles and a half, and I preached three sermons from the following texts: morning and afternoon, 1 John iii. 3; evening, Heb. ii. 9. Many were the testimonies how God had blessed the labours of the day to His people. Here, for the first time, I met the Lydia of South Chard, who was then, and during the near six years of my ministrations there, just what you describe her at the present time, heart and soul in the Gospel and in the Church (there was no school then); also a firmly attached friend to the ministers of Christ, she would work hard with them, and fight bravely for them. This I had abundant proof in my own experience, and thankful to find our gracious God has preserved her to the present day in all that love, zeal, and usefulness to the Church of Christ at South Chard. The cause of my removing was not a want of affection to the saints of Christ in this place, but a lack of success in the ministry which I panted to realise. I only baptized twice while there—eight in all. I still have in kind remembrance the Edwards, Sumptions, Wellingtons, Drakes, Bowditches, and many others, most of whom are with the Lord, and some are following after. I pray earnestly that God the Holy Spirit may largely bless both shepherd and flock at the "little church round the corner," and keep them firm in the truth in spite of all opposition. Labour on, "Lydia," with all His saints, the crown shall soon be thine, the heavy cross removed. One word more. We often find when persons have obtained a great fame by personal exploit, they reject even titles that will obliterate their name of fame. I suppose this is why "Lydia" has not changed her well-earned name, and is to this day Miss Wellington.

R. G. EDWARDS.

LIMEHOUSE.—A correspondent desires us to say:—Our brother Holden continues to preach with much acceptance to large congregations at Coverdale school rooms, and on Lord's-day, Sept. 1, three were added to the Church. There is a large work to be done at Limehouse, and we pray that the day is not far distant when a large place will be erected for this fast-growing Church and people.

## NATHAN WARNER'S DEATH.

Mr. Nathan Warner, minister of the Gospel of the ever-blessed God, has just passed away to his heavenly inheritance—the home of many mansions. Mr. Warner for many years preached in his own hired house at Brentwood, and occasionally served the Churches in and around the neighbourhood with great acceptance. In October last, while engaged on the Great Eastern railway at Brentwood, he was knocked down by an express train running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and received such injuries as to leave little hope of his recovery; and in that state (a total wreck of nature) he laid for nearly a year, bearing the pains of body with astonishing fortitude and courage, preaching the Gospel of Christ, the grand old verities of heaven, to every one that came to see him. Being naturally of a bold and intrepid spirit, in his earlier days he ran counter to all God's commands, but He who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, met him in his wild career, and brought him to His feet a humble penitent. Here he could say, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

It was our lot to visit him a short time ago, and it did us real good to hear him exalt the glorious work of Jesus as the base-work of his soul's salvation, and his dear wife crying and yet rejoicing with us at his bedside. What lessons of patience in well-doing and fidelity to the truth are to be learned at the bedside of such worthies! While we were with him, there came a genteel rap at the door, which disturbed us a little, when in walked a curate of youthful and lamb-like appearance, who wished to make acquaintance with the household, when we withdrew and left him with the suffering man; but instead of the curate coming to talk, he remained almost dumb, astonished at the utterances of the patient who talked in a clear and definite manner on the unchangeable purposes of Jehovah which appeared almost foreign to the young ecclesiastic, and we hear that this young divine has not had the courage to put in an appearance since. The wisdom which makes wise unto salvation, outweighs all University training, which we do not despise when brought into subjection to the grace of God. Our dear departed friend, as he drew near his end, was anxious to depart. At the last, audible words from his quivering lips intimated, "Come, Lord Jesus, come!" He has gone to his rest "in full age like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," leaving a godly wife and several children to mourn his departure, though not as those without hope. May God help the family to walk in the footsteps of their beloved father, and thus be a comfort to their dear mother in her declining days.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

DEVONPORT.—Mr. John Dickinson has resigned the Mount Zion pastorate, and has accepted a call to Morley, near Leeds. We have a full report of the farewell meeting, but we reserve it for further consideration.

THE LATE MRS. CURTIS, OF  
READING.

The closing days of Mrs. Curtis.—After many years' clear and firm standing in the Lord's way, our sister died in solemn silence. Mrs. Curtis, the widow of Mr. W. Curtis (well known by most of the ministers who have visited Reading), has gone to her everlasting rest. She was called by grace early in life, was baptized, and joined the Church at Goring-heath. The Lord's providence cast her lot in Reading, for thirty years she stood identified with the people of God here, possessing a very intelligent mind and clear views of Divine truth, with decision from principle, which gained for her great esteem; but she would say, "Write nothing about me when I am gone, salvation is alone by grace." This she knew by experience, it was manifested in a practical life of godliness, and we believe she is now in eternal glory. In May, 1878, great sufferings prevented her attending the means of grace a long time prior to her change; but she continued her subscriptions in support of God's cause up to her death. We feel this dispensation of our heavenly Father in removing another old tried Christian friend from our midst. Her mortal remains were deposited in the family vault in Reading cemetery; the service was conducted by brother Stevens, of Cricket-hill; the text chosen for the tablet by her was, "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." I could relate, from personal knowledge, many praiseworthy acts done by her to others for Christ's sake, so that she being dead yet speaketh. Wave after wave have rolled over our little Providence, but we can record another token for good. A. MARTIN.

CHATTERIS is a wide-spreading town, with about 5,000 inhabitants. From the size and number of its places of worship, we suppose the Chatteris people must, to a large extent, be of a worshipping character. The Baptists have three chapels, the Independents, the Wesleyans, the Primitives, and Swedes have each one. The Church still holds on in rather troublesome waters. The venerable rector, Mr. Gathercole, has retired, but still lives in the parish. Zion Strict Baptist chapel stands out boldly with spacious court, large porch, immense galleries, and accommodation for 700 or 800 people. It is supposed Nathan Horseley was one of the most successful pastors this Zion ever had. Mr. Joseph Wilkins has devoted several years of his early ministerial life to this cause, and he has by far the largest and most influential gathering of people in this highly respectable part of the Isle of Ely. At our harvest thanksgiving services, Sept. 11, two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, and at the public tea and services many friends came to encourage the cause. A beautiful dwelling-house has been erected for our pastor. We pray his life, and health, and ministry may long and successfully be continued.

MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER.

To the Deacons, &c., at Rehoboth Chapel,  
Lockwood.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I was much pleased to receive your letter expressive of unabated affection and desire for my restoration to health. Your sympathy cheers me, whilst your prayers sustain me. I am happy and thankful to say, so far, all goes on well and favourably, but not rapidly. I can feel an improvement from day to day, and although the progress is not so rapid as I could have desired, yet it is so distinct and positive that there is every encouragement to persevere in the treatment here. My doctor speaks very encouragingly, and I feel it is for me to go on patiently and perseveringly, so long as benefit is derived. I do not know how long it may be before I may return home; but I doubt if all that is requisite can be accomplished during the present month. I would advise that you should arrange for supplies for some weeks beyond the time previously contemplated.

The weather here is beautifully fine and warm. We almost live out of doors, and the air is pure and refreshing, so that there is everything imaginable to conduce to health. It appears to be the right place to recover lost health in cases similar to mine. I am very thankful I have been sent here, and trust I shall, by the will of God, by-and-bye (a few weeks more or less can be no great matter) be restored to you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, as well as enabled to renew attention to those secondary duties, which have their utility and value in reference to the this life in the humble exercise of faith, hope, and patience, with which I pray God to endow you in your respective circumstances, duties, and temptations; and thanking you for your kind remembrance of my wife as well as myself,

I am, yours very truly,  
WM. CROWTHER.

Hotel Du Park, Vichy, France,  
Sept. 5, 1878.

READING. — PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, Oxford-street. The Lord has given us another token for good. We held the 19th anniversary on August 18 and 26. Our treasurer's account was squared up. Mr. Thomsett and Mr. Meeres preached the sermons. A united company took tea. Mr. Thomsett baptized three believers, who, with two others previously baptized, making five, were added to the Church September 1. We are still praying to see the cloud move as regards the ministry. May the Lord send us an under-shepherd.—A MARTIN.

SOUTHWARK.—Trinity chapel, Boro'. Our pastor, Mr. Thomas Stringer, baptized seven believers in August. Several have been added unto the Church. We hope many more are being drawn by the lovingkindness of the Lord. Our pastor labours diligently, and is at home and happy in his work.

**DALSTON.**—Forest-road harvest thanksgiving service was held on September 18; friends assembled and took of tea, &c. At public meeting, pastor J. H. Dearsly presided, Mr. Langford prayed. The chairman said he felt happy in his work, there was no cause for sadness; he desired not to be behind in giving thanks to God for the harvest. This was an anniversary of his coming to Dalston some fourteen years since, prior to which he met on Lord's-day in Grange-road. Many are the Churches in and around the great metropolis that have realised the benefit of Mr. Dearsly's ministry during the past quarter of a century; we were glad to see him settled over a loving, godly people who are possessed with grace to appreciate his worth. Mr. Bonney spoke faithfully and instructively on the nature of the literal harvest, the feast of tabernacles, the gracious harvest, and the Gospel harvest. Mr. Burbridge gave pleasing remarks on St. John's exile in Patmos. Mr. J. Inward, the beloved pastor of Homerton-row, spoke largely on offering unto God thanksgiving, distinguishing very minutely between thanksgiving, praising, and praying. W. Winters followed on the nature of votive and voluntary offerings, based upon Psalm l. 23 compared with Lev. vii. Mr. C. Cornwell spoke on the words, "He shall send forth His angels"—i. e., the ministers of the Church of God—who are required to be faithful. Mr. Omond spoke on "sowing in tears and reaping in joy." Messrs. Myerson, Langford, and others terminated a very profitable meeting. Success to Mr. Dearsly and his friends; so prays W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

#### THE LATE MR. NEVILLE.

My dear husband from a child sat under the ministry of Mr. John Stevens. About fifty-two years ago the law of God was brought home to his conscience; he felt himself a sinner; after some conflict, the Holy Spirit led him to Christ for a whole salvation, and for forty-eight years I have witnessed his prayers and praises for the grace bestowed on him. He would often say, "Not unto me, but unto Thy name be all the glory." About seven years ago his health began to decline. I never once heard him murmur, but he would often repeat, "For mercies countless as the sands." He longed to be with Christ, which is far better. A short time before he died, taking him by the hand, he said, "I am now shouting victory! victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" Shortly after he fell asleep in Jesus.

"My Last Wish" was composed many years ago; it was sweetly fulfilled in his death. With Christian regards,

REBECCA NEVILLE.

#### MY LAST WISH.

When in death I close mine eyes,  
May my soul to heaven arise,  
Veiled in the spotless dress  
Of Immanuel's righteousness.

Wait, my soul, with holy fear,  
Thy redemption draweth near;  
Soon the night will pass away,  
Soon will come the glorious day,

When my soul to heav'n will rise,  
To take its mansion in the skies,  
See my Saviour face to face,  
Triumph in redeeming grace,

Cast my crown at His dear feet,  
Shout, "Salvation is complete!"  
While the heavenly host around  
Join to swell the blissful sound.

Hark! they strike their golden lyres,  
Love Divine each bosom fires;  
"Glory to the Lamb" they sing,  
"Heav'n's eternal, glorious King."

When this mortal life shall cease,  
Close my eyes, dear Lord, in peace,  
And my spirit bear away  
To the realms of endless day.

Greenwich.

RICHARD NEVILLE

**BLAKENHAM, SUFFOLK.**—The anniversary of the Baptist chapel was held Sept. 18th. Mr. J. Hazelton preached in the afternoon from Isa. xlv. 22, and in the evening from John xvii. 24. The morning was very wet, which no doubt prevented many from attending from the surrounding districts, consequently the afternoon attendance was small compared to previous occasions; but there was a good attendance in the evening. A capital tea was provided for sixpence; it ought to have been more, as I fear it was a loss, seeing there was an abundance of provisions to spare. Brethren Field, Kern, Morling, and Mr. Houghton, the pastor, assisted in giving hymns out. In the evening Mr. K. read and prayed. As there was no debt on the chapel, the collections were very generously given to the Norfolk and Suffolk Baptist Association, which is doing a great work, according to the statement given by Mr. Houghton, when urging its claims upon the friends present. Mr. Hazelton was blessed with life and liberty in preaching the Gospel of Christ, lifting his Master high. Indeed, we had some strong meat with the wine of the kingdom.

**MANCHESTER.**—We are moving on at Higher Temple-street Baptist chapel. On Sunday, September 8, 1878, our new organ was opened. Mr. F. A. Smith, in morning, preached from: "For even Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us." His father, S. A. Smith, in the evening, from: "I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God, upon a psalter; upon an instrument of ten strings will I sing praise unto Thee." On Wednesday evening, August 28, Mr. S. A. Smith baptized two adults. Thursday evening, Mr. Craue, of Walter-street, baptized three men and three women. I gladly witnessed both. It is encouraging to see the Baptists are not dying out. Our ministerial brethren, who know the truth, should not despise God's ordinance and command of immersion. Is it not a solemn fact that 900 have been immersed in the Thames? Some not to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. We all feel sad grief for the survivors of the sufferers in the awful calamity. May the voice of God be heard therein, "Be ye also ready, for ye know not the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."—J. HUDSON.

### AFTER THIRTY YEARS' DISCIPLESHIP.

When we receive testimonies like the following, we think they are calculated to encourage poor doubting ones to "put on Christ" by a public confession of their faith in His name. The feeble and the fearing, whose hopes are in the Lord, shall never finally fall from grace. Read the following, and be of good cheer, all ye of little faith:—

DEAR FATHER in the Gospel of our ever-loving and covenant-keeping God,—Many of us would be pleased to see and hear you preach. I love the Gospel as much now as when I first heard you, thirty years ago, when, through you, the Word came straight from the King of kings to my longing, seeking soul! Many storms have beat against my poor trembling heart, yet have I been enabled to say—

"In every state secure,  
Kept by Jehovah's eye."

I often long to be freed from this world of strife and sin:

"O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God."

The hope that such a day will come makes even the captive's portion sweet.

To-morrow we hope to see a pretty sight—  
a dear old saint in his 80th year, with a young one in her 16th year, in the water—and sing—

"How great and solemn is the thing  
For which we here are come!  
To view the death of Zion's King,  
And gaze upon His tomb.

Here, humble saints, your tribute pay,  
A risen Saviour sing:  
Come, be baptized without delay,  
In honour of your King!"

When you received me in at Crosby-row, you said you liked "to see young ones come in." I thought, "Yes; and I like to see old ones hold on!" as so many fall away. We hope to see both to-morrow.

YATELY. — September 9, the harvest thanksgiving services were held, with a desire to show gratitude to our bountiful and gracious Lord. Mr. C. Slim, of Guilford, preached good and profitable sermons; afternoon, Exodus xvii. 11, the main point being the efficacy of prayer in the work of faith, the patience of hope, and the labour of love. Amalek, a representative of the foes of God's people, prayer a mighty power in delivering them. A good tea was provided. Tables decorated with corn, fruit, and flowers. Evening text, Psalm cxvii. 6. Here Christ was spoken of primary as going forth and weeping, bearing precious seed; His going forth in salvation, also in the hearts of His people, and His coming again rejoicing, and that it will apply to the weeping people of God; our brother Slim gave us good advice. The Lord is blessing His people under the ministry of brother Stevens with increase—two sisters desiring to shew their love and obedience in being baptized, so that pastor, deacons, and Church thank God and take courage.—J. N.

KING'S CROSS.—The friends at Bethel, Wharfedale-road, had a happy time at their anniversary. Sunday, Sept. 8, C. W. Banks preached to an attentive people, many of whom stated afterwards that they heard him gladly. On the Tuesday following, they had a crowded meeting; the pastor, W. M. Haydon, said it did his heart good to see three aged sisters sitting together, who were baptized and became members of the Church over forty years ago, when that honoured man, brother Carpenter, was their pastor. Mr. Green, a deacon whose name has been on the Church books for over forty years, gave a short outline of the history of the Church, then stated that at present there was such a spirit of prayer felt in the Church that the evening before the meeting was continued half-an-hour beyond the usual time. The congregations are good, the Sunday school is in a healthy state, the Church is working in peace, ten members have been added to the Church in the past year, and the children of God are being fed. In the past year two of their number had been taken to the mansions above, and one of them had been much helped, during a long illness, by the Sick Visiting Society in connection with the Church. He concluded by handing the pastor a packet containing a letter and £5, as a mark of their esteem. We then had some cheering speeches from brethren Archer, R. G. Edwards, C. Masterson, and W. Osmond, the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL bringing up the rear with a sound speech on the provisions of the Lord's house. Many wishes were expressed that the Bethel people had a larger place; one speaker spoke of the stifling feeling; brother Banks said he felt melting away. I understand the building only seats 120, and they number 58 members with 180 children on the books of the Sunday school. Can nothing be done to help them?—ONE THAT WAS THERE.

CAMDEN TOWN.—Fourth anniversary of opening Milton Hall, as a place of worship, was held Lord's-day and Tuesday, Sept. 8 and 10. On Sunday, sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, I. Levinsohn, and D. Gander. On Tuesday, B Woodrow read John xvii. and prayed. C. W. Banks delivered a comforting discourse. Evening meeting commenced by singing

"Spirit of truth, come down,  
Reveal the things of God," &c.

D. Gander occupied the chair; but in consequence of suffering acute pain in a swollen foot, was compelled during the evening to relinquish the position, and leave it in the hands of C. Cornwell. W. Beddow implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Gander spoke of the state of the cause. The Word had been blessed. Excellent addresses were delivered by C. W. Banks, Cornwell, Nugent, Lawrence, and W. Lodge. The evening service was well attended. Sympathy was felt for the pastor in his affliction, and the desire expressed by speakers that he might soon be restored to health, in which the writer heartily unites.—W. BEDDOW.

**BRIGHTON.**—A stranger in Brighton says:—"I love the precious truth of Christ, and nothing but truth can suit my case, although I have been obliged often to hear different in the course of my journey through life. I have been here to several places; heard Mr. Glaskin at Bond-street. I think that truth is loved there. Been to Galeed-chapel several times; there are supplies, and the proper sound rings; large attendance. Been to Providence chapel in Church-street; Mr. Lawson is the minister. I found what I wanted; I have been several times. I have also heard Mr. Harbone in West-street. He is a good sound declarer of the truth as it is in Jesus. I think truth is not shut out in Brighton. The Lord has many of His dear people here. It is a great difference to me here than in Swansea, where I came from, there being no place there. Being in the building trade, it is always very uncertain. I do not know how long I shall be where I am. I am trying to obtain some place that I may be able to settle down, so that I may not have to range the country, for by doing so I have to mix up with the roughest of the rough; and it makes me feel sometimes that I have no spiritual life at all; but, thanks be to God, He has never left me, and I feel I am yet one that He has said shall show forth His praise."

**LOCKWOOD, YORKSHIRE.**—Mr. Field, writing from the Church under the care of our brother Mr. W. Crowther, says: Our dear minister, Mr. Crowther, has had a drawback in his progress towards recovery. We hope he is now improving again, if the Lord will. Our pulpit has been well supplied. Mr. Butterworth, of Bethesda chapel, Royston, has supplied the pulpit and administered the ordinance on the first Sunday of each month since Mr. Crowther's absence. Mr. Thornton, of Accrington, Mr. Paul Scholes, of Bradford, and several other men of truth, so that we may truly say we have been highly favoured. Our congregation and school keep up about the same. Peace continues to dwell in our midst; the Word of truth is blessed to our souls. Our daily prayer is that our minister may be spared unto us.—**JAMES AND MARY FIELD.**

**WELLINGBOROUGH.**—Zoar harvest thanksgiving services were held Tuesday, Sept. 3. Brother Cornwall preached excellent sermons. Good company took tea, kindly given by the ladies. The day's proceedings—collections and tea—were £9 0s. 3d. We again bless our covenant God for continuing His favours, spiritual and temporal, to us, who are unworthy of the least notice or regard.—**W. H. LEE, pastor.**

**SUSSEX.**—Sunday, September 8, was a happy day at Horsted and at Chelwood-common. There is a morning and afternoon service at the former place, and an evening service at the latter. The Lord enabled our brother William Wheeler to baptize a sister and a brother in the afternoon, at Horsted Keynes. The chapel was well filled.

**HORSTED KEYNES, SUSSEX.**—At the above Baptist chapel, on Monday, Sept. 16th, 1878, harvest thanksgiving services were held, when the friends were cheered in the afternoon by the ministration of C. W. Banks (of London), whose text was Eccles. ix. 14, 15. Our veteran brother exalted greatly the dear Redeemer and His work in his remarks on "the little city" and "the poor wise man," who delivered it by his wisdom. He appeared to be quite at home and happy at his work. The service in the evening was conducted by W. Wheeler (of Blackheath), who, since July 7th, has been supplying the pulpit. He spoke from the words: "But gather the wheat into My barn," "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," as found in Matt. xiii. 30 (latter clause), and xliii. (former part). The little chapel was well filled at both services. Many came from a distance. We were much encouraged, and the Lord's presence was signally felt. About 130 partook of a well-arranged tea, which reflected great credit on the ladies. As all could not sit at the tables in the chapel, a few were accommodated at our brother Murrell's house. Thus has passed a day, we trust, long to be remembered with thanksgiving.

**NORWICH.**—That studious and truly-sanctified divine, Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham, has been preaching for us at Orford-hill. We do praise the Lord for such living, walking, consecrated, and useful witnesses for truth. We are looking for some such to be sent into our ancient city. Orford-hill presents a large field for Evangelical labour. So believeth **ANTI-PADLOCK.**—[Mr. Hutton, the Norwich poet, writes of the Tabernacle pastor as a man much blessed in the ministry. If Orford-hill and Pitt-street had their pulpits occupied by intelligent, experimental, Biblical expounders, and soul-seeking Gospel preachers, their chapels would soon be filled. Three Churches of truth in one city is not so bad.]

**BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.**—On Monday, Sept. 9th, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn occupied the pulpit of the Strict Baptist chapel, and preached a sermon which proved a blessing to the hearers and preacher. On the following evening Mr. Levinsohn delivered his lecture on "The Jews," at the Assembly Rooms, which is the largest hall at Boston; the lecture was delivered to a crowded congregation. Chair was taken by Councillor Allan.

**HOXTON.**—Usual monthly prayer meeting was held at 37, Haberdasher-street, East-road, Friday evening, Sept. 6. Between forty and fifty present. Brethren Chapinan, Beddow, Ludlow, James, and others prayed. Mr. Evans read a part of the first epistle of Peter. A happy season of supplication was spent. The next meeting will be Friday evening, Oct. 4. Friends cordially invited. Time 7.31.—**W. B.**

PECKHAM.—A good example for causes of truth. I went to Nunhead-green Baptist chapel, September 15; there was a collection for the bereaved who suffer from the sinking of the *Princess Alice*. They had a good collection; the amount was £11 ls. 6d. I left the pretty chapel delighted. I mention this that other places of truth may do the same. Cannot you ask friends, through the VESSEL, to assist in the same way?—B. JONES. [This Thames calamity and the South Wales explosion demand of us all we can do.—ED.]

### Notes of the Month.

TRINITY-STREET Baptist Church, Boston, still increases under Mr. John Bolton's ministry. We enjoyed some liberty in the services, Aug. 25, in Auckland-road new chapel. It was well filled. The late Dr Epps's friend will find it near Gipsy-hill station. Hey-Com. was surprised the deceased minister, Thomas Clifford (who died recently at Goudhurst), should say, "I believe very few will go to heaven!" It is very distressing to be in the dark respecting one's own safety; to wonder how before the great white throne we shall appear; but severely to judge of the state of others, to limit the blessed Redeemer's purchase to a "very few," is to us, a gloomy temptation. Thomas Clifford preached many years, and out of the terrible river of solemn tribulation he was taken peacefully and pleasantly home, 26th April, 1878. In the same month, Mr. Marsh, of Devezes, departed most triumphantly to the mansions of glory prepared for all who truly in the Lord believe. Mr. Brown's effort to evangelise England commenced in Herts. But because all the Baptist pastors have not rushed to the effort, no little suppressed anger has resulted. The provincial pastors quietly have said, "We do not desire to have a bonfire, and then be left in the ashes." On the Thames embankment, a church, costing £60,000, is to be erected to the memory of John Knox. Mr. Joseph Flory has been preaching on Sunday evenings in the Market-place, Boston, to some hundreds of people. That is, "preaching to sinners" without controversy. We feel our hearts silently ascend to Heaven for a blessing to attend Joseph's evangelistic zeal. If every minister who has lung, voice, strength, and love enough to go and do likewise, we surely should have a harvest. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn has been preaching and lecturing on the Jews in Boston. "A Friend to Truth" wishes a review of the reviewer's remarks on Mr. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David," vol. 5; also on his sermon, "The Witness of the Spirit." Many other queries are forwarded. "A Particular," from Peckham (for instance), asks, "Can you assign any reason why so many persons who were once useful members in our churches now being non-communicants?" Yes, "Particular," we "dare to open our columns" for a discussion on any hopeful, useful subject, but the parties referred to are masters, not servants. John Stevens's discourse to them, given fifty years ago, we have thought of inserting. But the office, in some cases, is very difficult to fulfil. Harvest and anniversary services have been so thick of late we have not had time to answer many letters. The Lord sparing, we must keep closer home now.

CROYDON.—We have given Mr. Willis an invite to preach in Tamworth-road Baptist chapel for twelve months. We beseech the Lord to make him useful to gather in and to build up, for both we greatly need. [Is there not too much reliance on the pulpit, and too little exertion put forth by the people? We know, in many Churches all over the country, there are those who profess to be saved, yet never stir a step to-

ward the ingathering of others. When our people can go forth manifesting the Spirit of Him who said, "The love of God constraineth us," we believe the empty pews will be filled up. Full well we know the Lord only can effectually call and essentially work true life, and faith, and hope, and love in the Lord. Nevertheless, are the seven lines of Paul's prescribing, experimentally and practically, true in us? He says: (1) "Speaking the truth in love;" (2) "May grow up into Him in all things which is the Head, even Christ;" (3) "From whom the whole body fitly joined together;" (4) "And compacted by that which every joints supplieth;" (5) "According to the effectual working in the measure of every part;" (6) "Maketh increase of the body;" (7) "Unto the edifying of itself in love!" Who will preach from, who will seek for grace to work out, this full and precious Scripture?

DEATH.—Mr. Bax, the useful pastor of the Strict Baptist Church at St. Neot's, has been called home. This appears a painful bereavement for the widow, the family, the Church, and the neighbourhood. Further particulars may be given another month. Mr. Bax was devoted to his Master here, he is now at home with millions more. May we, who are in the winter of life, realise that wonderful proclamation and promise in Isa. xlv. 3, 4.

DEATH AGAIN!—Our respected brother, Thos. James, writes to announce the death of that zealous preacher, Mr. J. P. Clarke, for several years of Notting-hill. He died at his father's residence, near Peterborough, after a long illness. We hope those who were with him will furnish some account of his last days. He had much of the Spirit of Christ in him, as many of the Churches know, for whom he frequently preached.

ARE TRUSTEES FAITHFUL TO THEIR TRUSTS?—Look you here, Mr. Editor.—Once upon a time, a well-disposed lady left some land, the profits of which were to help support the Gospel in a certain district. That land now produces about £100 per annum. The ancient chapel has a minister who receives the whole endowment, and has done so many years. He preaches, when at home, to a very, very tiny few indeed, with one very old male member. Does this well-endowed pastor seek the spiritual benefit of the peoples around him? Are the stipulations of the trust-deed faithfully viflicated? If not, and if the trustees allow a long-continued perversion of the donor's will, ought we not to lay the case before the Charity Commissioners? [If the minister stands in a wrong position, he will surely, if he does, leave it. There are many bad cases of that kind in this country. The endowment of chapels often causes a blight.]

THE PULPIT.—Many Churches seek for ministers. We think W. Gill, of Willenhall, Staffs., would supply any Church for a few Sundays, although he has for years been settled in Little London.

### Deaths.

IN an affectionate remembrance of Miriam Ruth Drew, born Oct. 16th, 1874; Martha Helen Drew, born June 7th, 1876; and Elizabeth Mary Drew, born Feb. 4th, 1878, the dear children of Henry and Ruth Drew, who were drowned by the sinking of the *Princess Alice*, Sept. 8rd, 1878; also of their beloved mother, who, after having been rescued from the water, died from the shock, Sept. 8th, 1878, aged 33 years.

IN an affectionate remembrance of Olive Beach, the beloved wife of John Henry Beach, of Grange-road, Bermondsey, who departed this life Sept. 17, 1878, in her 43rd year.

ON August 26, Sophia, the beloved wife for 48 years of David Aldridge, Church-street, Staines, Middlesex, aged 68. Her end was peace.

# God's Ancient People :

THEIR ORIGIN, SUFFERINGS, PRIVILEGES, AND PROSPECTS.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

[The following paper by Mr. ISAAC LEVINSOHN is introductory to a series of articles on the past, the present, and the future history of his own countrymen, and of the Jews generally. With the Lord's blessing upon his spirit in writing, and upon the readers in reading, much sound knowledge will be obtained. There are thousands of Christians much exercised about "God's Ancient People." Will our true friends assist us in giving publicity to these papers? We expect soon to close our Thirty-Fourth Volume, and feel anxious to be more than ever useful.—C. W. B.]

## CHAPTER I.

**T**RAVELLING hither and thither on the European continent, the traveller often meets individuals who are strangers to him. Naturally he looks about with an eye of observation, and endeavours to determine in his mind as to the nationalities the foreign individuals belong to; but often fails to decide precisely as to what country they may spring from. But on meeting a Jew, the traveller seldom entertains any doubts as to what nationality he is. A great observer of the Jews said:—"They are unlike all other people; for on every countenance a strong but peculiar Eastern character is impressed. All appear to resemble each other; some, perhaps, more refined than others in their features, but yet the lineaments are the same. There is a striking similarity in the contour of the face: the brow, the nose, the eye, the curl of the locks, the shape of the beard, are all of an unique character."

Taking a walk on a Saturday through the Tzarskoe Syelo in St. Petersburg, the Willhelm Strasse in Berlin, the wonderful and lovely Prater of Vienna, or the Victoria Park in London, we often meet these individuals; there is no need to doubt or to make any inquiry as to whether they are Jews or not. It may be of some interest to notice the names by which this nation is known; and whoever knows their names historically, will certainly admit that almost the whole of their history is contained in the names.

The first time we read of a name by which this nation is called occurs in Gen. xiv. 13, which reads thus:—"And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew—עֲבָרִי—Hebrew or עֲבָרָא in the original signifying "on the other side." This name was given to Abram by the inhabitants of Canaan, because he was a stranger or foreigner, who had come from the other side of the river Euphrates; and as Abraham was called—and was not ashamed to be called—ober, or foreigner, his children and children's children have very wisely called themselves after their father, who was a friend of God. Thus it is most interesting to note that this nation possesses a name which carries us back between 4,000 and 5,000 years.



The second name given to this nation, which the Bible reader is well acquainted with, is that of "Israelites," derived from "Israel," the name granted to Jacob by the Angel of the Lord (Gen. xxxii. 28):—"Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

The third name by which this wonderful people is often called is the "Jews." This name is derived from "Judah." It carries us back to their captivity in Babylon, where, although there were individuals from almost all the twelve tribes, yet from the tribe of Judah the largest majority were doomed; and as the largest number among the captives were from this tribe, they, therefore, very appropriately called themselves after the same name—*i.e.*, Jews.

It may also be said that the three names mentioned are very dear and precious to that nation, and they seem to possess a peculiar pleasure and honour when they testify that they are "Hebrews," "Israelites," or "Jews." Even the great apostle rejoiced to testify to what nationality he belonged to:—"Are they Hebrews? So am I." Nearly forty centuries have elapsed since Abraham took possession of Canaan, yet his seed still lives; yea, the very name is alive, although nations have perished, generations have been swept away from this globe; the genealogies of Persia, Greece, Assyria, Babylon, Rome, and other nations, lose themselves among their gods, yet the history of the Hebrews, with its perfect simplicity and truthfulness, stands as a marked exception, giving us interest to study the lives of the old worthies, as if the movements and migrations of Abraham and his flocks from place to place had only taken place a few days since. Such a history is surely infallibly preserved by Him who is Almighty, and rules in infinite wisdom.

The history of the Jews, and the vicissitudes through which they have passed, are as singular as their appearance. Jehovah has in His sovereignty been pleased to set His mark upon them, and He has chosen them "as a peculiar people." He alone was regarded as their King; their laws were made and delivered by Him; God alone determined in questions of peace and war, and idolatry was treason. The land, too, in which as a nation they settled, was conquered by means which were under the guidance and in accordance with the Divine will of God. The land into which God brought them was that of Canaan, where they resided 730 years, at the end of which time, on account of their idolatry and disobedience, they were carried into captivity, in which condition they remained for seventy years, when Cyrus, King of Persia, delivered them out of the hand of their enemies, and restored them to their own land of Canaan. We are not quite certain as to how long they remained in the peaceable possession of their land, but we find that, in the course of time, they were doomed under the Syrian yoke. On account of their country being situated between Syria and Egypt, these two nations being frequently at war with each other, Canaan became alternately the prey of each.

Josephus says:—"The Jews resembled a ship tossed on a hurricane, and buffeted on both sides by the waves, while they lived in the midst of contending seas." They were in this condition nearly 200 years, when about the year B.C. 130, Matthias, joined by a large number of his countrymen, commenced a war with the Syrians (whom they were under at this time). On the death of Matthias, Judas Maccabees became

leader, and upon his death, his two sons, Jonathan and Simon, completed the work of deliverance, the end of the war (which lasted over forty years) being freedom from the Syrian yoke, and the re-establishment of their own government in the land, all public documents being dated, "In the first year of Simon, high priest and chief of the Jews." Had the Jews been united among themselves, they might have defied the power of their enemies, but, unfortunately for themselves, many elements of disunion sprang up among them. Some were very faithfully attached to the "ceremonial law," others less so, while others again conformed to the Grecian worship. These, with the quarrels of jealous rivals to the throne being added, weakened the kingdom, and led to its destruction, for about the year B.C. 61, two descendants of the "Royal Family" laid claim to the throne. Not agreeing, their claim was referred to Pompei, Emperor of Rome, who, instead of deciding in favour of either, sent a large army to Jerusalem and captured it. One of the aspirants to the throne became high priest, while the other was taken captive.

While in the hands of the Romans, the country was at first left under "Governors"—men of Jewish descent, the most famous among them being Herod, who built many fortresses, a splendid palace, famous harbours and cities, and did very much to add to the magnificence and splendour of the temple, although in character he was ambitious, cruel, and revengeful.

On the death of Herod, his three sons became the Governors of Judæa, and on their death, the country was ruled entirely by Roman Governors, under whom the condition of the Jews was miserable in the extreme; for we are told that the "avarice and injustice of the Governors was terribly great." The Jews having submitted to such treatment for a number of years, at length broke into open rebellion, took one Roman garrison and stronghold, and very soon became masters of Jerusalem. News of this revolt soon reached Rome, and an army of 60,000 men was despatched. At first, powerful resistance was offered by the Jews; the Roman general then determined to starve the city, the horrors of which we cannot describe till next month.

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#### THE DESTITUTE DELIVERED.

WHEN torn with sorrow and distress,  
No peace, no calm I find;  
With nought to ease the wretchedness  
That rules an anxious mind;

I lift my gaze to Sinai's height,  
With awe and trembling fear;  
A voice puts all my hopes to flight,  
Which says, "No pardon here.

"Fulfil the law, the righteous law,  
By God's own mandate given;  
Thy life be whole, without a flaw,  
Thus shalt thou enter heaven."

I turn my eager eyes within,—  
No words of man can trace

Welling, Kent.

How soiled my life with every sin,  
How destitute of grace!

Round me, my Father and my Lord,  
Thy arms of love intwine;  
Speak thou the all-compelling word,  
That seals me ever Thine.

So shall my course Thy fingers show,  
Nor ill prevail again;  
Those who to Thee thro' Jesus go,  
Shall never go in vain.

My thoughts all dedicate to Thee,  
And self e'en cast away;  
These only then remain to me,  
To serve, wait, love, obey.

WILLIAM BRAZIER.

## A FEW WORDS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

“ Too careless often, as our years proceed,  
 What friends we sort with, or what books we read,  
 Our parents yet exert a prudent care  
 To feed our infant minds with proper fare.”

**T**HE subject of Sunday school training fills a vast space in the literary productions of nearly all religious bodies differing in sentiment, more or less, from the Strict and Particular Baptist, and it is difficult at all times to surmount the petty prejudices which are so early interwoven in the web and woof of our nature against certain things which were unknown or not patronised by our forefathers, and which ill-formed ideas, even grace, in after life, seem not totally to eradicate. It is not, therefore, singular to note with what little esteem Sunday schools are held in by some Christian professors of to-day, and I cannot boast of exemption altogether from feelings, not of the most pleasant kind, which I for years deeply realised respecting the culture of children, not having myself gained any material advantage from the old hum-drum system adopted by some teachers of the past, whose method in teaching the young appeared bald, cold, insipid, and mechanical. It is a wrong notion to suppose that God does not work great and glorious results by the use of the most feeble instruments, and He never performs by miracle for us what we can do for ourselves.

There are many members of Churches whom I fear are far from being “lively,” and who think it an act of presumption to make any progress in the department of the young; thus under this pretext they rest in undisturbed repose, and which state of torpor they believe to be so congenial to nature. When Sunday schools first started in this town, some of the old crotchety Christians used to express in ironical terms their disapprobation of the *modus operandi*, as the children were going to school: “There go your little Christians”—as though they were sent to school to be made Christians, or that there was harm in teaching children the letter of truth, and as if they were afraid of them being saved too early. This scene of things is now in a great measure altered, although there are a few scions of the old prototype crabstock left who are determined to do no good in this way themselves, and are very careful that no one else shall.

“ Now truth perform thine office ; waft aside  
 The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride.”

Sunday school teachers, as sowers of the seed, have great need of faith and patience, for their office is an onerous one, though not without encouragement; the reaping is sometimes realised by others, through the instrumentality of preaching by the Holy Ghost—instances of which have occurred in many Churches other than that of Waltham Abbey. It requires a wise person to teach a child, and it is not so easy a matter as is often imagined by unpractised persons. All persons have not the skill and ingenuity of our famous evangelical hymn-writer, Dr. Watts, who could stoop to reach the infants' mind by composing his Divine and moral songs, and yet be able, as Dr. Johnson observes, to teach the art of reasoning and the science of the stars.

If a teacher should think to gain ground in the class without previous study, he will be seriously mistaken, for the children have lynx eyes and ears, and can soon tell whether the teacher is up in the subject before them. Their little minds require to be charmed and edified by a variety of Scripture incidents made interesting. This, no doubt, the teachers find to be true, some of whom, perhaps being engaged early and late all the week, have scarcely had time to look at the lesson since they closed their previous afternoon school; the consequence is, that they soon lose caste in the mind of the class, as ministers do when their hearers get before them. If the teacher is not interested in the lesson, the class will not be, and the actions of the restless pupils will soon determine the fact. If the teacher can get the scholar to repeat to him the lesson he has taught it, that scholar will the more easily remember the general heads of the lesson. The child remembers for a long period what it tells the teacher, but soon forgets the lesson given if no questions are asked about it either by the parent or teacher. When a teacher professedly ceases to learn, that teacher immediately ceases to instruct, for much

“ Depends, as in the tiller's toil,  
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.”

I have no sympathy with the belief that Sunday schools are nurseries of the Church; the Holy Ghost is as much needed in saving one who has been continually under Biblical instruction as in the case of a “ gutter child ” or street Arab that has never heard the name of Jesus. In our Sabbath schools there are many Timothy's who will doubtless take leading positions in the Church and the world when our heads are laid low in the valley of death.

Some of the ablest divines that have ever adorned the pulpit, and statesmen of high culture that have held the political world in awe, have been teachers in Sunday schools. Since the days of Robert Raikes an untold amount of good has been realised in the religious and civil world through the labours of the Sunday education scheme. The foundation of the Sunday school soon appeared to be owned of God, for in five years after its first establishment there were no less than 250,000 children brought from gross heathenism under sound Biblical training, and in the day we live there are no less than 23,000,000 of Sunday scholars instructed in the Word of God by 2,200,000 teachers. The *moral* influence alone (without naming the *spiritual*) resulting from this field of labour must be immense, and which must not only affect, for the better, all English homes, but has a mighty power for good in elevating this country above all others in the scale of civilisation and religious freedom. The study of the Bible, and the Bible alone, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon it, is “ the true source of England's greatness.”

In the September of 1876, a few of the friends at Ebenezer, Waltham Abbey, considered the propriety of opening a Sunday school, when, after much earnest prayer, it was decided to try the combined efforts of a select number of teachers in that direction, and a school was begun on the first Lord's-day in October, and it has continued under the smiles of Heaven to progress, so much so that within the short space of eighteen months, 120 names are recorded by the superintendent: one of the number has been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, baptized, and added to the Church. Thus we may say with joy and humility, “ This

is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." A junior brother of two of the scholars of Ebenezer Sunday school has just fallen asleep in Jesus, and whose memory I humbly wish to perpetuate in the following lines, entitled

THE DEATH OF LITTLE "PERCY."

Ah! dear little "Percy," once fond and beguiling,  
 When nature's sweet buddings began to display;  
 So charmingly playful, and prattling, and smiling,  
 Yes, fair wert thou then as a morning in May.  
 The prospects of future were lit up with gladness,  
 The home of the parents made joyous and free;  
 But now all the fond hopes are blighted with sadness,  
 And hearts that were happy now sorrow for thee.  
 Thy small tender figure grew only to perish,  
 And childhood developed for speedy decay;  
 Like early spring flowers we eagerly cherish,  
 Till winds of adversity sweep them away.  
 Our thoughts swiftly run o'er the past little pleasure  
 Which fancy exhibits, but wily, to cheat;  
 And sigh as we think of the lost little treasure,  
 That's closely entwined around memory's seat.  
 Thus snatched from the bosom, in dust he is sleeping,  
 'Neath yon grassy hillock, far distant from care;  
 The high elms appear to be bowing and weeping,  
 And moaning forth *requiems* softly and clear.  
 He's gone from this state of corruption before thee,  
 For ever to dwell in the sunlight of love;  
 Then turn from the gloomy, and think of the glory  
 Enjoyed by the spirit of "Percy" above.  
 'Tis hard from the objects of nature to sever,  
 Though links wove in time may for ever abide,  
 When grace and true love shall unite them together,  
 Not death nor affliction shall ever divide.  
 He rests in the bliss of those mansions so golden,  
 Absorbed in the splendour and rapture Divine;  
 At home with the ransom'd, the travellers olden,  
 Who long bore the heat and the burden of time.  
 Then shall we not leave him with Jesus—resigning  
 Our all to His keeping—He's ever the same?  
 The Saviour hath need of him, hush thy repining!  
 He giveth and taketh; O blest be His name!

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey, October 11, 1878.

"A WALL OF FIRE."—In the East of Europe, during the early Prussian wars, the troops marched and remarched so frequently along the principal lines of road, that to live near these roads was to be exposed to continual robbery and much cruelty. The news that an army was once more approaching their district caused very keen anguish to a widowed mother and her orphan daughter. They were led to their Bible as the best guide, and the passage read from Zechariah included the promise: "I will be unto her a wall of fire around about" (ii. 5). The daughter inquired artlessly, "But can He make a wall of fire round our house, mother?" "I know not, child," replied the mother, "whether He will, but let us ask Him to protect us in His own way." They prayed, and retired to calm rest, which was long unbroken. An unearthly stillness and a deep darkness, lasting long after their usual morning hour for rising, led to their getting to an upper window, from which they saw that God had reared a bank of snow against the side of their house fronting the road, and the enemy had passed by leaving them unseen and unmolested.

## THE AFFLICTED MINISTER'S HARVEST.

*To my Beloved Friends throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the Australian Colonies, Tasmania, and Fiji,—Grace and Peace be Multiplied.*

**I**N my last letter, addressed to you through the EARTHEN VESSEL, February of this year, I informed you that the Lord had quickened me again, and had brought me up again from the depths of the earth. The Lord has indeed been very gracious unto me, not only in restoring me to a measure of health, but to my loved work in the Gospel kingdom of His dear Son; not as a settled pastor over one Church, but to do the work of an Evangelist among those Churches where my poor services are acceptable and desired.

Invitations have come to me from all parts, many of which I have been able to comply with, and have been abundantly helped both in the pulpit and on the platform, above all that I could ask or think. But the signs following the preaching of the Gospel of Christ have been truly marvellous. I have been greatly surprised, and encouraged to go forth with perseverance and determination with my old motto: "Whosoever thine hand findeth to do, *do* it with thy might." Never in my life have I been so much comforted and stimulated to work for Christ and souls, as I have since my recovery from my late affliction, and re-entrance upon my Gospel mission, because of the many precious souls and seals the Lord has given me, through sermons preached years ago, when I feared I had laboured in vain, and had spent my strength for nought. I will record a few instances out of the many which I have received.

In March I preached at Knockholt, in Kent. There I met with one who had been convinced of sin under a sermon preached at Matfield-green ten years ago, when on my mission from Australia. From that time, he continued in bondage until he heard me preach at Knockholt. He had walked seven miles, crying, "O Lord, I am oppressed: undertake for me." God the Holy Ghost did undertake for him, and applied the Word with pardoning and delivering power: "Loose him, and let him go." He did indeed go forth with joy and gladness. In less than three months he was in the valley of the shadow of death. Just before he died, he said, "Give my love to Mr. Bunyan McCure. Tell him I am upon the Rock." He died in the full assurance of faith, and is now forever with the Lord,

"Ascribing his victory to the Lamb,  
His triumphs to His death."

Having received a very pressing invitation to preach at Zion chapel' Cardiff, I went there, and was received in the kindest manner by the saints. The presence and power of the "Eternal Spirit" was in our midst, so that the Gospel was not in word only, but in the power of the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, which was the united testimony of those who worship there. It was a special season unto many; the people rejoiced and were glad in the Lord. Several special instances of souls blessed came under my notice, which confirmed me that I was doing the will of the Lord, although I appeared to be running a great risk, my brain not being strong enough to endure excitement. While

at Cardiff, I preached six sermons, delivered a long lecture, and entered my protest against "Ancient Witchcraft, Modern Spiritualism, that Satanical Delusion of the Infernal Seducer of Souls." When I came to the chapel to preach on Monday night, I saw a number of persons outside, who were giving away tracts and papers, advocating that awful delusion. In the chapel, there were a large number of Spiritualists who had come to hear and contend against me. Not having been able to sleep during the night, I was not well enough to endure the excitement of deputations and contentions with such a people. I therefore cried unto the Lord to help and direct me, when a lady came into the vestry who attended the chapel on the Lord's-day morning, and was blessed in a very remarkable manner, and that caused her to come again. She said, "There are a number of Spiritualists here—one who was a leading deacon of a Baptist Church in this town, and others of whom I hoped better things. Now, my dear sir, fill the sack with wheat, and there will be no room for them." In this remarkable manner, the Lord heard my cry and answered me. In a moment I felt strengthened for my work. I went into the pulpit; the reporters were ready with book and pencil to take down what I might say. For one hour I filled the sack with wheat; preached a full Gospel, and a precious Christ, which was taken down and listened to with great attention.

At Clifton, Beds, where that dear servant of our Royal Master Jesus, S. Sears, preached with great success for so many years, and who is now where the wicked and righteous cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest, and where all the heart wounds of unfaithful friends are for ever healed, I have been helped to preach many times to large and attentive congregations with much liberty and acceptance, and have received many blessed testimonies that I have not laboured in vain. There I met with a very remarkable instance of a soul and seal to my ministry, thirty years ago, under a sermon preached at Northampton; and I have seen three other persons who also were called under that sermon. Thirty years have passed, and only now to reap four precious seals who, with myself, are yet in the Gospel way, living monuments of saving and reigning grace.

When preaching at Croydon, I met with many blessed testimonies—one whose heart was broken under the Word when I preached at Hadlow, thirty years ago. She never spoke to me till now. She is, and has been, a member of the Church under the ministry of Mr. Covell, during the last twenty years. And I have only just now received a communication from a lady who heard me preach at Croydon seven years ago. She says, "That was the time of the deliverance of my soul;" and a young lady, whom she brought with her, who at that time was dead in sin, was quickened by the Holy Ghost. They are both rejoicing in the Lord.

At Maidstone, where I have lately preached six sermons, and where I preached twenty-eight years ago, I have reaped several seals. The last Sunday I was there, I saw four who declared to me what great things the Lord had done for their souls, under sermons preached years ago, when they were made to cry for the first time, "Jesus, save me or I die."

At Clapham, one of the deacons gave me a blessed account of how the Lord had called and sustained him in His kingdom during the last

ten years. When I came to England on behalf of the Sydney chapel debt, I preached in the chapel. He came. That was the first Gospel sermon he had ever heard. It was in power, and was the means of the deliverance of his soul. From that day he continued to attend, and is now a deacon of the Church under the pastorate of Mr. H. Hall.

On May 8, I preached the anniversary at Matfield-green. There I saw and spoke to several who had been blessed under my ministry years ago—three who were called out of the kingdom of darkness into the glorious kingdom of Christ, and who are established in the truth.

On May 15, I went to Dry Drayton, near Cambridge. Forty dear, loving, and faithful friends came from Cambridge to see and hear their poor late pastor once more. I was delighted to see them, and also to preach to them in the crowded chapel of Dry Drayton. It was a blessed day. I was greatly helped and much encouraged by the testimony of the people. I was told of two cases to whom the Word was in heart-breaking power, when I preached in my dear Eden at Cambridge. Very many souls the Lord gave me while I was labouring there, and I believe there will be many who will yet come forward and declare what God has done for their souls. I used to travail in birth for them, but I have not been suffered to witness their being brought to the birth and deliverance.

At Ryarsh, in Kent, a man came to me and said, "When you preached in Snodland, some five years ago, I came to hear you. It was then my heart was troubled about my sins. I thank God I ever heard you. Jesus is precious to my soul."

I received a kind invitation to preach at Rehoboth, Pimlico, which Church I gave up for Cambridge, and where God honoured my labours to an extent I had no idea of. The chapel was full, and so were the hearts of the people. They were delighted to see and to hear me once more—the first time since my illness. They have very much endeared themselves to me because of their true, faithful, and abiding love. They gave me Christian welcome, and many declared that my ministry had been the means of life to their souls, and others how they had been comforted and built up in the faith, and how delighted they would be to have me in their midst again. While that cannot be, yet it will be my pleasure to serve them all I am able for Christ's sake. While I have been constrained to say of some: "Man may dismiss compassions from his heart, but God will never," I am truly thankful and delighted to know that my dear friends at Rehoboth, Pimlico, have not dismissed compassions and loving sympathy from their hearts when the waves and billows of affliction carried me away from my loved work of ministering to the saints, and when it was believed by some that my work was done, and I should be of no use any more.

At Staines, I also met with much that encouraged and confirmed me in the lovingkindness of the Lord. A lady came to me after the service and said, "When you were at Sunningdale, thirty-four years ago, you preached a sermon from 1 Peter i. 19: 'But with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot;' that was the time the Lord found and blessed me;" and another who heard me preach at Richmond, about the same time, was called into the kingdom of Jesus, and this was the first time of their speaking to me. I also saw several of my dear children in the faith, whom I



baptized years ago, who gave me much comfort by beholding their decision and faithfulness to the Gospel, and their faithful love to the Lord's servants. I have never been able to understand those who declare that they have been blessed under the ministry of the Lord's servants, and after crying, "Hosanna in the highest!" then wound and break his heart, and crucify him. I have had a bitter and cruel experience. With Paul I can say, of all the perils I have had, none have been so distressing and hard to bear as "perils among false brethren."

Not being well, I was obliged to decline invitations for the first Lord's-day in August. How true the counsel of the Lord shall stand fast for ever. A minister, hearing I was unwell, came to see me and talk to me in all faithfulness, and hoped that I would not work so much as I had been doing until I became stronger, or I should be ill again, and perhaps never preach again, &c. I told him that I was not going to preach on Lord's-day; I was going to rest all day. Directly he found I was at liberty, he said that he was obliged to preach elsewhere next Sunday, and was much troubled for the want of a supply. He would be very thankful if I could take his pulpit for the day. He pressed me, and would not allow me to say no. Thinking that the hand of God was in it, I promised. Although I was ill—more fit for my bed than a pulpit—I was wonderfully helped; and when I heard how the Lord had blessed the Word, I was constrained to say, "This is the Lord's doings." But my reward was to come. A gentleman came into the vestry after the evening service, and said: "Twenty-eight years have passed since I saw or heard you. It was when you preached in a chapel at Shoreditch. That sermon was blessed to me, and has been a blessing ever since; and now to-night I have been blessed again." How very remarkable! I have met with several who were blest under that sermon. One I saw in Queensland, who told me that it was the means of his conversion. He was passing the chapel. Hearing a preacher's voice, he drew up to the door. What he heard was in power. His heart was broken. That night he prayed for the first time for mercy.

At Earls Barton, Northamptonshire, where I preached last month, we were blest with a very happy day in that part of the Gospel kingdom. Several informed me how their souls had been blest under sermons I had preached in different places. One was met with under a sermon I preached at the Tabernacle, Wellingborough, another under a sermon at Rushden, when I came to England on account of the Sydney debt. The Lord having a work for me in England, that debt was to be the means of my coming to do that work in which He owned and blest me to an extent I had no idea of. I had sown in tears in the matter of that chapel debt, and went forth weeping, bearing precious seed. And now I have come again rejoicing, bringing my sheaves with me—souls and seals—confirming me in the fact that I have been doing the work and will of the Lord.

Since my restoration to health and work, I have preached at Knockholt, Cardiff, Clapham, Croydon, Clifton, Kingston, Norbiton, Winchmore-hill, Leicester, Matfield-green, Erith, Dry Drayton, Clapton, Ryarsh, Bermondsey, Eaton Bray, Pimlico, Camden Town, Surrey Tabernacle, New North-road, Maidstone, Staines, Tottenham, Walkern, Homerton-row, Earls Barton, Irthlingborough, Yeovil, Borough (Trinity chapel), Tring, &c. In all these places I have been received in the kindest

possible manner, and have been blest with the liberty of the Spirit in preaching my most glorious and eternal Lord Jesus Christ. I have never received from my Royal Master and His dear children so much continued heart-cheering consolation in my loved work as I have during the last eight months of preaching among the Churches. How true and precious are those words of the faithful Witness—"Your heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of." After the affliction and heart-sorrow I have passed through—an affliction which threatened me with paralysis of the brain—I inquired of one doctor, who had told me I must never preach again—"If I do," I said, "what will happen to me? Am I likely to fall down dead in the pulpit? If so, I do not dread that, for I am not afraid to die." He replied, with a smile, "No; you will not be gratified in that way of getting out of trouble; but you will be afflicted with a ruined, paralyzed brain, and may live for years in that dreadful condition." From that awful affliction the Lord has saved me, and again He has sent me forth, a witness of His faithfulness and power, to sing—

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,  
Till He bids I cannot die;  
Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit."

Through His abundant and all-sufficient grace, I have and shall receive all the strength needed still to go on preaching, with all my heart and soul, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, leaving all consequences with Him who is too wise to be mistaken, too good to be unkind.

During the last eight months I have travelled about 4,000 miles, and have preached 102 sermons. I mention this with no other object than to show how the Lord can strengthen His servants for that work to which He has called them.

And now, through the glorious reward of the souls and seals the Lord has given me, I am stimulated by this mighty impetus to go forward wherever doors may be opened for me (not by me, but) by the hand of the Lord stirring up His children to say, "Come over and help us," in the full assurance of faith in the faithfulness and power of the Lord, who will not break His covenant, nor alter the thing that is gone out of His lips.

My dear friends, in due time I hope again to be able to report progress in my Master's cause, and His continued lovingkindness toward His unworthy servant; in the meanwhile, accept this letter as a token of the unfeigned love I have in my heart for you, and for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

I remain, yours faithfully for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

4, Northampton-villas, Northumberland-park,  
Tottenham, October, 1878.

HE shall have no more glory in us and on us than accrues out of what He bestows and lays forth in grace upon us, so that our happiness as the effect will extend as far as His own glory as the end; and as He designs to have a glory to the utmost, so He will shew favours to the utmost.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

## THE SOUL'S PURSUIT: ITS FAILURE AND ULTIMATE VICTORY.

**SALVATION!** The salvation of the soul is the work of all the Persons in the Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Three Divine Persons in the Godhead—in the Deity—do each and all of them exercise special powers in the working out of this salvation. As these Divine powers are opposed by Satanic powers and by carnal reason, certain promises are spoken, suitable prayers are recorded, whereby—in the hand of the Holy Spirit—living souls are frequently encouraged; patience in waiting is produced; perseverance is continued, until, in the perfection of glory, God will shew forth

### THE FULNESS OF HIS SALVATION.

The experimental part of this salvation appeared to me to lay chiefly in three departments. As I walked up King Edward-road this morning of October 10, 1878, these three sections of it appeared to me to be indicated by the words of the Lord spoken to the prophet Zechariah: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Herein is implied—

First. The pursuit of every living soul which is described as fleeing from the wrath to come, and pressing to lay hold upon eternal life. There is implied—

Secondly. The failure of the soul on account of its looking to what is termed "might and power." And this is a most conclusive negative—"Not by might, nor by power." Something more is required; yea, much more is provided: for although the soul fails to attain to its desire by what are termed "might and power," still, most emphatically, in

The third place, it is said to be victorious—"By My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

A consideration of the Divine Persons from whom salvation cometh; of the powers they exercise; of the prayers the Holy Ghost hath caused godly men to leave us on record; of the promises spoken to help the seeking seed of Jacob; of the patience which is given to the living in Jerusalem; of the perseverance which the grace of God maintains in the Christian; and of the perfect possession of the peaceful inheritance in the many mansions of the Father's house—a prayerful, Scriptural, and Spirit-taught consideration of these several branches of Heaven's eternal gift, might tend to strengthen the faith of many a poor traveller through this world of mystery, of mercy, and of tribulations deep and dark.

In the visions of Zechariah there are scenes, figures, metaphors, and prophecies, which but few have been led to expound. Nothing God hath revealed can become really obsolete. Let us—Lord help us to—search the Scriptures. To distinguish between spiritual life and natural emotions; between the saving work of God the Holy Ghost and the delusions of the god of this world, is an essential part of the ministry. Extremes are dangerous either way.

The candlestick all of gold; the two olive trees; the golden oil flowing from those sons of oil through the golden pipes! Who will send to C. W. BANKS, Elder Tree-cottage, Banbury-road, South Hackney, papers of spiritual truth on these sublime themes?

THE DIFFERENT LIVES AND LANGUAGES OF THE  
GODLY AND THE UNGODLY.

BY SAMUEL COZENS.

[*Being the notes of his first sermon at Sulton, on "Trying the Spirits."*]

IT is a solemn thought that all men are more or less under spiritual influence of one sort or another, for good or evil. Some are said to be "led captive by the devil at his will." He led our first mother captive, and we see in her conduct a violation of all the principles of the moral law. She herself would be a god. She took God's name in vain by quoting the commandment and breaking it; she broke the Sabbath by not keeping it holy. Take the social table that says, "Thou shalt not kill;" she murdered her own soul and the souls of her offspring. "By sin came death." "Thou shalt not commit adultery;" she turned to another—as the word signifies, even to the serpent, and she became pregnant of evil. "Thou shalt not steal;" she stole the apple of discord. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;" practically she bore false witness against her husband's teaching, for she got her knowledge of the law from him. "Thou shalt not covet;" she coveted and lost her paradise; and all who live God-defying, Sabbath-breaking, law-rejecting lives are led captive by the devil. Those who are led captive by the devil are led to scenes of dissipation, and often proclaim their captivity by their profane language; cursing, swearing, lying is the language of the devil. Most people speak the language of their father.

Those who are not led captive by the devil are led by the Spirit of God: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The godly and the ungodly are led in opposite directions. One is led *down* the broad road, the other is led *up* the narrow way. One is led *away from* God, the other is led *up to* God. One is led to the place where fools make a mock of sin, the other is led to a place where God is worshipped. Aye, and their language is as opposite as their pursuits. The language of the Spirit, and the spiritual, is the language of truth, of prayer, and of praise. The characters are opposite—opposite as sin and grace, opposite as hell and heaven.

We read in the Word of God of "evil spirits," "lying spirits," "unclean spirits." An "evil spirit" from the Lord troubled Saul. When the women struck their loud timbrels with a louder clang in honour of David, and when they sang in a higher key the praises of the young conqueror, and said, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," an evil spirit of envy and murder seized him. He could not brook it; he could not bear to hear the women singing and dancing to the fact that David was a ten times better man than himself.

Ahab would not listen to the testimony of truth, and God gave him up to follow "lying spirits" to his own destruction, and the same sort of thing is going on now. "He shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." Why? Because "they believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness." If a man shuts his eyes to the light, no marvel that God should fasten down his eyelids in judicial blindness, as he did the Jews. Some people sit under the ministry all their days, and they have a pretty general knowledge of truth; but they won't see it in all its forms—in those forms that are glorifying to God. And He

gives them up to believe a lie—one of those damning lies which are ever and anon cropping up in our midst, such as the mortality of souls and the annihilation of men. From such lying spirits, good Lord deliver us. Some people do not think of the disastrous—nay, the tremendous—consequences of rejecting the truth. Did people but feel how much hangs upon their reception or rejection of the truth, they would feel in the house of God like persons on their trial, and never more use the house of prayer for mere pastime, for a lounge and a nod. I once saw a prisoner at the bar stand with folded arms in the presence of his judge. It was a sad sight, for one could not but be impressed with the thought that he was an old and hardened offender; but a sadder sight than that is to see men putting themselves into a comfortable position, and folding their arms for a snooze before the judgment seat of truth, and in the presence of the Judge of all and the grand jury of the apostles.

Poor Magdalene was sadly infested with “unclean spirits.” Poor soul, what a moral hell she must have been with seven of these unclean things in her! If history be true, she was an incomparable beauty, but a notorious strumpet. This is the poor woman taken in the act, whom the scribes and Pharisees would have pelted to death in the presence of the merciful Saviour; but He addressed a few words to her accusers, and the stones fell from their trembling hands, and they slunk away convicted in their own consciences that they were no better than the woman accused, or, at least, that they were not qualified by innocence to punish sin; and then see how tenderly the innocent Saviour deals with her. He does not treat her as one who came to punish, but as one who came to pity. He neither condemned her Himself, nor would He allow others to do so; but bade her go in peace and sin no more. It is only Jesus who can cast out unclean spirits, and stay the power of sin. And when these unclean spirits are cast out, they leave their slimy trail in us, and we are glad to plunge now and again in the “Fountain open for sin and for uncleanness,” for “We are *all* as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.”

“Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.”

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### THE LATE MR. E. PHILLIPS.

[The newly-settled pastor of Providence chapel, Clapham Junction, Mr. Phillips, departed from all his loved associations here, October 2nd, 1878. During Mr. Ponsford's illness, Mr. Phillips was much helped and favoured in Courland-grove. The Church at the Junction had anticipated his ministry with faith and hope; but, although in the prime of life, his happy spirit said: “To depart and to be with Christ is far better.” In Clapham Junction chapel there is room and work for a man of God whose heart, and head, and hands are all consecrated to a service so sublime, so blessed, so good in every way.]

**H**IS mother was a God-fearing woman, and a member of Soho chapel. She sent her son Edward to the Sunday school at Soho. His attention was often arrested, and conviction, more or less, of his sinner-

ship was experienced. His father died when Edward was very young. His mother became deeply interested in her son's spiritual well-being; and the Lord, who sometimes bears long with His elect, who cry day and night unto Him, shortly answered her prayers. At an early age, her son, by Divine teaching, was enabled to put his trust in the Lord Jesus for life and for salvation. At nineteen years of age he desired to make a public profession of his faith, and was baptized by Mr. G. Wyard. I have heard him speak of the sermons of Mr. G. Combs, who was pastor in his younger days. He became settled at New Malden, where he, with others, established a cause, and for many years he stood a member of that Church.

He was a thoughtful Christian, and abode firmly by his own convictions of truth. In 1857 he began preaching, and was called to various places of truth to exercise the gift which was in him, with more or less acceptance. He was often engaged at Colnbrook and Clapham Junction. Each of these Churches were desirous to secure him as their pastor. He decided upon Clapham Junction after long and prayerfully looking at the hand of the Lord. But our ways are not the Lord's, nor His thoughts ours. After his acceptance of the call he was only permitted to preach one sermon—a source of regret to many who heard him with pleasure and profit. His illness lasted about thirteen months, the Church waiting the time, hoping against hope.

Calm in his illness, his end was peace. His funeral took place at Norbiton cemetery, October 8th. Mr. Simmonds, of New Malden, conducted the service, the vicar of New Malden taking part, and expressing his love and esteem for the departed. Many Christians, who knew and loved him, were at the funeral. He leaves to mourn his loss, a beloved wife, one daughter, and four sons. His God be their God for ever and ever.

H. C.

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 IF WE BELIEVE NOT.

(2 TIM. II. 13.)

*If we believe not*—God is faithful still,  
Accomplishing His secret perfect will;  
Nor can there fail one tittle in the plan  
Designed to save rebellious, sinful man.

*If we believe not*—Yet the chosen seed  
Shall be supplied with grace in time of need;  
Sufficient for the day—whate'er betide—  
The Lord hath promised, and He will provide.

*If we believe not*—What hath faith to do  
With putting sin away for me or you?  
That was the Saviour's work when on the cross;  
All teaching short of this is only dross.

*If we believe not*—Faith is not the way  
To bring *dead* sinners to the light of day;  
That is the Spirit's work; and He alone  
Gives life for death, and hearts of flesh for stone.

*If we believe not*—God will not deny  
Himself—He cannot—So we cannot die;  
But live and reign with Christ in yon bright world,  
Where imperfections will not be re-told.

## MR. CROWTHER'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I have been staying here a little over a week, and am thankful to say I am not only recovered from the fatigue of my long journey, but have also further signs of improvement in my health and in the symptoms of my local ailment, but I have still to tell you the same story of slow advancement towards recovery: more patience is needed, but the advance is real, though slow. I am advised that I shall have to be very careful during the winter. I must take care not to attempt work of any kind too soon, as any imprudence in this respect would make it impossible for me to remain during the winter in England. This aspect of things does not encourage the hope that I shall be able to be of much service to you during the winter. Your continued forbearance towards me will still have to be exercised for an uncertain period longer. I was forewarned from the first that my illness would be a tedious one, but it has proved more so than was expected. The encouragement is, I have had no serious relapse: humanly speaking, recovery is only a work of time. It is a great joy to me that our brethren in the ministry are so willing to render help in our time of need. I am thankful to learn from our Mr. Wilson that you have no serious difficulty in continuing to supplying the pulpit with acceptable preachers of the glorious Gospel which you love. Jesus is exalted as the sole, all-sufficient, and complete Saviour of God's elect, while the pride and self-conceit of man is exposed as false and unprofitable. It is to me a great deprivation that my mouth should be so completely closed for the time being, which arises not so much from physical inability as from sensitive, and to some extent nervous, emotions, which chokes my utterance and overpowers me with a sense of the mercy, compassion, and faithfulness of my God towards me in all the past. Few persons can understand this feeling, except those who, like myself, have been as it were shut out from the world, and closeted with God for a time. It is a happy but a trying state; it unfits one in a great measure for external usefulness. The Lord will no doubt open my mouth again, in His good time, which I pray with you I may be enabled to wait.

I remain, yours very truly,

Greenwood, Barnet, Oct. 11, 1878.

WILLIAM CROWTHER.

## ON PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO SINNERS.

BY J. WILKINS, OF CHATTERIS.

MR. EDITOR,—It is a very unusual thing for me to write for publication. I never did like to see myself in print, and I do not consider I have *manuscript* gifts. In writing for the Press, I always find a difficulty to satisfy myself, therefore I shall not marvel if I do not satisfy some others. In the present case, for instance, I may fail in saying *exactly* what I wish to say. I may not put my meaning before you in the best way possible, or just in the light which I desire, but I certainly feel that something ought to be said and done, if possible, to

remedy the fearful state into which we appear to be drifting. I raise no objection to the cry, "Preach to Sinners;" but IS that THE defect? Is that the one thing wanting? If our ministers were to adapt their discourses, and, in the preaching of them, direct them more POINTEDLY to the *un-called*, would that remedy existing evils in our Churches? Far be it from me to suggest that our ministry is faultless, but I should like to propose the three following inquiries for the candid consideration of your correspondents who are now ventilating the subject of preaching the Gospel to sinners; and more especially for those of them who seem to take it for granted that we do not preach the Gospel TO SUCH.

I.—IS IT SO? Is it true that the pastors of our Strict Baptist Churches DO NOT preach the Gospel to sinners? It is possible to assume they do not, but let us have something beyond mere assumption. I am well aware that our opponents and persons of so-called enlarged views, cast it upon us as a scandal that we do not preach the Gospel to sinners, and they also say that we teach men that they may live as they list. But is it true? Is it so? I ask. Is it a fact that in our Strict Baptist pulpits the Gospel is NOT preached to sinners? I am not prepared to bring such a charge against my brethren, and (query) do our objectors preach THE GOSPEL to sinners?

II.—What is meant by THE GOSPEL and by PREACHING? Let us have clear definitions with Scripture proofs, and, if possible, a sermon published in the EARTHEN VESSEL, as a sample or MODEL SERMON. A specimen of that sort would do much to show us exactly what is meant—first by THE GOSPEL, and secondly by PREACHING.

III.—Are there not other matters which demand the immediate attention of our ministers and people? We are certainly losing ground in many quarters. Would it not be MORE for the interest of our causes of truth to call their attention to the increasing apathy and decline; to search out and find the cause of the present state of things? Is there no one to sound an alarm? No tongue to speak a rousing word? No hand to grasp the terrible foe? None to challenge the enemy to an open fight? Are all our Davids dead? Must the Goliathian monster be allowed to stalk on unchecked, unopposed? Are we so sunken, so enfeebled, that it is impossible to roll back the tide which threatens to inundate the garden of the Lord? Does the graveyard contain ALL our valiant men? Then, if so, I appeal to you, sir. The Press has a *power* in our day, equal, if not beyond the power of the Pulpit. Send out your arrows like lightning, and while we cry, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" may the Divine Spirit waft back upon the breeze the assurance, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear."

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*The Sixth Annual Report of "The Gospel Advocate" Society* shews a successful year's progress. Unity in the brotherhood prevails, charity toward all approved cases of necessity has been freely exercised, a balance amounting to between £400 and £500 is in hand, a large army of faithful ministers and Christian laymen form the committee; the editor and the monthly organ of the society are in the enjoyment of a healthy and happy existence. What more, on earth, could be desired? We think Mr. A. J. Baxter highly honoured in being chiefly instrumental in the promotion of an institution so greatly required in this world where sickness and poverty often dwell together.



## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

## LOOKING AROUND OUTSIDE.

"Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken."—Luke xxi. 26.

EXCITEMENT! Popular feeling! Enthusiasm! Fleeting shadows! These are the elements which are more or less carrying the masses hither and thither, just as the winds of talent and talk may blow. Was there ever known a *phantom* more feeble and fruitless than the cry of "Peace with honour?" Where is the peace? Where can we find the honour? Peace yieldeth prosperity. Prosperity! Where? "Here it is," saith one. "I looked into the great Tabernacle, where 7,000 people had paid—some five shillings, none less than one shilling—to hear John Gough speak for one hour on the Abstinence Question. There," saith Mr. Ferrison, "was one of the most brilliant scenes, and one of the highest evidences of our prosperity, ever witnessed."\* We admit that anything and everything done under the sanction of C. H. Spurgeon is sure to carry off the people by thousands. John Gough, C. H. Spurgeon, and *The Christian World* can lead the millions anywhere. We only admit the fact. What God is doing by these agencies, or what saving results may flow therefrom, is far, very far, beyond our ken. We judge nothing. "S. Davis's trade mark" is, "I move with the times." The same significant motto is the moving cause of much seeming success; but when we read that Moody's Chicago tabernacle (for which so many thousands were raised) is now used as a stable for cavalry horses; when we look upon the blighted and withered remains of many of the once most dazzling stars; when we review the *apparent* failure of TRUTH, and the overflowings of error on every hand, we are *dumb*.

\* Honest Interrogation wisely asketh: "How is Mr. Gough going to accomplish his mission amongst those who most need it? Probably the vast majority of his audience on Tuesday night were abstainers of whom he might well say, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' How does Mr. G. propose to get hold of the drunkards of London? They are hardly the class of people to pay from 1s. to 5s. to hear a lecture, however eloquent." This goes to the root of these popular movements. Let the poor impenitent hear Mr. Gough freely. We have gone upon the principle of "free grace" for fifty years. But that course would not keep large societies, with their handsomely-paid executives, in full swing. It cannot be true that English people are poor, when you reckon up the millions of money they are giving for missions, for new churches, chapels, for tabernacles, for lectures, and preachers, of every class and size.

We feel we are left out in the cold. David's position and prayer are realised in us; like him, with the keenest of all sorrows, we exclaim, "From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee. When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

For Europe, for Great Britain, for our blessedly-favoured little island, we ask, Where is the growth of a deeply-rooted purity? Where are the prospects of a returning prosperity? Where is an established "Peace with honour?" Is it true that the Ameer of Cabul has passionately said, "I have seven crores of rupees by me, every rupee of which I will hurl at the head of the British Government, and I will roll the border tribes against them like blasts of fire?" Is it not painfully anticipated that Russia will provoke the Afghanistan chief to punish England severely? Is it true that the coming awful conflict may cost us at least one hundred millions of money? Is it true that "Europe is one vast armed camp, bristling with bayonets, while at home there is commercial depression, distress, and poverty on every hand? India all but bankrupt, and the nations around under famines, fevers, floods, and fires? Enough to make men's hearts to fail for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, for the powers of heaven *are shaken!*"

Pope Leo is threatening, if possible, to close every Protestant place of worship in Rome and throughout Italy. "So the plot thickens!" We must not fold our arms and laugh at this. Leo is like a large malicious mastiff, panting to devour Protestantism altogether. We know he is chained; but all his craft and strength will be employed to break his chain if possible. Then, for a time, woe betide us! Many of the clergy in this country, and hosts of their vassals, are as dead against us Calvinistic Baptists as is Leo himself. Nearly all the Wesleyans, and other free-will parsons and people, pour contempt upon us. Worse than all, as a young minister says, "I have three deacons who are so immersed in the world they can never be found at a prayer-meeting; they fold their arms and sing, 'The Lord will have His own!'" Beside all this, how divided in spirit are our people and their pastors! As we have for the last thirty-five years travelled and preached for the smaller Churches in all parts of this country, we have been compelled to hear

the most painful histories of bigotry, of prejudices, of ignorant inconsistency, yea, of awful sinful walking. At home, and all around, to witness a death-like existence of almost useless forms of worship distresses us beyond all telling.

In the quietude of never-to-be-expressed grief, like Henry Martyn—the once-afflicted and devoted missionary in India—we strive to say, "What have I to do but to labour, and pray, and fast, and watch for the salvation of my own soul and those of the heathen world? I do not wish for any heaven upon earth besides that of preaching the precious Gospel of Christ to immortal souls. Even if I should never see a native convert, God may design by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries." This is indeed to have within a man's heart the Divine love that inspired the apostles. There can be no doubt whatever that this is the highest service which God claims at the hands of His servants. Under all these cloudy dispensations how precious the Saviour's counsel: "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your head, for your redemption draweth nigh!" Lord, help us so to do! Amen. C. W. B.

*The Life and Times of John B. Gough.* There is a fine chase for the prize to be obtained in the publication of the singular life, the successful career, and the unparalleled popularity of that once poor Sandgate boy, that once New York hard drinker, but now the most powerful advocate for a total abstaining from all intoxicating drink that either Great Britain or the United States can produce. Mr. F. E. Longley, of 39, Warwick-lane, has produced a volume containing a model library of John Gough's sayings and doings, well collated by Rev. John Thomas, printed and bound so stoutly and strongly that, with care, it will carry down to many future generations the likeness and something of the life of a man made on purpose for the work to which he has thoroughly devoted himself. What lessons of lightning, and of the mysterious workings of Providence, burst forth from such a career as that of John Bartholomew Gough! Divine predestination doubtless ordained him to this stupendous enterprise! Hence, as truly as the word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah, saying, "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee: and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations," even so certainly has the purpose and power of the Lord been the cause of all the moral and

even evangelical blessings resulting from the public speaking of this giant of all orators. For, be it observed, John Gough is not simply a teetotal lecturer, he is a thoroughly honest Christian man. He may have some free-will about his talk, but he knows better than thousands of our parsons that nothing short of the sovereign, almighty grace of God can ever save a soul; and a vein of pure Christian zeal runs through all his utterances. A Divine pre-ordination was followed by a natural and constitutional qualification. Nature has given John Gough a mind, a memory, a mouth, a mannerism, all so harmoniously co-operating together, as to render his vocation comparatively easy and pleasant. He will never paralyse his brain by study, nor kill himself by speaking. He has a mind as deep and as full as the sea; it is ever rolling out in observation, and rolling in with fresh treasures. He has a memory as strong as the four winds in the heavens; he has a mouth like a fountain, he turns it on, and it plentifully pours forth as long as he likes; while his mannerisms are extensive as are the elements and the planetary worlds. He can, in speech and in action, be anything and everything with a vivacity and rapidity unequalled. With all these endowments, if John Gough had never been morally and socially destroyed through strong drink; if he had never been, like Jonah, in the very valley of hell's misery, and lifted up by God's mercy into all but heaven's felicity, he would never have had that inward pathos, passion, and pungency of soul which enables him to carry thousands of beating hearts with him, let him be in whatever part of the oratorical horizon he may. Viewing Mr. Gough as a man ordained by Heaven, produced by nature, schooled by trials dreadful and all but eternally destructive; as a brand plucked out of the fire, as a trophy of invincible grace, we adore and praise the Lord for him; and without cant, envy, or hypocrisy, we can pray that he may be the man who shall yet bring thousands from "the horrible pit" up into the wealthy place of freedom, of peace, of fellowship with Christ, and of meetness for eternal glory. Mr. Gough is so pre-eminent in personifying character, in imitating conversation, and in acting over again the various scenes which he has witnessed, that he may be said to be a thousand men in one. Here is his onslaught on the moderate drinker. He says:—

"A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL said to me: 'I was once a sad drunkard, and

I signed the pledge. Many times I had been in the ditch. I made up my mind when I became converted I would study for the ministry. I was a student. I had no desire for the drink. I had an idea that converting grace had driven all that out of me. I thought the love of Jesus had taken away the love of the drink, and that I was perfectly safe. I was invited out to dinner. If the gentleman had asked me to take a glass of wine or of ale I should have replied "No;" but he gave me some rich English plum-pudding, pretty well saturated with brandy and brandy sauce. I thought nothing of it. I liked it. I ate it freely. I sent up my plate for a second help. When I returned home to my study I began to crave drink. *I wanted it.* The want began to sting and burn me. My mouth got dry. I wanted it. Well, surely, if I go now and have some—I have not had any for six years—certainly if I take just one glass now it will allay this sort of feeling, and I shall be able to attend to my studies. No. I thought of what I had been. I thought of what I expected to be—a minister—and now, I said, I will fight it. I locked the door and threw away the key. (Cheers.) Then commenced the fight. What I did that night I do not know. I know I was on my knees a good deal of the time, but what I did I do not know. Some one came in the morning and knocked at the door about eight o'clock. "Come in." "The door is locked," they answered. I hunted about and found the key, and let them in. Two of my fellow-students entered. "Why," said one, "what is the matter with you?" "How do you mean?" "Why, look at your face." They took me to a glass, and my face I saw was covered with blood. In my agony, with my nails I had torn the skin from my forehead. Look at the scars now. In my agony of wrestling against the desire for drink I cried through every nerve and fibre of my system. Thank God! I fought it with fervent prayer to God, but it was forty-eight hours before I dared to walk down the street past a liquor-saloon. You say, 'That is a rare case.' I wish it were. See to-day what men are sacrificing for the drink. See what they are giving up—home, friends, reputation, aye, even life itself, and that which is better than life, hopes of heaven, for the drink—*dissolving the pearl of great price in the cup*, and drinking their salvation at a draught. Oh, it is awful! When we go among them and see them, what will they not do? What will they not sacrifice? Do you say it is because they are weak-minded? No; it

depends more on the temperament, constitution, and nervous organisation of a man whether, if he tries to follow your example, Mr. Moderate Drinker, he becomes intemperate or not, than it does on what we call his strength of mind."

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has sent forth, in *Sword and Trowel* for Oct., such a "Brotherly Grumble" as no other minister in the Baptist Union dare to do. He regrets the *little work* that comes out of the abundance of talk. We cannot see that the Almighty ever did much work by committees, by congresses, or by creature-organisations. We do not condemn them, but we have watched the Church's movements from the time that Paul speaks of so definitely, down to the present moment, and we have proof in every age that when the Lord had a work to be done He did Himself raise up, qualify, and carry on that work by His own Spirit through the agent He had appointed and called. God having separated and anointed him, Christ having been revealed in him, Paul says: "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood," but unto the heathen he went, and preached Christ to Jews and Gentiles, and God wrought mightily by him in those early years of his ministry. As in Martin Luther's case, in George Whitefield's, in thousands besides, we see that the Church of Rome, the Church of England, the Presbyterian conferences, and unions have always set their faces against a free and a fearless single-handed action on the part of any man God has set up on the walls. But, through God's mercy, grace, and power, who are the men that have done the work? The presidents, the moderators, the committees, and officers of "associations" and unions would have slain us all if they had the power. Nevertheless, it may be that the Lord useth these lords, these law-makers, these rulers, and venerable doctors, for some good. We have no desire to "grumble," only we think, if a noble young fellow feels disposed to go forth to evangelise the nation, let him go in the life, love, and Spirit of Christ, and his labour shall not be in vain. So went Tyndale, John Knox, Luther, Whitefield, Huntington, Gadsby, Wells, and even C. H. Spurgeon himself. Let us, then, have no more grumbling. Boys will play at something, but when the Almighty makes a Noah, or a Moses, or a Joshua, or a David, or a Paul, or a MAN at any time, He means that man shall WORK, and his work shall be SEEN. We must "hold on," or we shall get into trouble. "The Pioneers of the Reformation," in *Sword and Trowel*, more than confirms all we have written.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## RUSTIC RAILWAY REMINISCENCES.

[To WILLIAM SIMPSON, *Pastor of Baptist Church, Lincoln.*—Isolated, yet esteemed Brother in the Lord.—While you are watching the rising of that famous building, I have pencilled a few lines of one or two journeys of late. Our friends who have gone over the seas long for some tidings of home; therefore, without tearing Miss Jones's censure, I send you, and all who inquire after Zion's welfare, a note or two.]

*Olney, Poet's Corner, Saturday, Sept. 21, 1878.*—After ten days' travelling and preaching, John Pearce, Green-lanes, Lee-common, lent me his bed for the night. I was too unwell to sleep soundly; hence, thoughts were flying, and some Scriptures came up with a freshness which I tried to catch hold of for study; but they would not open. The first was, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Very difficult text that. It seems simple at first; but weigh each word. Death! Passed from death unto life. *We know* we have. How? Because we love the brethren. I felt I loved James Pearce and William Mason, and tried to hope. There was nothing to distress me; but I did not realise any unctuous light into the words. One of Watts's verses came up with much force—

"To the dear fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly!  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye."

I wondered how the primitive doctor could write lines so strong. Even greater still the following words rolled in:—

"Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Canst make this load of guilt remove;  
And Thou canst bear me where Thou fly'st  
On Thy kind wings, celestial Dove."

Could not tell why such ponderous sentences did then roll over my heart.

Next morning was very wet; ten miles to the rail must be jogged over. It was waded through safely. After two days' work at home, a nice Midland has engaged to carry me to Olney.

All the future I must leave;  
God's faithful promise, I believe  
Is sure to all the seed.

*Bedford.*—We are steaming out of this old Baptist town; everything here is quiet, no sounds of victory greet us. Paul's letter to the Ephesians is a fine exposition of the Church of Christ. Paul speaks of her origin, of her highly-favoured standing, "Blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places;" then of her redemption, of her regeneration, of her conversion and exaltation, "No more strangers and foreigners," that was her condition; "but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of faith." There is her genuine conversion. Then her elevation or unification, "and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and

prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone."

## HEAVEN'S ECHOES HERE.

*Bedford, Sept. 23, 1878.*—As regards myself, liberty was enjoyed last night in Mr. Hippell's chapel in Olney; kindness beyond measure was shewed me. Hope whispers surely some fruit will come out of yesterday's sowing. The Strict Baptist Church in Olney was instrumentally planted about twelve years since by Mr. W. Crowther, who baptized several believers, and formed them into a Church. Mr. Hippell has ministered unto them with acceptance and soul profit; but Olney, in every sense, is a remarkably quiet town, and although John Newton preached

## CHRIST'S FREE-GRACE GOSPEL

here; although Cowper wrote some of his sacred poems here; although Mr. Crowther has frequently published truth here; the late Wm. Palmer gave strong arguments; God's mark has been very bold here; even that princely preacher, Israel Atkinson, with refined logic, with purest streams of eloquence, with classical emendations, has again and again edified the Olney believers; although our friend Mr. Hippell has freely and lovingly dispensed unto them the words of life and truth—with all these favoured privileges, the Church and cause has not flourished so largely as its friends have prayerfully desired. Alas! this is so in many places besides Olney. We had some tender indications that the Spirit of the Lord was there. Both the services were well attended yesterday. I went to Olney in peace; my soul was kept in a quiet frame; I left this morning praising the Lord.

*Luton, Sept. 23, 1878.*—Coming from this straw town, thought on the revelation given to John concerning the pouring out of

## THE VIALS OF WRATH

on the one hand, and of the victories obtained by

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

on the other hand.

Then, in connection therewith, you have a proclamation expressing the eternity and immutability of God's character and conduct.

## THE VIALS OF WRATH.

John said he heard the angel over the waters say, "Thou art righteous, O Lord." Who is this angel? You must admit we live in a confused and mixed age. Churches in endless variety, faiths of all kinds, forms of worship most glaring and delusive. Can any one tell me, shall I perish under the vials of God's wrath? or shall I stand among the glorious conquerors?

## WHO CAN ANSWER?

There are three strong voices in heaven, there are three soft echoes in the Church on earth, there are three agencies at work in the world.

In heaven the love of God is calling, our Great High Priest is interceding, the covenant of grace is securing. These three voices hear their silent echoes in the living Church of Christ on the earth.

Then, through the world, there are the judgments of God, the Gospel of God, and the mercy of God. Let us try and prove ourselves by these:—

1. Are we drawn by lovingkindness? In heaven He says, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore (on the earth) with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Does Christ intercede for me in heaven? Then the Spirit will intercede in me while on the earth. Was the covenant of grace made for me before I had any being? It will be made with me if truly born again of the Spirit. So it is written in Heb. x.: "This is the covenant that I will make with them, saith the Lord: I will put My laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Is not this true in us? C. W. B.

WHITTLESEA.—ZION CHAPEL. We held harvest thanksgiving and Sunday school services Sunday and Monday, Oct. 6 and 7. Sunday sermons were preached by Mr. Willis, late of Swavesey, who was supplying for us on that day. The people had a good time in the evening. Monday afternoon, we had another sermon preached by Mr. Forman, of March, from "O woman, great is thy faith," &c. Some very appropriate remarks were made—1. On the nature of faith. 2. The trial of faith. 3. The triumph of faith. But how true it is that "the ways of Zion do mourn." What a contrast to former years, when people thronged the gates of Zion! "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" At this service there were eight males and about thirty females—not fifty persons all told. We had a better attendance at public tea, and good meeting in the evening, when addresses were given by Mr. Willis, on the Church, the school, and teacher, their relative positions to each other; Mr. Forman, on God crowns the year with His goodness; by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Chatteris, on Jesus' name above every name. During this service two anthems were sung; the evening wore quite a cheerful aspect. We hope for better days at Zion. When will the strife and divisions in our Churches cease, and that Scripture be fulfilled—"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee?"

SWAVESY, CAMBS.—We are again destitute of a settled pastor, Mr. Willis having left us. We regret his leaving, and deplore the dull state we are in. This constant change is not working our good; everything seems unsettled round about here. All this shifting and moving about is distressing. The spirit of indifference is something like the darkness of Egypt, of which it was said, that it was "a darkness which may be felt."

#### FOUR THINGS WANTED.

We had a full warm prayer meeting at Mr. Walter James's rooms, Hoxton, on Friday, October 4. Mr. E. Beazley presided, and conducted the meeting with much Christian propriety in an edifying spirit. The hymns and prayers were expressive of much love and life in the souls of the people. I sat quietly packed in the hot atmosphere all the time, and *thought*—for some of the brethren I could not hear—of a meeting at Sheffield, where one speaker said, "Our Church is a Missionary Church; but we want four things—men, money, prayer, and the outpouring of the HOLY SPIRIT." I did not like his putting the Holy Spirit last. I thought our Baptist Churches should be HOME MISSION CHURCHES! And I felt thankful that Walter James had opened his rooms once a month that brethren should meet and pray for the first essential thing—the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our Churches. Having preached this year in many different parts of the country, I have truly believed that the blessed SPIRIT of life and spiritual power is working in many ways; but, I thought again (pardon me for this if I am wrong), if our Strict Baptist Churches in London were constrained by the Lord to form themselves into "a New Testament Home Missionary Society," what an increase (with the Divine blessing) they might be the means of securing, if—yes—IF—they united together, from time to time, most specially to plead for the quickening powers of the Holy Ghost, and for an organised system of using up all the material which is in our Churches, or gathering in—

Wandering sheep, who have no fold;  
Salute, whose hearts are frozen cold;  
All whose clothes are worn old,  
Who fear (if all the truth be told)  
To approach God's house of prayer.

What does that mean which the Lord saith by Isaiah (lviii.)?—"Is not *this* the fast that I have chosen?" What is it? Kind reader, will you read this part of God's choice? Art thou a most superlative minister, with natural, acquired, and gracious gifts? Art thou surrounded by a numerous assembly of the most respectable saints to be found in the world? Art thou thyself of most dignified reputation? Is thy moral, ministerial, and spiritual status both long and large? Does thy inner self sometimes secretly say to thee, "Soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry! Thou hast much goods laid up" in shares, in houses, in stocks, and in the coffer besides? Do all admire thee? Man, dost thou thus dwell in clover? Yet, let me entreat of thee (not to listen to anything I may suggest, but let me beseech of thee) to listen to that solemn appeal which the Almighty maketh unto thee, and unto all who have dared to stand in that holy office, wherein a man assumeth to be God's mouth unto the people, and in which appeal the holy, just, righteous, and loving God doth say—

1. "Is not *this* the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness; to undo

the heavy burdens; to let the oppressed go free; and that ye break every yoke?" Again. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen?"

2. "Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry?" "Is it not that thou bring the poor that ARE CAST OUT INTO THY HOUSE?" [Do we practically do it? or, do we labour to do it?]

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen?"

3. "When thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh."

"THEN!" Ah! see what streams of promises flow from all this practical, this evangelical, this charitable enterprise on behalf of the poor outcasts, for whom no one seemeth to care. "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning; thine health shall spring forth speedily; thy righteousness shall go before thee; THE GLORY OF THE LORD (that is, the manifestation of the love, of the mercy, of the power of God in Christ) shall be thy reward;" or, as the margin giveth it, "Shall GATHER THEE UP." And my soul saith, if, after having been cast out for nearly forty years; if, after all the afflictions, deaths, crushing losses, heart-breaking sorrows through which some of us have waded; if, at the last, the glorious Christ of God should gather us up, it will be such a gathering as will make us sing the praises of a sovereign Jehovah for ever and ever. Amen. Do not think to delude me by affirming that this fast is worked out in the ministry. It is often done so when the SPIRIT of God gathers poor sinners into the house of mercy. But, "no Scripture is of any private (or single) interpretation." So this fast is not exclusive of a practical and persevering CHARITY. I will only ask one or two questions.

First. Was not our Lord Jesus Christ Himself a real Missionary? Did not He "go about DOING good?" Was not His whole life one missionary enterprise? Did not He go down to the poor, to the afflicted, to the outcasts, the maimed, the lost? We all know HE DID; we all know also

WHAT THAT WORD "EXAMPLE" MEANETH,

where Christ saith, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you," which Peter puts in strong terms, where he says, "Even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that

"YE SHOULD FOLLOW HIS STEPS."

And, if ye believe in one minister giving another minister "A CHARGE," as it is termed, then kindly read the first charge which "the Apostle and High Priest of our profession" gave to His ministers when He sent them forth (as Matt. x. 5 tells us): "These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying. . . . As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers. . . . freely ye have received, freely give."

I only add, it was on November 21, 1843,

the Lord first called me to preach in London. I have been forty-seven years in the work; but if I live until this November 21, 1878, I shall have been thirty-five years preaching in London. Therefore, on Thursday, November 21, 1878, we hold anniversary services (all day) in Speldhurst-road; and on that day it would much rejoice my heart if we could make some move towards the commencement of a South Hackney Baptist Home Mission.

Brethren and friends, will you come to Speldhurst-road chapel on the said Thursday, November 21, 1878? The service in the morning will be for prayer, praise, and conference on this Home Mission subject. Mr. J. S. Anderson has promised us, God permitting, a sermon in the afternoon; and in the evening, a public meeting will be holden. May the Lord God of Israel yet gather in many of the outcasts of Israel, prayeth

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
October 5, 1878.

Our brother Mr. John Bunyan McCure has promised (D.V.) to preach in Speldhurst-road, on Sunday, November 17, at 11 and 6.30, and Mr. Stringer in afternoon.

BILLERICAY AND BRENTWOOD.

—We had, a few years ago, in these two towns and their suburbs, three or four good Baptist causes. Unhappily, deaths, distressing events, and a lack of spiritual life in the ministry, has reduced us to "lowness very low." The other Sunday "I went to one of them. A sermon was read to about half a dozen of us. Can none of the Churches in the larger towns help us? Our 'Independent' chapels have little, if any, Gospel in them." [When we read the published accounts of the hundreds of thousands of pounds subscribed for the colleges and for home mission enterprises, and then review the almost desolate condition of hosts of our villages, we are astonished, grieved to the heart, and fear there is much that is seriously wrong somewhere.]

WHITESTONE.—On Sunday, Oct. 6, 1878, we had our late pastor, Mr. Carter, now of Broadstairs, once more preaching to us the words of truth. We were thankful to hear him faithful, and in the Spirit. Our venerable deacon, Richard Tyler, is too infirm to be with us; but our substantial brethren, Godsell, Lewis, W. H. Godwin, and our pastor, Mr. Bedford, with many others, realised sweet foretastes of our holy rest. The Strict Baptists at Whitestone are still loyal to their Lord, loving to one another, and practically and zealously working for the benefit of the young, the rising, and the far advanced in life; but, when from these peaceful scenes we turn, where shall we find any spot so sacred and so blest in the unity of the Spirit and in the oneness of the faith? We know the good Master will say to Whitestone, "Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My Word, and hast not denied My name." God bless pastor Bedford and his people at Whitestone.

## GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

## LAST SERVICE AT THE HORNS.

The readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL are aware that for two months this chapel has been closed for worship, and has been in the hands of the builders for alterations and improvements. During this time the Church and congregation have met for worship in the large Assembly Room, next to the Horns, at Kennington-park. The last service held here was on Sunday evening, Sept. 29. Arriving a few minutes before the time for opening the service, we were welcomed by the pastor, who does not appear to think it necessary to shut himself up out of sight till the service has commenced, and then put in an appearance during the singing of the opening hymn. At half-past six the preacher mounted the stage, and was surrounded by a body of friends who led the singing. It was a sight worth seeing, when Mr. Bradbury announced the opening hymn, to see the mass of earnest worshippers that crowded the spacious hall; every seat being occupied, and the full and melodious praises that filled the house, and must have been heard outside in that busy thoroughfare by thousands of passers by. Calmly the Word was read, and then in earnest, but steady, words the preacher led the people to the throne of grace. The text for the closing service was from Phil. ii. 12, more particularly the latter clause of the verse: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." It would be unjust to attempt an outline of so masterly a discourse, as no sketch could do justice to the subject as handled that evening. It was a noble defence of the plan of salvation by grace alone, in contradistinction to the innumerable and ever-increasing methods being propagated on every hand in this day of departure from the truth. No better theme could have been chosen for the closing service; and the occasion was well timed for making a bold defence of our faith. The last service in the Horns will not soon be forgotten; and we must say, that our expectations were more than realised in the evident blessing that has rested on the two months' services held there.

## RE-OPENING SERVICES.

On Sunday morning, October 6th, the Church and congregation under Mr. Bradbury's pastoral care returned to their home, after an absence of eight Sabbaths. The chapel was well filled with a congregation who were evidently somewhat surprised at the altered appearance of the place; but from the general observations freely made at the close of the service, it was clearly ascertained that the alterations were highly approved of. The pastor preached from the very appropriate words, "Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd; and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all" (Jer. xxxi. 12).

## PUBLIC MERTING.

The re-opening services were continued on the Tuesday following, during the whole of the day. At ten in the morning a meeting for prayer was held, when a blessing on the Church and congregation, and all connected therewith, was sought. After this a sermon was delivered by Mr. Bradbury; and in the afternoon the pulpit was occupied by Mr. George Davis, of Woodbridge chapel, and in the evening a public meeting was held, when the pastor presided, and was accompanied on the platform by Horace M. Hummel, Ebenezer Carr, Frank Whitlock, George Davis, Josiah Crutcher, Thomas Whittle, and others. In opening the proceedings, the pastor spoke of the priestcraft of the age, and of the deception abroad in the Church. Referring to the alterations, he remarked, it had been asked, "What was the use of laying out so much money on the building?" His answer would be, "Look round, and see;" and if that was not a sufficient reply, he certainly would not trouble to make any further answer.

Mr. Ebenezer Carr, the hon. treasurer then gave a financial statement of the position of the fund. The amount received previous to the opening day, by donations, collections, collecting cards, interest for money on deposit, £974 18s. 6d.; by promises, £36 13s.—Total £1,011 11s. 6d. The builder's contract, &c., was £1,270; so that previous to Sunday there was a deficit of about £260. The collections on Sunday realised £50; and on that day (Tuesday) about £108 had been collected; bringing the total received up to £1,169. It was highly gratifying (Mr. Carr observed) to all concerned, to notice how freely and spontaneously the money had been subscribed in so short a space of time; and he felt there need be no anxiety as to the small balance that now remained to be paid, as doubtless the friends would subscribe that before they separated.

Mr. George Davis said he had been trying to re-call what the original building was; and the words came to his mind, "The glory of the latter house exceeded that of the former." Certainly for convenience and comfort this was the case here, and as human nature was human nature still, there was not one amongst them who could not put up with a great deal of comfort. He had heard of people having their safe to lock up their treasures in; but he was sure there was no safe equal to that where you deposited your treasures in the safe keeping of the Master. Persons were often tempted to think they were giving "beyond their means;" it was a common suggestion of the adversary; and he well remembered once listening to the same, and re-placing the sum back in his pocket which he had intended to give at a certain collection; but he was taught a lesson by it, for before he reached home, he lost the whole of the money he had with him.

Mr. Hummel—the active secretary of the fund—suggested a very simple plan whereby the balance might be raised.

Mr. Crutcher, in his homely style, gave expression to the good and harmonious feel-

ing reigning between the pastor and the people; and assured Mr. Bradbury that he need not be the least concerned as to the small balance that remained to be paid.

Mr. Whittle said he was 75 years of age that day, and he thanked the Lord he had lived to see what he had that day witnessed—a grand, good, and noble alteration, and he believed God would bless them.

The collections at the opening services amounted to £230.

#### THE ALTERATIONS

have been very carefully carried out, both for convenience and comfort. The entire building has been re-seated; the ancient straight-backed, cramped-up, high pews have been re-placed by modern, open-end seats, with slightly-slanting backs, fitted with bookshelf and other improvements. The whole of the seats are of pitch pine, and varnished, giving a very light and cheerful appearance. The walls are coloured a French grey, with a lilac tint; and the circular moulds in the corners of the ceiling, and over the stained window at the back of the pulpit, are picked out with colours which lend a relief to the other parts. The front of the gallery, which runs round two sides and the front of the chapel, has been lowered six inches; is very handsomely grained, and the panels varied slightly in colour, giving it a handsome and pretty appearance. The pulpit has been taken down from its lofty pedestal, and a platform has been constructed across the centre of the chapel, and the pulpit (somewhat reduced from its previous large proportions) is now re-mounted on the platform, ascended by a short flight of steps, and is placed flat against the back wall of the chapel, thus doing away with the unnecessary pathway which previously existed at the back of the pulpit. But a very important improvement is the noble entrance lobby that has been constructed at the front entrance of the chapel; the centre doors (which previously were only dummies) are now thrown open, and you enter the building by a spacious and well-lighted lobby. The staircases to the gallery have also been re-modelled. Another improvement is the re-arrangement of the lighting. A very handsome sun-light, consisting of seventy-seven jets, throws a brilliant light from the ceiling; and while serving this purpose, also acts as a powerful ventilator, drawing all the vitiated air from the building. Other alterations have been made which we must not stop to detail; but the change is so great that we hardly recognise the place as the former Grove chapel; and we are sure the improvements will add greatly to the comfort of the congregation. We make no apology for saying the entire work has been carried out in a first-class manner by our friend, Mr. J. W. Faulkner, of 54, New Kent-road, who has given great attention to the work, and has spared no expense in having the most efficient workmanship and the best materials used; and the result reflects great credit on him.

There is a remarkable and deeply interesting history in connection with the origin and progress of the Church at Grove chapel, Camberwell. It was through deadly hatred to the truth, and the bitter persecution of mere formal professors to the great doctrines of free and sovereign grace, that brought about the commencement of this Church. Its past history, dating back to 1818 (sixty years ago), is full of incidents, and replete with circumstances, displaying the marvellous interposition of the LORD in appearing for, and standing by, His own people, when they suffer through adhering firmly by His truth. To review such providential leadings is both cheering and encouraging to the Christian believer, and we feel certain a few columns devoted to the

#### HISTORY OF GROVE CHAPEL,

will be welcomed by the thousands of readers of this magazine. The founder and first pastor of the Church, the Rev. Joseph Irons, speaking of the history of the Church, five-and-twenty years after it had been established, said: "The rise and progress of Grove chapel, and of the Church assembling in it, embody facts both interesting and almost incredible." In giving a brief outline of this Church it will necessarily largely partake of a sketch of Mr. Irons' ministry and life, seeing for thirty-four years he was the honoured and very successful pastor at the Grove.

It was early in January, 1818, that the late Joseph Irons received an invitation to fill the pulpit, for one Sunday, of Camden chapel, Camberwell. At that date Camden chapel was a Nonconformist place of worship, and not connected with the Church of England (so-called) as it now is. At this period Mr. Irons knew nothing of Camberwell, and had no knowledge of who "Joseph Flint" was—the person who signed the invitation for him to preach at Camden chapel. But a communication received at the same time from a dear Christian brother of Mr. Irons—the Rev. R. Stodhart—soon placed the matter in a clear light; this friend had strongly advised Mr. Flint to get Mr. Irons to supply the pulpit at Camden chapel. Speaking of this circumstance, and of his

#### FIRST SUNDAY IN CAMBERWELL,

Mr. Irons says:

"I engaged for the last Sabbath in Jan., 1818, and opened my commission in Camberwell on the preceding Wednesday evening, January 21, 1818. This mysterious providence was afterwards thus explained to me:—Mr. Flint, being then the managing trustee of Camden chapel, with whom it chiefly rested to obtain supplies for the pulpit, was conversing with Mr. Stodhart on the difficulty which he found in obtaining men of truth. Mr. Stodhart then mentioned my name, advising him to send for me; but Mr. Flint's determination was, that he would not invite any man to Camden chapel pulpit until he himself had heard him preach elsewhere, so that after Mr. Stodhart had pressed it upon him some time in vain, he



retired. But just as he left the room, he turned him-self about and said, 'Good-bye; you had better invite my friend Irons; he is one of Gunn's converts.' This inadvertent remark touched the spring which set the work in motion, so that nothing has been able to stop it to this day; for Mr. Flint being affectionately attached to the memory of dear Alphonsus Gunn, could not resist the advice given to hear one who had been called by grace under his ministry. This was manifestly the finger of God.

"Camden chapel had then been long in a very unsettled state, and the hearers accustomed to a great variety of preachers; consequently, after each service, the general inquiry was, 'Who is coming next?' and a rumour had been widely circulated that a gentleman from Cambridge was coming—my residence and charge being then near to Cambridge. At this, the spiritual part of the congregation were alarmed, expecting mathematics instead of divinity, and classic lore instead of experimental godliness. These were, however, pleasingly disappointed when they heard the rustic village preacher open his commission from the words: 'I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last.'

"A deep impression had been felt in my own soul that God had some great work for me in this neighbourhood, which made me resolve to declare, in the most unreserved manner, all the counsel of God in the very first sermon, proclaiming Jesus as first and last in the whole economy of salvation, to the utter rejection of proud free-will and human merit; so that neither the hearers nor the trustees might be mistaken in the preacher whom they had invited.

"The effect produced by the first sermon was marvellous, and the public excitement was prodigious; so that on the following Lord's-day, Camden chapel was thronged to the doors, and the strange multitude were addressed from Isaiah lx. 13: 'I will make the place of My feet glorious;' and truly the promise was then and there fulfilled, for a breathless attention, a deep solemnity, and floods of tears, proclaimed the Lord's presence, and the place of His feet was glorious."

We must not go further this month; but the fierce opposition that followed the proclamation of truth and its results, shall be noticed in December number. R.

**HOMERTON ROW.**—Oct. 8, 1878, Mr. John Inward and the Church celebrated the first anniversary of his pastorate here. The premier of the cause, Mr. Haines, proclaimed gratefully the bountiful hand of God toward them; perfect unity, holy peace, and spiritual prosperity prevailed. Mr. Barmore, the essential helper, said the clouds were dispersed, days of light and joy beamed upon them. Sound discourses were delivered by the ministers present. Having so long loved John Inward as a brother in the Lord, we inly rejoice to know he is settled down with such blessings surrounding him.

## ORDINATION SERVICES AT GUILDFORD.

MR. STYLES ON THE CHURCH—MR. MITCHELL'S CONFESSION, ETC.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I was present at the old Baptist chapel, Guildford, Tuesday, October 1; was pleased with what I saw and heard. I send the following short account; I write entirely from memory, as I took no notes.

In the morning, Mr. Kern gave out a hymn, which was sung with great spirit by a full congregation. Mr. Styles read a portion of Scripture, and besought the Divine blessing upon the day's proceedings, then directing attention to Rev. ii. 7: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches," he delivered an able and lucid discourse upon the nature of a true Gospel Church. We have seldom listened to a sermon that better exemplified the apostle's words, "speaking the truth in love," than did this discourse. Characterised by undeviating loyalty to Zion's King, and exhibiting an unbending determination to uphold the alone authority of Jesus in all His ordinances, there was not a single harsh expression; the soft sweet breathings of love were discernible throughout. Mr. Styles handled his subject like a thorough workman; building upon the alone foundation of God's Word, he raised story after story, till the wholesuper-structure was completed, and a Gospel Church upon New Testament principles stood revealed in its native simplicity and beauty. Its nature and end, its members and officers, its doctrines and ordinances, the privileges and duties of its members, all were duly displayed, dwelt upon, and illustrated in the happiest manner, to the evident satisfaction (we hope profit and advantage) of those present.

Mr. Styles then called upon Mr. Hyde (deacon) to relate the way in which the Church had been led to choose Mr. Mitchell for their pastor. Mr. Hyde, with much emotion, spoke of the deep feeling aroused in the resignation of the late pastor; of the anxiety of the deacons to procure a suitable successor; how, after much prayer, they had given Mr. Mitchell a six months' invitation with a view to the pastorate; and how that engagement had terminated in the business they were assembled to perform that day. He felt persuaded God had sent them a pastor. He believed God was at work in their midst.

Mr. Styles then asked the pastor elect to give an account of the dealings of God with his soul in making him a Christian. The relation was given in simple language, but with deep feeling. He said he was favoured with a golly mother who had sought to "train him up in the way he should go," but, as he grew up, he departed from the paths of righteousness. He spoke of his mother's entreaties, of checks of conscience he received, and of judgments that befell him; but, in spite of all, he hurried on in the downward path until it pleased God to arrest him, convince him of sin, and cause him to cry for mercy. He told of the fears, darkness of mind, and exercise of soul he passed

through; how he was brought into a sweet enjoyment of Gospel liberty by an application of Jer. xxxi. 3: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." The friends were deeply moved during the narrative. Tears flowed copiously from almost every eye, and many times suppressed sobs were heard as the tale of mercy proceeded.

In the afternoon, Mr. Turner gave out a hymn. Mr. Styles read and prayed, and called upon Mr. Mitchell to state how God made him a minister, how he was led to Guildford, and to give a statement of the truths he meant, by God's help, to maintain. Having received satisfactory replies to these questions, he further asked Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Hyde to give each other the right hand of fellowship, and called upon Mr. Kern to cement the tie in a word of prayer. Mr. Atkinson, of Brighton, then delivered the charge from Eph. iv. 12: "THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY." It was a solemn, weighty, and instructive discourse.

In the evening, Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, addressed the Church from Eccles. viii. 2: "I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment." He gave the Church good practical advice, specially referring to their conduct towards their new pastor.

The chapel was well filled throughout the day. About 140 friends sat down to tea. We trust it was an earnest of good days to follow. **ONE WHO WAS THERE.**

**BETHNAL GREEN.**—24th anniversary of Hope chapel was on Sept. 22 and 24. On Lord's-day the pastor, J. Griffith, preached morning and evening, and E. Langford in afternoon. Tuesday, Mr. Hazleton preached from "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." A good number gathered to enjoy tea and Christian intercourse. At public meeting the brethren spoke on interesting subjects. Brother C. W. Banks, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," in an instructive manner. Brother Meeres, in a lively spirit, dwelt on the path of the just. Brother Woodward on the Divine defence (Job i. 10). Brother Masterson was happy in speaking on "Peace I leave with you." Brother Dearsly, in a clear and animated manner, opened the important question, "What must I do to be saved?" The services were cheerful and encouraging. The people at Hope chapel, after twenty-four years' existence, are thankful for the present condition of peace and prosperity, and pray the Lord still to bless the labours of their pastor, and bless the Church more and more in gathering in lost sinners through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel.

**SURREY.**—Anniversary and harvest thanksgiving services at Mayford, Tuesday, Oct. 8th. Mr. Bardens, of Hayes, preached afternoon and evening two experimental and encouraging discourses. Friends had good tea. C. Z. Turner, and friends from different places, cheered the pilgrims at Mayford.

## SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MARIA,

### THE BELOVED WIFE OF JAMES CLINCH.

The dear departed one was born at Chatham, November, 1827, the youngest daughter of William and Elizabeth Bird (both of whom were very zealous Wesleyans), so from a very early age she was a scholar in the Sabbath school in connection with the Wesleyan chapel there. From a child she was considered to be eminent for her piety. When about 11 or 12 years of age, she was supposed to be perfect. For three weeks, it was said, she had not committed a sin. Her parents, pleased with the advances she had made, mentioned the same to several persons. On one occasion it was overheard by her, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother! how can you say so! I feel I am a sinner every day."

Some years afterwards, her mother was led to see matters very differently, and was baptized at Hampstead. This led to sad disturbances between the father and mother, which caused the dear departed one much perplexity of mind to know what was right and who was right. She left home and entered a situation at Greenwich. Part of the agreement was that the servants were to attend either at Mr. Julia's, Malze-hill, or Mr. Lucy's, Greenwich-road.

One Sunday in January, 1849, it was announced that Mr. Lucy would preach a sermon to the young. It was arranged that we should both go. That time was never forgotten by us. The text was Gen. x. xvii. 18: "And Abraham said to God, O that Ishmael might live before Thee." The anxiety of parents for their children, and the admonitions to the young persons present, made a deep impression upon each of our minds. We were married in April of the same year, and, before the year closed, both of us were members of the Church under the pastoral care of the late James Castleden, of Hampstead. Her character was not a talker, but very seldom was she heard to say much; and when she has spoken of her enjoyment of the things of God, she was troubled afterwards, fearing she had said something she had not felt. She was one of those that feared the Lord and thought upon His name.

Our providential path was cross upon cross, but she always had a sweet promise to mention when I was most down. Her bodily condition was always weakly, and loss upon loss, trial upon trial, did not improve it. But, passing over much, we come to July, 1870, the two last Sabbaths of which month I was at home with her. We all thought the end was near. Her own words were, "This is the end; if not just now, it is the beginning of the end." I was anxious to know the state of her mind. Her answer was, "Dark; wretched; all gone; no promise; no prayer." I tried to comfort her, but all was a blank. "The Lord will never appear again," she concluded; but His mercy had not clean gone.

One morning in August, I was laying awake, I heard her say, "Yes, that will do." She then said to me, "Are you awake?"

"Yes," I replied. She said, "He has come." "Who?" I asked. "The Lord by His Word: 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'" She was partially raised up again, at times better, at other times her sufferings were very great. Now and then she was able to fill her place at the Surrey Tabernacle (of which Church she was a member), but her greatest enjoyment was with her Bible, Wells' sermons, "Valley of Achor," "Lectures upon the Book of the Revelation," and the EARTHEN VESSEL. The Lord was evidently drawing her nearer Himself, as she afterwards told me, "The Lord has led me into the heights and depths of His love and mercy that my soul has long wished to enjoy, but did not think it possible." The latter part of March, we feared what was coming, but hoped she might in some measure recover. That was not to be. At the first we could get but little from her. I thought she was dark in her mind, so I tried to speak a word to encourage her. She said, "I am above that; I am living on high; I lay here and bless the Lord for everything." This lasted for some time, but the bright shining passed away, and a solid satisfaction and peace remained to the end.

About a week before her death, she said, "I did not think the end would be just like this—so bright and pleasant at the first. I thought it would be brighter and brighter; I thought I should not have much more pain, but at times I have a great deal." I said, "I think the Lord had a purpose in so graciously manifesting Himself to you at the first, so that your tribulation might work patience, which it has." I then asked her to tell me what her feelings were, when she answered, "I want nothing fresh, but fresh power. I am watching, waiting, wanting, ready to go home."

There was not much change till Sunday, June 9. Being informed by the medical man that she could not last long, perhaps only a few minutes, after a pause, she said,

"Ah! I shall soon be dying,  
Time swiftly glides away,  
But on my Lord relying,  
I hail the happy day."

I answered, "A happy day for you; no pain or darkness there. It is all of grace, is it not?" She replied, "Yes, 'by grace ye are saved.' Grace pick'd us out, grace put us in the way, grace kept us in the way, and grace will take us home." I said, "I have just been reading the last stone shall be brought with shoutings of 'Grace, grace unto it.'" She replied, "Yes, and they will be all graceful stones, polished beautiful, living stones, built up a living temple in the Lord."

After this but little was said, except a word now and then. All was peaceful, and at seven o'clock in the evening, June 10, she sweetly fell asleep in the arms of her beloved Lord, to be

"For ever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be."

The poor weak earthly tabernacle was laid in the Nunhead cemetery, some kind words being on the occasion given us by C. W.

Banks, on Tuesday, June 18, to await a glorious resurrection. That we may all be followers of them "who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises," is the prayer of the writer, JAMES CLINCH.

#### THE LATE MR. R. BAX, OF ST. NEOT'S.

In 1868, our deceased friend (and occasional correspondent) was chosen to succeed Mr. Geo. Murrell as pastor of St. Neot's Strict Baptist Church. He had been for ten years acceptable and useful. *St. Neot's Chronicle* says:—"Mr. Bax was an able and earnest exponent and defender of evangelical truth. He was naturally thoughtful and retiring, and shrank from mixing with general society, but he stood high in the regard and affection of all who really knew him, and none that were favoured with his intimate acquaintance failed to find in him a staunch, true, and loving friend. For twelve months his health had been such as to cause serious apprehension to his medical advisers, by whose counsel, in March last, he left his home for Bournemouth, in the hope that change to a more genial climate might arrest the progress of disease. Ere long it became evident that pulmonary consumption had taken complete hold of his debilitated frame, and on his return home in July it was apparent to all that his days were numbered. He lingered until the morning of Monday, September 16th, 1878, when he peacefully and painlessly entered into his eternal rest, his last intelligent utterance having been a line from a well-known hymn, 'My days of praise shall ne'er be past.' He leaves a widow and four little children to deplore his loss. The funeral took place on Saturday, September 21st, the service being conducted in the chapel. The service was conducted by F. King, of Gransden, who read a portion of Scripture and offered prayer. W. J. Styles delivered an appropriate address, and J. Jull commended the remains to their final resting-place. On Sunday the funeral sermons were delivered by Mr. Styles and Mr. Jull. The utmost solemnity prevailed, and the demeanour of the congregation amply testified that they collectively deplored the loss of a beloved and esteemed minister and friend."

BROCKLEY, SUFFOLK.—At the Baptist chapel, harvest thanksgiving services were held Oct. 8. Mr. J. W. Wren, of Bedford, preached two good old-fashioned Gospel sermons, which were lovingly received. Friends from adjacent villages cheered them by their presence, and were refreshed between the services with an excellent tea in the chapel, which was tastefully decorated with mottoes, corn, fruit, and flowers. The friends were united in their efforts to make every one happy. The weather was delightful, the attendance good, and many found it good to be there.

"It 'tis so sweet to meet below,  
What must it be to dwell above!"

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

## BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

Through the kindness of Mr. C. Cornwell and his deacons, services were held in the above chapel on Tuesday, 8th Oct., in aid of the Banks' Testimonial Fund. The feeling of free-grace ministers and Churches to Mr. C. W. Banks must be of the warmest character, if we judge from appearances, and this we are certainly justified in doing. Among other indications of this fact we might state that Mr. Thomas Bradbury left his own chapel, on the occasion of its re-opening services, in order most kindly to assist the fund by preaching at Mr. Cornwell's place in the afternoon. A tea (given by Mr. Cornwell and his good wife) was provided at the close of this service, and then a public meeting followed in the evening. Joseph Beach, E-q. (son of the esteemed deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle), very kindly and ably presided, while on the platform were Messrs. T. J. Messer, Thomas Stringer, Henry Myerson, John Bonney, J. M. Rundell, R. A. Lawrence, and the pastor, Mr. Cornwell. The meeting opened by singing Hymn 164, Denham's Selection, and Mr. Cornwell sought the blessing of the Lord by prayer.

Mr. Beach spoke of the object of the meeting as being twofold: a desire to hear from the lips of God's servants who were there something to profit our souls, while we also desired, by the collection, to aid and profit our friend Mr. Banks. He felt sure that, if those who were present were profited in their souls, they would gladly open their pockets to aid the second object; for when the Lord opened Lydia's heart she immediately opened her house to receive the apostles. Mr. Beach spoke warmly of the energy of Mr. Banks in both preaching and circulating the truth of God, and then called on Mr. Bonney (the secretary) to make a statement to the meeting.

Mr. Bonney said he had been asked, "Why give a testimonial to Mr. Banks at all?" His reply was, "Because he had for years spent his time, his talents, his energies, and his money too, in the service of the Churches generally. Many causes of truth would (humanly speaking) have no existence now if it had not been for the kind assistance rendered them by the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL. He was, moreover, a good friend to God's ministers. The latter (Mr. Bonney continued) were men who, as a rule, would make their mark in any sphere of life, but being called of God to labour in what, through the general poverty of the Churches, might be called comparatively unremunerative fields, they were often called upon to rough it, and his friend Mr. Banks had done so, as they who knew him best could testify." Referring, later on, to Mr. Banks as an editor, he gave us a peep into his editorial study, which he himself had been favoured to visit. On his table were to be seen appalling piles of books, letters, and other matters, for him to wade through, while in the corner was a little bed, on which, when worn out, he would throw himself down to gain by a little sleep re-

newed energy for his laborious task. This he did on behalf of the Churches all over the world, and such an effort ought to be recognised. From the financial statement read by Mr. Bonney it appeared that £120 on December last had grown in May to £230. The help of the deacons and friends at the Surrey Tabernacle had, with some other aid, raised it to £300, and at present some £350 were in hands of the committee. The reason why the affair was kept so long about was explained by Mr. Bonney as arising from the general poverty of the Churches, upon whom the continual call for collections had such an effect that they had to allow some little time to elapse before they could give the "Testimonial Fund" a collection.

Mr. T. J. Messer then spoke, causing some amusement by the announcement that he had lately read a report of his own death. He had known Mr. Banks forty years; they had loved one another till now, and he believed they would eternally. His friend Banks had stood for God and truth in face of all opposition; his seventy-third birthday was not far off, and he hoped his declining years might be made more comfortable by the effort in which we were engaged.

Mr. R. A. Lawrence made a few observations on Mr. Banks as a man, a preacher, and an editor, testifying to the kindness which he (and other "sires" in the Church) had shown to a little one in the ministry like himself. After warmly advocating the cause of his brother, he spoke of that glorious Elder Brother of the Church, the Lord Jesus Christ, taking as his motto the apostolic prayer, "That I may know Him," dwelling upon the necessity of personal contact and communion with Him in order to a Scriptural-spiritual knowledge of Him.

Mr. Henry Myerson took for his motto the text, "Be of one mind." He told us it was Godlike to be so, for "God is in one mind, and none can turn Him." He regretted the want of this "one mind" among the Churches, but felt sure that increased occupation of the mind with Christ and eternal things was the remedy. He hoped we should be all of one mind in the matter of helping our worthy editor, and brought a really spiritual speech to a close with the following verses:—

Dear Christian friends, we meet to-night  
To show our love sincere  
To brother Banks, whose chief delight  
Has been our path to cheer.

For years his hands and heart have strove  
True wisdom to impart,  
To raise the Christian's mind above,  
To ease his troubled heart.

No frowning face, or scornful look,  
Has made him shrink from truth;  
The lamp of life, the sacred Book,  
Defending from his youth.

A nursing father, gentle, kind,  
Considerate, and true,  
Devoted both in heart and mind  
To us despised few.

The VESSEL, too, our little bark,  
Her captain he has been;  
Though oft on stormy seas and dark,  
Still sailing she is seen.

She has a cargo rich and rare,  
Pure milk and living bread;  
And ports to regions bright and fair,  
Where tears are never shed.

"God bless our captain!" we will pray,  
"Lord cheer his loving heart;  
Be Thou his Pilot day by day,  
His Compass, and his Chart."

We look on him, and see that time  
Is furrowing his brow;  
We knew and loved him in his prime,  
But not more than now.

But let us all, both young and old,  
Show how our love abounds;  
We'll give to him a lump of gold,  
At least six hundred pounds.

The ox who laboured in the field,  
In treading out the corn,  
Partook of what the earth did yield,  
By law his right, his own.

And if our God for oxen cares,  
Shall we His servant slight?  
We'll soothe his sorrows, dry his tears,  
And make his last days bright.

Dear friends, don't let this matter be  
Too long upon our hands;  
As God so freely gave to thee,  
So freely He demands.

And when the "wished-for" comes anon,  
A "bonny" day we'll keep,  
With "bonny" men, like "Bonney John,"  
The pastors and their sheep.

God bless our brother! is my prayer,  
God bless you every one!  
And may we all in heaven appear  
When toiling here is done.

And now, in closing up my speech,  
Allow me to propose  
A vote of thanks to Squire Beach  
Before the meeting close.

Mr. T. Stringer held the attention of the meeting by talking a little on "temporal helps." He spoke of Mr. Banks as a man of immovability combined with humility. He was little in stature, it was true; but if his old friend Dr. Watts was correct in saying that "The mind was the standard of the man," we certainly had a man in Mr. Banks. His VESSEL goes where poverty often hinders Churches from having a minister, and thus was the means of doing much good. And with some soul-profting remarks on the text, "The love of Christ constraineth us," he brought a thoroughly warm-hearted speech to a close.

The Chairman announced the collections amounted to £15, after which

Mr. J. M. Rundell (deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle) spoke of the present position of the professing Church, stating that he was persuaded that it thoroughly hated the truth of God and the preachers of it too; for, if God made use of a minister at all, the devil would be sure to raise up some report of the place, the man, and the people. He believed that the general poverty of the saints, and the special poverty of God's ministers, made room for the display of Christian kindness, and he heartily wished the present undertaking every success. If (he said) a testimonial were wanted for some philosopher, or some other of earth's great ones, the money would roll in fast enough; but if the same were undertaken for one of the Church's labourers, how

different were the results. But God had chosen the poor of this world, and that explained the apparent anomaly. The speaker closed with some well-arranged thoughts on the words, "The People of God," in which the position, character, and destiny of the people were severally handled in a God-glorifying way.

Mr. Cornwell (the pastor) next made a few remarks, and they were but very few. Still our good brother, acting on the principle that "actions speak louder than words," had made by his kindness a very loud and long speech too. Referring to the cheering effect of acts of kindness, he spoke of the impression left on his mind by the chairman's father once presenting him with a copy of Mr. J. Wells "On the Book of Revelation."

Votes of thanks were then passed, first to the chairman for his brevity, his liberality, and his wisdom in endeavouring to guide a meeting of such a character into somewhat of a spiritual channel. And, secondly, to Mr. Cornwell and his hard-working wife for their kindness in providing the tea gratis, so that the whole proceeds might go into the fund. Pastor Stringer closed a happy meeting by asking God's blessing on all.

R. A. LAWRENCE.

Lynton-road, Bermondey.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—Seventh anniversary of Sunday school was celebrated Oct. 15, 1878. Mr. E. Forman preached the sermon. Many kind friends much enjoyed a beautiful tea. Mr. Boxell, of Brighton, presided over public meeting with a Christian cheerfulness and loving spirit, which rendered the service pleasant and encouraging. The scholars sung with good effect. To each of them who had been seven years in the school, Mr. John Wild and Mr. Bardens presented a large well-framed portrait of the late Mr. Robert Ruikes—a very handsome and expressive present! The pastor, R. Bardens, read the report of progress and of prosperity. The key-note of the evening exposition was struck by brother Ponsford, followed by J. Griffiths with happy reflections upon the godly ministers who once preached Christ, but who have passed away; praising the Lord also for such prospects of a perpetuated generation to honour Christ and His truth as the cause and school at Hayes tabernacle furnished. Brother R. A. Lawrence edified the boys and girls, and friends generally, beyond anything we ever witnessed. C. W. Banks gave a few words; and Mr. E. Forman closed one of those well-arranged meetings for which Hayes tabernacle is so deservedly noted.

BRIGHTON.—A meeting to welcome Mr. Joseph Wilkins home to his Church and people in Queen-square, and to offer thanksgiving to the Author of all our mercies for partially restoring their pastor, was held Tuesday evening, Oct. 15, 1878. Many prayers have been poured out at the throne of grace that Mr. Wilkins may yet see years of God-given usefulness in the Gospel.

**BECCLES, SUFFOLK.**—Second anniversary of pastorate of Mr. W. F. Edgerton (with which was combined the harvest-thanksgiving), was Lord's-day, Sept. 22. The morning sermon was preached by Mr. John Cooper, of Wattisham. In the afternoon was a service for the young, conducted by the pastor, who delivered an address upon an acrostic of the words, "Harvest Home," reminding the scholar of the seed to be sown to ensure a good harvest in the great day of God. The lesson was commenced from the last letter of the acrostic, which was as follows:—

H eaven hereafter (Matt. xxvi. 64).  
 A ccepted in the Beloved (Ephes. i. 6).  
 B ighteous in God's sight (Psa. cxlvi. 3).  
 V ictorious through Christ (1 Cor. xv. 57).  
 E nlightened by the Spirit (Ephes. i. 18).  
 S erving God (Psa. c. 2).  
 T rusting in the Lord (Psa. xxxvii. 3).  
 H onouring God (1 Sam. ii. 30).  
 O vercoming the world (1 John v. 5).  
 M ercy supplicating (Psa. li. 1).  
 E schewing evil (1 Peter iii. 11).

The address elicited accurate answers from the scholars. In the evening the pastor preached to a large audience from Matt. xxviii. 17, 18; after which, three believers were baptized into Christ—one, a youth of seventeen, representing the fourth generation in Church membership; his great grandfather being the oldest member of the Beccles Church, aged ninety-three. The grandfather was a member, but died some time since; while the father of this young disciple was baptized in June last. The service was a joyous and devout one. As the inspiring strains of "All hail the power of Jesus' name" rose up, many felt God was in the place. On Monday, Mr. Cooper preached a sermon which was described by a hearer as an ocean of free-grace. Tea was provided in the Assembly Rooms. Public meeting in the chapel, Mr. Edgerton presiding. Brethren Hagen, of Yarmouth; W. F. Edgerton (who stated nine had been received into membership during the year), S. Vincent, S. K. Bland, J. Hollinghead, &c., spoke on various themes to a numerous audience. Thanks were tendered by the pastor to those who had helped to make the meetings successful. Thus closed the second anniversary of Mr. Edgerton's pastorate, in a sphere of labour of time-honoured associations and sacred memories.

**LIMEHOUSE.**—After worshipping at Coverdale school-room for nine years, the Church unanimously invited Mr. F. C. Holden to the pastorate. He accepted the same. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, the members of the Church were invited to tea, freely supplied by the ladies. Nearly forty accepted the invite. After tea, our pastor gave an outline of his call by grace, and of his call to the ministry. Oct. 2nd, he administered the ordinance of believers' baptism at Bethel chapel, Poplar. On following Lord's-day he received new members into the Church. I must express my thanks to the ladies who provided such a bountiful tea.—J. E. MORGAN.

**HOXTON.**—Special services were held at Bethel chapel, Newton-street, Hoxton, on Lord's-day, Sept. 29, to commemorate the tenth 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 Sobo. On the following Tuesday, Oct. 1, a tea and public meeting was held, at which brethren Lodge, Masterson, Dearsly, Meeres, and W. Webb were present. The chair was taken by our pastor; brother Miller implored the Divine blessing. The pastor in his address reviewed the Lord's gracious dealings with him during the past twelve months, in which period twelve have been added to our number, five of whom were baptized. Our brother Lodge addressed us upon the subject of "Unity, Peace, Love, and Forbearance;" our brother Masterson upon the "Review of God's Blessings and Mercies;" our brother Dearsly upon the "Condescension, Humility, and Love of Christ, the Gift of God;" and our brother W. Webb upon "Great and Exceeding Precious Promises." We have again to raise our Ebenezer, and praise our covenant-Jehovah for the spirit of love and peace which rules and reigns with pastor, deacons, Church, and congregation. May the God of peace preserve us in peace for His name and mercy's sake.—H. M.

**NEW NORTH ROAD.**—Special re-opening services were held at Salem according to announcement on Lord's-day, Sept. 22, when three sermons were preached. On Tuesday afternoon, the 24th, Mr. Alderson preached from the words, "I will bring the blind by a way they know not," &c. (Isa. xlii. 16). At the evening meeting Mr. Kennard, of Croydon, presided, and read Psa. cxxv. and cxxxiii. W. Beldow sought the Divine blessing. The chairman spoke well, and was ably supported by brethren Alderson, Bennett, and Cornwell. Mr. Flack gave some account of the cause. The repairing of the chapel cost £120. About £20 had been gathered, and about £20 more was required to-night; ten guineas came in on collecting cards, £5 given by the chairman, so that with the collection made at the doors, the amount would be about made up. Mr. Myerson closed in prayer.—W. B.

**WALTHAM ABBEY.**—Second anniversary of Ebenezer Sunday school was Lord's-day, October 13. Sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. W. Winters. At children's service in the afternoon several scholars recited passages from Scripture, and sang appropriate hymns, composed for the occasion by the pastor. Monday evening, the teachers and scholars met and enjoyed an excellent tea; reward books were distributed, and an address delivered by Mr. Winters, on "England's New Possession in the East." We are thankful for the kind assistance rendered by Christian friends on this and other like occasions. We want a more commodious building. W. W.

**BERKHAMPSTEAD.**—A correspondent sends the following:—"Strict Baptist Chapel.—Special services in connection with this Church, which is under the pastoral care of Mr. John Shipton, were held Oct. 2, in the Congregational Church, kindly lent for the purpose. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn. In the evening there was a numerous congregation; many came from Tring and other places in the neighbourhood. Mr. Levinsohn delivered a lecture entitled "Daniel in Babylon," commencing with the time when he was in captivity, and glancing at the numerous crises in the prophet's life until he became the Prime Minister, and drawing useful lessons therefrom. The audience appeared to be deeply interested in Mr. Levinsohn's remarks. Mr. C. W. Banks proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was carried unanimously, and Mr. Levinsohn returned thanks. Mr. John Shipton expressed his thanks to the friends who had so kindly lent to them the chapel. The service closed by singing the hymn commencing "All hail the power of Jesu's name," and the benediction.

**COLCHESTER.**—The first anniversary of re-opening of St. John's-green chapel was held on October 9. Mr. W. Kern preached in the afternoon from the last verse in the book of Esther. Excellent tea was given by the ladies of the congregation. Mr. W. Beach presided at the evening meeting, when addresses were delivered by Messrs. French, Kern, Hand, and Brown (the pastor). Mr. R. Wigley (the secretary) stated the total cost of the alterations, &c., was a little over £500. The pastor had baptized seven since the re-opening. As a cause they had much for which to "thank God and take courage," having in a little more than two years raised £330 for the "Restoration Fund," and no other branch of the chapel finances had suffered the least in consequence.

**SPALDING.**—Sixth anniversary of pastorate of Mr. J. Vincent at Ebenezer chapel was Lord's-day, Oct. 6, 1878; the sermons by Mr. I. C. Johnson, of Grave-end, were excellent. Oct. 7th, we had public meeting; chair taken by pastor John Vincent, who, in affectionate words, spoke of the Lord's goodness to them; the debt, over £300, was reduced to £120. Mr. Johnson expressed his high esteem of the pastor; Mr. I. Levinsohn delivered his excellent address, the points touching on love to Christ and personal religion were given with much unction. Mr. J. Flory rejoiced; if his going to Boston had led to nothing else, it had been the means of Mr. Levinsohn coming to Spalding, a place dear to him from the fact his father was pastor some years of the Church in Love-lane.

**ESSEX.** At Mount Bures chapel seven believers were baptized on Sunday, October 13, when they had a full house and a good day. Both pastor and people are encouraged by thus seeing the Lord working in their midst.

**BOROUGH.**—One of our reporters says: "Mr. Thomas Stringer's anniversary, at Trinity chapel, Sept. 29 and Oct. 1, was most encouraging. Sermons were preached by brethren Stringer, Henry Hanks, C. W. Banks, and John Buayn McCure. We heard no complaint of any of them. A numerous company much enjoyed a splendid tea, which Mrs. Thomas Stringer served up comfortably. She is a first-class working minister's wife, with a number of co-workers, both brethren and sisters. Mr. James Lee, of Bow, presided over the public meeting with kindness, decision, and benevolence. Several expositions were delivered expressive of theological fulness and of spiritual freedom on the part of the speakers. Our brother T. Stringer's position now is most important. We trust his New Year's meeting will be all he can desire—all he truly deserves.

**ASKETT, BUCKS.**—Services to commemorate the goodness of God for the safe ingathering of the bountiful harvest provided by Him, were held on Thursday, Oct. 3. Sermons were preached by Mr. Box, of Soho; in the afternoon on the effectual working of God's Word in the hearts and lives of His people; and in the evening, grace manifested to strangers, as exemplified in the case of Ruth. We were favoured with the presence and blessing of the Master of a-semblies. Many of our friends had, during the past harvest, been gleaners literally, but here we all felt ourselves so poor as to be thankful we were permitted to glean in the field of our heavenly Boaz. Friends from neighbouring causes of truth came to join in our thanksgivings. A large company partook of a friendly cup of tea between the services.—F. G. B.

**HEATON ROAD, PECKHAM.**—On Thursday, Sept. 26, services were held. In afternoon Mr. Shepherd preached; in the evening Mr. Whitaker presided; Mr. Bonney prayed; suitable speeches were delivered by brethren W. Winters, W. Webb, H. Myerson, E. Langford, and J. Bonney.

**GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.**—We are moving on at the old chapel; Mr. Arthur Baker, once a soldier in the Queen's army, is proclaiming a free and full salvation to lost sinners. A good many young people attend the place. Good is being done.

**CROYDON.**—Mr. J. Willis, formerly of Raunds and of Somersham, lately of Needingworth, has been invited to come among us at Tamworth-road chapel. He is inclined not to decide until he comes to supply for us in November.

**MARRIAGE.**—October 1st, 1878, in the New Strict Baptist chapel, Banbury, Mr. Alderman Joseph Osborn to Miss Frances Stevens. The ceremony was conducted by C. W. Banks, in the presence of a numerous circle of Christian friends.

# A Song of Gratitude and Praise.

FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

FATHER of spirits, from whose hand  
All that is good proceeds,  
Whose ever-watchful care provides  
For every creature's needs.

Fresh mercies, varied every hour,  
Sure as Thy sun, will rise ;  
Thro' every period of the day  
Thy loving thought supplies.

From year to year, without a pause,  
In time's protracted span,  
Thy undeserv'd goodness falls  
On vile, ungrateful man.

As through this sin-marred march of life  
We onwards make our way,  
We oft had fainted by the road  
Hadst Thou not been our stay.

Welling, Kent.

All gifts are Thine, we render Thee  
The offspring of our powers ;  
The poorest tribute Thou wilt own,  
And such, indeed, is ours.

Armies of beings by the Son  
To life eternal brought,  
Sing, in one loud, united strain,  
The triumphs grace has wrought.

And be our hearts, O dearest Lord,  
With the like flame imbued ;  
Do Thou our earth-worn spirits move,  
And melt in gratitude.

In Thy good time, not long deferred,  
Thou wilt Thy chariots bring ;  
And we shall join that happy song  
Which all Thy ransomed sing.

WILLIAM BRAZIER.

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## IMMORTALITY AND ETERNITY.

"Death and judgment! heaven and hell,  
These alone, so often heard,  
No more move us than the bell  
When some stranger is interr'd.  
O! then, ere the turf or tomb  
Cover us from every eye;  
Spirit of our Father, come  
Make us learn that we must die!"

STANDING around the open grave in Nunhead Cemetery, on the afternoon of November 6, 1878, where was just laid the remains of the late Mr. James Moss, of High-street, Peckham, I could not help exclaiming—

"THE GRAVE HAS FOUR SIDES!"

On each side there appeared to be written one striking sentence, of which only a word or two was spoken, because the weather was damp and cold, and I dared not keep the mourners and friends standing where they were exposed to physical mischief. The lines I saw with my mind's eye, however, have not left me; a strong impression works in me a desire to call the attention of my fellow-men to a serious consideration of them, if so be the Holy Spirit might be pleased thereby to give us a fuller acquaintance of those things so closely connected with our present and eternal well-being.

"Read, ye that run, the awful truth  
With which I charge my page:  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And at the root of age!"

These are the four emphatic lines:—

VOL. XXXIV.—DECEMBER, 1878.

Y



I.—The Mutability of our Common Manhood.

II.—The Immortality of the Soul.

III.—The Eternity of God.

IV.—The Mystery of the Resurrection.

“ He lives who lives to God alone,  
And all are dead beside;  
For other source than God is none  
Whence life can be supplied.”

In thinking over the meaning of these four lines, we venture on no speculative theory. My lines are plain expressions of FACTS with which every one of the human race must become intimately acquainted.

Can I close up my Thirty-fourth Volume with any thoughts more likely to be sacredly useful? These lines are four stepping-stones, leading us, under the Divine blessing, up to that merciful standing of which John Newton once spoke when he said, “ We are now certain that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. It has reconciled us to God, to ourselves, to our duty, to our situation. It is the balm and cordial of the present life, and a sovereign antidote against the fear of death.”

Without the Gospel of the grace of God, without a precious faith in the Son of God, without a lively hope by the Spirit of God, the mutability of man, the dire uncertainty of his existence here, must sometimes send a thrill of horror through a sensitive mind. Without the Gospel, the immortality of the soul is a dark “black continent” indeed; the eternity of God is terrible, while the conviction of a “resurrection to damnation” is, beyond all expression, desperately dreadful. Let us then, if spared, look these four lines full in the face. Now, we only write an introductory line upon the mutability of man’s existence here.

The thought occurred to me, in going to the late Mr. James Moss’s grave, that it was forty years ago last March since I first stood and spoke over an open grave, which was the grave in which we had laid the frail tabernacle of my beloved and ever-to-be-remembered affectionate mother. Since then what a multitude of open graves have I been called to witness! God, in His mercy, made me instrumental in galbering in at Crosby-row from five to six hundred; by far the greater part of them are fallen asleep; over the graves of very many of them have I shed tears of sorrow, spoke words of sympathy, and offered fervent prayers to God.

Mr. James Moss, at whose grave I was then standing, was the son of my dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moss, cabinetmakers and undertakers, of 186, High-street, Peckham. Twenty years ago we buried the father (once a valued deacon to the late William Felton); ten years since we saw the mother’s remains laid in this very open sepulchre. Then the elder son and his wife had we beheld in death. And now James—the industrious, the quiet, the careful, the obedient son and the affectionate brother—is taken away. The three orphan daughters, and the now only remaining orphan son (Mr. William Moss), all felt they could not spare their brother James! For nearly two years they most anxiously watched the coming in of the fearful foe. At length, as the mourning card reads:

## In Affectionate Remembrance

OF

JAMES MOSS,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS OCT. 30, 1878.

AGED 48 YEARS.

*Interred at Nunhead Cemetery.*

"In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie,  
promised before the world began."

Nearly his last words—after hours of intense bodily suffering—were, "O my Father, do release me!" That prayer was soon answered; and I have no doubt, as he *was* a humble believer in Jesus, his soul is gone to rest in the paradise of bliss—until that morning of all mornings shall come when "the dead in Christ shall rise first!"

Our departed friend, Mr. James Moss, had been a hearer of the late Mr. Wm. Felton, of Mr. Geo. Wyard, of Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Mr. Francis Collins, last of all of Mr. Thomas Bradbury. He had no faith but in the true Gospel of the ever-blessed God. Over fifty years has the furniture business of 186, High-street, Peckham, been in the Moss's family. Mr. William and the three orphan daughters (Mary, a member of the Surrey Tabernacle; Elizabeth, of the Grove, Camberwell; and Sarah, of the late Mr. Moyle's Church) are now left looking alone unto the God of their mercies to help them through the wilderness. We do thank the Lord Mr. William is strong and in middling health; he is an excellent and careful workman, and our hope is firm in the promise that in this, as in tens of thousands of cases, it will be seen that "a father of the fatherless and a judge of the widow is God in His holy habitation." As the dear bereaved orphans stood that day around their brother's grave we think they silently said—

"Our times are in Thy hand;  
Father! we leave them there;  
Our life, our soul, our all we leave  
Entirely to Thy care.  
Our times are in Thy hand,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear."

That our heavenly Father will support them, cause many friends to gather round them, and in His Son, our Lord and Saviour, give them all needed blessings, is the conviction and prayer of their old servant in the faith,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road.  
South Hackney, Nov. 8, 1878.

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN DEATH.—Hold fast the Bible as a Book to live by. Embrace its teaching, receive its doctrines, practise its precepts, hope in its promises. Live the Bible, and you will yourself be an epistle of its truth, and a demonstration of its origin. Hold fast the Bible as a Book to die by. It is recorded of Sir Walter Scott, that when the last hours of his life were approaching, he said to his son-in-law, "Bring me a book!" "What book?" inquired Lockhart. "Can you ask?" replied the dying man—"Can you ask? There is but one!" Yes! One Book to die by! "There is none other in the universe," exclaimed the great Selden, "upon which we can rest our souls in a dying moment except the Bible."

## THE TRIAL OF THE SPIRITS.

BY SAMUEL COZENS.

## SECOND PAPER.

"Try the spirits."—1 John iv. 1.

THE Spirit of truth in His operations is compared to the wind. "The wind bloweth where it listeth" (John iii. 8). This denotes the free, sovereign, and irresistible agency of the Spirit upon the human conscience, as not constrained thereto by any moral excellencies, nor repelled therefrom by any moral resistance. It "bloweth where it listeth." It blew down that high towering tree of unrighteousness, Saul of Tarsus, when in the very act of resisting the triumphant march of the Redeemer's kingdom. It blew the Pharisee clean out of the persecutor, and filled him with an *afflatus* that breathed a prayer to heaven.

It "bloweth where it listeth." We cannot command the softest zephyr to breathe its influence upon us, nor can we command the operations of the Spirit. He bloweth His mighty influence where, and when, and on whom He listeth. Once it was at Jerusalem when the day of Pentecost was fully come, that it blew upon and into the *apostles*. There was the *place*, and *time*, and *persons*. And so it is now, and ever has been. He selects the place, appoints the time, and visits the person in the place at the time appointed. It is *Moriah* for Abraham; *Bethel* for Jacob; *Horeb* for Moses; *Jacob's well* for the woman of Samaria; *the cross* for the thief. It blew through the riven Rock of Ages, and rent the rocky heart of the impenitent felon, and he *breathed* his evening prayer in the new-born light of endless day.

It "bloweth where it listeth." The valley of dry bones is the place of its operations. The valley of vision was as ghastly as a battle-field strewn with the ghostly relics of the unburied dead. But the wind—the Spirit-wind—the breath of God—changed the scenes from dry bones to a standing army. To make a living man of a dry bone is no greater miracle than that which takes place in the quickened soul of man (Eph. ii.). A dry bone was not more dead to its former life than we were to the life of God. Thank God, the bone was not too dry for His all-quickening power. "Try the spirits"—try the life—the Spirit-life.

The Spirit is compared to *water*. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thy offspring" (Isa. xlv. 3). "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water (but this spake He of the Spirit)" (John vii. 37—39). "Council in the heart is a deep well, and men of understanding will draw it out." If there is no water in the well, you can't fill your bucket. And you can get no spirituality from those who have not the Spirit. Take hold of the handle of a man's knowledge and pump him, and if there is no water of life in him, you can pump no life out of him. But if it is there, it will spring up, as the Saviour said to the woman of Samaria. If the sucker is out of order, you may have to pour a little from your own bucket, to fetch it out of his well. And as sure as water

finds its own level, so sure will face answer to face in the water of life. Try the water, and see if it has been drawn out of the wells of salvation.

“Try the spirits” by the fruits of the Spirit. Gal. v. 22, 23: “The fruit of the Spirit is love,” &c. Some people’s love is measured by the love of others. Such is not the love of the Spirit. “For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?” But are we not to love our friends? O yes, certainly, and our enemies too. And that love is a fruit of the Spirit. “Ye have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust” (Matt. v. 43—47). Christ loved His enemies, and blest them that cursed Him, and did good to them that hated Him, and prayed for those who despitefully used Him. And if we have the spirit of Christ, we shall do likewise; and if we do not love our enemies to pray for them, &c., then we have not the spirit of Christ. The love of the Spirit cannot be narrowed up to a party—to a clique of which we may form a part. No, no; it is a magnanimous love—a love that renders good for evil. Try your love by that standard in 1 Cor. xiii.

All the fruits of the Spirit were brought forth in full perfection by Christ, and every branch in the living Vine illustrates their union to Him by bearing the same fruit.

One of the companion excellencies of love is *goodness*. It is to be feared that some excuse their want of goodness because it is written: “There is none good, no, not one.” True, compared with God, there is none good; but in the social world there are some good—who have some good thing in them toward the Lord God of Israel—even a good hope, and the good work of the Spirit, and some good things come from them, for “A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things”—*i.e.*, “The fruits of the Spirit.” Some live not to do good, but only to accumulate wealth, as though God had sent them into the world for no other end than to get the world. Verily, like Dives, they have their portion in this world—and a miserable portion it is that leaves them without God. There have been persons of large wealth who never had the sympathy of a dog for the Lazarus lying in festering misery at their gate. There are persons in the world who never feel when they lay down at night the pleasing consciousness of having helped a fellow-creature up some hill of difficulty in life’s rough way. No, they live to and for themselves, as verily as if there was not a want in the world they could supply, or a burden they could remove, or a trouble they could relieve. “These are sensual, having not the Spirit”—of *love* and of *goodness*.

“Try the spirits” by the Spirit in the body of Christ. “There is one body and one Spirit.” “We are all baptized by one Spirit into one body.” In Acts iv. 31, 32, they were of *one* heart and one soul, like a body animated by *one* Spirit. And “they had all things common,” like a loving family in one household. Alas, alas! where will you find anything at all approaching this happy, united, and loving

fellowship? Instead of the sweet Spirit of love and union, brethren are alienated from brethren. And the spirit that would perpetuate this state of things is not the Spirit by which we are baptized into one body. Why is it that Christians so often treat each other as aliens? Is it not because there is too much *self-esteem* and *self-righteousness* among them? Is there not too much of the old Pharisee about us, who esteemed himself the pink of perfection and despised others—who said, “Stand by, for I am holier than thou?” Yes, there are those who esteem themselves better than others, and who, instead of trying to bring others up to their own level, trample them down to the lowest level, as the Pharisee did the publican. And this kind of self-estimation is one of the sad causes of divisions in the Church. We have too much “railing accusation” for the peace and unity of the Church. Suppose Magdalene did owe five hundred pence—is that any reason why some conceited Simon, who was not involved to the same extent, should look down in contempt upon her? No, no! If Jesus loved the woman, let her be loved and treated as though she had never owed a penny. Suppose Peter did perjure his own soul, and deny his blessed Master again, and again, and again—is he to be undisciplined and treated as a low-bred unconverted fisherman? Did the Lord treat him so? He soon after invited him to dine with Him—and the Lord drew from him what you would not believe was in him. Why, if some people heard a man telling a lie—not half so big and bad a lie as Peter’s—and swearing to the truth of that lie, they would send him to the devil. Not so Jesus. Suspend your judgment, friend. There is One that judgeth us; and if we all had our deserts, we should not be in so happy a position as Magdalene or Peter. But self-esteem and self-righteousness are not the only causes of divisions in the Church. Another cause is that ministers too often pander to the pride of those who assume this kind of dominant superiority. Ay, and too often foster the bigotry of the most influential party. I knew a rich deacon who said when some poor persons applied for membership—“We don’t want any more poor people in the Church, we have enough of them.” And why was he afraid of the poor? Because he was the leader of a rich party in the Church, and he did not wish that his party should be outvoted.

O when will party names be heard no more? O had we more of the love of God—and of the love of Christ—and of the love of the Spirit—and of the love of peace in our hearts and lives, things would wear a more pleasing and lovely aspect than they do now. It seems to me that the Churches have almost lost the family character of brethren and sisters. Till she comes back to the full and practical recognition of that relationship, there will be strife, and every evil work, for “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” Ponder the words of Christ, “One is your Master, and all ye are brethren.”

I have more to say, but not now.

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THE exceeding greatness of His power, exceeding, super-excellent, overcoming, triumphing, all whose power is put forth and engaged to save a poor believer; the grace of God in Christ, and the salvation of His people by Christ was a new stage set up to bring all attributes upon to act their parts to the uttermost.—*Dr. Goodwin’s Marrow.*

## ZECHARIAH'S VISIONS.

SKETCH OF A SERMON PREACHED BY R. G. EDWARDS,

*In Wellesley Street Chapel, Tuesday Afternoon, October 29th, 1878.*

"What be these two olive branches which through the two golden pipes empty the golden oil out of themselves?"—Zech. iv. 12.

THE candlestick, or rather lampholder, is unquestionably typical of the Church of Christ (Rev. i. 20). *One* candlestick, in allusion to the unity of Christ's Church, from the foundation of the world to the termination thereof; part have crossed the flood, and part are crossing now, and all will soon follow. In Rev. xi. 4 we find *two* candlesticks mentioned, perhaps bearing reference to the elect of God among the Jews and Gentiles. Again in Rev. i. 12, John says he saw *seven* golden candlesticks—a number of perfection, a proof that Gospel Churches throughout the world, in all ages, are in accordance with the Divine ordination and regulation. If we look into Solomon's temple (2 Chron. iv. 7), we see there were *ten* golden candlesticks, denoting multitude; and where is the man who can reckon the number of Churches that have been, are now, and will yet be? This candlestick being of gold, represents the preciousness, purity, and durability of the Church of Christ: "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold" (Lam. iv. 2). Its base and shaft setting forth our glorious Jesus in His complex Person, the God-Man Mediator; its seven pipe branches (Zech. iv. 2) symbolical of the Churches of Christ in their nature, number, and order, united to, and sustained by, the Christ of God. The seven lamps exhibit the true ministers of Christ and His Church, sustained instrumentally by the Churches, but vitally and efficiently by the God-Man Redeemer—all of gold, all of the same nature, Christ, His Churches and her ministers.

Now let us behold the two olive trees, as in ver. 3, 11, or as expressed in verse 12, the two olive "branches." May not these be the Holy Scriptures, the Old and the New Testaments? Are not these the sons of oil, the anointed ones, that stand by the Lord of the whole earth, His two witnesses? (Rev. xi. 3). These two earth-tormenting prophets (Rev. xi. 10), alike to Atheists, anti-Christ, and Arminians.

We have now before us the mystery of Christ and His Church, as represented by the beautifully carved golden candlestick, and the precious Bible in her two parts, the Old and the New Testaments, exhibited by the two olive trees, full of fatness, both for the nourishment and illumination of our souls. It is also worthy of remark how gradually these two olive trees grew. Centuries before the first attained its full growth, from Moses to Malachi, until the death and resurrection of Christ, and after the day of Pentecost, there was only one olive tree in existence; then sprang up the second in the Gospel by Matthew, and reached its perfection by John in the Apocalypse, near a century after the incarnation of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ—the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations—dark on the upper surface, but white beneath—dark and mysterious to the world, but plain to him whose understanding God the Spirit has opened to understand the Scriptures. These two olive trees are not only of great antiquity, green and fresh as ever, but immutable and everlasting in duration: "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth,

and the flower thereof falleth away, but the Word of the Lord (these two olive trees) endureth for ever" (1 Peter i. 24, 25).

There must of necessity be some connection between these olive trees and the golden lampholder, otherwise utility will not be apparent. Thus Zechariah saw *two* golden pipes through which the two olive branches emptied the golden oil out of themselves; and are not these two pipes to be found in Rev. i. 3 (*reading and hearing*): "Blessed is he that *readeth*, and they that *hear* the words of this prophecy?" These are the only pipes through which Churches and ministers receive their edification and consolation: "Not by might, nor by the power (of man), but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." How often have these olives been pressed out by the eternal Spirit when we have been reading privately God's precious Scriptures! how the oil has flowed into our souls, and we have realised its healing efficacy! Our hearts have been softened, our minds enlightened, our spirits revived and comforted; have sat under His shadow with great delight, and found His fruit sweet to our taste; tears of joy have flowed down our cheeks; self has been abased and abhorred, Christ has been lifted up; we lost our burden, darkness was dispelled, real gratitude and praise poured forth; salvation was our theme, and Christ our song.

Also with the second pipe—viz., *hearing*. Yes, there is a great blessing in hearing; whilst God the Holy Spirit is pressing the golden oil of His grace, and of the Gospel of His grace into our souls, He exercises His own sovereign good pleasure in this matter. The oil He does not always cause to flow so freely at all times to all His dear children, and the lamp cannot burn without Him; the lamp is as dark as any part of the lampholder, of itself, and wholly dependent upon the flowing of the golden precious oil. In the lamp there must also be the *wick*, and that is just a *leaf* or olive off these olive trees; sometimes a text from the Old Testament, and sometimes from the New. Highly favoured is the Christian Church! Where is the believer or minister who would like to part with either of those two olive trees? How verdant and numerous their leaves and fruit; but not one too many, not one to spare, not a doctrine to spare, not an ordinance to spare, not a precept to spare, not a promise to spare. Blessed olive trees, created by the inspiration of the Almighty, what would the Church be without thee? What would be my poor soul separated from thee? Dark as the darkest soul in hell.

Christ is the Light of the lamp, of the candlestick, of the sanctuary, of the oil wick: "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John i. 4). A minister takes a text—that is, he plucks a green leaf from one of these olive trees, or plucks some of its fruits—but if there is no Spirit-oil flowing, no spirit of life, love, liberty, truth, and faithfulness, no Christ as the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, the First and the Last, the Almighty, the All and in all to His Church, what a miserably wretched dark sermon it proves itself; very eloquent possibly, but awfully empty; splendid sermon for refined ears, but sheer starvation to a famished, ruined sinner. He cries out, Christ is what I want; I am ready to perish, give me Christ or else I die—Christ in His imputed righteousness, Christ in His finished redemption—that I may know Him that He hath loved me and given Himself for me. Let us gaze once more on this wondrous sight as an exhibition of sovereign

grace. The Lord informed Zechariah that the second temple should be built, in spite of all opposition, by Zerubbabel; he should commence it, carry it on, and finish the same. But Zerubbabel and his temple were but types of Christ and His Church: "The hands of Zerubbabel hath laid the foundation of this house, and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings of Grace, grace unto it." In the suretyship engagements of our antitypical Zerubbabel, and in His substitutionary offering, He hath laid the foundation, composed of living stones from nature's dark and dead quarry. He is erecting His temple without the aid of the creature, placing stone upon stone in their destined position, cemented together by wisdom, love, blood, and power; no delay, no mistake, no failure; but all in exact accordance with the original plan of Jehovah before the foundation of the world; and His hand shall also finish it, by His eternal Spirit, and "present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish" (Eph. v. 27)—each stone, large and small, vocal with His everlasting praises; "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory." "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and honour, majesty, wisdom, and power, for ever and ever. Amen." That this magnificent structure, the combined work of the Triune Jehovah, should be seen to be not by man, but of sovereign grace from beginning to end, Zechariah is caused to see in vision the golden candlestick with the two olive trees the sacred Scriptures, the Maker and Owner being God Himself, containing the fatness of Gospel grace, Gospel blessings, flowing through the two golden pipes of spiritual *reading* and *hearing* into the golden bowl (verse 2). And what is that bowl but the *faith* of God's elect? There are numerous imitation candlesticks in the world, but they have no bowl, no faith that cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God—viz., the olive trees. There are not two or more bowls, but one bowl, one faith, "one Lord and one baptism"—a living faith, the faith of God's elect. The child of God, the Church of Christ, receive the Gospel oil from the olive trees, through hearing and reading, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. The true servants of God belong to the Church first, then as lamps they serve the Church, but all through this golden bowl of precious faith. "We believe, and therefore speak," indebted to the Spirit's grace and operation, and to Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

The above crude thoughts I send you, dear brother Banks, written in great haste, preached just before I saw your request in November's VESSEL, concerning this subject. By special desire I have written it. Forgive all failings—I am but a child.

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## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

A POWERFUL EXPLOSION OF THE FALSE AND FASHIONABLE THEORY OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 302.)

**I**T was affirmed by Martin Luther as his belief that temptation, meditation, and prayer make a minister. Touching the first, he tells of fearful assaults made on himself, on his faith, his evidences, and his steadfastness by the arch-seducer of Eve, and of his victory gained



through the blood of the Lamb and the Word of Divine testimony (Rev. xii. 11).

Through these exercises he was matured into that giant champion of Protestant truth which we admire in modern history as having obtained a good report for his spirited defence of the Gospel, and his magnanimous defiance of anti-Christ enthroned with more than imperial splendour at Rome. Our loving Lord Himself was beset by the same foe; was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil; "in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God. . . . for in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. ii. 17, 18). The fact is beyond dispute, and yet the fact itself is a trial for faith, that in the humiliation of Jesus, His perfect identification with the chosen, He should become so low, so *weak*, as to suggest to the Satanic mind a possibility of triumph over Him.

"The strength of God is known to all,  
But who His weakness knows?"

"Great is the mystery of godliness."

All temptation hath in it a direct or implied denial of truth, an impeachment of Divine veracity. In Eve's case, the serpent did not say at once that God had lied to His creatures, but began with insinuating a doubt, after the manner of sceptics of the present day, "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" And having thus thrown a mist over Eve's memory, he ventures on a bolder step: "Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." By such shuffling equivocations and mendacious flattery, the father of lies bewilders, deceives, and ruins myriads of our race who are blind and deaf to the cautions and threatenings given in the Bible, and corroborated by the experience of the world in every generation.

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH!"

In a former paper I stated how my conviction of the turpitude of sin and the inflexibility of Divine justice was blunted by an accepted evasion of the solemn sentence, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Having no hope of escape from the curse, I drew a miserable comfort from the clergyman's assurance that the words *death*, *destruction*, and *eternal* had a meaning so modified, so meaningless, that law had no terrors, and justice no sword. Destruction, spoken of in the Scriptures, is annihilation to the ungodly, a most desirable finish; or, if the soul does not die with the body, it will exist only long enough to hear its sentence. True, the Greek language was the authority for this theory, but the bait was too tempting to be resisted; I swallowed it greedily; anything short of eternal fire was a boon to one born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and such was my case. It is one of the many wonders of grace my soul has in remembrance that not a week elapsed ere the fond delusion was swept away. I know not now in what way I stumbled on the fact which at once dissolved the luscious fiction so dear to my foolish heart, but I found that in the Greek the same word is used for the dura-

tion of the happiness of the righteous and for the misery of the wicked—"aeonian punishment," "aeonian life." Down went my Babel, my refuge of lies; not for a moment could I doubt the eternal felicity of the redeemed family who are to be for ever with the Lord (1 Thes. iv. 17). The light, temporarily obscured, returned on my mind with increased intensity. I was again at the foot of Sinai, with its fire, and smoke, and tremour, the voice of the trumpet waxing louder and louder; the Lord had come down to make inquisition, and I had nothing to answer (Exod. xix. 18). I said, with Moses, "I exceedingly fear and quake" (Heb. xii. 23). I had, however, passed one of the straits of Biblical instruction, one temptation to disbelief had been quashed, and the enemy was vanquished. I was not the first or the last he has caught in his net. The Church sang thus in ancient days: "Our soul escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord who hath made heaven and earth" (Psa. cxxiv. 7, 8). This commutation of Heaven's judgment, this anodyne for troubled consciences, was new to me seventy years ago, but I have long known that it was not new. Satan exhausted his invention very early, and brought out all his artillery of lies during the ministry of inspired men, who promptly detected and ably exploded his devilish devices. His policy now is to compensate for lack of novelty by daring impudence; so, through the vanity of weak or wicked men, he reproduces his oft-refuted lies, and his agents varnish them afresh, and boast themselves as new lights, as discoverers of hidden truths, and congratulate the world on the wisdom recently imported, and the wonderful attainments of modern thought. They vie with the evolutionists, who trace animal life to its birth on the banks of the Nile, begotten by the vivifying rays of the sun acting on the slime of that renowned river. The mysteries of revelation do not suffice to display their oratorical powers, so they catch at anything astounding for the admiration of their credulous disciples. What they may be before the heart-searching God I pretend not to say, but belief in the doctrine referred to implies a presumptuous tampering with the attributes of Deity; setting up a human standard for the measurement of sin's demerit, a virtual disparagement of the Saviour's great work of saving, and furnishing a lullaby for sinners affected with fear, and whose inquiry is, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isa. xxxiii. 14). The pretence that God is honoured by being divested of His justice, and represented as so placid and merciful that He cannot punish, is plausible, but it is deceiving. The poet honours Him by taking His character from His own book—

"God, you say, is good; 'tis true,  
But He's pure and holy too;  
Just and jealous is His ire,  
Burning with vindictive fire.  
This, of old, Himself declared,  
Israel trembled when they heard;  
But the proof of proofs, indeed,  
Is, He sent His Son to bleed."

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. x. 31).

(To be continued.)

## GOD'S ANCIENT PEOPLE:

THEIR ORIGIN, SUFFERINGS, PRIVILEGES, AND PROSPECTS.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

*(Continued from p. 327.)*

## CHAPTER II.

## DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM—THE TEMPLE IN FLAMES—SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS—FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

THE state of the Jews had now become most miserable. Extreme trouble had come upon them. Not only the dreadful sufferings through the foreign enemy who besieged Jerusalem and determined to starve the inhabitants, but their miseries arose also from other sources; especially from themselves, from resolute and bloodthirsty robbers, who, in large numbers in the city, delighted in cruelty. These robbers had leaders who were ambitious, proud, and wicked—especially to the innocent, to old men, to women, and children, who were put to death by these inhuman villains without any just cause whatever. The relations of the murdered victims were even afraid to mourn the loss of their beloved, in case the robbers should find it out and murder them also! Thus painful was the condition of the Jews! Not only was such cruelty committed by night, but in open daylight bloody slaughters took place in the streets and market places.

The robbers were not satisfied with being in the city only, but soon found their way into the sanctuary, and there made the temple a stronghold for themselves. Thus the house of Jehovah now became a *den of lions*, which witnessed the most cruel deeds. The poor and the pious of the Jews then looked to the holy sanctuary with immense sorrow, seeing that the temple of God had now become a refuge and a home of tyranny.

And now, says the historian, when every one was in indignation at these men seizing upon the sanctuary, and at their rapine and murders, Annas, the oldest of the high priests, stood in the midst of them, and casting his eyes frequently at the temple, with a flood of tears, he said: "Certainly it had been good for me to die before I had seen the house of God full of so many abominations, or that I should behold these sacred places filled with the feet of these bloodthirsty villains!"

The high priest urged the multitude to exercise all their power to turn out the robbers from the sacred places; but, alas! the robbers were too strong and powerful to be dispersed, especially as they were superior in numbers and also in courage. A most disastrous and bloody battle was fought. Their warfare was not conducted by disciplined soldiers and commanders, but by their passions. Alas! passion always proves to be a bad guide. Many were slaughtered on both sides.

At last, the robbers finding the strength of Annas great, sent messengers to the Idumeans, asking for assistance without delay. The Idumeans granted their request. Terrible fighting took place, for some time resulting in the victory of the robbers; Annas was put to death, and his followers, finding no way of escape, were left entirely at the mercy of the cruel wretches, and the outer temple, the court of the

Gentiles, overflowed with blood; about 8,500 Jews were killed on that day. The robbers, not being satisfied with the blood of 8,500 Jews, then concentrated over the city, went from street to street, from lane to lane, and from house to house, plundering and massacring old and young, women and children, without any feelings of compunction or mercy. Over 12,000 persons perished in that awful massacre!

Although the sufferings of the Jews were sufficient to prove that Jehovah had poured His wrath upon them, yet the pious among them still possessed a hope that deliverance was nigh; still they hoped that the words predicted by the prophet Malachi would be realised: "Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple," &c. (Mal. iii. 1). But, alas! ignorant they were that the same words were long fulfilled when Jesus the Nazarene came, whom they rejected.

Famine then began to be experienced among all classes of the Jews. The robbers who were in the temple were obliged to leave their place of refuge, and, like hungry wild beasts, run about in the streets searching for food. All the people, through the sufferings of hunger, gave themselves over to a reprobate mind; they were all filled with extreme unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy and murder.\*

The famine widened more and more. Whole families and houses full of people perished! So great was the misery, that there were none to bury the dead; for the living were too ill and weak to attend to anything. Young and old walked about the streets, and dropped on the ground as withered leaves fall from trees. There were none to help. No tongue can describe, no pen can write sufficiently to shew the awful and unspeakable sufferings of the Jews at this time. In the very short space of about 90 days, over 115,880 dead bodies were carried out of the gates. This number was reported to Titus by the officer who was appointed to pay the public stipend for carrying these bodies out, and so was obliged to number them. The rest were buried by their relatives, though their burial was only to bring them away and cast them out of the city. In addition to the testimony of the officer, many of the eminent citizens told Titus that the entire number of the poor who were thrown out of the city was no fewer than 600,000!

The following painful narrative by Josephus may illustrate the indescribable sufferings of the Jews:—"There was a certain woman named Mary, eminent for her family and her wealth. She was, by robbery, reduced to the greatest extremity of want. It now became impossible for her to procure any food, so that the famine pierced into her very soul, and thus her passion was fired; and driven on by her terrible gnawing necessity, she snatched up her son, whom she was nursing, and said: 'O, thou miserable infant! for whom shall I preserve thee in this war, this famine, and this sedition? As to the war with the Romans, if they preserve our lives, we must be slaves. This famine also will destroy us, even before that slavery comes upon us. Yet are these seditious rogues more terrible than both the others. Come on; be thou my food, and be thou a fury to these seditious varlets, and a by-word to the world, which is now wanting to complete the calamities of the Jews.'

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\* See Josephus, "Wars of the Jews," and Dr. Patton's "Judgment of Jerusalem." Published by the Religious Tract Society.

As soon as she had said this, she slew her son, and then roasted him, and ate one-half of him. The other half she kept by her concealed. Upon this the seditious came in, and, smelling this horrid food, they threatened that they would kill her immediately if she did not shew them what food she had got ready. She replied that she had saved a very fine portion of it for them, and, withal, uncovered what was left of her son. Hereupon they were seized with horror, and amazement of mind, and stood astonished at the sight, when she said unto them, 'This is mine own son, and what was done was my own doings. Come, eat of this food, for I have eaten of it myself. Do not ye pretend to be either more tender than a woman, or more compassionate than a mother. But, if ye be so scrupulous, and do abominate this my sacrifice, as I have eaten the one-half, let the rest be reserved for me also.'

This is only one of the numerous awful instances which took place in Jerusalem.

Now and then large numbers of Jews were captured by the Romans, and were crucified outside the walls of the city. Thus, the Jews being weary and worn-out, Titus succeeded in capturing Jerusalem.

Even then, many Jews hoped that deliverance would come, trusting that Jehovah would still appear and fulfil Mal. iii. 1. But, alas! they soon beheld the temple in flames and Zion destroyed, even to its foundations. Does not this point out to us the fulfilment of the words of our blessed Lord: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck?" (Luke xxiii. 28, 29). Also Deut. xxviii. 49—57: "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor shew favour to the young. And he shall eat the fruit of thy cattle, and the fruit of thy land, until thou be destroyed: which also shall not leave thee corn, wine, or oil, or the increase of thy kine, or flocks of thy sheep, until he have destroyed thee. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land: and he shall besiege thee in all thy gates throughout all thy land, which the Lord thy God hath given thee. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, which the Lord thy God hath given thee, in the siege, and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee. So that the man that is tender among you, and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children which he shall leave: so that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children whom he shall eat: because he hath nothing left him in the siege, and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates. The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter, and toward her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and toward her children which she shall

bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness, wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates."

The awful sufferings of the Jews reminds us also of the words of the sympathetic prophet, which were fulfilled at that time: "And death shall be chosen rather than life by all the residue of them that remain of this evil family, which remain in all the places whither I have driven them, saith the Lord of hosts" (Jer. viii. 3). And also chap. xiv. and xxix., &c.

How solemn are the judgments of the Lord! How deep are His thoughts! How great His majesty! How sovereign His works among men!

"O Salem! who, in proud disdain,  
My faithful prophets slew;  
And soon, the cup of guilt to drain,  
Wilt slay a Saviour too!  
How had My love thy children blessed,  
Thy deed of blood forgot,  
And led them to eternal rest,  
But they consented not?

Now shall thy house be desolate,  
Thy glory now shall close,  
Nor leave one trace of ruined state  
To tell where Salem rose.  
Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,  
Nor hail thy Crown restored,  
Till thou shalt say, 'How blest is He  
Whom Thou hast sent, O Lord!'"

*(To be continued for some months.)*

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#### THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."—Isa. ix.

HAIL! Son of God, bright morning star, all hail!  
We welcome Thine approach, and with the angel choirs  
Thy praises sing. From Heaven's imperial courts  
Thou didst come down to rescue ruined men,  
By Thy shed blood, from endless misery.  
Deep in eternal solitudes, ere time began its march,  
Thy Father contemplated rescuing sin-cursed man  
From sin and sorrow, devilry and death.  
When father Adam fell, that glorious scheme  
Was partially developed, and thro' all the ages  
More light was thrown upon redemption's plan.  
Then the great light of prophecy expired,  
And a portentous darkness intervened;  
Thro' that long, dreary, starless, wintry night,  
No cheering voices spoke—no joyous song was sung.  
Those years of darkness ended, and men grew more corrupt,  
Until the voice of John, amidst the wilderness,  
Broke the sad silence with his burning words:  
"Behold the sacred, sacrificial Lamb! He comes  
To conquer sin, and set the captives free!"  
Myriads that voice regarded, and in Jordan's flood  
They washed their sins away, and ready stood  
To greet and welcome Thee, great Lord of all.  
Beyond the gates of doomed Jerusalem, Thou didst pass,  
Bearing the cross, and on the rugged mount called Calvary.  
Thou didst a full atonement make for sin,  
And an unfading righteousness brought in  
For every object of Thy changeless love.  
There mercy, truth embraced, and all God's attributes  
Gloriously harmonised; that debt was fully paid  
Which fills with terror each awakened soul.  
The middle wall fell down, and hell was vanquished:  
Heaven opened wide its gates, and angels sung,  
"Gloria in excelsis Deo! good will to man!"

Since that auspicious hour, millions of men,  
 Though deeply sunk in the foul mire and clay  
 Of dark corruption's pit, have issued forth,  
 Led by Almighty power, to that blest spot  
 Where fear gives place to hope, and woe to joy—  
 Joy, pure, enrapturing, eternal joy!  
 Through all-subduing love, millions have reached the goal,  
 And now are basking in the glorious light  
 Encircling the high throne of heaven's eternal King.  
 And the same grace which freely rescued them,  
 And placed them near the rainbow-cinctured throne,  
 Will rescue myriads more, and lead them home to heaven.  
 Hail! mighty Saviour, fairest among ten thousand, hail!  
 Come Thou and reign in our poor hearts, control each foe;  
 Call us Thy friends, array us in that spotless robe,  
 Possessed of which, nor sin, nor hell we'll fear.  
 Clad in that peerless robe, we shall pass undaunted  
 Through death's gloomy vale, and gain that happy land  
 Where men and angels live in love Divine.  
 Cleansed from defilement, we shall joy to hear  
 The archangel's trumpet, and, when ruin's ploughshare  
 Is driven o'er our sin-cursed world, shall smile,  
 Soar 'bove "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds"  
 To that fair home on high, where, through vast eternity,  
 We shall extol Thy love, and, bending low  
 Before the azure throne, ascribe our happiness  
 To sov'reign, rich, free, undeserved grace;  
 Whilst we are pilgrims here, subject to pain,  
 Our spirits cheer, our minds establish in the truth,  
 And when life's fitful fever finds an end,  
 Place us amidst the bowers of paradise,  
 Calmly to wait the dawning of that day  
 When from the grave our bodies will come forth  
 Refined and pure, and with the immortal soul  
 Spend everlasting years in sounding forth Thy praise.

1A, Sabine-road, Shaftesbury-park, S.W.

T. J. MESSEB.

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## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

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THE commemoration of good old Tyndale is memorialised in *The Baptist Almanack* for 1879. The historical pith of our Tyndale sermon, which several of the papers kindly noticed, is given as full as possible in that exceedingly useful annual, and the frontispiece sheweth Tyndale's figure and face in a true likeness. Zealous Protestants are solicited to give this new issue of *The Baptist Almanack* a national circulation. Let all the children in our families and schools see and read for themselves the sacrifice the translator of our precious New Testament had to make in order to give it to us in our English tongue.

*The Poor Wiltshire Shoemaker*, who came to be rich in grace and well off in gold, is such a character as we never meet with except in that circle where Satan is more recognised than in any other community. We cannot, in this

month's issue, review the different scenes the poor man went through, but the book is laid on our table.

*The All-important Question: A Pulpit Essay*, by the late John Cox, for his old friend, Mrs. Lucy Savory. As the wife and widow of the late pastor of Bond-street Baptist chapel, Brighton, she had been known, respected, and beloved for nearly fifty years. "A mother in Israel," indeed, she was! She lived to see many changes, but she held fast in the good old ways; and in the river, when called to leave these shores, she loudly praised God for the peace He had given her. She found her husband, or her husband found her, when he was the pastor of that lovely little garden called "Know-hill," near Reading, in Berks—that is fifty-four years ago. How different with Knowl-hill now to what it was when dear Savory was the careful

and skilful gardener! Mr. Savory was called to the pastorate of Bond-street, Brighton, in 1830; there he laboured for twenty-three years; then went up higher. Mrs. Savory lived in widowhood for twenty-one years! God was her Father, Jesus her Brother born for adversity, the Holy Spirit her Comforter, and into her Father's home on high she has been safely taken; proving—

"Me and my life can't part;  
When I resign my breath."

*Ritualism Shewn to be a Conspiracy for Romanising the Church and Nation,* &c. By J. J. Beddow, Bilston. London: Bemrose & Sons. Our lecturer asketh, "Is Latimer's candle as length to be put out?" "Are we to sacrifice all that has made England great, mighty, and happy—liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, and, above all, supremely above all—

"THE GOD-SENT BLESSING OF AN OPEN BIBLE?"

Weighty questions! What does England herself say to such a flaming exposure of Ritualism as this lecture brings forth? What do the chief dignitaries say? "We are afraid to interfere." Fine set of ecclesiastical generals they! What does England's Parliament say? She plays the hypocrite awfully; for, while she is bound to defend *Protestantism* in the land in all its purity and power, she gives to Rome and to Ritualists secret leave to break down the barriers our forefathers built up, and charitably to open the way for the great red dragon—delicately clothed and covered—to steal into our once-lovely and highly-honoured country. What do the clergy themselves say? Poor fellows! Most of them are deluded by the contention now going on; and those whose eyes are open have no power to resist the many-horned beast now pushing in. If it be true—and true as heaven it is true—that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," then there is every prospect that this great national house of England's ceremonial worship must some day collapse, for her walls are cracking, her pillars are falling, and her idolatrous practices will ere long bring down upon her the punishment due to her lukewarmness and base apostacy! What do the Nonconformists say? Like the National Church, too, they are all running their trains one against another! The Brixton literary and intellectual steamer, with its Hackney helmsman, is carrying the Congregationalists down the sylvan stream of man's free-will as THE antidote for overcoming all this misery.

The old Jewish error is rife and rampant. Ministers and members, for the most part, are "going about to establish a righteousness of their own, not submitting themselves unto the righteousness of God." And, if we turn from the so-called religious world, if we launch out into the sea of the nation's massdom, we find the elements of atheism springing up in all directions, while calamities and commercial disasters indicate the days of Divine anger are upon us! If the one true Church of Christ was alive, awake, and conscious of England's declension, she would gather her hosts together, and, in one solemn petition, rend the heavens with her cries for the interposition of the only Advocate with the Father to stand up for our help! Mr. Beddow, in this lecture, has thoroughly ventilated every chamber in the Ritualistic temple, exposing its anti-Christian scheme with a power most potent and true. Mr. Beddow well deserveth the sincere support and gratitude of the whole body of Protestants in every clime, in every land.

*The Election of Grace* is one of Mr. Battersby's expositions in the "Third Series" volume of his London discourses, well bound, and published by Fisher and Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street. "Rightly dividing the Word of truth" is Mr. Battersby's forte; "opening and alleging" is his manner; hence, as the Word of God abideth for ever, so will the sermons of this Sheffield clergyman ever be appreciated by the living in Jerusalem.

*The Pilgrim of Ether Castle*—a genuine review of the persecutions endured by Christians in the reign of Henry VII.—is nearly ready for publication at the office of R. Banks, in Racquet-court. It is from the pen of Mr. J. W. Stanford. We have scarcely ever read such a narrative of facts, some of which pierce the heart with deep anguish at the recital of the sorrows of God's ancient saints, while the whole volume has a voice to the Protestants of the present time which crieth loudly, "Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering!"

*The Love Christ Cherisheth for His own People.*" From a sermon by Mr. Bax, in Salter's-hall chapel, on those almost incomparable words, "As the Father hath loved Me,

"SO HAVE I LOVED YOU,"

he saith:—"We have a striking comparison instituted by the Saviour between the Father's love to Him and the love which He cherisheth for His disciples: 'As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.' This brings us at once to



some magnificent thoughts on the love which Christ cherishes for His own people. For instance, it is a love that must be without beginning. Surely there was no period when God first began to love the Son of His bosom. His love did not begin on Calvary. There Jesus showed the highest devotion and complete subordination to the Father's will, the spirit that had characterised all His life, of ready surrender to that will. But it was not then, or in consequence, that God began to love His Son. Nor when He began His ministry. He bore a more open testimony, it is true; but it was the simple proclamation of the feeling He had ever entertained for Him. Nor when He came into the world. That strange star glistening in the midnight sky, those angels carolling, told surely that this was a superhuman child. But God loved His Son before the foundations of the world were laid. So He could appeal to His Father and say, 'Thou lovest Me before the foundations of the world.' 'As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.' So that there never was a period when Christ did not love His people. It would be easy for you to trace the moment when you first began to love Jesus. It was not so long ago; but you cannot tell when Christ began to love you. It was not when you began to pray, or when your eyes swam with penitential tears, when you smote your breast and cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' or when you beheld Christ crucified and made the great surrender, casting your soul upon Him; or when you entered into unutterable peace. These were rather the effects than the cause of His love. Before ever the mountains were reared, before the ocean rolled, or the stars glittered, or the angels sang, He loved you, my brethren. 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Then it is an immeasurable love. Who can estimate the love God the Father cherished toward His eternal Son? Whilst He proclaimed from heaven, 'This is My beloved Son,' as proof of it He has put all things in His hand, and made over everything to Jesus, making Him the King of creation, providence, and grace, the great mediatorial King of the universe. 'As the Father loved Me, so have I loved you,' with an inestimable, immeasurable, unutterable, boundless love. The broadest ocean has its shore, and the star that travels the furthest has a limit to its orbit; but Christ's love knows no limit. To expatiate upon its breadth and depth will be the task of an eternity. It was a love that bled for our sins; that ascended to plead our cause, watch over

our interest and represent our prayers. It must be an unchangeable love. There have been some strange heresies, but never such an one as to suppose there was a moment when God the Father should cease to love His Son. There seemed to be a moment when it was withdrawn, when our Lord exclaimed, 'My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' But even then He was dear to His Father's heart, and He said so: 'My Father loveth Me because I lay down My life for the sheep.' 'As the Father loved Me, so I love you,' with a love without the slightest variation, not fickle, wayward, or impulsive, but that continues ever.

'Whom once He loves, He never leaves,  
But loves them to the end.';

O we are changeable, fickle mortals in our love to Him, but His love to us is immutable. A mother may forget her sucking child, but He says, 'I will not forget thee; I have engraven thee on the palms of My hands; mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but My lovingkindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of My peace be removed.' Your apprehension of that fact may alter, but it does not alter the fact. Through contact with the world, the eye of your faith may grow dim and cloudy, and your perceptions may become weak, but that does not alter the fact that Jesus loves you. Sometimes we say that Jesus is withdrawn from us, and we feel as if He did not love us. But as the sun shines even though the clouds hide it, so Jesus loves you though you are not in the enjoyment of that fact. Peace and joy of communion depend upon my realising an apprehension of the fact that He loves me; so that, whatever my feelings, whether I sing songs of full assurance, or am down in the valley bemoaning my wretched condition, Christ's love is the same, like Himself, without variableness and shadow of turning."

We shall be glad to dip once more into this cup of consolation. The love of God in Christ unto His people is the richest theme, the purest river, the sweetest balm for all our griefs!

Daniel Allen, of Sydney, sends us Parts XI. and XII. of *History of the Convent*. Mr. Allen produces a cloud of witnesses enough to amother all the convents if the people were alive and awake; hosts are spiritually dead, nearly all are fast asleep; those who are awake are wounded somewhere; still God's glorious Christ reigns supreme, His work goes on.—Southampton people will be pleased with *Old Jonathan* for Oct.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

*(Continued from page 350.)*

IN continuing a sketch of the rise and history of this place, we this month give Mr. Irons's own statement of the effect of his first Sunday in Camberwell, and the results following. He says:—

"Mr. Flint came to me as soon as the service was over in a perfect ecstasy of soul, and requested me to prolong my stay, assuring me that he had for years been praying for that which he had that morning realised, bearing his testimony that the Gospel had then been preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

"The impression which I had felt, that God had a great work for me at Camberwell, was now deepened and confirmed, and I was convinced that it was from the Lord; so that, after seeking direction from above, I agreed to lengthen my visit three weeks more, during which I preached four times a week to crowded congregations, experiencing much of the presence of the Lord, and witnessing great power going forth with the Word, quickening many who were dead in trespasses and sins to newness of life, and helping them much who had believed through grace; so that there was manifestly a great revival in vital godliness. This, of course, made Satan angry, and induced him to stir up the enmity of carnal-minded professors to oppose and misrepresent the sacred truths which God was so signally honouring, as they did in the days of the apostles—for the doctrines of grace have always been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, as it is written: 'They were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming' (Acts xiii. 45), so that the very truths which were a savour of life unto life to some, were a savour of death unto death to others.

"After I had supplied three Sabbaths and had one more to stay to complete my first engagement at Camden chapel, Mr. Flint invited me to take tea with him, in order to enter into further engagements. I went to his house on Wednesday afternoon, February 11th, on my way to the evening lecture, and found the good man a little indisposed, but very cheerful and happy in the enjoyment of the truths which he had been hearing for several weeks past. The only complaint which I heard from him was, of the difficulty he met with in his efforts to preserve the pure Gospel within the walls of that chapel, and the hostility of some who ought to have assisted him in maintaining the proclamations of free-grace there.

"He conversed with me freely relative to future plans, as if it were already a settled matter that I should be his pastor in that place, the welfare of which lay near his heart; and then he made engagements with me to supply five Sabbaths more, leaving seven weeks between the two engagements. When he had written down these engage-

ments, and had given me a copy thereof in his own handwriting, he said, 'I shall not accompany you to the lecture this evening, as I feel poorly, and wish to nurse myself in anticipation of another feast next Lord's-day.'

"I left him at his tea-table, and that was the last time I saw him; for, on Lord's-day morning, Feb. 15, 1818, when I entered the vestry-room of Camden chapel, I was informed that Mr. Flint was dangerously ill, and requested that public prayers might be offered up on his behalf. In the evening I was told that his life was despaired of; and early on Monday morning I set out to visit him, but was met by a messenger who told me his ransomed spirit had fled! This was a solemn shock, and I walked, pondering over the mysterious providence which had removed so valuable and useful a man at such a momentous juncture.

"I had finished my first engagement at Camden chapel, and, having nothing now to detain me officially, I returned to the bosom of my family and flock; expecting daily an invitation to the funeral of Mr. Flint, as I was informed that his dying request was, that I should be invited to preach his funeral sermon, and that one of his last prayers was for the sphere of my future labours to be fixed in Camden chapel—neither of which requests, however, were granted, for 'another king arose which knew not Joseph' nor loved Joseph's Lord. I could not then see the mercy concealed in that cloud, but have since clearly discovered that God had provided some better thing for me and for the dear people who were rallying round me, that we might be organised upon more Scriptural principles.

"Several weeks elapsed and no information reached me; at length there came a cold stern note, inquiring of me if the late Mr. Flint had made any further engagements with me to supply Camden chapel; and, if any, to what extent."

*(To be continued.)*AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM,  
HORNSEY-RISE, N.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 13, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn delivered his very interesting lecture, on the "Manners and Customs of the Jews," in the hall of the asylum, on behalf of the Sustentation Fund for meeting the incidental expenses of the building. The evening was cold and damp, yet a goodly company assembled, the aged inmates occupying the galleries.

Joseph Beach, Esq., presided. After singing and prayer by Rev. Geo. Playford,

The Chairman, in a few earnest, practical remarks, pleaded for a good collection, as the fund was now in debt about £150. He then introduced the lecturer, who, for over an hour, greatly interested his audience.

Cordial votes of thanks were presented to the esteemed chairman and to Mr. Levinsohn, who had thus kindly placed his gra-

tuitous services at the disposal of the committee, and promised to repeat his lecture in the South for the benefit of our Camberwell friends at the beginning of the year. The collection amounted to £8 1s. 6d., together with a donation of two guineas from the chairman. The doxology closed the proceedings. Collecting cards were announced as being ready for any willing to help the asylum expenses. Mr. Jackson will be glad (as the Camberwell Asylum chapel is limited in space) to receive any kind offer of a suitable room near the asylum for Mr. Levinsohn's promised lecture in the South of London.

WM. JACKSON, Secretary.

**HORSTED KEYNES, SUSSEX.**—Monday, Nov. 11, a Strict Baptist Church was formed, on New Testament principles, in the Baptist chapel. C. W. Banks preached the sermon in the afternoon, and formed the Church in the evening, assisted by W. Wheeler, who has been ministering several months to the people. Between the services friends sat down to a comfortable tea. It is hoped, by the Lord's blessing, the little one may become a thousand. A good attendance witnessed the formation of the Church; among them not a few unbaptized believers, whose hearts, we trust, the Lord is touching on that most important subject—believers' baptism. After the formation of the Church, the congregation remained to hear C. W. Banks's interesting lecture on "The Triumphs of Grace." We feel that so graphic an account of grace triumphant over cold Protestantism, Ritualism, and Romanism, must be calculated instrumentally to benefit those who are privileged to listen to it. Altogether we had a good day, feeling assured of the Lord's blessing.—W. W.

**LIMEHOUSE.**—Our ninth anniversary was held in the Coverdale school-room, on Tuesday, Nov. 12; Mr. F. C. Holden, the newly-chosen pastor, presided. Upwards of 150 friends took tea. At public meeting Mr. Christmas prayed. Mr. Holden gave an outline of his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and reasons for accepting pastorate here. Mr. Turner, one of the happy deacons, gave a history of the place for the last nine years to the present choice of the pastor, and why he was chosen. Messrs. Webb, Nugent, Kemp, Golding, and Lodge spoke. Thanks were given to the ladies who supplied the tea free. This was a most successful meeting; the spacious room was full. May the Lord's blessing still attend us.—T. E. MORSE, 30, Latimer-street, E.

#### DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH WILKINS.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER, — Our beloved friend, Mr. J. Wilkins, is gone home to glory. Friday morning, Nov. 22, he felt his end was near; he took an affectionate farewell of some of his family; from thence he took no notice of those around him. At ten minutes past seven in the evening he peacefully passed away. He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He has been in Brighton twenty-two years.

#### MR. CROWTHER'S HEALTH.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others worshipping at Rehoboth chapel, Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—My report must still be one of slow progress, the matter of thankfulness being that there is progress at all. I am, in a great measure, confined to the house, being able to venture out, when the weather is fine and dry, for a short time only; this will continue to be the case until the remedies applied become more rapidly effectual, and it is somewhat doubtful if my advance towards health will be much expedited during the winter months. To persevere in the use of means, to wait patiently, and to pray for ultimate success, is the only course open in my present circumstances. I am thankful my God and Father has not left me comfortless amidst this long suspense, but has kept me conscious of His love and compassion, so as to prevent my doubting His wisdom or my soul's interest in His care and grace. The chief matter that troubles me is my inability to be of any service to the Church of God. For six months now my mouth has been closed, and, whilst I have been helped and consoled in all my affliction, yet it has seemed a special cause of sorrow that I must so long keep silence when, humanly speaking, it seems increasingly necessary to cry aloud and not to spare the exposure of those God-dishonouring and Christ-disowning systems which are so rapidly overspreading the whole land, and taking possession of all the nominally holy places in it. But the Lord reigneth, although He does not seem to do. His is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, notwithstanding apparent usurpations and assumptions of it by proud, vain men. Ultimately they shall triumph who seem now unworthy to be reckoned; and they who seem now to triumph in prosperity and success shall be covered with defeat and confusion. Well, there is a time to speak and a time to hold our peace, and both these times (as well as all others) are in the hands of the Lord, and means and ends are alike under His discretion, so that there is no ground for fear, although the earth is moved out of its place, and the mountains are cast into the depths of the sea, that the government of our God will be disturbed, or that wickedness and error will have any but a seeming victory which shall be the prelude of their destruction for ever.

I remain, my dear friends,

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal, Leeds,

Nov. 1, 1878.

**HAVERSTOCK HILL.**—We understand Mr. Robertson Aikman will, if Providence permit, commence a Friday week evening service on Dec. 6, in Peniel chapel, at the foot of Haverstock-hill, opposite the Rotunda of the North London Railway Co. in Chalk Farm-road. We suppose the service will commence at 7. We hope many prayerful believers will hear for themselves.

A NOBLE LETTER FROM PASTOR  
DANIEL ALLEN.

Mr. C. W. Banks.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—  
Love, mercy, and peace be unto you and Zion from Him. Yours of July 6th is now with me; many thanks to you for it. I will attend to brother Bonney's son to the best in my power and opportunity as soon as I shall see him, which I have not been favoured to do yet. My love in the Lord and His Gospel to the father who thus desires my attentions to his son. I love good men, and ever seek their welfare, personally and relatively, spiritually and temporally. The Lord much bless you and all His people.

I am thankful the dear Lord spares you still to His Church, to write, to travel, and to proclaim the name of the Lord to men, that the Lord's hidden ones may be saved.

Go on, go on, let us spend and be spent for Him "Who loved us, and gave Himself for us," and to us. We are His a million times over; by the love and gift of the Father; by the love and choice of Himself; by the blood of His cross and covenant; by the possession of His Spirit; by the powerful constraints of His love; by the devotion of our hearts to Him; and by the Spirit's sanctification of our lives to Him.

O Saviour, take us entirely, and use us altogether to Thy glory, leave no cold-hearted reserves in us. What men, and some saints, call prudence, is God accused. They will not take Isaac up to the top of the mountain; they will not turn the bond-woman and her son out; they will not go out of Sodom, nor slay the Canaanites; they will not slay Agag, nor kill the Amalekites, as God bids; they will not touch Rouze, Oh no, let her alone.

1. I solemnly affirm, my brother, that I believe God has given me talent to do it. His, not mine.

2. I constantly perceive His own opportunities amongst the concourses of the people.

3. I do inwardly feel His great command to warn the ungodly, as in 1 Tim. iv. 1-7.

4. I do conclude that God will blast my usefulness, take away my talent, withhold the light of His countenance from me, dry up my right eye, and wither my right arm, though He should save my soul at last, if I did not do, what some call "imprudently"—viz., openly denounce Rome as the great whore of Babylon, the infernal foe of God, and the damning enemy of man.

With this four-fold conviction in my soul, all must give place to this my service to my one Lord and Master, with whose commands neither mother, wife, child, brother, sister, friend, nor Church must interfere. I demand liberty and right to obey my only Sovereign—King—the Lord. As you have so kindly referred to my work in Sydney in your July number, I thought these few words relative to the principles of action, from which these movements have emanated—with which you so kindly sympathise—would be acceptable to you, and, if you wish, to your readers also.

I have sent you papers of a most public

character, so that you might see what others say of me, rather than have from me, or some one prompted by me, what I, or they, may wish to have said upon these proceedings. I have seen so much of what persons write, and get wrote of themselves, so one sided and half-lying, that I have come to hate it; hence I have not written to you.

Some good-for-nothing being has sent me, by post, two devilish packages of silly papers to defame my dear friend and brother, Mr. J. Gadsby. I sentenced them to blaze as vile fire-brands. What! is that the work of some of your British doctors? Please to publish it for me, my brother, that Daniel Allen does not deal in this "hell fire" (James iii. 6). I will receive no accusations or whisperings against a brother; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight. Let these persons save their paper, ink, and stamps from my fire and flames, and not send them 16,000 miles to slander a man of God. I have too much to do to be a party man; I am with Christ's 144,000 party against the man of sin party; but God's men and children I love in all the holy tribes.

The slandered one has, and is, acting in the most kind and brotherly part to us in every possible way. I love and esteem him in the Lord. Many of God's dear good men make mistakes; I am a very mass of mistakes; but are we to be set upon as if we were very fiends? I have not so learned Christ. Now, my brother, do not let the devil insinuate to you that I suppose that these 16,000-miles slanderers are in your party. I do not believe anything of the kind. I believe you are as I am in this grave matter. I have presumed upon your unanimity so much as to here introduce into our correspondence that which is foreign to it, for which I crave your forbearance; but I have no time nor any other opportunity to give my public veto upon all such slander being sent to me from England. All who are brethren, "Love as brethren."

Relative to my visit to my native land, you so kindly name, after thirty-four years in the colonies—thirty of which have been in the ministry—none but a half-witted and half-hearted person could suppose I should not desire it; but none but the Lord can do it. I must see Zion well ministerially sustained here by no half-witted, half-hearted, half-graceless, full-conceited party bigot. No, with love and esteem, dear esteem, to dear brothers with small gifts, we bid them God-speed in the Gospel; yet, we do think in this great Sydney, Zion needs a good big talent, steeped in grace, love, and precious blood. Awaiting the Lord's mercy in this and His command, which, if He gives, no man or thing shall prevent me seeing the land of my birth one summer. With fervent love to you and all truly in the Lord.

I remain, yours in the Lord,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, Sept. 5, 1876.

CAMBRIDGE.—Mr. Kingston has left to reside in London. We hope he will be very useful to our Churches. Mr. John Rayment

writes that he was induced by us to go to Fulbourn instead of going to Ipswich, as he had arranged to do in August, 1877, and that he has expended over £12 in preaching freely for poor Churches. Brethren Middle-ditch and Dare—the Fulbourn deacons—can prove we discouraged them in thinking of having Mr. Rayment, because we knew the cause could not keep him. We were grieved to find he did go, and that the chapel became closed. We hope Mr. Rayment's threat to put the law in force against the venerable Mr. Harris will not be carried out. Our printers omitted Mr. Rayment's note, being pressed for room.

#### A VISIT TO AMERICA.

BY G. T. C. ARMSTRONG.

DEAR SIR,—Having lately returned from a ten weeks' tour through Canada and the United States, it occurred to me that a brief sketch of the same, with a record of the impressions I received respecting religious life, might interest some of your readers.

Having made a previous voyage, with a stay of some seven or eight days up the country, I did not look upon it as a journey to a *terra incognita*, but as a return visit to a land where a hearty welcome would be accorded me, if not altogether for my own sake, at least for the sake of old associations.

Leaving Liverpool on Thursday, July 18, by the Royal Mail Steamship *Circassian*, with about fifty saloon passengers and a general cargo of merchandise, we made Moville (Ireland) the following day, where we took on the mails, and then steered away for the other side. On Sunday morning, as many of us as were well enough gathered together in the saloon for Divine service, at which a Presbyterian minister officiated and gave us a short address, which was listened to with marked attention.

The voyage out was rough and cold, most of us suffering more or less from *mal de mer* or seasickness; but we got up a little excitement when we sighted some enormous icebergs, and again when we perceived a shoal of white porpoises and a few whales. Our company, as may be imagined, was varied in its character. We had Canadian and American merchants returning from a trip to the Paris Exhibition; English aristocrats who, tired of the sport to be found at home, were *en route* for the Rocky Mountains and the haunts of the grizzly bear; others were farmers who had abandoned homesteads in the old country and were seeking "fresh fields and pastures new" in the far West.

However, as it is my present intention to touch more upon the religious aspect of affairs in the New World, I pass on at once to our arrival at Quebec, where we landed safe and sound the following Sunday morning early, and made at once for the hotel where we intended staying. Having breakfasted, I went off in search of the Baptist church (all places of worship are called so, no such distinction as churches and chapels being known), taking on my road one or two of the Romish churches which here abound.

Evangelical religion here seems to be at its

lowest ebb. Out of a population of 65,000 not more than 17,000 are English speaking, and only a third of them are classed as Protestants. The Episcopal Church, as at home, is largely tainted with Ritualism, and the service in the English cathedral was scarcely distinguishable from that in the sister church of Rome. I found the Baptist church to be a neat little wooden structure, capable of accommodating 150 people. Reaching there before the time for service, I spent a few moments in quiet meditation, when, hearing singing in a room behind the pulpit, I made inquiry of the chapel keeper, and found the Lord's Supper was being commemorated. As the door soon after opened and some seven or eight came out and took their seats in the chapel, I could not help feeling that the faithful witnesses in that city were indeed few. Not more than thirty worshippers were present altogether at the service, and I could not wonder at the sad strain running through the discourse, when I was told the speaker had laboured among them, in word and doctrine, for over twenty years, and had seen but little fruit as the result of those labours.

From my own observation and from what I heard from others, I believe Pastor Marsh to be a deeply-taught man of God; his language is eloquent and his doctrine sound; in fact, I am sure his faith must be firm and his confidence unflinching, to have remained so faithfully at his post amid so many discouragements.

The following day I was introduced to the Wesleyan minister, with whom I had a long chat. I found him to be a regular warm-hearted Methodist, with doctrinal sentiments akin to those held by Mr. Spurgeon and his following. I was rather amused with his recital of a dream he had had the night before, and the pastor of the Metropolitan tabernacle, whom he dreamt appeared to him and promised to preach in his pulpit. I could only reply that I thought the fulfilment of that promise was a long way in the future.

He expressed himself as being opposed to the teaching of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in their revival meetings, who he thought made too much of faith and too little of repentance.

He also had to complain of the apparent want of success in his ministrations, while the Congregational church, I believe, was closed altogether. I found this, however, to be no uncommon thing, for in both Canada and the States the churches are closed during the minister's vacation, which last five or six weeks, pastor and people making holiday together, even the Sunday schools being included.

At Montreal I found the Baptist denomination better represented, there being three English and one French Baptist; but as I did not spend a Sunday there, and there were no week-evening meetings, I did not have an opportunity to attend any of the services. A new building was being erected for the youngest of the Churches (Olivet), which, when completed, will accommodate 1,400 people.

I had a long interview with J. Redpath

Dougall, Esq., of the *Montreal Witness*, who gave me some interesting facts with regard to social and religious matters in that city; but as I expect this letter is already long enough for your columns, I will defer them till my next.

Yours, &c.,  
T. G. C. A.  
Brockley.

**BRIGHTON.—FORMATION OF A NEW PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHURCH.**—A correspondent says: This interesting step was taken the first Sunday in July; service began at 6.30 in the evening. Prayer was offered on behalf of the Church which was to be formed. Mr. Virgo preached a suitable sermon; his text, "The Church of the living God." After detailing the circumstances which led to the opening of the Baptist Mission Hall, a brief description of the nature of a Christian Church was given. The character of members of a Church was sketched; arguments were adduced in favour of uniting in Church fellowship, adult baptism, and observance of the Lord's Supper. Mr. Virgo then left the pulpit and took his place at the communion table, around which those who were to become members of the Church were sitting. He read their articles of faith; the intending members then signified their consent to them by standing up and holding up their right hand; each then gave to the other the right hand of fellowship. Mr. T. Boxall was elected as elder to preside over the spiritual interests of the Church; Mr. Fish, missionary, and Geo. Virgo, jun., were chosen deacons. Mr. Boxall gave an earnest address to the Church, mentioning in the course of it the narrow escape from death of George Virgo, jun., whilst the mission hall was in course of erection. The Lord's Supper was then celebrated by the twenty-two members of the new Church and several others from other Baptist chapels.

**BATH, WIDCOMBE.**—Through the mercy of our gracious God, on Sunday, Nov. 10, 1878, we baptized six believers (two from the Sunday school), also four dismissed from other causes were all added to this Church. The pastor's eldest son opened his mouth and preached unto the people "Jesus." The pastor, Mr. Jno. Huntley, gave the address before entering the water, upon "four necessary and desirable points in every Christian's history." 1. To be savingly converted to God. 2. Scripturally baptized. 3. United to God's visible Church. 4. Called up to the mansions above. The Lord is manifestly with us. We are hoping for still greater blessings. The sixtieth anniversary of Mr. Wm. Huntley's (father of the above) pastorate at Limpley Stoke, was held last month. The venerable sire, though in his eighty-first year, is engaged in preaching Christ every Lord's-day.—[We have for many years known and sincerely esteemed both the venerable pastor at Limpley Stoke, and his son, the pastor at Widcombe; and while we weep over the lack of apparent prosperity in many of our Churches, we rejoice before God with much joy to receive testimonies so delightful.]

—ED.]

#### A NOTE FOR MINISTERS.

Seeing of late many writing on this subject, I feel constrained to say a few words upon this all-important topic. Should there be any difference between preaching to sinners or to believers? I contend there should not, as there is no authority in the Word of God for making any difference. In my humble opinion it ought not for one moment to be considered by any minister of the Gospel who he is preaching to. His only thought should be to preach the truth in its simplicity, leaving out nor adding nothing to; but, as a faithful servant, to deliver his message according as he is directed by the Holy Spirit; to stand firm for the faith once delivered to the saints; whether men will hear or whether they will forbear; preaching the Word (not part), "For the Word of the Lord is quick and powerful," &c.

Paul, in his epistle unto Timothy, says, "Preach the Word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." He in this verse not only tells his son Timothy what he as a minister should do, but he speaks to all, methinks, who stand up in the name of the Lord, "For all Scripture is given by inspiration." Depend upon it, if a minister attempts to preach to suit this person and that person—believer or unbeliever—he will not have much blessing attending his ministry, for it is his business to preach and deliver the whole counsel of God, shewing it to be the work of the Spirit to apply the words to the heart and conscience of the sinner. Happy, then, is that watchman who stands upon Zion's walls delivering the certain sound of the Gospel of life, for it is he who shall hear the Lord say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." This is he, methinks, who shall have seals for his ministry, even souls for his hire.

What are all our Strict Baptist ministers—our supplies—doing? Are they staying at home waiting, waiting for invitation? or are they following out the words of the Lord: "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?" The apostles went about everywhere preaching Christ and Him crucified, though persecuted and beset with enemies on every side. Some even put to death, yet they ceased not to preach the Word. Here is an example for ministers who are not engaged: Are there not places where people have not the privilege of hearing the truth? While plenty of the Lord's labourers are idle, waiting for someone to ask them to go and preach, let every one who has buckled on the armour of God go forth into the battle, lifting up the standard—Christ Jesus—wielding the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and may our God get unto Himself a great name; may the Church universal be built up in her most holy faith; and may there be added unto them daily such as the Lord our God will save.

Yours in Jesus,

Kidderminster.

D. S.

CLAPTON. — CHATSWORTH - ROAD, CLAPTON, is, as far as we could see at twilight, a comparatively new neighbourhood, beautifully situated on rising ground, and will eventually become a populous district. This we are glad to anticipate when we consider the interest of our good brother E. Langford who labours constantly in the new and commodious chapel that ornaments Chatsworth-road. On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 22, a public service was held on behalf of "The Banks' Testimonial Fund," when Mr. Hazelton, of Chadwell-street, preached a most soul-cheering sermon based upon Matt. xviii. 11: "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." The preacher treated of the Speaker Himself—the Son of Man, the object of His coming, the spirit in which He came, and the purpose for which He came. He came to save, and not to try to do it. Singular to say, we heard that Mr. Langford's subject on the previous Lord's-day was very similar—the same, doubtless, in sentiment and power—although the mode in which it was delivered may not have been strictly identical. This declares the inexhaustibleness of the Gospel. After tea, the evening meeting was commenced by singing one of the beautiful hymns of Swain:—

"Let Thy full glories on us break,  
And every thought give Jesus room."

E. Harris, Esq., occupied the chair and conducted the whole of the service with good taste, worthy of high commendation. Mr. Harris read Psalm xxx., and Mr. M. Branch prayed, after which Mr. John Bonney—the indefatigable Secretary of the Committee for raising the memorial in question—stated, in an appropriate speech, the reasons for making such a Testimonial. He stated, also, that the Fund had reached the sum of £350 or thereabouts, and it was thought very desirable to bring the affair to a conclusion at the end of the present year, and in order to do this to the satisfaction of the Committee and its Honorary Secretary, great and earnest efforts must be put forth in the course of the next few weeks. Mr. Langford backed up the Secretary's speech with some well-timed remarks on the generous disposition of C. W. Banks, for whom some had hardly a good word, but he himself could say, "With all thy faults I love thee still." Mr. R. G. Edwards followed with a savoury speech on the "Sect everywhere spoken against;" that it was not spoken against by Jehovah, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that it was spoken against by many persons because of the dis-relish they had for Jehovah's sovereignty in the great matter of salvation. Mr. Edwards was exceedingly encouraging to the seekers of Jesus and those who "think upon His name." Mr. Myerson dilated most admirably on the "Testimonies of the Lord," which were signalled under four heads—Election, Regeneration, Redemption, and (which were manifested in) the Walk of the Christian. Hymn 516 was sung while the collection was being made:—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend."

Mr. Griffith, in rising to order, said the chairman had given him a text which was in the first verse of the Psalm he read: "I will extol Thee, O Lord." David could say the Lord had lifted him up from a dreadful state of guilt. The Lord had lifted him up in providence, and had become his helper and his portion for ever. Mr. Griffith was very experimental and comforting in all his remarks. Mr. Masterson spoke on the love of God in its most practical aspect, and the right of professed Christians to express their love to the Lord by loving His people. The speaker treated also of the great work of the Gospel ministry—"to win souls"—and the gifts and graces needful to the accomplishment of such an important labour, the nature and necessity of which, no doubt, many present had long been concerned about. With a few appropriate words from the most "genial" of chairmen, Mr. Harris, the happy meeting terminated. So says *sub silentio*. — W. WINTERS, Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

#### EVANGELICAL BRIGHTON.

Fairly to review and correctly to estimate the extent of the Gospel kingdom in this Southern metropolis, would require more space than could be devoted to it in one month. Nevertheless, as large numbers of Christian people visit Brighton from all parts, a few words may be useful. We have never preached above seven or eight times in Brighton, during the seven-and-forty years in which we have sought to serve the Lord in that mysterious, that merciful, that solemn work; but from the days when the seraphic James Brooke and the ancient Mr. Vinall preached, down to the present time, we have known something of the godly men who have been witnesses for Christ in the midst of the many thousands of people who have lived, and still live, on that delightful coast.

Only a line or two now on the new effort now making to plant a New Testament Baptist Church in Cliftonville, or West Brighton, as some call it. We spent Sunday and Monday, Oct. 27 and 28, 1878, with these friends, and assisted in three distinct services.

In Cliftonville, or West Brighton, there will soon be at least 10,000 inhabitants, in the midst of whom no representatives of the Baptist interest existed among them, until our friends Messrs. Turquand, Freeman, Fowler, and others were moved to fit up a neat little chapel in the Blatchingtoun-road, and through their instrumentality a Baptist Church has been formed.

The Gospel has been proclaimed, seasons of refreshing have been enjoyed, and a central plot of eligible freehold land to build upon has been offered; and the only thing required is the monetary power wherewith to carry out this Christian effort to a happy conclusion.

We hope soon to have more to communicate respecting Brighton, West Brighton, and their Churches.

**HOMERTON ROW.**—In this chapel services interesting and successful were held in aid of the "Banks' Testimonial Fund" by the kind permission of the generous-hearted pastor, Mr. J. Inward, and the deacons. In the afternoon, brother J. S. Anderson preached a delightful sermon, which was much appreciated. The friends were regaled with an excellent tea. At evening public meeting H. Newby, Esq., presided, and opened the service with a hymn on "LOVE," which Christian grace pervaded the whole of the service. Mr. Newby called upon Mr. Norton for prayer. Mr. Newby made suitable remarks on the nature of the service for the evening; then asked Mr. J. Bonney, the hon. secretary of the committee, to give particularities of the Testimonial Fund, which request he cheerfully complied to, stating the labours of Mr. C. W. Banks, in behalf of the Strict Baptist denomination, to which people he had long rendered himself a "general servant;" and, if we may take the universal acceptance of Mr. Bonney's friendly assertion, we are sure that very few persons will covet the general servanthip of Mr. Banks. Mr. Bonney stated the fund had reached (before the collection of the evening) the high figure of £380. This fact all were pleased to learn. It had been the serious thought of some to close the fund at the end of the present year, whether the desired sum was collected or not, but the tide of events had so favourably turned toward the accomplishment of the wish of the committee that it would do violence to sound reason and to the honour of the secretary and all in harmony with him to close the fund at a fraction below £600. And as the worthy chairman suggested that the committee "must have it, and more, they shall have it," he helped them that evening with a very handsome donation. Mr. Inward spoke on the parable of the "Marriage Feast" (Matt. xxii.). He gave the interpretation of the parable—i. e., Christ's mission to the Jews, their rejection of Him, their fall, and their judicial punishment; also, the rise of the Gentiles, in support of which Mr. Inward gave several quotations from the prophets. W. Winters, on the "Midnight Friend" (Luke xi.), and the encouragement given by Christ to those who pray, as is seen in the parable. C. Cornwall dilated on the "Unjust Judge" (Luke xviii.). Mr. Cornwall introduced several praying characters mentioned in the Word of God, and recognised the "widow" in Luke xviii. as a type of the Church, and that the *praying always*, in the same chapter, was better rendered *all the way*, by simply omitting the terminals, and adding the article in the centre of the word as just given. Mr. Steed, whose Church is on the list of the earliest donors to the Fund, spoke with great warmth and zeal on "Blind Bartimæus." He spoke sweetly on the cry of the blind man as "Jesus of Nazareth passed by," and though many charged the man to hold his peace, "Jesus stood still and commanded him to be called," and the blind man then and there received his sight. Mr. Steed promised a second donation of £5 towards the last, or sixth hundred. Mr.

Dearly informed the audience from whence "Food for Thousands" was to be obtained (John vi.)—namely, from Jesus Christ, who gives with open hand and heart. Mr. Dearly considered the **EARTHEN VESSEL** might be worthy of the title, "Food for Thousands," and spoke wisely on the meagre stipend of many of the Strict Baptist Ministers. Mr. Osmond spoke of the "Rich Man and Lazarus." Votes of thanks were accorded to the chairman for his kindness in presiding; to Mr. Inward and deacons for the loan of the chapel; and to the ladies for their kindness in providing a nice tea. This very pleasant and profitable meeting terminated with "All hail the power of Jesus' name," which hymn had been on the mind of the chairman all the evening. Beside the brethren whose names appeared on the list to speak, Mr. T. King, Mr. Myerson, Mr. Norton, Mr. Elsey, Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Beddow, and Mr. J. Wheeler were present to help, and also Mr. J. W. Banks, who did his utmost to make everyone comfortable and happy, and is therefore worthy of commendation.—W. WINTERS, Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

**WALWORTH ROAD.**—**MR. MESSER AND THE NAVY.**—The quarterly gathering of the Excelsior Junior Band of Hope at York-street was October 29th. 200 children received a bountiful meal. At the public meeting Mr. Hansford presided. W. Beddow opened and closed with prayer. T. J. Messer gave us an account of his past experience in the Temperance cause. On a certain occasion he had engaged to lecture at a place some miles distant; a deacon's son came from his father to dissuade him from going, as he certainly would be killed; but, if he would go, he was to have the pony on which the young man had rode, so that if danger threatened, he could easily flee. Preferring riding to walking, he accepted the offer and went; a great number of people had assembled, when a great navy came up, forced his way through the crowd, took out a knife with a blade six inches long, and told Mr. M. if he dared to say a word against drink, he must take the consequences. Mr. Messer said to him, "You are too much of a gentleman to hurt a poor parson!" Upon this, the man turned, and threatened to flatten any one's nose that interfered with the lecturer. Great good was done that night. At another time he and a friend who was with him were chased out of a place, and pelted with mud and stones; fortunately not one of the stones hit him; showing the opposition experienced by teetotallers in the past. Now they were respected. Our principles had advanced; in proof of this it was his privilege to attend Exeter Hall on the previous Saturday at a great meeting where canons and other distinguished dignitaries sat with him on the platform. Messrs. Creagh, Searle, and Edwards also gave good words. The recitations and singing by the children were excellent. Mr. Searle gave several prizes.—W. B.



ENCOURAGING AND WISE WORDS  
FOR MINISTERS.

BY MR. W. CROWTHER.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You are right in your remark as to our need of much patience, whether it be to suffer or to do the will of God. You have, no doubt, up-hill work at Speldhurst-road, and will have. There are two things to cheer you. The one is: You will get your penny a day from the Master who Himself has laid down the law, that the "workman is worthy of his hire." Even if your report be, "I have done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room," you still will have your wages, for the sower is employed by the same Master as the reaper: and though it is often true that "one soweth and another reapeth," they are both nourished from the same table, and often overtake each other in their work for the same Master, and thus rejoice together as in the day of harvest—the harvest being the Lord's, whoever may be the sower or the reaper, and both alike joining to say, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

The other cheering thing is that furnished by the figure of the husbandman who "hath long patience in waiting for the fruits of the earth." He has perhaps a clearer idea when the fruit may show itself than we have; and yet in a faithful, honest ministry, fruit is always yielded in the edification and spiritual joy of the Church, and when such is seen to be the case, we may rely upon it new life will also arise as imparted according to the all-wise choice of Him who "kills or makes alive" at His pleasure. Any effort or plan of ours to supply what He seems to have omitted, or to fill the places He appears to have left empty, can only end in a vain and empty show, which, put to the test, would fall like a withered leaf. But a true servant of God shall not lose his reward, "although the fig tree shall not blossom and there be no fruit," &c.; for though the minister does not see what God does by him, Zion shall see it, "and in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." God frequently hides from us what He does by us; and it is often most recognised when we are gone hence. If I hear a man talk of what God has done by him, and of the great good he has done, I cannot help suspecting there is danger of being more of the creature than of God in it all. We are called to work in God's vineyard under His direction, in fidelity to His instruction, and whether it is seed-time, ploughing-time, clod-making-time, fallowing-time, or reaping-time, we are only workers under direction and sustenance supplied. The vineyard, the seed, the implements, the harvest are all alike God's. May you and I ever know this, and abstain from usurping everything beyond it.

Yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal, Leeds,  
Nov. 12, 1878.

## CHURCHES WITHOUT PASTORS.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—Some articles in your VESSEL might lead the world to think there is no prosperity in Strict Baptist

Churches. That would be an erroneous idea. There are Churches that have large congregations, large and well-managed schools; the members dwelling together in love, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost are multiplied, whilst there are others that are stationary or declining. I find, as a rule, that Churches with a settled pastor over them are generally in the former category, whilst Churches that are served by supplies are generally in the latter. I think one answer to the question, "Why have we not a greater measure of prosperity?" is because of the unwise system generally adopted by deacons when their pulpit becomes vacant. You know what that system is. One minister after another is invited to take the services; fresh ministers succeed one another, perhaps for twelve months; then a Church meeting is called to endeavour to decide who to invite. The result is, having heard so many preachers, opinions are greatly divided. Finding such difficulty in coming to an agreement, the question of settlement is further deferred.

In the meantime, differences of opinion produce coldness, too often breaking out in open quarrels. Those who desire peace, leave the scene of strife and attend elsewhere, whilst Sabbath schools and other good works languish and die. All this because there is no "rule." Every man does that which is right in his own eyes. What is the remedy? When a Church is vacant, let a Church meeting be called and endeavour to fix on a man thought to be suitable. Invite him for a month, then decide, Yes or No, before hearing another minister. Let the minority manifest their Christianity and good sense by submitting to the majority. Should a weak Church not be able to support a minister, get the four or five best supplies you can, and be satisfied with them without going further a-field. I believe if this system was adopted, one of our sources of weakness would be cut off.

Believe me, dear C. W. Banks,

Yours very truly,

Kettering. SAMUEL L. MARSH.

WANDSWORTH.—Tea and public meeting for Benevolent Society was held at Baptist chapel, Waterside, October 22. Mr. Cooper, a deacon, presided. Mr. Drane prayed. Mr. Mullin read good report of work done by Society. Brethren Meeres, Tomlins, Brooks, Beddow, and Nugent made practical speeches. Collection was £6 10s. Praise and prayer closed a comfortable meeting.—W. B.

IVINGHOE.—Our venerable pastor, Wm. Collyer, still lives. Oct. 27 and 28, we had special services on behalf of our aged brother. Isaac Levinsohn came and preached three sermons to crowded congregations. We would praise the Lord if we might be favoured to know that sinners were savingly called. There is much excitement. Much seed is sown. Will there not be a great harvest some day?

**OUNDLE.**—**DEAR MR. BANKS,**—I should like to ask you a question as to what you think of 1 Cor. iii. 11—15. Some men tell us it speaks of men who preach false doctrine; but, notwithstanding, they shall be saved, and their works burnt up. If this be the case, will it not apply to all false doctrines in Nonconformists as well as Church of England? Dear Mr. Banks, I know you will pardon me, but a word or two in the **VESSEL** will oblige a little one. I went to Oundle Sept. 22 and 29; I can truly say I was at home in the Master's service. Oh! that the Lord would send some faithful man or men to them. There is a need for the Gospel in Oundle. They have a neat chapel, it will hold 200. May God arise and shine upon them.—**W. S.** [Being on several country engagements, the answer to the question is deferred. We hope some able interpreter will send us the Lord's mind on this subject.—**ED.**]

**IPSWICH.**—Harvest thanksgiving services were held in Zoar Baptist Chapel, afternoon and evening, on Monday, Nov. 11. Mr. Hill preached a sermon in the afternoon from last verse of Psa. xxiii., which was well received by the friends present. A public tea was provided in the chapel. In the evening a public meeting was held, our beloved pastor in the chair. Mr. Last sought the Divine blessing. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Adams, Leggett, Kern, and Hill, which were attentively listened to by a large company, the chapel being well filled. Collections were made on behalf of the cause. Hitherto the Lord has helped us.—**ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES OF THE FLOCK.**

**BEDFORD.**—"Newcome" will not find the late Mr. Newborn's chapel in our connection at all. It is gone to the Arminians. How Baptists can build such chapels for Christ's Gospel and New Testament ordinances, and then sell them to opposite parties, is only to be accounted for, "B. W." says, from the fact that we "have so many **LETTER-MEN**," and so few "living, loving, hard-working, experimental men." Our Churches are crying out for ministers. "Newcome" is correct: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and "where the word of a king is, there is power." Spiritual liberty and Divine power seem scarce.

**TWO WATERS.**—It is joyful to hear that Salem chapel is favoured with pleasing prospects of a revival; the meetings for prayer are encouraging. Earnest believers in the true Gospel should adopt the godly sailor's example, "Pump as well as pray." If we were all more alive to the value of salvation, the preciousness of the Gospel, and if we could lovingly carry out David's determination in Psa. li. 12, 13, with God's blessing, we should see some fruit. David unites prayer and practice together in the Scripture referred to. God help us so to do.

**CAMDEN LECTURE HALL.**—Interesting services were held in this place (168, Camden-street, Kentish-town-road) on Sunday, Oct. 27. Mr. J. B. McCure delivered sermons morning and evening to good congregations. In the afternoon Mr. J. Hand preached. On the following Wednesday afternoon, Mr. J. Hazelton preached an excellent sermon, after which tea was provided for the friends. In the evening, a public meeting was held. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Beach, the chair was kindly taken by Mr. Griffith. Brother Oakey opened with prayer. Brethren Brown, Kevan, Lawrence, Hand, Levinsohn, and Green addressed the meeting. After a few pleasing remarks from the chairman, the benediction was pronounced, which brought to a close a happy and profitable meeting.

"**GONE.**"—Our once most intimate brother in the ministry, Mr. Richard Sneath, pastor of Carleton Rode, was called home on Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1878. His remains were laid to rest on Monday, Nov. 11. Brethren W. Tooke and Musket conducted the solemn services, and a funeral sermon was preached in the chapel, Nov. 17, by brother W. Tooke, which we hope to give in another number.—On the same day, Nov. 6, 1878, died at Sheffield, Mr. Bryhurst, aged 74, for many years a godly member of Port Mahon chapel.—Our brother John Elam's memorial shall be given.—"H. Foster," in "Zion Lodge," sends us a remarkable account of the death of her dear mother, Mrs. Flora Foster, of Artillery-street Church. We hope to insert it soon. Its original and experimental tone renders it very valuable.

**NEWPORT PAGNELL.**—No Church of truth has been more seriously injured by its pastors than has the Baptist Church in Newport Pagnell. It has been preserved through all its seasons of sorrow, and its prospects are hopeful of merces yet to come. We had special services Nov. 17 and 18, when C. W. Banks preached two sermons, and delivered an address on the centre and surrounding circles of the many-sided Gospel Churches in these days.

### Marringe.

On October 28, by Mr. J. Hazelton, at Mount Zion, Clerkenwell, George Rowell, of Windsor, to Naomi Julia, daughter of Mr. J. H. Stevenson, and granddaughter of the late Mr. W. Crouch, Baptist minister of Walthurst, Sussex.

### Deaths.

In affectionate remembrance of Mary Ann White, the beloved wife of Gideon White, who died November 2, 1878, aged 65 years.

On November 8, Alfred Donsham, the loving child of W. E. and M. S. Syme, of Albany-road.

On November 10th, Mrs. Elizabeth Bardsens, of Oukley-street, Lambeth, aged 74.

In loving remembrance of Emma Ann, for nearly twenty-five years the devoted and affectionate wife of Robert Banks, of Old Kent-road and Fleet-street. Died November 22, 1878. Aged 47.

## FAREWELL TO SEVENTY-EIGHT.

“ O Spirit ! That dost prefer  
 Before all temples  
 The upright heart and pure ;  
 What in me is dark, illumine ;  
 What is low and base, raise and support,  
 That to the height of one great object  
 I may assert eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to men ! ”

HAVING served about five apprenticeships to the EARTHEN VESSEL, some expect I shall soon now be “ out of my time ; ” if the freedom be “ absent from the body, and present with the Lord, ” it will be “ far better. ”

Nevertheless, for the busy apprenticeship which has been granted me by the Giver of all mercies, I would, in the deep feelings of my soul, exclaim—

I thank Thee, Lord, for this long day,  
 And when from earth I'm called away,  
 Shine on my soul with one bright ray !  
 For this, dear Jesus, I DO pray.—AMEN.

Most heartily do I render thanks unto the tens of thousands of friends all the world over who have helped me to circulate a little of God's holy truth for more than thirty-four years. And still I crave their kind support, for innumerable letters declare most faithfully that my efforts have not been in vain.

It would be unwise in me to announce any improvement, enlargement, or alteration in the future. I must leave myself, my EARTHEN VESSEL, *Cheering Words*, and all my friends in the care and keeping of the Lord.

“ He that hath helped us hitherto,  
 Will help us all our journey through ! ”

These few words are penned at Newport Pagnell, where that full, rich, and precious promise in Isa. li. has been with me ; and, as a portion for the close of this momentous year, I commend it to the notice of my readers—

“ For the Lord will comfort Zion !  
 He will comfort all her waste places ;  
 He will make her wilderness like Eden ;  
 And her desert like the garden of the Lord.  
 Joy and gladness shall be found therein ;  
 Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. ”

Many waste places have I found in Zion ! All the professing Churches appear to be going into the wilderness. But the promises here spoken shall certainly be verified. Let us all, then, wait on the great Promiser with a patient and prayerful spirit ; and may the God of all grace still make use of the EARTHEN VESSEL, still spare its editor, and spiritually bless the many thousands of its readers. So prayeth

CHARLES WATERS PANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road,  
 South Hackney, Nov. 18. 1878.