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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD

FOR
1882.

EDITED BY
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

THE NEW YEAR, 1882.

THE old year's past; its wondrous tale is told:
The like to many households n'er has been:
Grim death has crept within the happy fold,
Casting its shadow o'er the brightest scene.
And joys have floated down the stream of life,
As though no others were beneath the sun.
O Lord, amid the rage of mortal strife,
How difficult to say, "Thy will be done."
The trials past, if sanctified of Thee,
Shall yet appear in undisguised array;
To prove Thy wisdom great, Thy mercy free;
Teaching our hearts to trust Thee, day by day.
Speak we of grief—forgive us, Lord, the while;
Thy gifts are greater than our greatest woe!
Our keenest pains depart if Thou dost smile—
And all is peace—Lord, we would have it so.
In this New Year all blessings will be new,
And sorrows, too, to temper life's rough way.
On the dim path that we may yet pursue,
Let heaven's blest sunshine shed a gladsome ray.
Hopeful, we wait the opening of Thy hand,
And take as good from Thee what may appear;
Scatter the horn of plenty o'er the land,
And crown with ten-fold goodness this New Year.
But far beyond this bright New Year we ken
Pleasures so sweet, they brim our eyes with tears.
We look and think of that glad morn—O, when
Eternity shall take the place of years!

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

"He Shall Testify of Me."

THE FATHER did testify of the SON!
The SON did testify of Himself!
When Immanuel's work on earth was closing,
He promised to send to them
The COMFORTER, saying,
"HE shall TESTIFY OF ME."

WHAT a sentence to commence the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two with! Men testify of themselves! Wonderful creatures we are to be sure.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

Sinners of sinners speak,
 And saints some saints admire;
 But when the PARACLETE doth come
 HE sets the soul on fire!
 He melteth pride,
 The heart is tried,
 The soul ascendeth higher.

Kind readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, I come with no formal address, with no brain-spun prologue, with no prolix or poetical pretensions. Plausible and assumedly pious persuasions are common enough, and as poverty-stricken as they are plentiful. The central and substantial PROMISE of the REDEEMER'S closing discourse on earth was a prophecy of the PERSON and of the POWER by which His ransomed Church, His redeemed family, should be gathered up. It was brief, but as full of mystery and of mercy as it could hold. Of the ETERNAL SPIRIT He said,

“HE SHALL TESTIFY OF ME.”

And it is of this glorious prophetic promise, of the promise itself, and of the faithful and fruitful fulfilment of it, that I desire to write; because it has entered much into my soul of late; and because it is the only safe test of a sinner's salvation here, and the only true earnest of a soul's entrance into glory hereafter.

The natural and the educational talk of *some* Christ, or Christs—which the Almighty never knew, never sent, nor never will honour—is quite distinct from the witness of the HOLY GHOST, as the Revealer of the CHRIST OF GOD. The most essential parts of the Spirit's work may be briefly expressed in four lines:—

HE comes to convince the soul of its sin;

HE comes to convert the soul to GOD;

HE comes to comfort the soul by revealing a Saviour's blood to the conscience;

HE comes to confirm the soul in the faith, and in the truth.

No sinner can be saved without the new covenant work of the co-eternal, co-essential, co-equal THREE-ONE JEHOVAH. There was an absolute necessity (on the part of those who were to be saved) in the promise,

“HE SHALL TESTIFY OF ME.”

Without GOD THE FATHER'S loving and predestinating decree, there would have been no Church for CHRIST to redeem; without the substitution of the Son of God taking the place of the sons of men, there would have been no salvation at all! Adam's expulsion from the garden of Eden said that; the awful flood in Noah's time said that; the Siniatic fire and thunder in giving the law said that. The failure and passing away of the Mosaic ceremonial, of the Solomonian temple-glory, of the prophetic dispensation, the four hundred years of darkness before the bright, the Morning Star appeared, all, all these said, “Without the shedding of blood”—by the eternal Son of God Himself—“there can be no remission of sins.” And, now, in regard to the HOLY GHOST in His sovereign and saving work; what does the history of the Church and of the world say unto us? Have not thousands of ministers and of missionaries been going forth for many, many years? Have they not boldly preached the doctrine of *universal* redemption, and of man's free-

will to receive or to reject the man-made offers of salvation? They have. And I judge them not; I censure none of them. They believed they were called to their work, men trained them for their work; and the Lord God of hosts permitted them to go on prospering in their work.

But, gentlemen, doctors of divinity, you thousands of the Arminian school—let me beseech of you to look around upon the nations of the earth; look into the state of our own country; listen to the voice of the vast majority of the English, the Irish, and the Scotch people; and what do they say? “We will not have this Man to reign over us!” The free-will element has, no doubt, influenced millions of people; it has caused them to come into the ranks of Christendom’s professorships; and some of them, we hope, have realised the work and the witness of the SPIRIT; but the general, the universal, “the whole world’s salvation” theory has, and is, increasingly proved to be a mistake. Meanwhile, in quietude, in His sacred, silent, and sovereign power, the Saviour’s promise has been manifested, and savingly realised in all the elect of God; in them the Spirit hath testified of CHRIST.

Multitudes of ministers could never stand without the sentiment of the universality of CHRIST’s redemption work. Their people would not hear them. That duty faith leaven is fermenting the minds of the masses of professing people more and more. There are many of the followers of JESUS CHRIST who do not trouble themselves about free-will. The one only question with many is:—

“When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come,
To fetch Thy ransom’d people home—
Shall I among them stand?”

How (I trust) the Divine SPIRIT hath testified to my soul of the SON OF GOD let me give you in a few words, as a sample of *the* theme on which I would dwell, either in preaching or in writing, the few remaining days of my existence here. More and more I desire so to be in the fellowship of Christ that, with Paul, I might exclaim from the depths of the inner sacred life, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross, in the sufferings, sacrifice, and all-sufficient, atoning work of our Lord JESUS CHRIST: by whom I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me.” All the externals, all the vain shows, all the bald and empty sounds, all the passing shadows, in which, for so many years, I have seen some of the priests and the people to be walking, are indeed dead services unto me; while, again and again, there bubbles up in my heart:—

“Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in His arms shall lose my breath.”

May those blessed “*underneath*” arms carry my soul, and your soul, dear reader, into the mansions prepared for and promised unto all who truly in the Lord believe. Amen.

In my brief farewell word to you at the close of the last volume, in the December number of the EARTHEN VESSEL for 1881, I was lingering around the borders of *Gethsemane*, and I saw, as I thought, the wondrous, the mysterious, the glorious IMMANUEL, rolling, and wrestling, and pleading, and running to and fro from where He had been crying, “O, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!” to His disciples, and again to the more remote part of that Gethsemane, He repeated the cry from His human heart; while, immediately, the Divine energy

pressed in with, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as THOU wilt!" Here was

A CONFLICT, AND A CONQUEST TOO!

Some of you know how this terrible struggle in the Saviour's soul has caused the semi-infidel to *contrast* the apparently unmoved boldness of Socrates with the terror, trembling, and agony of the Saviour's soul—when JUSTICE presented the cup of wrath to Him!

WHO WAS SOCRATES? AND WHY WAS HE SO CALM?

History, reliable history, writes Socrates down as the greatest of the ancient heathen philosophers. He was born 400 years before Christ came into the world. At Athens, in the prime of his manhood, he shone as a wise, a noble, and an unflinching man of virtue and of power. His intrepid virtue, and the severity with which he reproved vice, produced a malicious enmity against him. He was cast into prison; he was doomed to drink a cup of poison. When the time came to present it to him, he received it without a change of countenance, or the least degree of perturbation. It was a scene! Lindley Murray tells you Socrates took the cup, then offered up a prayer that he might have a prosperous journey into the invisible world; and, with perfect composure, he swallowed the poisonous draught. He covered himself with his cloak, and expired. "The story of the fate of Socrates," says Cicero, "I never can read without tears."

There was a difference as wide as the Poles between OUR SAVIOUR and the mighty heathen, Socrates. Martyrs have gone to the stake unmoved; yea, they have glorified God in the fires. No cry came from them that their cup might pass from them. Felons have ascended the fatal scaffold "with a firm step," and appeared to meet their awful death unnerved, unmoved, with a boldness too mysterious to comprehend. And do not many people who have lived in the fashions, in the follies, in the falsehoods of the world all their days, come to death with quietness, and pass away—as has been said of them—in perfect peace?

They never could have seen sin to be exceedingly sinful; the law of God as being so holy and so perfect that it searches the inmost thoughts of the heart, was never so known to them. The holy majesty of the ALMIGHTY, the unbending and unflinching rigour of DIVINE JUSTICE had never blazed through them. Or, like the publican, they would have cried unto the Most High for mercy. VIRTUE! A moral virtue was the goddess of the philosopher Socrates. To that he clung until he passed into "the invisible world."

"The apathy of stoicism," says George Philip, "is *no part of CHRISTIANITY.*" Nay; but a stoical nature often dresses itself in a Christian garb; there are many stoics in our pulpits. Their stone-like unbending, their iron-like hardness, their natural gifts, their combination of conceit, of hardness, and of stoical firmness, obtain for them the position and the plaudits of strong and faithful men. They can shoot their sarcastic arrows into the hearts of broken and bruised reeds; and stand erect like the heroes of a thousand wars. Satan doth not disturb, he doth not alarm those who are fast enough chained in any of his delusions.

One key which seems to open the mystery of

JESUS'S AGONY IN GETSEMANE,

is the fearful supposition that not only did Divine Justice there present the sword with which to slay HIM, but Satan here came with all his might and furious force to *destroy* HIM. Ah! methinks

THE TWO GREAT PRINCES

here fought their last battle. Here Satan, the prince of the power of the air, aimed to hunt the Prince of Peace unto death before He could finish the work which the Father had given Him to do.

When the Lamb of God came into Gethsemane's garden, He came there with all the Church's sins and transgressions, and iniquities, and blasphemies, and wicked backslidings charged and made to meet upon HIM. He came there as the sinner's *Substitute*; He came there—yes, JESUS came there—into that doleful Gethsemane, not with a heart deceived, not with a conscience seared, not with a mind as blind as Cain's, not with a soul as dead as Balak's, or as the one thief who died blaspheming Him. No! our beloved Saviour came there with a soul as holy, as pure, as white, as innocent, as tender, as full of holiness and of goodness as when He was first brought into the world, as when the angel said, "that HOLY THING that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God!"

Hearken! In this desperate extremity, when JUSTICE meets HIM, when JUSTICE finds all His Church's guilt upon this precious Lamb of God, does any voice from heaven *now* exclaim, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"? No! every voice but the sin-searching, sinner-condemning voice of JUSTICE is silent, while the bruised, bleeding, agonising Son of God alone cries out, again and again, "O, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!"

Far—very far—above and beyond this lower earth, there was a voice crying violently, "Awake, O sword, against My shepherd, and against the man that is My fellow, saith the Lord of hosts; smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered!"

That sword unsheathed the Saviour saw, and the cup of wrath as well; and, from a variety of causes, as one dares to think: from the fact that Man had sinned at all, that His Father's holiness had been dishonoured; from the fact that His own everlastingly beloved Bride—the Church—had fallen into the horrible pit; ah! and from the fact that the wicked Jews, the traitor Judas, and Satan himself, were all now conspiring against Him. These dark and dreadful realities all rolled over and over His perfectly righteous soul; and to prove that He was real man as well as the mighty God, to show He was experimentally acquainted with all the sorrows that could afflict His people at any time, JESUS was to come into this dismal shadow of the cross, this prelude to the final crisis of His mission on earth, the bearing of our sins in His own body up on to the tree. I cannot leave *Gethsemane* yet; but must not attempt any further this month to dive into its scenes, sounds, and sorrows. Besides, it is but very few who care to read or hear of *Gethsemane*. All the public prints declare the fact that ours is a fast, a flourishing, a shadowy age. The playing at chapels, the mockery of the "pastoral" office, the lukewarmness of the people, the poverty of the pulpit, in every sense, with some painful downfalls of many who once aimed at high places—all these uniting clouds do bring a darkness over our Zion, which holds back anything like a cheerful anthem from us at

THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1882!

To all who have been planted in the likeness of the Saviour's death, the promise is sure: they shall be planted in the likeness of His resurrection. It is a heaven-revealed declaration that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom; and, from all I can see and hear, the children of God in this life, and in passing out of this life, are those who make up the flock of slaughter; but every vessel of mercy shall ultimately come off the dark battle-field more than a conqueror through Him that loved them. The Saviour Himself planted this one unerring standard: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." I can realise no sympathy with the principles nor with the practices of the Arminian companies. Nor can I look with hope upon the bazaar movements, the service of song system, nor with any of the combined organisations which, more or less, ignore the Gospel; and aim more at the obtaining of the people's money than they do at the salvation of their souls. But I have the deepest fellowship in my soul with all who aim above all things to extol the LAMB OF GOD—those who follow Him from Jordan into the wilderness, who walk with HIM, and listen to HIM in all His ministrations, who sit down with Him in the large upper room, who go (in spirit) with Him into the Garden of Gethsemane, who will not, who cannot, with Peter—in any form—say, "I know not the Man;" but who, like young Mark (as some believe, the Cyrenian), gladly bear the cross after Him, even up to the top of Calvary's hill; and there, as they sang in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, when the Queen and her family commemorated the twentieth anniversary of the death of her most deeply beloved Albert, so all those who have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, truly exclaim:—

"O, come near to Calvary's cross, whereon hangs our Redeemer. Ye faithful, shed your tears, for your Lord pours His life-blood for your salvation. O behold, as ye weep, your Lord hung on His cross, the spotless victim; how He bleeds, how He dies, how He drinks to the dregs the bitter cup of sorrow, dying to give us life! Ah, behold! What a scene to our eyes is unfolded: with scourges He is torn, with thorns and cruel nails and with spear He is wounded, for us thus sacrificed!

"Hear us, O Saviour! and pardon all our sins, and give us life in Thee. Thou hast suffered for us: we have planted Thy bitter cross on Mount Golgotha. O grant us Thy grace, our cold hearts to kindle, and to quicken our faith. Thou hast ransomed our souls from the grave and from hell. Thou hast saved Thy redeemed. Lord, we offer to Thee our grateful love and praises at the foot of the cross. Who suffer here with Thee shall reign with Thee in glory, in joy, and love, and peace.

"Soon, ah, soon from the grave shall Thy all-quickenng Spirit call us to life again. Lord, our Redeemer, O hear Thou our petition, bow Thine ear to our prayer. Lord, grant us life eternal."

Surely the broken heart, the penitent soul, the weeping, seeking sinner, will unite in such language as the above, although in High-Church tones it might go forth; but, whether in the Royal Mausoleum, or with the half-crushed John Thomas in the coal-mines of Wales, wherever a poor soul with faith in a bleeding Saviour thus pours forth its plaintive sighs, there—to such a sin-abhorring, Christ-seeking pleader—my sympathies gush out, in honest, hearty, earnest cries; for, as Coleridge says:

"This alone is the essential in Christianity, that the same spirit

should be growing in us which was in the fulness of all perfection in Christ Jesus. Whatever else is named essential, is such because, and only as far as, it is instrumental to this, or evidently implied herein."

I must here close up my brief and imperfect introduction with the sorrowful conviction that (*with very few exceptions*) "our Churches and our ministers are in a serious condition. I, and several of my correspondents, are carefully inquiring into the real state of what are termed Strict Baptist Churches." We know already that most awful declensions, deceptions, and delusions exist. Of the London and provincial Churches, and of the pastors, a careful review may follow. To that solemn test we must come:—

"Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?"

That the New Year now rolling in may witness a revived, a genuine, saving and gracious revival of the HOLY SPIRIT'S power, is the long-continued prayer of your friend in the truth,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, December, 1881.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR 1882.

That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful NAME, THE LORD THY GOD.—Deut. xxviii. 58.

A FEW DISCURSIVE NOTICES ON THE SUBJECT.

BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

AMID the mysterious vicissitudes of the every day life of the Christian, the seasons of joy and sorrow, sunshine and cloud, bereavements of dear friends, losses and crosses in business-life and in the domestic circle, with a thousand heart-worries, of which the outer world are ignorant and indifferent, how sweet to rest implicitly on the NAME of HIM who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

"With joy I would proclaim
The wonders of abounding grace,
And Jesus still the same."

The NAME of Jehovah-Jesus is full of substantial comfort to Christ-seeking, sin-harassed souls, and when regarded in the mightiness of its meaning, such exercises Christians are apt to consider it not in and through the proper channel, consequently it appears too awfully grand and dreadful even to express in a way of devotion. This feeling is realised in a manner akin to superstition, and is strictly Judaic, though not wilfully so, for the Jews considered the Name of God too sacred to record with ink, except they first wiped their pen. The timid soul sings,—

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind."

The titles of Jehovah must therefore now be observed through the complex nature (not character) of Jesus Christ, His mediatorial work gives freedom of approach to the Father without slavish fear or superstitious dread; hence Christ, as God, is not to be considered as an inaccessible Being, too high and distant to hold fellowship with. Faith sees in Him all that the soul needs for time and eternity; and love, divine love, shed abroad in the heart, constrains the true seeker to love Him in

return. Here is genuine familiarity with Christ, the preventative of slavish fear, and the death of heart-enmity to His glorious Person, work and people. At the same time there is a filial fear that preserves the soul from wilfully offending either Him or His people. This is the outcome of grace in the soul, and which testifies of a complete union with Christ, and from which arises real communion (not gossip) with saints.

"O for this love let rocks and hills
This lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

The most grand and mysterious of titles applied to Jehovah, is that which He expresses to Moses before the deliverance of Israel from Egypt took place, namely, "I AM THAT I AM." And though the full import of that divine appellation is not to be fully understood or grasped by finite minds, it is nevertheless comforting and strengthening to believers to realise implicit confidence in the omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence couched in that Name, and in all that is revealed of it, as also to feel supported, surrounded, and overshadowed by the mercy, wisdom and power of it flowing through the blessed perfections of Christ Jesus. This title belongs equally to each of the glorious Persons in the undivided Trinity; and is literally rendered, "I AM AND I WILL BE," or, "I WILL BE WHO I WILL BE," which is suggestive of the self-existence and perfection of the divine nature of the eternity, indivisibility, sovereignty, unchangeability, and immensity of the LORD of hosts. It does not appear that this mystic title, "I AM THAT I AM," was ever used by man, or was even intended to be appropriated by him, except that portions bearing upon the title of Jehovah are used as prefixes or affixes to names of Hebrew persons and places, but not the whole ineffable title as it stands in Exodus iii. 14. Though the "I AM" is twice expressed to Moses in the above verse, the form *Jehovah* is substituted for it, when the Lord renewed His promise to Israel (see Exodus vi. 3). The New Testament equivalent of the name is seen in Rev. i. 8: "I AM Alpha and Omega, the first and the last;" and whom the apostle declares to be "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," which expression takes in the eternity past, the present time, and the eternity to come. There is a majestic simplicity in the appellation, "I AM," that sets at noble defiance the precise laws of human language. And, no doubt, the ungodly Jews well understood the purport of its awful meaning, when they attempted to stone the Lord Jesus for saying, "Before Abraham was, I AM."

"Jehovah, great I AM! by earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name, for ever blest!"

The patriarchs, it is evident, did understand the meaning of the title, *Jehovah*, as is plain from Gen. ix. 26, xv. 2, xxii. 14, xxviii. 20, 21. But its full and complete meaning, its force and burden was not before known (Exod. vi. 3). The mighty Jehovah, that present Deity, who resided, as it were, in the Holy of Holies, and who so often condescended to communicate with His people, is by the Jews declared to be "the Shechinah," or "the Shechinah of Jah," signifying *the dwelling of God with His people*; and when speaking of Jehovah in His covenant relation to Christ, we say, with the Jews, "Adoni," or my "Adoni-Jah" (my covenant God. Also, when we praise the Lord, we say, "Halleljah," or "Hallelujah."

(Conclusion of Mr. Winter's Notes in our next.)

THE MYSTERIOUS PASSAGE OF THE SOUL FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF GRACE IN ONE OF THE LORD'S CHILDREN, MISS B——, WHO FOR SOME YEARS HAS BEEN A GREAT SUFFERER.

BY MR. ISAIAH SMITH,

Pastor of the Baptist Church, Great Yeldham, Essex.

ONE evening, after our prayer meeting, one of the friends said, "What a sad thing it is for poor Miss B——." I inquired, "What is it?" One said, "It is thought she is going out of her mind." Another said, "My impression is she is under conviction of sin;" and turning to me, said, "I should like you to go and see her." I replied, "I will do so." Another said, "They will not let you see her; they are quite High Church." I replied, "I shall go, the Lord permitting me, and if I am turned away, I shall feel I have done my part."

I resolved, if possible, to get permission of her brothers (her parents being dead) to go and see her. What passed between them and myself I pass over, suffice it to say, they consented, after my telling them I did not believe their sister was going out of her mind; for that I myself, and others I knew, had been similar to her. I decided to wait, and, like Nicodemus, go at night. Night came, and darkness of mind came with it. I said to my wife, "I don't feel that I can go now. I feel I shall not be admitted." She replied, "You know where that came from." I said, "Well, perhaps it is so;" and up I got, and off I went. As soon as I closed my gate, the words of the poet came to my mind,—

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood," &c., &c.

There was power, and sweetness, and joy came and filled my mind until I reached the house. I knocked at the door; no one came. I again knocked; no one came. Then it came into my mind, they guess who it is, and will not answer. I did not know what to do. I thought I would return; then felt I ought not. I knocked louder, praying the Lord to send someone, and so decide the matter in my mind. In about two minutes Miss B——'s sister came to the door. I said, "I have called to see your sister, if agreeable and convenient; for I have an impression on my mind that the Lord may make me the means of comfort to her; for, from what I have heard, I believe it to be the work of the Holy Spirit upon her soul." She replied, "You are aware, Mr. Smith, my sister has been brought up to Church. I hope you will not say anything against the Church." "Oh! dear me, no," I replied, "I love the true Church." I was then shown upstairs, and made my way to the bed-side. She looked like

"A sinner near despair.

Who'd sought the mercy seat by prayer,

And felt she had no business there."

I took her hand in mine, saying, "I am sorry to see you so afflicted in body, but am glad you are afflicted under a sense of your sin." She looked at me, and said, "Sir, how can you say so?" I said, "I can; I feel sure the Lord is doing a great work in you" (for my feelings towards her were indescribable). She said she doubted that, and told me I did not understand her case. I replied, "Yes, I do; and to prove

it to you, I will tell you your thoughts and feelings." She gave me a look. I proceeded: "A few months ago you read your Bible; you read your prayers; you thought you *was good*; and that you pleased God for doing what you did. Now you cannot read; you dare not pray; you feel God's wrath is about to come upon you, and that hell and damnation is your desert." She exclaimed, "How do you know that?" I said, "Now, is it not so?" She turned to her sister, saying, "How wonderful he should know that!" Then to me she said, "Yes, it is true; and more than that." I said, "I will tell you more yet. You have a feeling of Christian love for me you cannot account for." She said, "How do you know that?" I said, "Because my heart is knit to yours." She said, "So is mine to yours." I said, "A few weeks ago you would not have allowed me to have seen and talked to you as I have." She replied, "I should not have allowed you to have come into the house; but how wonderful and strange it is all to me! I did not know Dissenters were like this!" After more conversation I said, "Well, I must leave you now in the hands of our heavenly Father." She exclaimed, "Oh! don't leave me yet; the Lord has sent you here;" and her sister joining in with her, "Pray, don't go yet!" I then prayed with her; her whole soul was in it, and the power of the blessed Spirit was felt. If He inclines the heart to pray He means to answer prayer. I soon after left her, saying, "It will be well with thee." She said, "I hope your words will come true." As I left the house I felt and said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise His holy name."

MY SECOND VISIT.

On my second visit, a week after, I said, "How is it with you?" She replied, "Worse and worse!" I said, "Did you read Dr. Doudney's sermon I left you, and the account of my dear departed daughter in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*?" (July, 1879). "Yes," she said, "but it will not be so in my case;" and then she burst out crying, "*What shall I do? What shall I do?*" I told her she was doing all that she could do; for she was looking and longing, sighing and groaning, &c. "Oh! but I am too great a sinner to be saved," she said. I told her it was *JEHOVAH'S* delight to save great, vile, black sinners. I told her she had been what some call morally good; and if she had been like Mary Magdalene, bloody Manasseh, or the thief, or as bad as them all put together, where repentance for sin was wrought in the heart, and the earnest cry for mercy sent up to heaven; if it were possible for mercy to disregard that cry, angels would lay aside their harps, and weep in sympathy for the sinner over whom they had rejoiced when they first heard the cry of repentance on account of sin, and saw the tear of contrition roll down the cheek. "Ah! but I feel I cannot repent," she said. But I said, "You do repent; what are those tears of yours but tears of repentance?"

I promised to send her another book, where she would read a case similar to her own. "Don't trouble to send it," she said, "for when I do attempt to read I feel as though I should break out saying bad words." Here she cried again. I told her the Lord would, I hoped, keep her from it; and even though He permitted her to do so, like Peter, it would be against the new heart, and there would be full and free forgiveness for all. She asked, "Are you what is called a Calvinist?" I said, "I believe in some of Calvin's writings. You know (said I) some of the articles of the Established Church are Calvinistic." She

said, "Yes, they are." "I believe," said I, "in some of them; but not all. I don't believe pouring water on a child, or even baptizing them, or adults either, will make them a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." She replied, "I begin to think so too." I told her she would know it in the Lord's time.

MY THIRD VISIT.

On my third visit I inquired of her sister (who opened the door to me) how her sister seemed in her mind. Her reply was, "Sometimes she seems a little better, and at other times in great trouble." On my going to her bedside I said, "How are you this evening?" She replied, "I am in great distress of mind." I said, "Don't fret; it will be all made clear and plain in the Lord's time." She replied, "I am afraid not." I said, "I am sure it will; God the Spirit never did, and never will begin a work in the heart of a poor sinner, and then leave it; and I am sure the Holy Ghost has quickened you and given light to you; and by the light given you you are led to see the vileness and depravity of your sinful heart." Her reply was, "I never could have thought it possible for anyone to be so bad as I am." An aged aunt, sitting by, said to her, "You know you have not been and done so wickedly as others." I answered, "It is no use to try and persuade her that she is better than others; for she feels the thought of sin is sin;" and, turning to her, I asked her, "Is it not so?" Tears came to her, and, nipping one hand in the other, and her countenance full of distress, she said, "Oh! sir; you don't know what awful thoughts I have; so awful that I dare not tell anyone in the world." Then she fell to weeping again. I told her it was the striving of sin and Satan against the work of grace in her heart. She said, "Ah! sir, if it was right, I cannot think I should be as I am." I told her sometimes I have such things suggested to my mind that I dare not tell anyone but my heavenly Father about it. I told her it was no sin to be tempted; Christ was tempted; the sin lay in yielding to the temptation. She said, "I hope what you say is right." I told her I had proved it, and so did David, when he, full of joy and rejoicing, exclaimed, "The snare is broken, and I am escaped, like a bird from the snare of the fowler."

"But," inquired she, "Don't you think that one sin is enough to damn a soul?" I replied, "Yes, *indulged in*; but a subject of Divine grace does not indulge in sin; for that which is born of God sinneth not, and that which is born of God cannot sin. Paul exclaimed, 'It is no more I that do it; but sin that dwelleth in me. Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death? Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' " After some further conversation with her I inquired, "Shall I pray with you?" She replied, "Yes; do, please;" and at the same time she raised herself up in the bed. I said, "Don't trouble to do that; our heavenly Father looks at the heart, not at the posture, when we pray." She said, "Oh! but I think we should bow before Him." "Do as you feel best," I said. After prayer she replied, "Amen," aloud; and as I bid her farewell, I said, "It will be all right with you in the Lord's time." She said, "I hope it may." I said, "Here is your sister, your aunt, and yourself. You shall all witness against me if it does not come true, and tell to all you see, that man misled you, and was deceived." At this she smiled, and I left her

looking up to my heavenly Father in prayer, that I might have another soul for my hire. "Not unto me, but unto Father, Son, and Holy Spirit be all the praise."

MY FOURTH VISIT.

On my fourth visit, the door being opened, I was met with a smile, and "How do you do to-night, sir," &c. I then inquired, "How is your sister?" She replied, "She has been much worse to-day." I said, "Do you mean in body or mind?" Her reply was, "Well, she has not been so well in body; but her mind is the worst." I said, "As for that, we don't mind; it will be all right in the Lord's time. I then went upstairs, and, taking the hand of the dear afflicted one, asked her how she was. Her reply was, "*Oh! worse and worse.*" I smiled and said, "I find the Lord's will is to give you a sound education, after which you will praise and bless His holy name." "You say so," she replied, "but I cannot believe it." I said, "I know that; but you will believe it in God's time." Here she wept. I said, "I have not, until I set my foot on to the green (a green in front of the house) felt in the spirit to pray for your deliverance from your fear and your imagination, &c.; but when I set my foot on the green, my soul went forth in prayer, Do now send peace and comfort, dear Lord, if Thy dear will; and I feel to hope the blessing is coming very near; but if you have to tarry, wait patiently; for I am persuaded the Lord will make you, and what you are passing through, a means of good to you and yours." She replied, "I do hope so. I told my brother I hoped you would speak to him for his soul's good." I replied, "But, my dear friend, I have not the power to do him good; it is the Holy Spirit's work to do that." "But," said she, "I do believe he sometimes feels his sins." I replied, "I have thought and hoped so, although he is something like what I used to be before the Lord wrought His grace in my heart," &c. "Well," said she, "You will then speak to him, won't you." I said, "I will, if the Lord make the way for me, and enable me to do it; but you are in a better position to do that than I am; he can see and hear from you more than anything I can say; but I hope, if God's will, he may be brought to know,—

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.' "

Then some thoughts rushed in, and she cried out, "Oh! my sins! my sins!" I said, "What now?" She said, "I dare not tell you; but I've had such awful thoughts about and against the dear Saviour to-day." Here she rocked herself backwards and forwards, weeping and crying, "*Oh! what shall I do! what shall I do!*" I said, "Do tell me; for I am sure you have not had worse than I have." I then related to her some of the secrets of my own sinful heart. I felt forced to, and I did tell her more than ever I had told a fellow creature before; but she said, "I am sure you, nor anyone else, was ever tempted as I've been this day." I said, "Do you believe the Bible is true?" She said, "Oh! yes; I do." "Then," said I, "Christ Jesus, it declares, was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin. Is that true, or is it a lie?" She answered, with great emphasis, "IT IS TRUE! *Yes, in all points!*" and, said I, "Without sin; and there is no sin laid at

your door unless you yield to it, and that which is born of God cannot sin. Paul said, 'It is no more I, but sin which dwelleth in me.' "How wonderful!" she replied. Then, turning to her sister, she said, "That dear creature is anxious about her soul too." "Ah!" she said, smiling, "I am better now, my dear, much better." I then prayed with her, and she seemed comforted a little. I bid her farewell, saying, "Don't be frightened if the enemy comes at you again; tell him Jesus Christ is his Master, and that we shall have a high day when we see him crushed beneath the Saviour's feet, and ours too." Turning to her sister, she said, "I am better now, dear; much better." Yes; the time of joy and peace had arrived. Some weeks after I obtained leave to send the account to be published, telling her I felt it might be blessed to some poor, distressed soul; and the earnest prayer of my soul to the dear Lord is that it may be so. I must ask pardon for the delay, as I am aware some have been waiting to see the account rendered.

[A letter from Miss B——, and, we hope, some further records of her faith and fellowship, will appear.—ED.]

OLD JOSEPH AND HIS LONG SPADE.

"*I sit me down and mark* THE GLORIOUS DAWN OF DAY."

WHEN that singular little man, Mr. Wade, of Uppingham, took me into his library nearly forty years ago, I noticed his long rows of volumes were all of the ancient Puritan class. "Ah," said he, "since the sixteenth century *divinity has gone into a deep decline.*" I have waded through, or glanced over, multitudinous issues of

"*The Religious Press,*"

from that day until now, and often most bitterly have been compelled to believe that studious author of "*The Baptism of the Spirit,*" John Wade, was, verily, correct. Pretty little flower gardens, in the shape of sermonette-novelettes, our delicate professors can produce; but deeply-ploughed, well-sown, and wisely-cultivated Gospel corn-fields are not so abundant.

When I was the other day in the City of Worcester Divinity Warehouse, I saw the rooms stocked full with the grand old commentaries of those ancient Biblical ploughmen, who went down into the roots and under-current streams of holy inspiration, and they fetched up some of "the hidden riches of secret places;" they found the treasures of (what to millions are) utter darkness, and the tables they spread were furnished with the marrow and fatness of heavenly wisdom. I said to the bookseller, "Your stock seems too heavy, and to hang on hand." "Yes, sir," he replied, "a few years ago I could have sold all these works at a high price, but the clergy will not look at them now." Works of fiction and of vain philosophy are the books they demand. The good old corn is too much despised, and the pictorial poems of a gaudy glitter, the chaff, made up into little "hasty puddings," are the kind of mental food this light, fast, and high-minded age doth mostly live upon.

What a mind-exciting, soul-stirring, heart-moving preacher is "WISDOM!" Listen to her account of herself, and think upon her

exhortations. She says, "I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions!"

"*Inventions!*" Whose inventions? "*Witty inventions!*" Whose *wit*? Tell ye, if I can, by and bye. "Get wisdom; and, with all thy getting, get UNDERSTANDING." You will find no safe standing on the modern flower-beds, which they make up so attractively now; but if you can get down under the surface, down into "the deep things of God," you will find the solid

ROCK OF ETERNITY,

which abideth for ever.

"*Old Joseph*" was a volcanic penman, in the city of London, over two centuries back, and he was one of those bequeathed lecturers who, on a week-day morning, delivered such a course of expositions as I expect were never surpassed by any of his fellows, at any time before or since. He believed in "the ordinance of interpretation." He discovered, in some small measure,

THE THREE UNSEARCHABLE DEEPS.

The deep mysteries in the Deity; the impenetrable deeps "of the fall;" and the ever-unfolding depths of the Divine revelation.

"*Old Joseph*," like the late Bishop Thirlwall, had a mind so filled, so sharpened, so cultivated by THE SPIRIT OF JEHOVAH, that he laboured night and day with prayerful and thoughtful perseverance, and he brought up some of the large roots which had been planted in the original tongues, and translated them, with many of their branches, with so much of clearness and of heavenly beauty, as led the late George Combe to say to me, "Give me the Bible, Cruden, and '*Old Joseph*,' and I wish for no other library."

For many years I have wished I could give some of "*Old Joseph's*" choicest discoveries. Increasingly I feel anxious to render this little service if the mercy of God will bestow the favour on

C. W. B.

A NEW YEAR'S THEME.

BY J. WILKINS, OF WATTISHAM.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."—John i. 29.

READER! what better theme for the New Year, for the whole year, and for every year of our earthly pilgrimage than this? It was the SECOND direct testimony John bore to the dear Redeemer. May we be enabled habitually to bear the same blessed testimony. The circumstances, briefly stated, were these. John was at this time ministering at Bethabara, where he had received a deputation of Priests and Levites from the council at Jerusalem. The public mind being greatly excited in relation to his public acts and teaching, therefore a deputation was sent to ascertain what his pretensions really were. The messengers challenged him with this question,—

"WHO ART THOU?"

He candidly confessed, "I am not the Christ," not the anointed One. "What then?" demanded these Pharisees, "Why baptizest thou then if thou be not that Christ?" John had told them what he was, saying,

“I am the *voice* of one crying in the wilderness.” But that *voice* they seemed incapable of hearing, so as to understand it.

The very next day Jesus came to Bethabara. He came from the lonely desert where He had “*hungered*,” and where He had so recently encountered and foiled the great seducer. Jesus then, for a while, attended the ministry of John the Baptist, still at Bethabara. We have in this notable act an example set by the blessed Saviour, too much overlooked by some among us. He who was the great Teacher, thought it not degrading or beneath him to wait upon the ministry of His servant John. The lowly Jesus “made Himself of no reputation.” During that brief period John rendered a *double* testimony to the Saviour. Altogether, John bore FOUR separate and distinct testimonies to Jesus. It is important to notice this, and especially to note the NATURE of those testimonies.

Allow me to place his four-fold testimony before you, thus :—

John’s FIRST testimony to the Saviour was to show His PRE-EMINENCE, given in these words :—“But He that cometh after me is mightier than I” (Matt. iii. 11). “There cometh One mightier than I” (Mark i. 7). “But One mightier than I cometh” (Luke iii. 15). “He that cometh after me is preferred before me” (John i. 15). Can we bear this very same testimony to the Saviour’s supremacy, in heart and life, confessing, “He is mightier than I,” and “preferred before me”?

John’s SECOND testimony was to show the Saviour’s SACRIFICIAL WORTH. “Behold the Lamb of God.” The two things remarkable in connection with this testimony are, that for the first time Christ is here called “The Lamb of God,” and this testimony of John’s produced no *visible* effect. The preacher now has to cry again and again, “Behold the Lamb,” and that among disciples, too, without *visible* effects. So John repeats and re-utters his testimony.

John’s THIRD testimony was given in the same words, “Behold the Lamb of God” (ver. 35); but this time with a decided effect, for we are told John stood with two of his disciples, and, looking upon Jesus as He walked, exclaimed, “Behold the Lamb of God.” Oh! for this standing and intent looking upon Christ! for the eyes, for the whole soul, in fact, to be admiringly and exclusively fixed on Him. Then do we, with no unmeaning voice, like John cry out, “Behold the Lamb.” John was heard this time, and his words were felt in the hearts of at least two men; for “the two disciples heard Him speak;” and mark the effect, “they followed Jesus.” Such, then, were the visible effects of this THIRD testimony. Christ had now two disciples—two open followers. Happy men! Honoured individuals! *They* became our Lord’s *first* attached disciples. Many thousands have been added to their number since, and may this year (1882) witness other large additions to that honoured band.

John’s FOURTH and last direct testimony is that recorded in John iii. from verse 13, and which contains sufficient matter for a much longer article than this; but therein John bears testimony to the Saviour’s Divine sovereignty in the disposal of spiritual gifts; for “John answered and said, A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven.” It is not from man, but from heaven, that the Spirit must come, and the cleansing represented by baptism.

Now, can we thus heartily bear our explicit testimony to Christ?

1. As our pre-eminent Redeemer. 2. As our sacrificial Lamb. 3. As our supreme Lord. If so, then let us take the subject thus:—

I.—AS A CHARACTER TO BE STUDIED. “A Lamb;” properly so-called. This name is here given to the Redeemer for the first time; but why is He called a Lamb?

1. The name, in part, grows out of HIS DISPOSITION. He ever manifested a soft and tender spirit towards all classes and grades of men. His whole character was so gentle and lamb-like, that with exemplary meekness, He could, with wonderful appropriateness, say, “Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” In the most entire submissiveness, and with a patience the most perfect, “He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter.”

2. The name, in part, grows out of HIS SINLESSNESS. The perfect innocence of the lamb points to Him as the sinless MAN. His was the only human life that was perfectly sinless. All others have sinned and violated the law of God; but He honoured the law, both in its PRECEPT and in its PENALTY. Not once did He, even in thought, violate the law, neither did any moral taint ever enter into any of the acts of His life. Perfect and pure He ever stood before God and heaven’s approving smile. All His inward emotions, and all His outward conduct, ever met the broadest requirements of law and justice. The moral rectitude of His life met to the fullest extent the requirements of God’s law, both as to its *spirit* and *letter*. In both respects He fulfilled the law to its very “jot and tittle.” He only and alone among man could stand up in the moral uprightness of His nature and say, “Thy law is within My heart.”

3. The name, in part, grows out of HIS SACRIFICIAL DEATH. He is the true sacrificial Lamb, of which all others offered in sacrifice by God’s anointed priests were but types to represent Him to the faith of Israel. He was pre-figured by the trinity of lambs—viz., the Paschal Lamb; the Morning Lamb; the Evening Lamb. The *first* tells me of exemption; the *second* tells me of propitiation; the *third* tells me of reconciliation. In the land of Egypt *death* passed over the Israelites; they were *exempted* from the terrible visitation of the Almighty; the blood-drops of the slaughtered lamb were upon their dwelling places; that APPLIED blood was God’s mark, the mark He had put upon His people; and it was a barrier to the destroyer. Death could not enter there. “The Morning Lamb” tells me of the abiding propitiation of the dear Redeemer; while “the Evening Lamb” speaks to me of permanent reconciliation. “The Morning Lamb” and the “Evening Lamb” were DAILY offered as the memorial offerings of the congregation, typifying the child of God in all ages *using* the sacrifice of Christ, and presenting it by faith to His Father for acceptance; but—

4. The name, in part, grows out of HIS MEDIATORIAL WORK. The sufferings and death of Christ were substitutionary. Of old the offered lamb was a substitute for the people; and might not Christ say, “I was like a lamb brought to the slaughter”? But let us note the fact here, that Christ was a Lamb of God’s providing; no human hand could bring forth such a lamb. Hence He is called “the Lamb of God.” Abraham said, “God will *provide* Himself a Lamb.” He has done so, and the conclusion to which we come is this: it must answer the purpose for which it was provided. See it then—

II.—AS AN OBJECT TO BE ADMIRER. “Behold it.” “Behold the

Lamb of God." It is an object placed before us for our benefit. It demands our attention. It deserves our notice. Look at it! It claims and merits our closest and constant observation. It is an object to be beheld, admired, and received. It will bear inspection; in fact, it courts our closest inspection. May the adorable Spirit help us to fix our admiring eyes, with one long, steady glance, upon this slaughtered Lamb. I would say: Desponding one, look at it. Dying one, look at it. Faith, look at it; behold *this* Lamb. Let us try and look at it again and again, a thousand times repeated. The more it is beheld, the more admired. Let our faith rest here, our hope confide here, and only here; let the whole soul look so intently on Him (the Lamb), that all other objects may disappear. So fix your loving gaze on Christ, "the Lamb of God," that you may feel His assimilating power, and become lamb-like too.

I would here remark, it is the minister's work, uniformly, to present this Object to the people, and this Object only, to the exclusion of all others. He is not at liberty to preach himself. His gifts and talents are not to be the prominent things to shine before the congregation; but this Object alone, always, and everywhere is to be held up to the gaze of the people; to all classes, characters, and conditions of men. Brethren! with all of us, let it be Christ only: Christ always; Christ everywhere; and Christ to all; for we have here—

III.—A DESIGN TO BE CONTEMPLATED. "That taketh away the sins of the world." I have read that the word, "*world*," here is the Greek form for PEOPLE. Read John i. 50, "That one Man should die for the people." Also John xviii. 14, "that it was expedient that one Man should die for the people." And may we not also so read Luke ii. 1, "that all the people should be taxed"?

But let not this divert our attention from the main subject. One bold question starts up here—viz., How does Christ, the Lamb of God, bear away the sin of the people? I answer—

1. By transfer. Of old the elders of Israel laid their hands upon the victim to be sacrificed, and transferred a nation's guilt to that substitute for the people. But in this case "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" that is, He hath made the iniquities of us all to meet on Him.

"On Him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell."

2. By appropriation. Christ voluntarily took upon Himself the guilt of His people. It was His *own* act to appropriate "our sins."

3. By expiation, by actual death. He expired without putting off from Himself those sins. They were *on* Him when He died, so that the sentence of death has been executed on His body, and cannot be again executed upon His mystic body.

"Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

If we could pursue this theme it might be profitable to show how the blessed Spirit takes away sin from the conscience of the penitent.

4. By testimony; for "He shall testify of Me," said the Saviour. And when the Spirit does testify of Christ to the anxious and inquiring

mind, that mind becomes convinced that Christ is the only way in which guilt can be removed.

Reader, are you concerned about this matter? Then believe me, there is *no other* way. This is the only way in which your sins can be removed. There is no other name, no other blood, no other hope for us. But we have this one grand conclusion, there is no obstacle with God, no hindrance in His way to our salvation. With the vicarious sacrifice of Christ in His hand, the Father can come unto us and meet us with forgiveness, with salvation and blessings in His hand. Blessed Jesus!

" My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou did'st bear,
While hanging on th' accursed tree,
And HOPES her guilt was there."

THE SOLDIER'S HEART.

RAFFLES and Mellor were men of mark in the sea-side city of ships; but now one Samuel Pearson fills the gap death made in Great George-street. Pearson highly eulogised the departed Enoch, in doing which he zealously introduced the all-essential element of successful preaching. Samuel Pearson said: "*A good soldier loves the cause for which he fights*—he has his heart in the work. Contrast him with those who are sent out to be shot or to shoot, who know nothing of the principles for which they are supposed to contend, and of the enemy against whom they fight. Patriots can defend their country with their blood because they love their fatherland. And it is useless for us to suppose that we shall ever be good soldiers of Jesus Christ unless there be warm, keen love of Christ, and enthusiastic adherence to the cause of Christ. Men must care for Christ not only partially, and periodically, and spasmodically, but always, for ever and for ever. They must be willing to die for Him. He enlists us by His own blood; He appeals to us by the tremendous fact that He has died on the cross to save us; and that sublime sacrifice entering into the human soul makes the man ready to go forth to any duty, to endure any sacrifice, and to die any death. *Love for a work is the secret of all successful service in our world.* The artist who, other things being favourable, throws his whole soul into what he paints is sure to produce good pictures. The architects who have immortalised their names in their labours were permeated with an enthusiasm for their art. The discoverers and inventors who have conferred lasting material blessings on the human race were men who gave, without stint or drawback, their whole toil to the matters they had in hand. And in the Christian religion a personal element of a most powerful kind comes in. There, it is not merely love of a cause, but **THE LOVE OF CHRIST**; not only love of truth, but love of **THE TRUTH INCARNATE**; not only adherence to a principle, but unspeakable affection for a **PERSON**. And in all cases where Christ has won the heart and drawn the supreme affections of the soul to Himself, there are we sure to find a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Our recollections of Liverpool carry us back to the days when Dr. Raffles was a pulpit man of mighty power, with a population around him rich and numerous. Of his preaching we say nothing. In those

days the Strict Baptists were few and feeble, with "the Christian crucible," sweet Giles (the blind man), and others, in a small hall; and, lamentable to me it is to write, they have never made any advance. They have had a few careful little shepherds, leading their small flocks down into the valley; but a soldier of the cross, who could and would, by divine grace, "fight the good fight of faith," Liverpool has not had for many years, to STAND with the marching on to victory. However that noble rope-maker can settle down, as he has done, in silent submission to the small suggestions of some, we cannot tell. Think of Liverpool, Birkenhead, Chester, with more than a million of souls, and not one fellow to stand up boldly for New Testament doctrine and discipline! Are we not depicted in Psa. lxxiv. ? Let us weep, and cry out, "Arise, O God! Plead Thine own cause."

THE PROGRESS OF GRACE.

THE progress of grace in the soul is represented by the creation, by the gradual upgrowth of a building, by the progressive development of vegetable and animal life, from the blade to the full corn, from the babe to the father. In the creation there was chaos and order, darkness and light, earth and heaven, lights in the firmament, fruits in the earth, and man in Paradise. God went on creating from the deep, dark chaos, till He saw the likeness of Himself, and then He rested from His works. So He goes on creating us anew in Christ, and when we are conformed to His image, to the image of His Son, we shall realise a fellowship of glory surpassing that of Paradise.

Believers are compared to *houses*. Every house, and every part of the house, is builded by some man. Houses do not build themselves, they are builded by man for man. And every spiritual house is built up from the foundation to the top-stone by God, for God: "Ye are God's building;" "Ye are built up a spiritual house." "Except the Lord build the house, ye labour in vain to build it."

Some people think that God gives us grace, and then leaves it to our discretion to make just what use we please of it. But we don't believe a word of that, we believe that the first communication of grace is sustained by subsequent supplies. He gives more grace. Grace after grace, and promises to make "all grace abound," and that it shall be sufficient. They may just as well tell us that the life of the new-born babe is in its own hands. Is it so? Does the mother leave it to develop its own existence? No. She places it in her bosom, gives it the paps, and nourishes it from her own fulness. So new-born babes grow on the breasts of Zion's consolation, and that milk of consolation is supplied by Him from whom we receive grace after grace. But what if they won't take the breast? Nonsense! they desire it, and God says they shall have it. "For as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted." Thus, He who begins the work carries it on to completion; and this is clear by every figure of illustration. He will come to the building founded upon the rock, repel the proud waves that dash against it, and carry it up to perfection. He will foster the life which He has begotten with a mother's care, and educate its progress into a "perfect man in Christ." "He will give grace and glory." Grace is the commencement of glory, and glory is the completion of grace.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

ANNUALS.—*Old Jonathan* is beyond all we have seen—a splendid book, brilliant in appearance, and full of good stuff. We lately asked, “Does Dr. Doudney still edit *Old Jonathan*?” “Oh, yes!” He must be well acquainted with what is good for old folk, young children, and people of all classes, ages, and desires. *Old Jonathan* will live for ever in the hearts of thousands. Messrs. Collingridge spare no pains or expense to render this annual acceptable to multitudes. No antinomia ever creeps into good *Old Jonathan's* company.—The *Sower* and the *Little Gleaner*—volumes for 1881 (Houlstoun's, and E. Wilmhurst, Blackheath) are stored with sacred reading of a pleasing variety. While fathers and mothers are edified with the *Sower*, the children will be pleased with the *Little Gleaner*. Mr. Hull, the editor, is evidently a sober-minded, truthful, Christian man; he looks beyond the limits of the “stern Gospel conservative societies,” and gathers pure honey wherever he can find it. Editors of religious monthlies of late have occupied their celestial chairs for brief periods. Some have been too delicate, too sensitive, and even too dignified. We wish Mr. Hull a long and happy career in finding good food for the spiritual and mental appetites of his readers.—Of CHEERING WORDS ANNUAL we must not say much, it being our own little pet. As soon as you open the volume for 1881 you see Thomas Bradbury looking straight through you, as though he was facing and searching some one. Who would dare to take a star out of the crown of “the KING of kings?” We have looked at this portrait again and again, and wondered who it is the good man is speaking to. His broad chest, his large head, his penetrating eyes, his fixed lips, an expressed determination never to flinch one inch from the “standard of truth” which the Lord God Almighty has set up, and unto which the SPIRIT hath brought Thomas Bradbury to stand, singing, “O GOD, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.” Long, long may Thomas Bradbury live, FOR CHRIST here, and then WITH CHRIST in glory for ever. Amen.

“THIS IS THE DARK MIDNIGHT HOUR.”—Such is Frederick Boyce's verdict upon the year 1882. He speaks of “fierce strife and contention among believers. Evil servants beat the faithful men servants.” In 1882, he says,

“The Church is now in complete SPIRITUAL DARKNESS!” We have seen these things coming on for many years. We have felt them, suffered from them, and have no hope of a better state of things for our souls here. Many are sleeping; some are loudly calling the world and the Church to awake; but we expect on this earth it never will until the arch-angel's trump shall sound, and that voice shall be heard, “Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him.” Then will be a day of trouble to millions who think themselves secure.

“CHRIST'S DEATH WAS A MIRACLE.”—James Gemmill, of George III. Bridge, Edinburgh, has published a pamphlet bearing the following title: *Some New Light from the Scriptures*. By James Johnstone, Theologian, Electrician, and Engineer, Edinburgh. Here is an eminent scholar, a zealous Protestant, and an illustrious Christian giving some correct translations of various Scriptures, which certainly throw a clearer light on some points. The New Revision is not found clear in all its alterations. Mr. Johnstone is not perfect, we think, in a case or two; but he offers *errata* worthy of being examined by those who can do it.

The Beast, or Papal Power. By Phebe Hobbs, Cinderford, on the Forest of Dean, near Newnham. Here is a Deborah using her pen, exposing some of the deep and dark delusions still extant in our own country; and Phebe writes so plain, the most unlearned may understand her. Every honest-hearted Protestant who is concerned for the welfare of our country, our Churches, our people, should send for a packet of this penny pamphlet, and widely scatter them in their own circle. We think Phebe's protest should have an immense circulation.

Tracts for the People.—A neat series of attracting little halfpenny tales and testimonies are now publishing by Mr. J. C. Pembrey, Oxford, of whom also may be had a new edition of Secker's *Non-such Professor*, &c. We are longing for an opportunity of getting into these scales; for, to some degree (in the hands of the eternal Spirit) a man's weight and worth as a Christian may here be tested.

Relationship and Refuge. No. 183 of the *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, contains a dish of “strong meat” for the fathers and fellow-heirs of Christ's glory. By Mr. Thomas Bradbury, minister of Grove

AND CHRISTIAN RECORD.

Chapel, Camberwell. Very few of the clergy, or of the commentators, go back far enough in their expositions of *this* Divine relationship; but Thomas Bradbury has his eyes in his *head*, and he clearly seeth, and decidedly sheweth, that God's salvation was provided for that elect family of His, which laid in His bosom from all eternity. Read this sermon, if you never read another.

"GOD HATH CHOSEN THE FOOLISH THINGS OF THE WORLD."—We do not exactly appreciate that term, "the foolish things of the world." Our proud heart, without the power of the Spirit, would never submit to the fact, although an inspired apostle writes it that "God hath chosen the foolish things, the weak things, base things, things which are despised; yea, things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are!" But much as the flaunting flesh of sinful man may frown, it is revealed in thousands of witnesses that such is the case, its chief design being "that no flesh should glory in God's presence!" We see it is a hard thing to kill the *glory* of the *flesh*, even in our own times. If there comes into our circle a little lad, with some priestly appearance, with some studied attitude, with some brains filled up out of sensational books, with some acquired or natural talents, how pleased and proud all the people are! and they flock to behold the beauty for a time. Very few of these elegantly-trimmed aspirants stand and do the work of a Huntington, a Gadsby, a Bunyan, a Warburton, a Kershaw, or a Wells. Nay, Mr. Proud-flesh; you may look down upon the poor, foolish, despised things of this world, whom God hath chosen; but remember, God hath not chosen them to *remain* foolish; but He hath chosen them that by the Spirit of CHRIST, they may be made wise unto righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, that, according as it is written, "*He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord.*" MR. THOMAS BRADBURY'S new volume of *Grove Chapel Tracts*, just issued, has brought the foregoing thoughts vividly before us. If any sensible mind will study in this volume the biographical Sketches of "Old Alice Banks," of "Old Sarah Hatton," of "Old Jemmy Hatherton," of "Old Peggy Greenall," and of nearly thirty other singular cases which have come under Mr. Bradbury's notice, such a mind must be convinced of the goings forth of marvellous mercy to the poor; while the great Jehovah hath been pleased to call into His service some Toplads, Gills, Goodwins, Owens, and Charnocks, He

hath more frequently (for soul-saving purposes) gone down into the deeps of the fall to bring up such characters as "Muckle Kate," "John Turton," and others, whose subsequent existence in the Church below has made them shine as stars in the firmament of sovereign grace, to the glory of the eternal GOD. This neat demy octavo volume has been printed by Mr. Robert Banks, of Racquet-court, Fleet-street, in a type anyone may read. It is strongly bound; the compilation is executed with skill, with frankness, and clear demonstration. We thank Mr. Bradbury for the book, and wish him, in his literary as well as in his pulpit labours, many years of Gospel-gathering success.

The Baptist Almanack is now more than thirty years of age, and every year it grows stouter and stronger. Its real value is more and more appreciated. Its lists of ministers, pastors, and itinerants, with their addresses, may be relied on; and in every department improvements appear. It is printed and published by R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

The New Version.—We have received Pastor Daniel Allen's "*Eight Letters*" on the New Version. We may take an early opportunity of noticing this production, which so nobly expresses the arduous and honest labour of our Australian champion. We know of no equal in our country to stand by the side of this ever-flowing fountain of life and truth. The book ought to be published in England. We purpose seeking for a supply to be sent over.

BOOKS, &C., WAITING.—F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane, sends us a little gem, a small volume of beauty and of domestic value, with this title, *Good Cookery; a Culinary Catechism for the Use of Schools and Young Persons*. Careful mothers will give all their daughters a copy. The cost is only 9d.; a marvel of neatness and of instruction. Also, from same publishers, a small, elegant quarto, called, *Danger Signals*, a volume of temperance tales, by F. M. Holmes, with 13 illustrations. Easy and enchanting reading.—*Gospel Magazine* for October has in its pages sound divinity, experimental reality, practical variety. The editor, Dr. Doudney, is as full of vigour and of decision as ever, if not more so.—We have *Fireside, Hand and Heart, Sword and Trowel, The Man who Declined to be Donkey and Dog to Carry Quince up the Hill*. In the heaps of books and packets we have a new life of *Christmas Evans, and other Welshmen*.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE CLAYTONS AND WALWORTH.

York-street, in Walworth-road, is well known as the once happy scene where the late George Clayton laid the memorial stone of that Congregational Church of which Mr. Turquand has long been the successful minister. I saw George Clayton when he was reckoned quite a patriarch (forty years ago) jump up on the stone and talk to the people, like a young man. He was only 74 when he fell asleep, in 1862, having been the pastor of the York-street chapel, in Walworth, over 50 years.

Cornelius Slim says this last of the Claytons was "an eminent and faithful minister of Jesus Christ." This George Clayton's grandfather was the famous city preacher in the King's Weigh-house, Eastcheap, for over 60 years. He was one of his father's prodigals, he was one of Romaine's converts, one of the Countess of Huntingdon's students, then in the Weigh-house he preached with great earnestness and fidelity, until, having reached the ripe age of a famous manhood, he fled away in his 90th year. His eldest son, John Clayton, was the Poultry preacher, and lived to be 86. William, the second son, laboured at Saffron Walden, and died at 71; and the third, as before mentioned, the York-street divine, died at 74. These Claytons had a good day, but they are all gone to their rest.

Not far from the spot, in East-lane chapel, Mr. Alderson pursues his happy pastoral labours; and in the smaller hall in York-street, Mr. Joseph Chislett still announceth the speedy second glorious advent of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh! the thought that soon we shall "behold the King in His beauty," and for millions of ages be emigrating from shores and spheres, serving the great God in a way we cannot yet divine, cheers our hearts in this foggy valley of death.

The "Excelsior Band of Hope" held their public meeting in York-street on November 29, 1881, and the energetic president, Isaac Dobson, Esq., invited me once more to attend. I went at the appointed time; found the hall crowded in every corner; hundreds of lads, lasses, leaders, and labourers were like a hive of bees. Smiling faces and singing souls by hosts. James Sinclair, Esq., was the chairman and the distributor of prizes; and he carried on the business of the evening as efficiently as Gladstone rules the House of Commons. Mr. Sinclair is not a wordy-windy talker; his speeches are brief exponents of good common-sense, suited to the occasion. There sat Mr. Beddow, with a pair of rosy cheeks, looking well and happy. Mr. Thomas, the conductor of the harmony, was presented with a splendid writing desk, which the young people had given him out of the love and gratitude of their hearts. Mr. Dobson is the captain of the ship, and has the entire confidence of the whole crew. He

pours out his loving heart into their hearts, and works for them with joy and gladness. He must build a larger hall; and we ask for him the immediate help of all who can appreciate such efforts to save the young ones from misery and ruin. We asked two questions. First—

"WHAT IS MAN?"

A volume of mysteries! The tent in which he lodges here, for a time, is as variable as are the trees and the leaves in the New Forest; but in the inner man of all there are three departments:—1. The library, which we call the mind. 2. The fountain, which we call the heart. 3. The clock, which we call the conscience. Now, to furnish the library with the best of knowledge; to cause the fountain to flow forth with the purest affections; and to keep the clock faithful to its chime in telling the true time of the day, warning and working for the good of the whole estate, is the aim of the staff of workers of the "Excelsior Band of Hope," in York-street, Walworth. The second question—

"WHAT IS HIS NAME?"

We considered, in our thoughts, at some length; but we must not occupy more space on this theme at present, only wish Mr. Dobson the utmost desires of his heart, having help to speedily erect his new mansion for his immensely numerous family.

HUNTS.—"An Old Woman and Reader of the VESSEL" says, "Do you remember, 30 years ago, coming one snowy Christmas-day to preach the anniversary sermon in Francis Ashby's chapel, at Ellington? That laborious hammer-man and faithful minister has left us. He fell asleep in October last, at seventy-five. Surely, his reward is certain!" —[We can well recollect leaving London that cold Christmas morning to preach for the good man referred to. He came to see us for the last time at Bythorne, a few years since. He was then well and happy. The Ellington "Jireh" has been nearly fifty years in growing, but its membership is very few. Our old friend Francis Ashby had been minister there, we believe, about thirty years, but his harvest here was not very manifestly large. He was a steady, safe, solid friend to the revelation of a salvation, which originated in, is carried on to completion by, the adorable Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Huntingdonshire is small, but in its production of cattle and corn is proverbially rich. Kimbolton and Spaldwick contain two of the most ancient of its Baptist Churches. The Huntingdon Baptist Church says she has nearly 600 members. Otherwise there are no large Baptist gatherings in the county. J. Lambourne, at Warhoys, has continued a steady pastorate for several years, and still labours on in love and truth. Huntingdon has eight branch Churches. When "An Old Woman" has time will she tell us more of her late pastor?

YARMOUTH. — YORK-ROAD STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL. By request I write to inform you, that after nine months probation, the Church at the above place has given me an unanimous call to the pastorate over them. During the past nine months, we have had many tokens of the Lord's favour towards us, and of His presence with us; three persons have been added to our number from distant Churches; and we hope the Lord is working in the hearts of others, who have never yet publicly put on the Lord Jesus. The Church appears to be at peace, and as far as I can gather from their words and actions, my labours amongst them have been made a blessing. I would rather some one else had written upon these things, as I have no desire to intrude my name before the public; but I am aware that a great many of your readers take an interest in the cause at York-road, and will, perhaps, like to know how we are going on; but the wise man says, "Let not him that putteth on the harness boast, but him that putteth it off." My desire is to go on in the fear of the Lord, seeking earnestly by prayer for Divine assistance in the important work of the ministry, and also for the blessing of the Lord to rest upon the Church, the school, and the congregation, being fully persuaded of the truth of our Lord's words, "Without Me you can do nothing." Wishing you and all who love the Lord Jesus, in sincerity and truth, abundant success in the things of God, — **JAS. MUSKETT.** — [We are thankful to be able to record the settlement of good and truthful pastors over any of our Churches. It is according to the ancient promise; and when the Lord gives any spiritual Church a pastor after His own heart, it is one of the best signs that HE designs to bless, to build up, and to enlarge that family of His own calling. May our brother James Muskett live long, and lovingly labour in the ingathering of the redeemed to the Lord. — C. W. B.]

HOMERTON ROW.—A friend wishes us to correct the announcement made respecting the number of persons baptized during the pastorates of Messrs. W. Lodge and the late J. Inward. Mr. Lodge baptized 12, Mr. Inward 10—22 in all; not 49, as a correspondent before stated. We shall soon be afraid of any communication forwarded. Let us abide by the truth; for "Nothing with honour can appear before the eternal throne." Mr. John Bennett has before him at Homerton-row the prospect of a fair harvest. Much seed—good seed—has been sown here for many years. The soil is richly watered. The officers are men of wisdom, charity, and of integrity. Mr. Bennett is a man of considerable experience in the ministerial and pastoral work, and a man of no mean order, in every sense of the word. He has reached a mellow age. He has an abundance of material. With the LORD, the SPIRIT, in his soul, and in his ministry, he will doubtless prove to be the right man in the right place.

CANTERBURY. — The Old King-street Church; the Afflicted B. Baker; the Late Mr. Henry West, &c.—**TO MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. B.**—The Autumn leaves are falling, and soon the stern realities of Winter months will have to be endured; but He in whom we trust is the God of the Winter as well as of the Spring and Summer, therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea. Many national, mental, religious, and circumstantial storms are now passing over us. An ordeal of sore trial is testing thousands, so that man is wondering where the scene will end; but we are certain all shall yet be well to the soul whose mind is stayed on his God. The angry billows may swell and rage, and as we enter into the cloud there may be many fears; and, like others, we may have to cry out, "Lord, save, or we perish!" But it is in these storms that the believer proves the Master's presence. He was only asleep, and needed to be awakened by our necessities, and to bring forth the dormant spirit of prayer: so that we see, from what we think is an evil good comes. We get a taste of the honey, even though it be from the carcase of a lion; even as the three Hebrews found the Divine Presence in the furnace, to their comfort and the enemy's confusion, so shall all things work together for good to them that love and trust in God, and are called according to His purpose. I am thankful that the Lord is sparing your life a little longer, and most sincerely hope your health continues so that your labour and much travelling is not burdensome, whilst so many are suffering from infirmities, and many have passed out of sight entirely. Our right-spirited brother, B. BAKER, is shut up still, whose delight it was to exalt the Lamb of God amongst His people at Bethesda. He has a wife and ten younger mouths to be fed by the God of Providence; and his powers of earning bread for them are gone; and, amongst the many who have gone the way of all flesh is Mr. HENRY WEST, whom you knew between fifty and sixty years ago. He has been failing for some three or four years, and about eighteen months since he lost his sight, so that he had to be attended to, which was done by his most devoted sister-in-law, who has been with him for many years, I believe ever since he lost his wife (her sister). On Oct. 12, 1881, he was out walking as usual. On the 13th he was taken by what seemed the stopping of the pulsation of the heart; towards evening he revived, and was better on Friday and Saturday; but in the evening he was taken by a similar attack, and died at 6.10 p.m., at the age of 76. He was interred in the family vault in the cemetery in Winscheape on October 20. I have known him for about 57 years, and have ever found him to be a just and strictly sober-minded man. For many years he was senior deacon of the Baptist Church in St. George's-street, ever filling his post with constancy and fidelity, always the right-hand supporter of the pastor. Some few years since he resigned the deaconship. I believe the cause of his

God lay very near his heart; he was pre-eminently a man of prayer, a firm believer in the CHRIST OF GOD, and in His atoning sacrifice. His lips adorned the Gospel he professed. Having kept the faith, and finished his course, shall we not say he has taken the crown? and all who knew him know there is none more willing to lay that crown at his Redeemer's feet than is HENRY WEST, who will crown his Saviour Lord of all! I think he was the last of the Church in the Old Round-house, in the time of the pastorate of Joseph Burton, about the year 1824 or 1825. He has left two sons, one a deacon of the Baptist Church to which the father belonged, the other a deacon of the Baptist Church, Faversham, under the pastorate of Mr. Slack; and one daughter. We pray the father's children may ever tread in the father's steps, as he followed his Lord, and be both comforted and blessed by Abraham's God. Love to all in thy house and yourself, from your affectionate brother, R. Y. BANKS. [Fifty-four years ago I went into the Old Round-house Baptist Chapel as a Sunday-school teacher. I thought it to be one of the most lovely places I had ever found on the earth. I was just brought out of black bondage into the inexpressibly glorious light of the Gospel. The Sunday-school was my first little field of labour. That school was really conducted by gentlemen and ladies of the most devout, sacred, and earnest character. The superintendent was a genuine, well-built Christian, called Benjamin Flint, Esq. His urbanity, kind demeanour, and intelligent spirit, commanded the purest esteem and affection of all in the school. The Bible-class was under the superintendence of the Henry West of whose death my beloved brother has written in the foregoing letter. Then there was Mr. Carter. Mr. Eldridge, my tender-hearted brother John, and others, all so Christ-like and so thorough. Those were the days of my first-love. I knew nothing then of

"Tempests bursting o'er my head."

I knew nothing of sects, of divisions, or of strifes. Never on earth shall I see such days again.—C. W. B.]

OUR CHURCHES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

By request of the Church I write to correct an error which appeared in VESSEL for May, 1881, which states "the only Strict Baptist Church in or near to Adelaide, is at Glenelg, under the pastoral care of Mr. C. Hooper." As there is no Church of our faith and order at Glenelg, it might mislead friends coming from the old country, and from the other colonies. I am sorry only two Churches of our faith and order exist in South Australia; one at Salisbury, about nine miles from Adelaide, the other at Port Adelaide, about seven miles from the city; besides the two, a few friends meet in a room in Adelaide, brothers Hooper and Murray supplying. The Salisbury Church was formed about twelve years ago, and is at present without a pastor; brother Helps reads sermons. The Church

at Port Adelaide is still under the pastorate of Mr. J. W. Bamber, who has completed his fourth year amongst us.

It is seventeen years since our late pastor, Mr. J. Kither, first preached the truth as it is in Jesus in the neighbourhood of Port Adelaide; and about eight years ago several friends left the Generals; united with pastor Kither; took the Odd Fellows' Hall, for which we pay £30 per annum. Mr. Kither resigned the pastorate about five years ago, in consequence of his removal to a distant locality; he is still in full membership with Port Church, and sometimes supplies when our beloved pastor is away. His labours are always appreciated by his late flock, for he has been taught "not to divide the crown, but to place it wholly on the Head of his glorious Lord. His two deacons are still the deacons of the Church; brothers Allen and Beasley have proved to be men of God, and most steadfast to the truth as we believe to be in Jesus. Our pastor came to us at the unanimous desire of the Church in July, 1878, with good report from Church, Eagle-Hawk, Victoria, where he laboured between three and four years, previously labouring in Launceston, where Mr. H. Dowling preached the Gospel of the grace of God for many years. Regarding our pastor's preaching, we can, as a Church, bear testimony to his faithfulness as an expounder of Gospel verities; of Jesus' finished work for His Church; our souls often feeding on the finest of the wheat. We feel the Lord has indeed blest us in giving so faithful and consistent an under-shepherd. We are not a large body, but united; congregation larger than when I wrote last, and is gradually increasing. We are surrounded by fashionable Churches of every sect; they call us "Hypers." We try to cling to the truth as taught in the New Testament; we pray the Lord to bless you more and more with His presence and love. The EARTHEN VESSEL comes to us laden with good things. Should any Christ-loving soul come this way, he will hear the same glorious truth preached, and a warm welcome at the Odd-fellows' Hall, Port Adelaide.

Yours in the Gospel,

THOS. WIGMORE.

Queenstown, Port Adelaide,
South Australia, September 20, 1881.

NORWICH.—A beloved friend says, "I do want to find a place of green pasture and still waters, where I may be refreshed; and to which I may lead others. Where the worldly rush of the thoughtless does not disturb the mighty rushing wind of the Spirit! Ah, that I could find the fold where Jesus is revealed, and every hard unchristlike thought is hushed by His presence! Shall I only find this beyond the rivers of death? The party spirit of the Church of England cannot be more bitter than that which divides Dissenters into atoms. There is one little lot of Baptists called the 'Happy Few,' in Potter's Gate-street. Praise the Lord, we shall have the cream of them all in heaven, and none of the sour milk."—[Who are the Happy Few?]

BRIEF MEMOIR OF A DEPARTED CHRISTIAN.

Memorials of those whom God pronounces blessed because they die in the Lord, should always be distinguished by two features—first, such testimony as shall bring glory and honour to a faithful, covenant-keeping God; and second, such an ungarished record of the true spiritual state and experience of the departed, which, to the godly, will prove strong consolation in the prospect of death, and to the ungodly, when so blessed of the Spirit, a solemn warning.

The subject of this memoir, HANNAH MARIA SMITH, left this vale of tears for the better land March 12, 1881, at the good old age of 81. During early life she was brought up by godly parents, who were known as members of the Calvinistic Independents, in the quiet village of Shere, near Guildford, Surrey. The blessings following the solicitude of her parents for her spiritual welfare, are evidenced in an early call to the knowledge of salvation, by faith in the Lord Jesus. In her case, the new life seems to have been a gradual dawning of light into the soul, discovering the darkness common to all the members of Adam's fallen race. I think it would have been difficult for her to say the exact time when first she knew the Lord; but her life, her faith, and her hope, clearly proved she knew not only what it was to realise at the onset her lost and undone state as a poor sinner, but was also brought to see that it was through the rich and meritorious sacrifice of Jesus' precious blood that her sins were all washed away.

At the age of 28 she became the wife of the late Mr. John Smith, of Brentford, and was favoured to enjoy his companionship as husband and friend for nearly fifty years, until in God's providence he was called from scenes below. The loss of her husband was indeed a heavy blow to her, but, confident in the Divine goodness, she exemplified that Christian fortitude and resignation which is the triumph of grace over the flesh. Her attachment to the doctrines of grace was very strong and marked. She could not endure that thought, or word, or sermon, that put the creature in the place of Christ. No! she loved a discriminating, faithful ministry, such as she enjoyed for so many years as a member of the Baptist Church at Brentford. Feeling sure that many friends who knew this aged saint would like to know a few particulars of the closing years of her life, I here give the testimony of her esteemed pastor, Mr. J. Parsons, of the Baptist chapel, Old Brentford.

I am informed that our dear old friend, Mrs. Smith, joined the Church at Old Brentford in 1836. Before this date she had been a member of a Baptist Church meeting in the Market-place, New Brentford. As to the characteristics of our departed friend, I never knew a more humble, unassuming Christian woman. She was loved by those who knew her, for her meekness; she had no bitter words or feelings to any of her fellow-travellers. While with us, she was one of the few who valued the means of grace, and who graced her seat with her presence as oft as

circumstances would permit. She again and again expressed her satisfaction with the truths she had heard. She was not without her fears as to an interest in these glorious truths, through her felt unworthiness; but all this weakness she has now left behind, for where she is there are no doubts to distress her mind. It is many years since she removed from our midst to Reading. I have often, in writing, wished her to find a home in Reading, but of this she would hear nothing. I trust her end has been crowned with everlasting life."

A few days previous to her departure it was felt her end was fast drawing near, and her two sons and daughters had the solemn pleasure of ministering to her comfort ere she passed Jordan's stream. Her daughter, Mrs. E. P. Brown, who only arrived a few hours before her death, spoke to her of the love and compassion of her great High Priest, and although partial paralysis prevented her vocal utterance, her movements and features plainly betokened the Master was with her, to give her an abundant entrance into the home of the blessed.

For nearly fifty years, with a true godly anxiety, she watched the progress of her children, who were all carefully led in the right observance of the Lord's house, etc. Ere her last illness came, she had the unspeakable pleasure of knowing her prayers and labours had not been in vain; and, whilst sorrowing children and friends mourn her absence, they rejoice in the hope of one day meeting her in the realms of glory, through the merits of that Saviour whom she loved and trusted, even till death. Her quiet, peaceful, discriminating spirit was marked by all who knew her, and is a fit example for us to imitate, through the same grace which was given her during a life of four-score years. Yet a little longer, and the Master will call for us. May our daily prayer be, "Lord, fit us for Thy service here, and for Thy glory hereafter." E. P. B.

THE HOPE OF AN ORPHAN.

I could not express what pleasure I felt on being permitted to see you once more; how many tender recollections it brought to my mind of days and friends long past away, and especially on account of your being so interested in the welfare of my dearly beloved father. I am glad you have been spared so long, and that you have been the instrument in God's hands of doing such an amount of good. It seems to be the privilege of some to do so much more for God than others, but I do hope and believe that (however feeble our efforts) if done in faith they are acceptable. When I survey the circuitous way through which I have been brought, I am amazed, and cannot help feeling that God would not have shewn me these things unless He intended to save me everlastingly. What a mercy it is when our eyes are opened to see what sinners we are by nature, and are led by faith to believe that our sins, though many, are all forgiven.

"For love like this let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break."

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

[Arthur Triggs was one of the noblest men we ever recollect to have seen standing in a pulpit. In his *person* he was *high*, far beyond many of us little things. In his doctrine he was *high*; no mortal man, we think, could go higher; but in his person and in his mental and spiritual forces there was a substantial broadness, a depth, and a fulness which, with Divine blessing, united to render him a man of extensive usefulness to the Church of Christ in his day. We have been entrusted with some manuscript letters of the late famous Plymouth preacher; also others of his writings, which, from time to time, we hope to publish in these pages. "The memory of the just is blessed"; and we believe it to be the will of our God that the testimonies His choice servant have left behind ought not to be buried. May the LORD GOD, the HOLY GHOST, accompany the perusal of these fragments with heavenly power, prays C. W. B.]

To the Right Honourable and highly-honoured Elect Lady, living and standing in the highest and purest relation in existence, being born of God, whose title, with others of the same birth and parentage is, "If children then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." All such are spoken of by God Himself, saying, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." Their clothing is durable, so also their riches; they have life eternal; they are joined to the Lord and one Spirit, and nothing can separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

By every remembrance of you I am made glad, and on your behalf I bless the Lord, who hath counted you worthy to suffer for His sake; and it is a certain truth that all that the Lord loveth the devil and the world hate; and believers in Christ, they only are spoken evil of for Christ's sake; for this we have abundant reason to bless the Lord for at all times, and also for that He hath set His love upon us and given to us all things that pertain to life and godliness through the knowledge of Him who hath called us unto glory and virtue; and not only so, but He saith, "I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way thou shalt go;" and this is the only sure and pure teaching, and the only way we can learn to know the truth, and that the truth hath made us free, and so we live in peace with God through Jesus Christ. Daily strength, with bread and water, is promised us, and we do say that not one thing hath failed of all the Lord our God hath promised, and all the promises of God are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God by us. Surely these truths realised by faith will move a believer into the full meaning of having food and raiment to be content, for we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him; it is good at all times, as we are settled, rooted, and grounded in the preceding truths; so also to

be confirmed that here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come—a city that hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God, and the Lord God, and the Lamb, are the light of it; and if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

Beloved, let us contemplate another testimony of the Holy Ghost, who saith unto us, This is not your rest, it is polluted, and there remaineth a rest for the people of God; yet we are much more apt to seek for rest where there is none than where there is; and it is only by faith we apprehend and attend to the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, who saith, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and we enter into rest by believing and rest from our works as God rested from His. This is very precious, and Jesus also saith, Come, for all things are now ready, nothing more to be prepared; and there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

I opened to Psalm xciv. this morning, and after reading it, I turned to Matt. x., read from ver. 26 to the end, I then turned to Job xvi., and read it. I thought of you, and now desire you to read it for yourself, in which you will see the paths and the good old way that saints in all ages have walked in, and passed homeward in all safety; and in the experience of the same things you will find you are walking in the same paths, and going forth by the footsteps of the flock, and the Lord is going before you, and the God of Israel is your renewer, and He will bring you to the place He hath spoken to you of.

I am glad to hear you are better in body, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;" none but the children of God are chosen in the furnace of affliction, for His Namesake and Himself is always with them therein. I am glad that the Lord keepeth you stedfast in the truth; give up no part of it, claim your privileges, say not a confederacy, and I think I shall have you restored to me again; your trial is one of the old school. "They have taken crafty counsel against Thy people, and consulted against Thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance" (Psa. lxxxiii. 3, 4). Men may find a lion's den, but there is and will be an angel to stop the lion's mouth, and this God is our God for ever and ever, and He will be our Guide over death; therefore, fear not, neither be dismayed, you will, as heretofore, find His grace sufficient for you, and His strength made perfect in weakness, and the Spirit of God and of glory resteth upon you, and it is blessed to be persecuted for righteousness sake, and it is an honour to you to be thus dealt with, though painful to the flesh; and let me be ever so ignorant and illiterate, it is certain that the world by wisdom knew not God, but it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe; and it is good to

be a fool for Christ's sake; and a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err in the way of life; and if any man will be wise let him first become a fool; and thus I hail you as a sparrow alone upon the house-top.

It is with pleasure that I can say I am not writing on the mountains of Gilboa, nor from Ebal, where the bond-children stood and the curses connected with it; and the former had neither dew or rain; but I write in remembrance of Mount Jerazim Hermon, and the Hill Mizer, where the Lord manifests love and mercy, truth and faithfulness; "and by these things the children of Zion are joyful in their King, and rejoice, saying, But we are come unto Mount Zion, there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." And He saith, "Because I live you shall live also." These are matters for faith, and so we live and walk believing in Jesus to the saving of the soul; and though afflictions, trials, temptations, &c., abound, yet we are dead, and our "life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is our Life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory;" and Himself is our everlasting Light, our God, and our glory. The warfare will not cease till we cease to breathe; and we are not to count it strange when we fall into divers temptations; these things are for the trial of faith, and sense, and reason, cannot compete with such things, and it is only by faith we believe that no strange thing hath happened unto us, and also we believe that the Lord is with us, passing through fire and water, darkness and crooked things, yet we groan and cry, stagger like a drunken man, and are at our wits' end; yet our privilege is to say, with Paul, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord; so then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin. There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit."

I believe you have something far better and more lasting than an earthly marriage; for thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall He be called; and as your mind is stayed upon Him, and you think of His lovingkindness, it will be a bulwark against natural affections, and as a daughter of Zion you are separated from a strange people of another nation, and not to be unlawfully yoked with unbelievers; but if you marry, to marry in the Lord, these things I write unto you in love of the truth, and for the truth sake. There is a great distinction between a professor and a possessor. Of the former, the Lord saith, "He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand." But the possessor, in whose heart Christ dwells by faith, is spoken to, and spoken of, by the Lord thus, "Remember these, O Jacob and Israel, for thou art My servant, I have formed thee, thou art My servant, O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of Me, I have blotted out

as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." The Lord hath redeemed Jacob and glorified Himself in Israel; and our only way of safety is to walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham.

Yours in love and blood-union,

A. TRIGGS.

Cambridge-street, Plymouth,
July, 1829.

SHEERNESS.—"A Wayfaring Man," in Sheerness-on-Sea, was looking for a little green pasture. Found the old Baptist chapel very low, in every sense; "the greater abominations" which so constantly turn up made him more sad and distressed. Found out the new one; pastor in much affliction rendered the service painful in another way. "It made me think of dear Septimus Sears, when he stood first in Zoar pulpit, with the black silk binding his poor head together; and then of old John Erskine, whose pale face and black wig almost made you think it was death come into the pulpit. All these grievous services, so cold, so weak, so unlife-like, made me glad to leave Sheppy; for, to find 'a grand old Gospel,' with the power of the Spirit carrying it home to sinners and to saints, appeared impossible. Can we wonder seats are unoccupied, and chapels nearly empty?" Truly, Mr. "Wayfarer," a crisis of trial is on our Churches. Further on our friend is found at Rye. No pastor here. We remember this place when that thin man, the late Mr. Pain, was its pastor. The Gospel has not flourished at Rye for many years. "Two orphan children" looking out on the sea for the boat to bring home dad, who was lost in the storm, is much like the condition of "Wayfaring Man."

PENGE TABERNACLE.—Mr. J. W. Boud has left his flock at Earl Soham, and has received hearty welcome on settling as the minister of Penge Tabernacle. For ten years Mr. Boud has ministered at Earl Soham, near Wickham Market, and has preached at the different stations in Ashfield, Kenton, Framlingham, Tannington, etc., and his friends regret his removal. We hope his Master has said, "Come up higher!" and that, in ploughing, praying, preaching, and in all branches of ministerial work he will be successful and happy. Truly, it is no light or easy pursuit, faithfully to prove that any man is "set for the defence of the Gospel" in these times. The suburbs of London will present the best fields for Gospel work. There the gentry have their homes.

NOTTINGHAM.—"A Wayside Hearer, a Wanderer, and a Weeper" (who saw Zion in its glory, and mourned under the clouds which covered her; who stood amazed at the strange novelties which raised up the Hall) says: "We have now in Chaucer-street a new Strict Baptist Chapel. I am not one of them, but I rejoice to know THE Gospel still lives.—[Why are you not one of them?]

TESTIMONIAL TO

MR. GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE.

On Tuesday, November 23, at a public meeting (Sunday-school anniversary), held at Rye-lane chapel, Peckham, a beautifully-illuminated address, in a handsome frame, was presented to Mr. Congreve, on behalf of the teachers, scholars, committee, and friends of the school, by the pastor (Mr. J. T. Briscoe), in recognition of his services as secretary, and afterwards as superintendent, extending over 32 years. Mr. Congreve has been compelled to resign the superintendent's office in consequence of his now partly residing at Brighton. He will, however, still continue to conduct the young women's classes, each class numbering over 100 members. The following is a copy of the address:—

RYE-LANE (PECKHAM) SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE COMMITTEE of Pastor, Superintendent, Officers and Teachers, the Scholars, and the Friends of the School, desiring to express the high esteem in which they hold

GEO. THOS. CONGREVE, ESQ.,

Formerly Teacher, afterwards Secretary, then Librarian, and since

FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS
SUPERINTENDENT,

Who has displayed unexampled powers of organisation, unflagging zeal for souls, untiring devotion to the best and highest interests of the School, and has materially contributed to the moral and spiritual welfare of the scholars,—

Who has been a most liberal donor to the funds,—

Who has lived to see a great development accompanied by beneficial and growing results,—

Who, feeling inadequate to the greatly increased duties, and desiring partial repose, has resigned the office he held, amidst the hearty regrets of co-workers and associates,

AND who bears with him on retirement their tenderest, warmest, and lasting sympathies, with the sincere hope that his valuable life may long be spared, and his efforts for the Master further owned and blessed,

PRESENT HIM WITH THIS ADDRESS, as a small token of their appreciation and attachment, on the occasion of the

FIFTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING,
Tuesday, 22nd November, 1881.

THE PARSON IN THE COAL-PIT
NEARLY CRUSHED AGAIN.

"Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew."

"JOHN THOMAS!" No uncommon name in Wales. A man well known in the Forest of Dean, and in the coal-mines of South Wales. He is a tall, well-looking, well-behaved, godly man. He has some Welsh fire in him; and many have heard him preach Christ's Gospel gladly. But the

John Thomas of whom I write is a most decided man of new covenant truth, and the Welsh religionists are of the Arminian school; consequently, our much and truly beloved brother in Christ, John Thomas, has for many years been obliged to work in the dark, the deep, the dangerous coal-mines. He has narrow escapes of being killed. He has just experienced another. Here is his own note. (We send him often as we can). He says:—

ANOTHER TENDER DELIVERANCE FROM
SUDDEN DEATH.

"DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Every needful blessing be unto you from Him that loved us. Amen. Your tokens of love come to hand; contents very useful. We are very thankful to the Lord. Dear brother, don't be alarmed; it is the Lord that speaks. In the evening of Thursday, October 27, nearly closing the day's work, I was engaged in marking my cart of coal on the rib, the cart being so close to it I had not proper room to go alongside of it. I had to stretch myself length-ways, till I was almost on the ground. To my fearful surprise, down comes from six to seven hundred of coal and rubbish right on the top of me. I scarcely knew where I was; but, bless His dear name, He was soon on the spot, keeping my thoughts together. But there I laid on the rubbish, groaning for breath, and in terrible pain. No sooner was I found in this position than the giant you speak of in the VESSEL stands by, and he said, 'You are not a child of God; if so, this would not be.' I did not make any noise, for fear of causing a great alarm, and also lest my dear wife would think things very bad. So after a while I managed to creep up near half a mile of up-hill drift, many of the men asking what was the matter? I got home by myself. Praise the Lord! I am getting better. Hope to begin again to work.—JOHN THOMAS."

BUCKS.—In one of my journies I rested for a moment in the valley. Heard Mr. Bullivant had preached some good sermons in Wooburn-green; do you know him? Mr. Burgess leaves Askett, Mr. Wale departs for High Wycombe, George Scott wants more work. When will you give memoir of the late venerable Richard Howard? You know he was a father to Wooburn-green cause. One friend said, "We miss him much." Our excellent co-worker, E. B. Lloyd, is a merciful gift to the Sydenham Church in Oxon. Oh, may the blessed Spirit lead him and keep him, and bless him in all the truth. At Thame, poor pastor Clarke and his devoted deacon are feeling the force of advancing years. The elders are going off. William Day, of Maidenhead, still preaches. Forgive —A WOUNDED CRIPPLE.

EATON BRAY.—We are, in this Dunstable suburban village, a particularly favoured people; we have evidence of prosperity. During the year 1881, some additions were made to our Church, and on three different occasions Mr. R. Burbridge baptized some faithful followers of the Lord.

THE LATE MR. COMFORT,

Deacon of Nunhead-green, Baptist Chapel,
near Peckham Rye.

Mr. Thomas Firminger has kindly forwarded the enclosed note from the daughter of the deceased, containing almost his last words. Mr. Comfort's daughter says:—

"Our dear father departed this life on Lord's-day morning, November 13, and entered on the eternal Sabbath to worship the Lord for ever. His illness was long and very painful, and, added to this, he endured great anguish of mind. His pains were so great, that his prayers consisted chiefly of ejaculations for mercy and for help, and more especially for patience to bear the Divine will. He would often (quoting the words of the hymn) say, "I mourn but not repine," emphasising the fact that he could not help mourning, but he tried and prayed not to repine. He was one of God's dear children, who, "through fear of death was all his lifetime subject to bondage," but he proved at the last that Jesus, through His death, did destroy him who had the power of death, that is the devil, and delivered him. When told by his medical adviser he must die, and that nothing more could be done for him, he bid him good-bye, and thanking him, said, "I am dying, just coming into the swellings of Jordan." The devil tempted him sorely; he suffered great fear. After suffering he was permitted a refreshing sleep, and, on waking, said to one who stood at his bedside, "I am dying! I am dying! it is hard work to die, but I shall soon be with Him. He is my Rock, my blessed Rock, Thou precious Christ.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

"Yes, oh, yes, my possessions lie there, my precious Jesus is there, my Rock, my everlasting Saviour. I have trusted Him in life, and He is still my Rock." Then, turning to his daughter, he exclaimed, "Oh, He has been a God of love to me; when quite alone in the world, He came to me, and loved and cared for me." And turning to her again, said, "Ah, trust all your cares to Him, He will be with you in life, He will be with you in death (and pausing a little to rest himself, he exclaimed)—

"The palms of My hands,
Whilst I look on I see,
The wounds I received
Whilst bleeding for thee."

"My precious Saviour!" Again, "What do I see? Oh, blessed sight! The King in all His beauty, all glorious. Oh, fetch me, do not let me stay." Then, turning, he said to his wife, "I thought I was going. So strange a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long." On another occasion he seemed troubled, and said, "I am in the swellings of Jordan. Do not, my Saviour, leave me, my sins are great." Being reminded of Jesu's blood shed for sinners, he exclaimed, "Precious Jesus, new beauties in His glories shine. Do let me come home,

dear Saviour, to be with Thee. Give me grace to wait—oh, such a sight—I have had a glimpse of Him; oh, trust Him, He will be a God to you; trust your heart with Him."

He spoke most earnestly, and prayed for all his children. This seemed to be a burden in dying moments, but he prayed, and may his prayers be abundantly answered. How often he longed to be in the house of God; and strange the day of his death should be the Lord's-day. Addressing his dear wife, he said, "Give my dying love to the little cause, and tell the brethren and sisters to dwell together in unity, and then the blessing of God will attend them."

So he died, the subject of many doubts and fears, but triumphant at the last; his last words being some three hours before his death, "Jesus! mercy! eternity! home!" Then, becoming unconscious, he lingered for a few hours, till twenty minutes before nine, he quietly passed home to be for ever with the Lord. Who will be the next?

GREAT GRANDSEN BAPTIST

CHAPEL.—Tuesday, November 29, a service of song, with addresses between the anthems, was given by the choir, previous to which a large number enjoyed an excellent tea, given by ladies of the congregation. Mr. Housden, the senior deacon of the Church, presided in the evening. Mr. Squirrel offered prayer; the chairman made an appropriate opening address; and the choir gave "Zion's Pilgrims." Mr. Andrews gave a friendly greeting; anthem, "The Saviour's Benediction," was then rendered. Mr. Squirrel's excellent address was listened to with much interest. The choir gave "Immanuel's Glory;" all the anthems were sung in a pleasing and effective manner by the choir. Mr. King, late pastor of the Great Grandsen Baptist Church, then expressed the pleasure he felt in meeting again the friends among whom he had lived and laboured so long, and gave us a Christian address. "Consider the lilies," and "Cry out, and shout!" followed delightfully. A vote of thanks to the ladies for the tea, to the ministers, to the choir for the zeal they had manifested, was proposed by Mr. Walker, seconded by Mr. Dodson, carried by the audience, and acknowledged by Mr. Squirrel. A collection for the purchase of lamps, supplied by Mr. Lynn, of St. Neot's, which much improve the lighting of the chapel. All friends are heartily thanked: and it is matter for encouragement that the service was so highly appreciated, and so decided a success.—M. H.

LIMEHOUSE.—COVERDALE ROOMS.

Wednesday, November 23, it was my privilege to baptize five believers at Bethel chapel, Poplar, kindly lent for the occasion. The Lord was with us to bless, enabling our friends to go on their way rejoicing. We are expecting others will soon be constrained to come. To our covenant God be all the praise.—Yours truly and affectionately in Him, F. C. HOLDEN.

MR. GEORGE BURRELL ON "THE LEAVEN AND THE MEAL."

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am not fond of controversy for its own sake, but, for one, have read with great interest the very comprehensive and spiritual elucidation of the parable by Mr. Allen. It appears to me this was called for, as the contrary view (maintained, I imagine, by very few) appears an erroneous one.

One thing is certain, whether the leaven is to be taken for corruption in a bad sense, or for grace in a good one, the whole of the meal is to be entirely leavened by it. Then the question arises, if we take the kingdom to mean the professing Church of Christ, is this to become entirely corrupt, every part to be entirely leavened? It must if this be so, but this never has been in any age, either in the Old or New Testament Church, and never can be, so that it never will be leavened entirely, in a bad sense; therefore, this cannot be the meaning.

The meaning of our Lord seems, to my mind, exceeding simple. By the kingdom I understand the work of God the Holy Spirit in the soul in regeneration, which is the beginning of experimental life and sanctification. By the three measures of meal may we not understand the three component parts of man, soul, body, and spirit? of which the apostle speaks in his first epistle to the Thessalonian Church, fifth chapter, twenty-third verse: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. And I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Church is predestinated to be conformed to the image of her holy and glorious Head, and the whole entire mystical body of Jesus Christ, in spirit, soul, and body, will be like Him when the Holy Ghost has perfectly performed His great work of sanctification, which will be when Romans viii. 11 is fulfilled: "But if the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." Then will every individual member, and the whole perfected and mystical body of Christ be as entirely sanctified throughout body, soul, and spirit, as she now stands, justified from all things in her Saviour's righteousness. He shall change our vile body, and fashion it like unto His own glorious body, according to the power by which He is able to subdue even all things to Himself, O glorious God-like end of predestinating grace and favour.

"We shall be like Him, O what bliss!
For we shall see Him as He is."

I am, I trust,

Yours, in hope of this glorious prospect,
Watford, Nov. 14, 1881. GEO. BURRELL.

NOTICE.—R. A. Huxham's second term of probation ends last Lord's-day of February, 1882. His connection with the Church at Chelmsford will then cease. He is open to supply any destitute Church wishing for settlement. His address is, R. A. Huxham, Ivy-villa, St. John's-road, Chelmsford, Essex.

OUR CHURCHES IN LANCASHIRE.

—No. I As a "seeker after the Grand Old Gospel," which, when preached out of the soul where the love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost doth dwell, is never preached in vain. I am jealously concerned to tell my fellow-travellers where they may be more likely to get a feast, when on the Lord's-day they wish to worship where the servants of Christ come forth from the place of secret communion into the public sanctuary to declare only, and to testify faithfully, the things which have been spoken to them by the "Silent Whisperer" while on the watch-towers they listened and learned somewhat of the mind of Christ. I have been much in Manchester, in Rochdale, in Heywood, in Hollinwood, in Lockwood, Morley, and Leeds, in fact, my pilgrimages in all these smoking, steaming, and laborious hives of industry, have been for many years, frequent, and often fatiguing. I catch every opportunity of noting down the different phases of the preaching fraternity, and having known the Lord, having realised the power of His Spirit, having some little discernment to distinguish between the man of letters, the scholastic and literary lecturer, and the man in whom the Spirit of God is, I have been anxious to send you a kind of "Guide to the Gospel Houses" in the Northern parts of the kingdom. I have read your VESSEL for more than thirty-five years, I have heard you preach in these parts many times. I also heard the beloved Gadsby, Kershaw, and all the valiant old "originals" in the years gone by, and from my MSS. I believe some estimate may be formed of the difference between the men who once stood in power, and the men who now feel and mourn over the apparent absence of that anointing which rendered their sermons and their services so wonderfully useful to thousands who are gone home with them to the paradise of rest and of refreshing. I am not certain that the blessed men referred to were perfect in their ministry. Neither can I believe their successors are lifeless or faithless men; but an impartial review may be useful to the present and future generations. If you will insert, I will send—that is, if the Lord will spare—

"A MAN ON THE RAIL AND
ON THE ROAD."

LAKENHEATH—(As it was in the days when I knew it).—Mr. Editor, you have been delicately reticent in your review of Daniel Smart's life, &c. Now some of us aged countrymen (who lived in Lakenheath when Daniel Smart and Mr. Wright were the ministers of the two chapels), wonder why it is neither in the Annual Roll, nor in the Register, this place, nor its parsons, are ever once mentioned. I have interesting notes of the mercies of God, and of the movements of some men of God in this secluded part of the country. Will you insert them?—X. X. T. U.—[Send them on. Let them be truthful. No poetry or persecution reminiscences are of any use. We have not done with Daniel yet.]

SURREY TABERNACLE.—This most noble edifice, built for the ministry, and paid for by the friends of the late Mr. James Wells, was the scene of grateful joy on Lord's-day, December 18, 1881, the cause of which was the observance of an old-fashioned custom with Mr. Wells, his deacons, and his people, to make a collection for the poor saints who are in fellowship with them just before Christmas time. Now, the original and only pastor of the Church has been taken away from them some years (to the sore grief of many hundreds); those energetic deacons of this Church, Sir John Thwaites, John Carr, Esq., Edward Butt, our beloved friend Mr. Alder, Mr. Beach, and others, are all gone, or are too infirm to do much; and yet in one day their collection for the poor amounted to full £100; which in the following week was honourably and cheerfully distributed by the present able and devoted brethren, who have been raised up by God to conduct, and to carry on the weighty and responsible work of Divine worship in this sacred and truth-maintaining edifice. The sermons were preached by Mr. Matthew Welland, of Lewes, whose occasional ministry here is much appreciated by the large gathering of the Lord's family. We feel our spirits spring up with pure pleasure on learning that the spirit of Christian charity, in union with decision for the truth of Christ's Gospel, are thus zealously perpetuated, and many a poor pilgrim is helped on his way. Praise the Lord.—C. W. B.

BISHOPSGATE.—London, in the thickest, darkest, and most hidden parts of it is not destitute of THE GOSPEL yet. Artillery-street, where faithful George Moyle told the story of the new and living way (where the editor of this monthly once baptized many believers, Artillery-street chapel, in Bishopsgate), still echoes the sounds of love and mercy. I have a friend who is a member there, and I sometimes go and bear for myself. Let me tell you that Sunday, December 18, 1881, was a memorable time. Mr. Thomas Stringer preached first, from "And this is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me, I should lose nothing; but should raise it up again at the last day." Oh, it was a sound as strong, and as clear as the golden bell of old. Then, our Lord Jesus having spoken in the morning, at eventide we had Paul in the pulpit, and he said, "Through mighty signs and wonders by the power of the Spirit of God, so that from Jerusalem and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ." Ripe, ready, and rolling in the river of life, our brother Thomas proved to be a man of virtue and of valour.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. Gray has been publicly recognised as the successor to the pastorate of the late Mr. Atkinson at Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton. Our correspondent says, it was a delightful and successful day. Ebenezer has been revived, and her prosperity and prospects are good.

CLAPHAM.—DEAR SIR,—Knowing your readiness to do good, please remind those rich in providence as well as grace, of their opportunity to do good privately or publicly. I enjoy seeing the heart gladdened without their knowing which way or from whom. Can you give any information as to whether Mr. Thomas Stringer is going to be settled over any Church, or is he going to leave England? various are the reports. Many express surprise that Mr. Stringer, an established faithful minister of the Gospel, has not received more sympathy. You have not noticed that he is unsettled. According to the many chapels that are wanting ministers to occupy the pulpits, surely the old ones ought not to be put out of sight and forgotten.—[A. Littleton is very kind. We heartily wish brother Thomas Stringer could go over to America, he would receive a hearty welcome, and it would greatly benefit him. Will he go?—ED.]

RATTLESDEN, SUFFOLK.—On Sunday, December 11, sermons were preached by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Wattisham, and collections made in aid of the German Baptist Mission. According to "Browne's History of Congregationalism in Suffolk," Rattlesden was early the seat of Nonconformity. A Church existed here in 1655, which appears to have broken up. The present Church was formed in 1813, and Mr. Middleditch was ordained its pastor. He was succeeded by Mr. P. Dickerson (still living) of Alie-street. Among those who followed Mr. Dickerson in the pastorate were Messrs. Howell, Norris, Parson, Bird, Probert, and Hollenshead, who has but recently left. The Church is now destitute of a settled pastor. Here is a fine sphere of labour for the right kind of man.—J. W.

CHATHAM.—"NEW ENON." We are now settling down in our new house, and we are growing in Church and congregation. We have paid off the cost of new chapel over £300 pounds; there is nearly £300 more to pay, and we wish it paid. Our leaders, the two brethren Dumsays, Joseph Casse, the venerable Mr. Hollis, and others, are getting into years, and before they quite forsake their clay we pray for help to clear off the debt. On December 15, Mr. Shaw, of Gravesend, preached for the building debt. On December 18, the Editor of the VESSEL gave us two sermons for same object. He showed us some of the victories of the Son of God first, then he came searching after backsliders in heart. Whether he found any out we have not heard. It was to some a solemn season.—A SOLDIER.

RYARSH, KENT.—The King of Zion has favoured us with signs of revival. Prayers have been answered. December 11, the baptismal pool was opened. Three believers, upon a profession of their faith in one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, were immersed.—F. P. PATTERSON.

THE MINER'S HAPPY TALE.

By JOHN BOLTON,
Minister of Trinity Street Baptist Church,
Boston, Lincolnshire.

And Author of an Original Poem, entitled, "The Footsteps of My God," which we hope to commence in the February number of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

"I AM THE LORD THY GOD."

A MINER once, in deep distress,
Not knowing what to do,
With heart dismay'd and comfortless,
To prayer would often go.

At times he heard the Father's voice,
And felt the promise sweet;
And then it was he could rejoice,
The Word was drink and meat.

One morning, as he travell'd forth
Betwixt the light and dark,
The cares which vex the sons of earth
Being at their usual work:

Being deaf, he heard no warbler's sound,
To cheer him on the road;
But these delightful words he found,
"I AM THE LORD THY GOD."

With lamp and pick he marched along,
The words still sounding sweet;
At length they rons'd his pow'rs of song,
Before he reached the pit.

He envied not the earthly lords
Upon whose soil he trod;
Still meditating on the words,
"I am the Lord thy God."

That day those words were drink indeed,
And medicine, and food,
For they'd been found in time of need,
And therefore understood.

Ah! it is at such times as these
One learns to kiss the rod;
Whilst list'ning to those words of His—
"I am the Lord thy God."

He thought of voyagers on the main,
Bound for some distant coast.
With sails all ripp'd, p'raps rent in twain,
And, may be, compass lost.

Amid the dangers of the sea,
When thunders roar aloud,
To them how sweet the words must be,
"I am the Lord Thy God."

He thought of those by friends forsook,
When most a friend they need,
Remembering that the sacred Book
Reveals a Friend indeed.

He thought of Israel's chosen race,
How dreary their abode;
Of hearing in the wilderness,
"I am the Lord thy God."

Ah! on that day he little thought
The time was near at hand
For him to leave the miner's cot,
In Jesu's name to stand.

Yet soon his marching orders came,
From out the fiery cloud:
"Go! tell My people in My Name,
"I am the Lord their God!"

And though he's left the pick behind,
His lamp he's borue away,
A glance at which oft brings to mind
That memorable day.

When walking from his humble cot
Beneath a darksome cloud,
From which a voice spake, "Murmur not,
"I am the Lord thy God."

Thus, reader, you have heard my tale,
The whole of which is true;
Are you, too, in the gloomy vale?
May Jesus speak to you?

For He who walks upon the seas,
His people's pathway trod,
Then listen to those words of His—
"I am the Lord thy God."

AN ACROSTIC,

Dedicated to the Church at
EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, BRIGHTON,
And read at the close of the Recognition Services
of Mr. S. Grey, as pastor, December 6, 1881.

By STEPHEN JABEZ TURNESS.

E 'ER bless the Lord for all that He hath done,
B cloved in Christ, God's well-beloved Son.
E ncircled by His favour we have stood
N eath the protecting hand of Him, our God.
E ver may we in lasting love maintain
Z eal in His cause, who for His Church was slain.
E 'er seek to shew that we are born of blood,
R obed in the righteousness of Christ our God.
B y faithful pastors sure we have been bless'd,
A nd Christ by many here has been confess'd;
P ublish aloud the praise of Him whose grace
T o us has been revealed in this place.
I n place of Him who is on high at rest,
S afe in his Saviour's arms, and on His breast
T o sing for aye, and with the Lord to feast.
C hrist has to us another pastor given—
H imself, to shew the only way to heaven,
A nd, for to strengthen those upon the road,
P urchased and saved by Jesu's precious blood.
E 'er bless the Lord for all that He hath done,
L ove Him—Jehovah's Equal and His Son.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year dawns; what does it usher in?
How much of pain and sorrow, care and sin?
Could we at one brief glance the whole survey,
Our hearts with abject fear would shrink away.

But, lo! the word comes from a mighty God,
"Hold fast thy confidence, nor fear the rod;"
Infinite wisdom and undying love,
Are training for the inheritance above.

Aye, Lord! we will hold fast till Thou appear;
Best on Thy promises without a fear:
Bless Thee, the future in our life is hid,
The all-sufficient strength for daily need.

The New Year dawns! what is its store of
wealth?

How much of peace and plenty, joy and health?
Could we at one brief glance the whole survey,
Our hearts would burst these tenements of clay.

Oh, glorious God! thrice blessed Three,
The New Year's days we consecrate to Thee;
Work all Thy will in us, Thy glory show,
That many hearts may learn Thy saving grace
to know.

Sittingbourne.

EMILIE TURQUAND.

Births.

On November 29, at Ossery-road, Old Kent-road, the wife of Mr. John Faulkner, of the ninth son.

Mrs. Green, the wife of Mr. William Green, Platt-works, on Boxmoor, of a daughter, in November.

Marriage.

On November 29, by the Rev. J. B. M. Butler, rector of Maresfield, Isaac Smith, of London, eldest son of Samuel Smith, Esq., of Eversholt, Beds, to Mary Anne Evenden, only daughter of William Evenden, Esq., Maresfield, Sussex.

Deaths.

In affectionate remembrance of Eliza, the beloved wife of William Drake, of Sittingbourne, who departed this life November 18, 1881, aged 68 years.

Mrs. John Corney, of Hounslow, has been called up into the higher courts of purer worship.

A Unibersal Fact.

OUTLINES OF A DISCOURSE PREACHED BY B. J. NORTHFIELD, AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, HADLEIGH, LORD'S-DAY, JANUARY 8, 1882, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. M——, WHO SUDDENLY DEPARTED THIS LIFE, JANUARY 1, AGED 70 YEARS.

“And he died.”—Gen. v. 27.

AT all times it is necessary that the Holy Spirit's aid be imparted to those who stand up in the Triune name of Jehovah, and on the present occasion I feel especially my need of that blessed Spirit's influence, that I may rightly speak and adduce solemn lessons of warning from the sad event of which we have to speak this afternoon—namely, the sudden departure from time into eternity of one who has met with us in the means of grace for some considerable period of time. The words selected for our text are indeed very appropriate and solemn. The history with which they are connected is an account of the genealogy, ages, and deaths of the patriarchs from Adam unto Noah, and which account, in passing by, I would have you observe that Methuselah, whom our text refers to, lived to the greatest age, and yet of him it is recorded, “And he died,” reminding us of the frailty and mortality of man, and though he may live to be very old, yet he must die.

I.—Let us endeavour, in the first place, to notice *the universal fact*—man dies. The Word of Truth informs us of only two who did not see death, Enoch and Elijah, but who were translated from earth to heaven in an extraordinary manner; and the same ever-blessed volume declares, “Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?” Ah! “Where is he?” a sentence full of solemnity, and calculated to make us question, “Where should we have been, had death ere this have summoned us before God?” Age will not preclude us from the grasp of death, we cannot live beyond its reach, nor can we be too young to fall as victims to its power. The person bowed down with infirmity, whose care-worn and wrinkled face may tell us they are fast approaching the grave, may to himself betake the warning, yet let not those who are in the bloom of youth “boast themselves of to-morrow, for we know not what a day may bring forth,” and those who to human appearance are farthest from the grave, in God's divine appointment may be the nearest to it. Even whilst you are listening to my voice, now well in health, some disease may take possession of your mortal frame, ultimately to lay you in the cold embraces of death. “In this war there is no discharge.” The time, manner, and place of death of all of us are appointed by Him who ruleth all things, as Scripture declareth, “His days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee. Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.” I firmly believe in this assertion, and am convinced that none can lengthen the measure of their days, as decreed by Jehovah, yet I do not identify myself with those “peculiar people” who pay no regard to medical and other means for

those suffering from affliction, for I am satisfied that He who has appointed the days of man, has also ordered that we should, as rational beings, avail ourselves of the blessings bestowed upon us by a kind Providence for the comfort and preservation of our frail bodies; and yet I say all that we can do will not frustrate His divine will concerning us. Seeing, therefore, that death awaits us all, may we be enabled to contemplate—

II.—*A consoling truth*—Jesus died. “And he died” is very suitable and blessed language to adopt in connection with the Lord Jesus Christ, whose death is the spiritual life of unnumbered millions. And how did He die? is a question which may be answered in various ways, but two in particular would I mention. He died *substitutionally*. On His own behalf there was no reason that He should die. Death is the awful consequence of sin; and Jesus “knew no sin.” He was spotless, pure, and undefiled, and “no guile was found in His mouth.” He was wounded for *our* transgressions, and with *His* stripes we are healed. “For the transgression of God’s people was He stricken.” O my friends, it is a mercy to be amongst that people, and if the prayer of the poet suits you, you possess an evidence that such is your exalted position—

“When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I amongst them stand?”

The substitutionary death of Christ has no charms for the devil’s slaves, but souls enlightened by the Spirit of God long to realise their interest therein; “That I may win Christ,” is the language of those for whom He died. Further, we may avow that He died *triumphantly*. If death had triumphed over Him it would also triumph over you and I; but no, He has conquered that awful foe, and every triumphant death is through that one gloriously-triumphant death on Calvary. Yes, our mighty Deliverer was death’s Master, and that potent enemy has been overcome, together with him who “had the power of death—that is, the devil.” My friends, and would you triumph over death, too. If so, the language of the great apostle must be yours, “We are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.” Death is not a welcome messenger, only as we are enabled to realise that Jesus has overcome it on our behalf, and even then, as mortals, how we shrink from it. Oh, to be favoured to gaze beyond the dark, dark curtain, and behold the glory on the other side Jordan, that that glory may fill our souls, so as to leave no room for fear and trembling. In Christ’s triumphant death what countless millions of deaths did die; so that those who have an interest in His death may face it as their friend, for to them it is but falling asleep—

“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.”

Thus he triumphed over sin, the cause of death, and over death, the effect of sin. Satan, with all his infernal host, was driven back and defeated when He shouted, “It is finished.” Now, let us notice, in the next place,—

III.—*What it is to be prepared to die*.—All who have an interest in Jesus are prepared to die and fit to appear before God. Hence, let us notice what are the evidences of an interest in Christ. Men by nature

are children of wrath, inasmuch as they are spiritually dead. Therefore, to be prepared to die, one must be brought out of that spiritual death into *spiritual life*. No man has power to form his soul anew, or to regenerate his heart; this is God's work alone, and this the apostle declareth, "You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." When this quickening power of God is wrought in the soul it is accompanied with a feeling sense of one's sinnership, and a fear of eternal ruin, which makes the sinner cry for mercy and pardon through the Saviour's merits. Now is the soul brought to see and feel himself as he never did before—a sinner, wretched, naked, helpless, and undone, and with a burdened conscience, tearful eyes, and sorrowful heart he sighs, groans, and prays to Jehovah. And the work of the Holy Spirit commenced in the soul with convictions of sin, is further carried on in leading that soul to Jesus, as a place of shelter, safety, and rest. Thus being led, the soul is enabled to see in Jesus' sufficiency, and this raises hope within the breast; and the language of those who are thus conducted is, "Perhaps He died for *me*." This faith of appropriation ever precedes the assurance of one's interest in Jesus. We see His suitability and sufficiency, yet we doubt His willingness. Following this experience is an application of the blood of Christ to the soul; for they who are taught their need of Jesus, feel that they cannot do without Him. His righteousness they want to justify them, and His blood to cleanse them. At His cross they must lose their burden, or they know that their souls must be lost in hell. Jehovah thus makes them conscious of their need, and then supplies the same. The burden of sin is lost while the merits of a precious Christ are applied to the heart in all their saving power. They are enabled to rejoice that the cause of death, even sin, is for ever pardoned through what the Saviour has done. Such, and such only, my friends, who are thus brought to repentance, and possess faith in Jesus, are prepared to die.

IV.—*What are the consequences of such preparation?* Many are the blessings that belong to those who are prepared to die, and one most prominent favour as regards this time-state, is a *hope beyond the grave*. The hope of the wicked expires when his mortal life terminates, but souls who possess a knowledge of Jesus have a hope which is as "an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." This hope in the midst of the cares and turmoils of life encourages them to look "to those things which are before," and though here they experience many bitters, trials, and temptations, yet this hope beyond the grave oftentimes rejoices their spirits and consoles their weary minds. Not only are there consequences issuing from this preparation as regards this life, but there is eternal glory after departure from this world of sin and sorrow. Well may it be said the afflictions of this life are light when compared with the eternal glory which every ransomed soul shall share in everlasting bliss. Lord, bring us to that glory, that we may reign with Thee for ever and ever.

V.—But from our remarks we gather a *solemn inference*—that some are spiritually dead. To such what shall I say? God knoweth the desire of my soul for you, and whilst I would not condemn you, your condition calls forth my pity. Let me warn you of your danger. That you have no power to save your soul I am firmly convinced, but what may be the greatest cause of grief is that you are so unconcerned. I often

endeavour to speak seriously to you, but unless the Holy Spirit apply what I say the same is powerless. Do you ever preach to yourself, and ask your soul, as being guilty, where it is resting for time and eternity? or where, being naked, it will find a shelter from the wrath of God? Unless God have mercy on you, my friend, before you close your eyes in death, you must sink to hell, and there lift up your eyes in that place of torment everlastingly.

Now a word or two ere I close with reference to one whose death we have mentioned. Of our departed friend I cannot say much. I have conversed with him but very little. He was not a member with us, but constantly attended the means of grace, and little did I think when I last saw him in this place, this day fortnight, that I should see him no more. During my last conversation with him he spoke of the changes he had experienced providentially, and I said to him that it was a great mercy, seeing that we live in a changing and dying world, to be prepared to enter another world, to which he replied in the affirmative. Well, early last Lord's-day morning he was seized with a fit, which rendered him unconscious, and in that state he died in the evening. That infinite Being who searcheth the heart, knew the heart of our departed friend. My hope is that he is better off, and it would be a source of joy to my soul to have further proof or reason to believe that that I hope for on his behalf is his realisation on high. To you, his sorrowing relatives, I tender my sympathy. Some of you have been brought to know the Lord, and confess Him before men; and to you may this bereavement be sanctified, and you enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" and if any of you are still strangers to Him, may the loss of the one through whose death you sorrow, be the means in God's hands of your spiritual life, for death may as suddenly clasp you in its embraces as it did him. O my friends, may God sanctify these solemn and sudden strokes to each and all of us, for we are dying mortals, and how soon we may be called to die is a matter that belongs to God; whilst, "Are we prepared for the solemn change?" is the question which should concern us. May the Lord command His blessing. Amen.

“SPRING UP, O WELL” (NUM. XXI. 17).

<p>FROM the vast depths of love's un- bounded ocean— Within the soul upspring! And stir the thirsty spirit to devotion. Making the heart to sing!</p> <p>Israel of old, in glorious strains seraphic, Sang of the mystic well; Its healing virtues told in language graphic: Could I its wonders tell!</p> <p>“Spring up, O well!” the parched desert nourish; Water the hills around: Let the great garden of Jehovah flourish, And in rich fruit abound.</p>	<p>Come nearer, come, with crystal streams refreshing The root of every tree; Come nearer still, with overwhelming blessing,— Come even unto me!</p> <p>With its sweet scent, revive my languid graces, As Thou, O Lord, seest fit; That in the joy of those “in heavenly places,” I still with Thee may sit,— For ever singing of the untold treasure, Drawn from this well of love; Till I shall drink with unabated pleasure From the great sea above.</p>
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W. WINTERS.

THE WARLIKE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

ESTEEMED AND BELOVED RICHARD RANDLE,—You wonder how I was occupied on the Christmas-day of 1881. I was “out of weakness made strong.” In the morning I preached from, “Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh shall He find (THE or THIS) faith on the earth?” Then I travelled on to Wood-green, there, in the Council-chamber of the printers’ retiring villas, we held a short service, and I thought about the crowns in the Bible, but I said very little. William Hill Collingridge, Esq. (of *The City Press*), and his most benevolent lady, take a deep, and genuine, and a practical interest in the welfare and well-being of these veteran typos; in fact, Mr. and Mrs. Collingridge devote much of their spare time to promote the comfort of the aged printers and their wives, who have obtained a residence in these beautiful little palaces; and if all our London printers would exercise only a little of the care which the inhabitants of “The Hornsey Elms” put forth, “The Printers’ Almshouses” might be four times as large as they are.

Mr. William Hill Collingridge has given me permission to quote here a few lines on “Rest,” which are worthy of your consideration. The leaflet says:—

“The following poem was read by the Rev. Dr. Maguire, Rector of St. Olave’s Southwark, after the address delivered by him on Sunday afternoon, August 14, 1881, at the Printers’ Almshouses, Wood-green, N., and is now published by request.

“‘*The good land that is beyond Jordan.*’—DEUT. iii. 25.

“A pilgrim once, the toil is o’er,
To my appointed rest I come,
The Alway and the Evermore,
The journey’s end, the pilgrim’s
home.

I was a-weary and oppressed,
When lo, beneath a Rock I stood;
There, in my sorrow, seeking rest,
I found it where I sought—in God.

I was athirst, and faint, and low,
When, from the rocky riven side,
Refreshing streams of water flow,
In welcome wave of ceaseless tide.

I was astray, and stood in doubt,
When lo, a ‘pillar of a cloud,’
To lead me in and lead me out,
Mapped out my way and marked my
road.

I was an hungered, and so faint.
My weary spirit pined away;
I cried to God, and made complaint.
He reigned down manna day by day.

The road was long, the path was steep.
Ere yet the promise dawned to view:
And twice across the stormy deep
The Lord did lead His people
through.

Through ways unknown, through paths
untrod,
Through foes and fears, through
battle strife,

Thy hand hath led me on, my God,
Through death and darkness into life.

Now all is o’er, and troubles cease:
The pilgrimage for ever past;
The weary spirit rests in peace,
The heavenly shore is gained at last.

All praise to Thee, Thrice Holy Lord,
Be now and evermore addressed!
The Triune God, in One adored,
The Father, Son, and Spirit blest!

ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D.”

After the service, Mr. John Dunham walked with me from Wood-green to the Elms mansion, in Hornsey, where Mrs. Collingridge refreshed us with a most welcome cup of tea, then we trudged on to the nearest station, and returned to Dalston, thence to Speldhurst-road chapel, just in time for the service. Neither in my pocket written, nor in my brain, nor in

my memory, had I any sermon prepared. The words in Isaiah xxxi were floating in my thoughts, where the ancient, the evangelical prophet says: "Thus hath the LORD spoken unto me, *Like* as the lion and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, HE (the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the LORD JESUS CHRIST, when He comes to rescue His people, or any one of His redeemed out of the power of his adversary, then, although a multitude of the false shepherds come forth to hold the poor bruised soul in their grasp, yet HE) will not be afraid of their voices, nor abase Himself for the noise of them; for so shall the Lord of hosts come down to fight for Mount Zion, and for the hill thereof." Here I saw the personal pre-eminence of our mighty Prince of Peace, "the Lord of hosts." Oh, Richard, what a universe of divine fulness, and of unsearchable riches appeared to be rolled up in that characteristic sentence—

"THE LORD OF HOSTS!"

"Alexander the Great," and other warriors, have led immense armies, and obtained numerous victories, but of whom can it be said, He is the LORD OF HOSTS, but of our "Wonderful Counsellor," "the Mighty God?" HE is

"The Lord of hosts," possessively, in the highest heavens, for "IN HIM DWELLETH ALL the FULNESS OF the GODHEAD BODILY." All the attributes, all the powers, purposes, all the heights, depths, lengths, and breadths of the eternal Deity dwell in Him substantially and really. So He is the Lord of hosts possessively, and He is so as the Governor and Commander of all the armies in the angelic heavens, in the planetary and starry heavens, in the dispensations of Providence, and in the sovereign exercise of His grace; in every sense, in every sphere, in every continent and clime of God's immeasurable, undiscernable universe, THE CHRIST OF GOD reigns supremely—

"THE LORD OF HOSTS."

Oh, Richard, this pre-eminent glory of our Saviour was to me like a rolling sea, in which I was all but drowned.

Then there was *the warlike character* of our JESUS, our EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US." "Like as the lion, and the young lion," &c. So shall the Lord of hosts COME DOWN—

"TO FIGHT FOR MOUNT ZION, AND FOR THE HILL THEREOF."

Ah! there are many sides, and many insides, too, in the complexity of the God-Man, the Mediator, the Redeemer, the co-equal Son of the Father in truth and love.

There is the *lamb-like* side of our Saviour—

"His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

But when David saw a lion and a bear catching a lamb out of the fold, did David go with a kitten's heart to beseech the lion and the bear to give him the lamb back again? No! sirs! Nor do ye well when ye represent my Saviour as weeping over sinners, and trying, and crying, to win them. David says: "I went out after him (the lion) and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he came against me, I caught him by the beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living GOD."

Our immortal and mighty "El-geber" hath OMNIPOTENCE in His purpose and power. The very same LORD who said, "He that believeth and is baptized SHALL BE SAVED," also as sternly said, "He that believeth not shall be damned." And even unto His own Ephraim, when gone into idolatry, He says, "I will be unto Ephraim as a lion, and as a young lion to the House of Judah: I—even I—will tear, and go away. I will take away, and none shall rescue him." So, when the enemy hath stolen away one of the poor wandering sheep of Christ, He will come forth in His lion-like character, and will rescue and bring that poor wounded sheep back, and the howling of the false shepherds shall not deter "the Lord of hosts." The delicate, the effeminate discourers on our platforms might read—

SAMMY BREEZE'S SERMON AT BRISTOL,

which Paxton Hood gives us in his memoir of "The Preachers of Wild Wales." It reads as follows—John Pyer, once of Devonport, was in the Bristol chapel, when Sammy Breeze came to preach. Two ministers were to preach at the same time. A young man took the first place:—

He took for his text, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;" but he condoned the heavy condemnation, and, in an affected manner, shaded off the darkness of the doom of unbelief, very much in the style of the preacher in Cowper's satire, who never mentioned hell to ears polite. The young man, also, grew sentimental, and "begged pardon" of an audience, rather more polite than usual, for the sad statement made in the text. "But indeed," said he, "he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not—indeed, I regret to say, I beg your pardon for uttering the terrible truth, but, indeed, he shall be sentenced to a place which here I dare not mention."

Then rose Sammy Breeze. He began: "I shall take the same text, to-night, which you have just heard. Our young friend has been fery fine to-night, and he has told you some fery polite things. I am not fery fine, and I am not polite, but I will preach a little bit of truth to you, which is this: 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,' and *I begs no pardons.*" He continued, "I do look round on this chapel, and I do see people all fery learned and in-tel-lect-u-al. You do read books, and you do study studies, and fery likely you do think that you can mend God's Book, and are fery sure you can mend me. You have great—what you call thoughts, and poetries; but I will tell you one little word, and you must not try to mend that; but if you do, it will be all the same: it is this, look you: 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,' and *I begs no pardons.* And then I do look round your chapel, and I do see you are a foine people, well-dressed people, well-to-do people. I do see that you are fery rich, and you have got your moneys, and are getting fery proud; but I tell you it does not matter at all, for I must tell you the truth, and the truth is, 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,' and *I begs no pardons.* And now," continued the preacher, "You will say to me, 'What do you mean by talking to us in this way? Who are you, sir?' And now I will tell you. I am Sammy Preeze. I have come from the mountains of Cardiganshire, on my Master's business, and His message I must deliver. If you will never hear me again, I shall not matter much, but while you shall hear me, you shall hear me, and this is His Word in me, and in me to you: 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,' and *I begs no pardons.*"

It was a strange scene; but as he went on, in quaint, but terribly earnest strain, anger passed into awe, and mute astonishment into rapt attention. No one, who heard the words, could ever again hear them unheeded, nor think lightly of the doom of the unbelieving. The anecdote is worth being laid to heart, in these days, when there is too often a reserve in declaring the whole counsel of God.

After service, in the vestry, the deacons were in great anger with the blunt preacher; and one, a well-known religious man in Bristol, exclaimed, "Mr. Breeze, you have strangely forgotten yourself to-night, sir. We did not expect that you would have behaved in this way. We have always been very glad to see you in

our pulpit, but your sermon to-night, sir, has been most insolent, shameful !” He wound up a pretty sharp condemnation by saying, “ In short, I don’t understand you !”

“ Ho ! ho !” exclaimed Sammy, “ you say you do not understand me ? Eh ! look you then, I will tell you ; I do understand you ! Up in our mountains, we have one man there, we do call him exciseman ; he comes along to our shops and stores, and says, ‘ What have you here ? Anything contraband here ?’ And if it is all right the good man says, ‘ Step in, Mr. Exciseman, come in, look you.’ He is all fair, open, and above board. But if he has anything secreted there, he does draw back surprised, and he makes a fine face, and says, ‘ Sir, I do not understand you.’ Now, you do tell me that you don’t understand me, but I do understand you, gentlemen, I do ; and I do fear you have something contraband here ; and I will say good-night to you ; but I must tell you one little word—that is, ‘ He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,’ and *I begs no pardons.*”

There should be no delicate, false dealing with the Scriptures. Dr. Leask and his “ Rainbow ” may soften down the terrors of hell, but, if we die out of Christ, we awfully fear an eternal hell will our eternal portion be. Who can read Isa. liii. and lxiii. but must see that when divine Justice found the Church’s sins upon the Lamb of God, Justice bruised Him, and sorely put the Son of God to grief. Even so. When the Son of God shall come to punish the transgressors, what saith He ? “ I will tread them in Mine anger, and trample them in My fury ; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon My garments.” He repeats it : “ I will tread down the people in Mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury ; and I will bring down their strength to the earth.”

The warlike character, the lion-like power of the all-conquering “ I AM,” is a subject too little considered, if I may judge from the lightness of the people generally.

Kind Richard, I was the whole of Christmas-day in preaching, and in travelling, from the morning until the night set in ; and gratefully amazed I bow down in silence before the Lord, to try to praise Him for fulfilling His promise in me : “ My grace is sufficient for thee, and My strength is made perfect in weakness.” Of the “ crowns ” in the Bible, on which I thought to drop a word or two, I must give you in my next, if God gives sparing mercy to your old friend,
C. W. BANKS.

The night after Christmas-day, 1881, Banbury-road, South Hackney. Farewell, and forgive these ragged notes, as they are run off late on the Monday night.

ROCK AND SAND.—On the morning that I set my eyes on the island of Corsica, where Napoleon I. was born, and on the island of Elba, on which he was confined as a discomfited prisoner, the coming shadows of Waterloo hung over his bleak exile. The next day I saw the spot where another famous prisoner landed on his way to Rome, and where he “ thanked God and took courage.” Napoleon’s boasted “ rock ” of imperial power proved to be but a fog-bank. What a contrast between the defeated and disappointed exile of Elba, and the glorious old prisoner of Cæsar, who sang triumphantly in his cell : “ I have fought a good fight ! Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day !” The French Emperor’s crown was a lost bauble ; the apostle’s diadem will blaze with stars through all eternity. There is no sharper contrast in all history between the wisdom of building on the rock and the fatal folly of building on the quicksand.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

BY JOSEPH WILKINS,

Minister of Wattisham Baptist Chapel.

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head above all."—1 Chron. 29.

OUR good brother, Mr. D. Allen, who is unknown to me in the flesh, but to whom I feel drawn in the Spirit, has given us much to think about in the late numbers of the EARTHEN VESSEL; but comprehensive, valuable, and discriminating as his articles are, there can be no valid reason why a few "THOUGHTS FOR THE STUDIOUS" should not be inserted in relation to "*the kingdom of Christ.*" We meet with the word, "kingdom," in some relation or another about three hundred times in the Old and New Testament.

I.—Let us analyse the word, "KINGDOM." We shall not find much difficulty in analysing a word of two syllables. By some it is regarded as an old compound word, containing two words in one—viz., "KING" and "DOM." The first part of the word is very plain; king—*i.e.*, monarch, or supreme governor. Though in primitive language it signifies *stout*, or *valiant*. The kings of most nations in the beginning, being chosen by the people on account of their valour and strength. But let us drop that part of the word for the present, and look at the second part of the word only, the "DOM." We have it in our language both as a *prefix* and as an *affix*, and in general it is used to denote POSSESSION. It seems also to define the kind and range of that *possession*, to fix, as it were, bounds to the particular sphere indicated. You have it:—

1. As a prefix in *domestic*, *dominion*, &c., showing the possession of sovereignty in a small or extensive degree. 2. As an affix in *earl-dom*, *king-dom*, &c., denoting the possession of jurisdiction, estate, empire, &c. 3. Again, as an affix, in *wis-dom*, *free-dom*, showing the possession of state, condition, quality, &c. In its use, under consideration, it means the *possession* of POWER, the power of right, the power of authority, the power to command, the power of a sovereign. Taken in general terms, it may mean the possession of the rights and powers of administration, &c.

II.—Let us look at the BIBLICAL signification of the term, "KINGDOM." In this form it signifies, in the main, these *five* things:—1. Conquest and subjection; conquest on His part, subjection on ours. The countries subject to a king are properly his kingdom (Deut. iii. 4). 2. Sovereignty; a dominion either limited or universal. God, as a universal Sovereign, is described in the beautiful language which heads this paper, and again by David in Psa. ciii.: "His kingdom ruleth over all." 3. Right; the right of claim, a right to be king, as referred to in 1 Sam. xx. 31. Not a usurper, but the one to whom the "*dom*," or possession, belongs. Christ had not to plunder the throne for His crown. 4. Government, or the supreme administration. Jealous Saul, in his jealousy, said, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?" That is, the supreme government. 5. Heaven, called by Jesus, "My Father's kingdom," and by Paul, "His heavenly kingdom." See Matt. xxvi. 29; 2 Tim. iv. 18.

III.—Now let us look at the FIVE DIFFERENT SORTS OF KINGDOMS mentioned in the Scriptures, passing by the kingdom of Satan, for I have not any wish to dwell upon the kingdom of darkness. There is:— 1. *The kingdom of men* (Dan. v. 21). These have been many and varied, and admit of degrees of comparison as to their excellence. 2. *The kingdom of Priests*, mentioned in Exod. xix. 6, and by Peter called, “a royal priesthood.” His kingdom is much overlooked and forgotten. God gives His people a kingdom; He places both the mitre, the priestly crown, and the royal crown upon their heads. “And they shall reign upon the earth,” He will give them a throne. 3. *The kingdom of God*; and this may be divided into three divisions—viz. : (a) The kingdom of His power” (Psa. cxlv. ; Dan. iv. 3); (b) The kingdom of His grace (Matt. iv. 28); (c) The kingdom of His glory (1 Cor. vi. 9). 4. *The kingdom of heaven*. This seems to embrace : (a) The Gospel dispensation (Matt. iii. 2). (b) The visible Church of Christ (Matt. v. 19, xiii. 47). (c) The grace of the Spirit in the soul (Luke xvii. 21). (d) The place of everlasting glory (Matt. v. 10). 5. *The kingdom of Christ*; and this part I wish to reserve for a future paper.

OLD JOSEPH AND HIS LONG SPADE.—No. II.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF MERCY'S MANNER OF MAKING THE SOUL FIT FOR GLORY.

“OLD JOSEPH,” careful reader, was simply introduced to your notice last month. He was employed by the LORD to go down into the “deep things,” “the deep that coucheth beneath,” beneath the surface of even the translated letter, beneath the surface of “THE FALL,” of that CONFLICT which the GREAT REFINER calleth “bringing the third part through the fire;” and “the deep that coucheth beneath,” the types, emblems, metaphors, prophecies, and evangelical histories of the divine revelation. *Astounding deeps* indeed!

WILLIAM TURNER, ESQ., of South Hackney, has, with extreme kindness, presented me with a copy of that largely appreciated volume, “The Approaching End of the Age,” by H. Grattan Guinness, which is a profound review of “history, prophecy, and science,” in the composition of which the author has consulted two hundred or more of the most choice, learned, and devout students of the ages before our times, and of many of the present century. Hence, this original and comprehensive digest of what I may term “*The Prophetic Library*,” is certainly a production of precious weight, and the whole of Christendom owe to Mr. H. Grattan Guinness a debt of honest gratitude.

But—*may I write it?* I really tremble to do so—what would the spirit of the late John Cumming, and what would the ghost of many of the most eminent prophetic writers, say to this fact? A young gentleman, a steam-engine reader, a thinker of keen and truthful power, deliberately declared to me his fearful conviction that, “as these works on the prophetic dates, times, and fulfilment have been issued, infidelity has grown and become more and more rampant!” The coming of “scoffers” as much fulfil the apostolic prediction as any other branch of the foretelling Word of inspiration.

Of what real use, however, are such works to the broken-hearted, to the Spirit-quickened, to the law-condemned guilty one, who stands at the gate of the temple, crying,—

“GOD, BE MERCIFUL TO ME, A SINNER”?

A broken, bleeding heart, who dreads death, trembles at the thought of the judgment! The poor fellow who said, “I dare not, I cannot say, or scream out *that*,” when a whole company were chanting,—

“The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please;
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.”

“The black cloud of my sins,” solemnly said the pale face, “makes God to be like an awful God to me! I do fear HIM; but how, when, where shall I *find* HIM?” “Only in HIS SON, who is the *Saviour* of all who are led by the SPIRIT to seek for THE GOOD SAMARITAN, to heal, to bind up, to lift up, and to carry home that soul who has spiritual life in it, but has been robbed, rolled in the black mud, stripped, wounded, left as dead.”

“Sir,” emphatically murmured the bowed-down man, “the parsons about us never *come down where we are*.”

“What book is that in your hand?”

“Archbishop Tillotson’s sermons on ‘Our Imitation of the Divine Perfections.’”

“Is it useful to you?”

“I cannot tell. It pierces me; but how to attain unto it, I find not.”

It is my hope to be enabled to show, not how infants are saved (although that I purpose to attempt), nor how such easy, shallow people as smile and sing on in these days; but how the divine Comforter dealeth with those who,—

“Buried in sorrows and in sins,
At hell’s dark door do lay.”

If the brittle thread of life holds out awhile, expect to meet me on this line next month.

C. W. BANKS.

[I fully sympathise with Dr. Chadwick. In “Christ’s Cup” he says:—“The world and the Church crown learning, eloquence, activity. It applauds the force and energy by which great deeds are done. Neither the world nor the Church think of weary hearts, aching eyes, drooping souls, whose destinies are fraught with fear and pain.” Bold, brave, big men, who win applause, are considered heaven’s champions. God seeth not as man seeth. Christ has warned us that our judgments are all astray. Many that are first shall be last, and the last first. Jesus proposes not glaring, successful efforts, but ENDURANCE. Samuel Foster, think of this. Ye poor suffering widows, at Two Waters, at Knowl-hill, and many more passive, sinking sufferers, look to HIM. I know you do.—C. W. B.]

A MODERN CHRISTIAN MARTYR IN THE CONVICT'S CELL.

By W. W.

[The following serious narrative is no foreign, no far-fetched, no painted picture of a **SORROWFUL CHRISTIAN LIFE**. It is correctly, conscientiously, circumstantially correct. We knew this terribly ill-judged man from his boyhood: and we had the deepest sympathy with him when, crushed in spirit, broken in heart, and almost unknown in the world, he came forth from prison as he went into it,—

AN INNOCENT, AN INJURED SUFFERER.

It has been seen lately how the administration of *justice* in our Law Courts often fails: and we know that most industrious, well-meaning persons, whose prospects fall through, whose efforts break down, are often stigmatized as dangerous and deceitful characters, simply because they have not been, as the world terms it, "fortunate in their enterprises." We this month only give the following introductory paper, written by a most devoted and beloved brother who was eye and ear witness to all we shall publish.]

"How hard and rugged is the way
To some poor pilgrims' feet;
In all they do, or think, or say,
Their opposition meet."

A SMALL bundle of papers which have come into our hands prove that the writer of them was one of these "poor pilgrims." He was born of godly parents, of great respectability; he was nursed in the lap of comfort; he was educated to fill honourable spheres of duty; he was most decidedly of a devout mind; and yet he passed the prime of his days in prison, and died in want. His, however, was not a useless life. His godliness, his counsel, and his example witnessed to the sincerity of his profession, and so he was a blessing to many in captivity.

These autograph papers, all written in prison, give evidence of the soundness, as well as of the purity of his mind; and in the verses may be seen the desire that they might prove a blessing to his readers.

These papers are:—1. A petition to the Home Secretary, and letters which explain his situation as a prisoner, and clear him from the charges brought against him. 2. A letter to the Governor on a Prison "Report." 3. A letter relative to the spiritual state of a fellow prisoner. 4. A letter in verse to a fellow prisoner. 5. Poems, (a) "The Soul;" (b) "If Thou forbear to deliver," &c. (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12); (c) "Sympathy;" (d) "Condemnation of Lying Tongues;" (e) "The Blessing" (Acts iii. 26); (f) "The Christian's Grave;" (g) "The Fiery Trial" (Dan. iii.) 6. William W.'s usefulness; instance Lincolnshire Town. 7. Joy turned into sorrow, and sorrow turned into joy. 8. Prophetic time, in which all the mystic numbers of Daniel, Revelation, and elsewhere in Holy Scripture, are fully treated on. The narrative will commence in our next number.

NOTHING is intolerable that is necessary. Now God hath bound thy trouble upon thee by His special providence, and with a design to try thee, and with purposes to reward and to crown thee. These cords thou canst not break, and therefore lie thou down gently, and suffer the hand of God to do what He pleases.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR 1882.

"*That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful NAME, THE LORD THY GOD.*"—Deut. xxviii. 58.

BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

(Concluded from page 12).

JEHOVAH is regarded and interpreted the mighty God, the merciful One; the gracious, loving, and long-suffering Being. Also, the bountiful One, whose beneficence is without end or measure; the Truth, the Pardoner, the righteous Judge, and God of retributive and vindictive justice. "To know the Jehovah" is to realise Him experimentally in love, power, justice, and faithfulness.

"Give me, O Father, to Thy throne access,
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!
Give me, unveiled, the source of good to see!
Give me Thy light, and fix mine eyes on Thee."

That we may fear (as Moses says) "this glorious and fearful name," and know in Christ "the Lord our God" (Deut. xxviii. 58) signifies to realise Him in the soul by spiritual relationship, as our Father and Friend, the covenant God of ancient Israel, from whom life spiritual and natural originated, as also light. Hence He is the source and sustainer of all good. His name contains an unimaginable loftiness of grandeur, and in itself a research that defies investigation; for, "Who by searching can find out God?" From Him—that is, Jehovah—came all the reasoning functions of man, and that immaterial and intelligent principle called the soul, or spirit, which never dies, and which did not originate from the inanimate matter out of which the corporeal part of man was created, but from the breath of God. Animate and inanimate substance continually changes, more or less; but the Author of all good exists in His own entirety perfectly independent of all that He has created or formed, consequently he never can cease to exist, or be subject to the shadow of turning. As the one self-existent Being, He never *began to be*, but always was what He ever will be, the undervived, eternal, and intelligent Cause of all that His creatures, whether men or angels, ever knew to exist apart from sin. This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death. His immutability is of the greatest importance to the exercised children of Zion; and when at their lowest ebb of Christian experience, when there are visible to faith no bright shinnings, how full and potent are the following words, when by the Holy Spirit applied to the soul, "I AM the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." All persons can read this grand sentence; but all have it not in power as a divine revelation from God. How forceful are the appellations of Jehovah, the I AM, as recorded in numbers of places in His sacred Word. Here are a few of them:—"Fear not, I AM with thee; be not dismayed, for I AM thy God." "I AM He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." "And even to your old age I AM He." Again, "I AM He that comforteth you." These portions of Isaiah's prophecy are supported by Ezekiel. "For I AM the Lord; I will speak, and the word that I shall speak shall come to pass." The

same prophet says of God: "I AM their inheritance; I AM¹ their possession." Coming to the New Testament writers, we find a cluster of precious words associated with the ineffable title. John quotes the words of Jesus when he says: "I AM the Bread of life." Also, "I AM the Light of the world." Again, "I AM the Door," the only way into heaven; and to show His connection with us as His sheep, He says, "I AM the good Shepherd." He also gives us an unmistakable pledge that we shall rise again, when He majestically declares, "I AM the resurrection and the life." And how simple and sweet are the words, "I AM the Way, the Truth, and the Life:" and not less blessed are the words, "I AM the First and the Last." "I AM He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I AM alive for evermore." And to show us, further, from whence all new covenant blessings spring, He says: "I AM the Root and Offspring of David;" and not only so, but "I AM the true Vine;" and to prove our union to Him and His eternal love to us, He says, "Lo, I AM with you alway, even to the end of the world, that thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, the Lord thy God." Amen.

JOSEPH IRONS' VIEW OF A CHRISTIAN AND A DEIST.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have just turned up an old card, the size of a post-card, written on both sides for circulation by that highly useful and respected servant of God, Joseph Irons, and thinking the same might be appreciated by your numerous readers, I herewith forward you a copy as worthy of a niche in the EARTHEN VESSEL.—Yours affectionately, W. WINTERS.

The obverse of the card reads thus:—

"THE HAPPY MAN

IS one who has discovered (by Divine teaching) the guilt and depravity of his whole nature—is humbled before God, as a helpless, ruined sinner—renounces all dependence on creature merit—and rests wholly on the person and work of Christ for salvation.

"Made a new creature by regenerating grace, he possesses a spiritual capacity—performs spiritual acts—lives on spiritual provisions—and enjoys spiritual pleasures. He passes through the world as a man on a journey, looking forward to heaven as his home; and though his way may be rough and mysterious, he rejoices in hope of the glory of God. His Father's love is shed abroad in his heart; his Saviour's fulness supplies all his wants; and he has the witness of the Holy Spirit that he is a child of God, and consequently an heir of glory. 'His life is hid with Christ in God'—his food is the bread of life sent down from heaven, and his native air is spirituality. His affairs for time and eternity are managed by Infinite Wisdom; his steps are ordered by the Lord; the very hairs of his head are all numbered; his name is registered in heaven, and all the persons and perfections of Deity are engaged in covenant for his EVERLASTING SALVATION.

"He has passed from death unto life, and shall not come into condemnation; he stands complete in Christ; he carries on correspondence with heaven, and, living or dying, he is the Lord's. Like Enoch, he walks with God; like Paul, he knows whom he has believed; and like

John, he has an unction from the Holy One abiding on him. He is clothed in a perfect righteousness; surrounded with divine perfections; moved by divine operations; secured by covenant engagements; and destined to inhabit for ever a MANSION OF BLISS. J. IRONS."

On the reverse of the card is—

"AN APPEAL TO REASON.

"WHO IS THE GAINER?"

"SUPPOSE the Deist to be right, and Christianity to be a delusion; what then has the Deist gained? wherein has he the advantage? Is he *happier* than the Christian? *No!* Is he *more useful* in society? *No!* Can he meet the sorrows of life with *more fortitude*? *No!* Can he look into futurity with *more composure*? *No!* His life is perfect madness; and of his death, it may be said, 'he died as a fool dieth.' But the Christian is happy in himself, or rather in his Saviour; he is *useful* in his day, and as safe, *at least* in his death, as any of the children of Adam.

"Suppose the *Deist* to be *wrong*, and *Christianity* to be *true* (and true it will be found) *then* has not the Christian the advantage? Is he not a present and eternal gainer? He has a constant supply of happiness from above and unchanging in his Saviour and Redeemer, to whom he may unbosom himself freely; relief at hand amidst all his troubles, a sure foundation for the most solid hope; and a delightful prospect beyond the grave.

"THE CHRISTIAN HAZARDS NOTHING; HE GAINS ALL THINGS !!! The Deist hazards, yea, *forfeits all things*, and *gains nothing*; while he lives he makes himself the tool of the devil, and when he dies *he looks for annihilation, but finds damnation !!!*

"*Who is on the Lord's side?* Reader, if you would be happy in time and safe for eternity, you must have God for your Father, Christ for your Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost for your Sanctifier; otherwise you live under condemnation, you will die accursed, and you will PERISH FOR EVER !!!

"*Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.*"—1 Tim. iv. 8."

The substance of this card, I have no doubt, will be familiar to some of the good old Ironites of the famous "Grove" of Camberwell.

W. W.

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE LUSH.

BY the death of Lord Justice Lush the rank of Baptist deacons receives a lamentable blow. His lordship was a great friend to the many little country chapels of North and South Wales, which he regularly visited when on circuit, and invariably gave the pastor an encouraging word, with the addition, usually, of a substantial contribution to its funds. He was a member of the committees of leading Baptist societies. One of his sons is in training for the Baptist ministry at Regent's Park chapel. Lady Lush and the Judge reckoned this fact the highest family honour they possessed.

[Poor boy! We hope he will make as good a minister as his honoured father was a judge, of whose life we hope to have a review.]

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE!

A MAN was going off to preach, I fancied, I dreamed, or I thought; his poor wife stood watching him; the children around her were watching also. At last the wife, the mother, spoke out, crying: "Now, John, are you going off preaching, and leaving me no money?" The man looked cross; he fumbled about in his pocket, pulled out a few shillings, and off he started. I felt this sort of thing was not right. I said to my wife: "If a man does not live CHRIST at home, I would never send him to preach CHRIST abroad. If CHRIST is not in the house, if we have not faith and fellowship with Him at home, if we breathe not His Spirit in our families, and do not honour Him in our houses, I fear all external profession is vain. You tell me some wives, some mothers, some daughters, some sons, are so crooked, so contrary, so wild, so extravagant, so aggravating, that it is impossible to live in peace with them. I know such things are vexing, trying; still, Peter had a wife; Paul, I suppose, had none; but I think Peter was tried in that direction. What does the dear old suffering saint say to us? He winds up a most practical argument with this remarkable three-fold sentiment:—'For so is the will of God; that, with WELL-DOING, ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men' (and women too)."

Now, I have a long review to take. I have been following Christ from house to house, up to a striking case; but, having my orphans, aged and afflicted ministers and widows to see to, you must receive this as just knocking at the door. I hope to come in presently, and have a little talk with you about

"CHRIST IN THE HOUSE."

THE OBJECT OF FAITH.

BELIEVE the Bible and thou shalt be saved. No. There is no such word written. It is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Do not trouble yourself in the first instance about questions connected with the book of Genesis, or difficulties suggested by the book of Revelation. Let the wars of the Jews alone in the meantime, and dismiss Jonah from your mind. Look to Jesus: get acquainted with Him, listen to His Word, believe in Him, trust Him, obey Him. This is all that is asked of you in the first instance. After you have believed on Christ, and taken Him as your Saviour, your Master, your Model, you will not be slow to find out that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, and for reproof, and for correction, and for instruction in godliness." You may never have all your difficulties solved, or all your objections met, but you will be sure of your foundation; you will feel that your feet are planted on the "Rock of Ages."—*Dr. Gibson.*

"FOR My thoughts are not your thoughts." I have always seen God justify Himself in the long run; I am continually discovering that I misunderstood Him, and murmured when He was kindest.—*Lacordaire.*

A SACRED MEDITATION.

By J. W. CARTER,

Minister of Broadstairs Baptist Chapel.

<p>THY greatness, my God, is a theme I do ponder, Thy mercy a theme I do love; And Thy lovingkindness! it fills me with wonder, And draws me to Jesus above.</p> <p>Thy love to <i>elect</i> me, and <i>predestination</i>, Thy knowledge of me and my need; Thy covenant of grace, and eternal salvation, Constrain me to love Thee indeed.</p> <p>To choose me before I had any existence, But in Thy own plan to redeem; And bring me to Jesus, 'gainst all my resistance, A willing believer in Him.</p> <p>Made me a new creature by regeneration, Ah! this I shall never forget; The peace, and the joy, and the sweet consolation, I remember with pleasure e'en yet.</p> <p>The work of Thy Spirit in my transformation Is a thing of importance to me;</p>	<p>My seeing, and feeling, and sweet contemplation, Are things I attribute to Thee.</p> <p>To Thee—the Creator of ev'ry creation, The holy, the just, and the true; No good can proceed, but by Thy dispensation, For nothing the creature can do.</p> <p>Man is sinful and helpless, wretched and dying, No wisdom to guide him to God; In hopeless, despairing condition is lying, And knows not his helper, the Lord.</p> <p>To grace, and to mercy, and love we're indebted, To God and His well-beloved Son; The work of salvation's begun and completed, Alone by the great Three-in-One.</p> <p>All praise and all glory, Jehovah, be given, By saints and by angels to Thee; For mercy on earth, and for glory in heaven, And all Thou hast given to me.</p>
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 THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"THE ANTI-TYPICAL EPHRAIM-ITIC AGE; OR, IS CHRIST DIVIDED?"

WE have been reading the "annual addresses" of those different monthly issues whose editors profess to "contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints," and the conviction sank deep into the soul that the writers of these several addresses are much like unto one man who mounted up into the observatory of "THE ANCIENT MILESTONE." There were, as "*Imaginosus*" writeth, a long flight of stone steps in the said

"ANCIENT MILESTONE,"

which steps led up into the central, the right hand, and the left-hand chambers of *observation*. The right hand was called, "*The Hall of Retrospection*." On the left hand was the well-lighted study of "*Prophetic Anticipation*," and in the centre of the two former observatories was the "*Academy of the Rest of Consolation*." This central academy of "*THE Rest of Consolation*" had no outlook, either of the past, the present, or the future; but it had a brilliant and power-

ful telescope, which looked *upward*. It carried the eye of the peering observer right straight up into the third heavens. This wonderful eye-conductor gave no light to the things on the earth; it stopped not to investigate either the airy or the planetary spheres; but it gave a glorious view of

"THE THIRD HEAVEN"

unto everyone who had listened to *Christ's* counsel (Rev. iii. 18), and had bought of our blessed *Redeemer* "gold tried in the fire." By reason of their riches (of a living and godly faith) these central chamber people had *retired* from the bustle and business, the controversies and contentions of "I am of Paul; I am of Apollos; I am of Cephas; I am of this; I am of the other." Yea, while remembering with gratitude the goodness of God in raising up a variety of famous ministers, yet, seeing each one had set up some idol of his own, seeing the people had been weak enough to fall down and worship these different idols; seeing also that some had commenced beating their fellow servants because each one insisted that the idol which *he* most admired was *THE ONE* that all the

elect ought also to look unto; seeing these idol-worshippers had produced bitter, blighting, blustering, yea, peace-destroying divisions, these said "Central Chamber men," having been into the "Hall of Retrospection," having passed into the "Study of Prophetic Anticipation," having listened to Newton, to Bickersteith, to Cumming, to Thomas Hughes, to Baxter, and others, having read Grattan Guinness, and a multitude of pre-millennial and post-millennial authors, which lay thick on the tables of this "Study of Prophetic Anticipation;" these central chamber men having heard, in their own souls, that voice which saith:

"LOOK UNTO ME AND BE YE SAVED, ALL YE ENDS OF THE EARTH,"

and having become clothed with the "WHITE RAIMENT" (of a Saviour's perfect righteousness); being also anointed with eye-salve, so that they were not short-sighted, nor weak-sighted, but so anointed with the golden ointment of the divine unction of the *Holy Ghost* that they could, through this straight up and marvellously strong telescope, look into that happy kingdom where Jesus standeth on the right hand of God, and whose loving speech is heard through

"All those wide extended plains,"

saying, "I AM HE that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I AM ALIVE for EVERMORE!" This voice of *Christ*, which called them, this sight of an everlastingly living Saviour, which cheered and comforted them, had settled their souls down on the seat of quietness; and there they were singing,—

"Our willing souls would stay,
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing ourselves away
To everlasting bliss."

Ah! in this central "Academy of Examination and Consolation" the people looked truly happy; and having been well refreshed, and divinely satisfied, each took his pilgrim's staff in his hand, and,

BIDDING FAREWELL TO 1881, MARCHED INTO 1882,

leaning on the arm of that most gloriously omnipotent *JEHOVAH*, they each set out on the unknown future, putting his foot down flat and decided, saying, "I will go in the strength of the *LORD GOD!*" Then, looking up to the eternal throne, and addressing the *Lord Himself*, exclaimed, "I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of *THINE ONLY!*" Thus onward they marched. They advanced but little on the 1882

mile of man's existence here, ere some of those who started off so full of faith had been called up to the higher home. With them Time's future has been swallowed up in the victories and glories of the paradise of *GOD*.

"There they bathe their weary souls
In seas of heavenly rest;
There not one wave of trouble rolls
Across each peaceful breast."

We are not yet with them. Our position is traversing from the chamber of retrospection into that of prophetic anticipation; we are looking at and listening to the different characters which crowd these right and left hand observatories of "The Ancient Milestone." Numerous phases of the ministerial and religious professions we here quietly survey; but some more especially have we taken a careful consideration of; and this study of not a few brought up, with great force, the question, "Is this the anti-typical Ephraimitic age?" Has not the stern voice of Heaven proclaimed,—

"Ephraim is joined to idols; LET HIM ALONE"?

The definition of the *SPIRIT*, by *Hosea*, is very expressive. "Their drink is sour. They have been guilty of idolatry continually. Their rulers, with shame, do love the 'Give ye.'"

Hosea's prophecy appears to look at the times we live in, or I am fearfully blind indeed. Even *O. H. Spurgeon* says, in his opening address, "The world grows better very slowly; we sometimes fear it grows worse! The Church relapses to her former sloth; the good are weary (and no wonder, seeing that they are often working in their own strength); and the wicked wax impudent; the times are out of joint, and

"Evil days are threatening."

Grattan Guinness thinks "the day of *Christ* is at hand! The long day of grace to the Gentiles is all but over. *Apostate Christendom* (what a mixed multitude is that, 'apostate Christendom') is soon to be cut off by *God's* righteous severity. The mystery of *God* is all but finished." Suppose these assertions are true. Suppose the final fall of anti-*Christ* is near. Suppose *Satan's* kingdom in the earth is speedily to be cut down. Then, "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

Believers in *JESUS*, *God's* only Son, penitent, praying disciples of the exalted Prince of Peace, doth it not well become us (like the ancient wrestler and *Christ-embracer*, *Habakkuk*), to cry out, "I will stand upon my watch, and set

me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say IN ME (margin) and what I shall answer when I am argued with." Habakkuk had a vision. He was to write that vision. Then the Almighty God drew a strong line of distinction between the whole race of professors, saying, "Behold, his soul which is lifted up is *not* upright in him (lifted up in the pride of self-esteem, where, I fear, many are), but the just shall live by his faith." Not by that philosophical theory of faith which PETER BOHLER found both the Wesleyans in when he first became acquainted with them; but the just liveth by that "mystery of faith" which leaveth not the man to be contented with a Christ *outside* of his soul, and which bringeth CHRIST into the soul as the only hope of glory. Of these things—of the persons in the different chambers of "the Ancient Milestone," we hope much further yet to inquire.

"*A Diligent Pastor.*" Widow Raleigh has issued a volume of her beloved husband's sermons. Poor dear, what a task it must have been! In one of her notes of him she says,

"HE WAS ALWAYS WORKING FOR THE PEOPLE!"

PASTOR! can this be said of you? But poor Dr. Raleigh, as the critical *Record* thinks, had sore wounds from some quarters. See how his widow describes him:—"Dr. Raleigh liked to have his subject chosen some days before he began to write. As soon as supper was over on Sunday evening—the time of all others when he was brightest and most at ease—he would say, 'Now a text for next Sunday!' When that point was settled, he could read up to his subject and gather in for it from all quarters. He was always working for the pulpit—'always,' as a brother minister said of him, 'either fishing or mending his nets.' On Wednesday afternoon, or even sooner, he would begin to write, and the work went on as swiftly and steadily as interruptions would permit. In the Hare-court days attempts were made to keep Friday and Saturday free of visitors, but these endeavours were not on the whole successful. Once it was Mr. Binney, who put aside the servant with an irresistible, 'Oh, I know all about your Fridays;' and very often people of less consequence than Mr. Binney would petition to be admitted—a petition which Dr. Raleigh could never refuse, although he has said, 'My chain of thought gets broken, and the spell of it is gone, so that a ten minutes'

interruption means sometimes a loss of hours.' He could not write unless he was in quietness and alone—the only interruption he could bear without annoyance was the sound of little feet overhead or on the stairs. For many years he wrote two sermons every week, and he continued to do so after he had piles of MSS. beside him which he might have used. Indeed, he could not preach an old sermon in the ordinary sense of the words. If he availed himself, as he often did latterly, of a former manuscript, he recast and altered it to bring it into harmony with his present thinking, so that the labour was almost as great as if it had been new. His sermons of the last ten years of his life were generally dashed off with a very rapid pen, and cost him less time than his earlier ones. No doubt his working power would have been greater in some ways if his ideal had been less high. Mr. Binney once said to him, 'Raleigh, you will ruin your health because you have not the moral courage to preach a poor sermon.' But it would be equally true to say that his inability to do less than his best was the secret of his success." A hard-working gentleman was Dr. Raleigh.

"GOOD AND BAD IN EVERY CLIME."—"An ancient son of the Puritans" has a work on the various curious characters he has met with, and listened to, in the ministry of the Gospel. He arranges them in circles. Romish Priests are the outer circle; next circle, the English national clergymen; then the various hosts of Arminian circles. In the centre some Baptists. Some he found sacred, spiritual, scholastic, and sincere. Many of the *Strict* are defined as "strict and severe," "sour and sonorous," "bold and bombastic," "blessed and reticent." Oh, such pictures of these eccentric foemen; of their so-called sermons; these samples are suggestive of the necessity of submitting to some kind of friendly advice.

The hymn-books, the sermons, the magazines, and the numerous issues from the churches, the chapels, and the societies are groaning for freedom, and we are oppressed by them and the cargo of letters and papers, all of which we will bring into daylight when the opportunity comes. Thomas Stringer publicly proclaimed us as the relieving officer of the poor Churches. We did not feel at liberty to dispute the point with so noble an orator.

The Blow at Antinomianism, &c. Mr. Aikman's new work is just issued. Will the people read it?

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PROSPERITY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT HARWICH, ESSEX.

In the Autumn of 1880 this cause of God was, by deaths, removals, withdrawals, and the lack of a settled pastor, reduced to the lowest possible state, inasmuch that the remaining few who held together became quite dispirited and disheartened; besides which, the heavy debt upon the chapel, which for nearly forty years had stood at £150, and was now by the addition of £30 for necessary repairs increased to £180, it was felt that the payment of 6 per cent. per annum upon so large a sum was such a pecuniary pressure that it was seriously contemplated to close the chapel altogether.

It was at this juncture, and when I had just retired from a long mercantile life, that an invitation to supply the pulpit for the month of October, 1880, was sent me. This, at the time I was anticipating rest, quietude, and even seclusion, though coming from the place of former friends and pleasant memories, filled me with confusion and controversy, the two prospects before me being so antagonistic. But the dear deacons' letter of invitation and lamentation made me take the whole matter to the Lord (as I was informed they on their part had also done), and a felt sense of weakness forced out the cry, "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" when the answer was immediately given, "By the God of Jacob, to be sure." Then said I, "In the name of the God of Jacob I will go." And very soon it became manifest that the Lord Himself had heard the prayers of His distressed people, for despite all the drawbacks and unpromising prospects, the case was not "too hard" for the Lord. A rally around the uplifted banner took place, and a real revival of hope and refreshing of spirit was the result. Seeing this, I accepted the unanimous invitation of the Church to become their settled pastor, and from that day (Nov. 29, 1880) to this there has been one unbroken line of prosperity, as the following summary of the year 1881 will shew. Old and established believers have been confirmed in the faith; others have been built up in the truth, and some brought to know the Lord. Our additions to the Church have been five by baptism and two received back again into communion who had left; there are more in a halting position. The congregation has largely increased; the prayer meetings are well attended; a Sunday school has been established through the active energies of a truth-loving wife, and which now numbers 100 children. In this latter auxiliary we have been much encouraged by the liberal gift of fifty Bibles from the British and Foreign Bible Society, with the grant of the purchase of another fifty at half-price. The poor also have been well cared for, aided, as we have been, by a private gift at the beginning of the year of a cheque for £10, and at the end another cheque for £5, both from a noble baronet

and M.P., and which have enabled us to establish ladies' working parties, to make warm garments for the poor.

Our anniversary and congregational tea meetings were conducted by Mr. S. K. Bland and Mr. Houghton, of Ipswich, when five suitable presents were publicly made (with a short address by the pastor) to five young persons who had rendered good and voluntary service to the cause, and this anniversary, which was every way a success, was supplemented by a tea meeting for the children of the Sunday school.

Nor has the debt upon the chapel been lost sight of, for not only has the interest been kept up, but during the year the sum of £40 has been paid off the principal, and all this without noise, excitement, or show, and, moreover, without envy, unlawful means, or strife. Prayer has been the weapon of our warfare, love inscribed on our banner, peace, the product of grace, and prosperity, the award of God.

Thus has been truly verified the impression made at the onset of our settlement upon the mind of one of our deacons as follows: 4th November, 1880. "I cannot tell," he said, "how it is, but I have a strong conviction that much blessing will arise from this interposition of Divine Providence, the commencement of which has been so pure and peaceful."

God Almighty grant that His blessing may continue to rest upon us, His good Spirit be our guide, and His most holy name shall have all the glory. JOSIAH.

Esplanade House, Harwich.

KING'S CROSS.—EBENEZER, CALEDONIAN-ROAD. Special services were held on December 26. Mr. Bardens preached in afternoon on "The Gift of God." The grand and glorious matters set forth by the preacher rendered it, through the Spirit, a time of refreshing. Mr. Shaw, of Gravesend, presided in evening, and gave an instructive address. Mr. T. R. Marshall prayed for the divine blessing, Mr. Garrod spoke of the "Great Salvation," Mr. John Kingston, "The Love of Christ;" Mr. Langford shewed the effects of the coming Emmanuel into the world, causing a commotion in the minds of kings and peoples, and emotion in the hearts of believers; He being the object of devotion, and the promotion of His people's hopes. Mr. Mayo, of Watford, gave a soul-cheering address on "The Apostle Paul's Ministry;" there was in it principle, prevalence, promises, and precepts, dwelling most sweetly on the power and efficacy of the precious blood to cleanse, to keep, to save. The meeting closed with, "Crown Him Lord of All." We desire to take courage, and press forward in faith and patience, trusting in the Lord with full purpose of heart, knowing that He worketh all things according to His own purpose, and for His own glory.—JOHN GARROD, Camden Town.

ESTHER SPARROW.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Some of the dear saints may like to hear of the happy departure of my last Christian friend and sister in the Lord, whom I have kept up communion with for this last 23 years, ESTHER SPARROW. She was born on Good Friday, 1815, and entered her eternal rest October 14, 1881, resting solely on the finished work of her dear Redeemer.

In all my experience I never met with one (except James Cox) who was more grounded and settled in the covenant ordered in all things and sure. Her life and conversation fully exemplified what she loved and lived upon in her own soul. She was brought to a knowledge of her state as a sinner at the early age of 13, and was in great distress of mind for about twelve months, when the Lord, the Spirit, brought home with power to her soul the words in Isa. liv.: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper," &c. From that time there was, I have heard her say, a firm persuasion that the Lord had a fixed purpose for all His chosen. Then the question arose as to her interest in this blessed covenant: and so she went on praying and hoping till the Lord laid His afflicting hand upon her; and after she got a little better, she was for four months as though she had no feeling at all. She moved about like one as dead, though alive; no desire for prayer, no life, no concern, and yet there was a concern, until the Lord in His Providence removed her from Halesworth, in Suffolk, to London. Now she felt troubled as to her interest in the blood and righteousness of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, whether she was interested in the covenant or no. She went from one place to another, till she heard our late dear pastor, James Wells, and he so explained the covenant to her mind, and the Lord the Spirit so brought it home to her soul that she was one of those characters that God the Father, through the atonement of His dear Son, had chosen for Himself. She felt the same as Ruth did, when she clave to Naomi. She was baptized; she joined the Church, and was a consistent member for 39 years. Thus, at her death she was one of the oldest members living. The writer has lost a dear friend and adviser. She was the means of my being brought to hear Mr. James Wells, and after five months' wrestling and praying the Lord appeared unto me as my Saviour, to the joy and rejoicing of my soul. Many, many have been the blessed conversations concerning our Lord and Master we have had; and many times could we say with the apostles, "Did not our heart burn within us as He talked to us by the way?"

Many were her trials and sorrows, according to the flesh; but amidst them all her eye was up unto the Lord, and she used to say, "John, it is amongst the all things, you know; man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." She was never married, but with what she earned with her hands, she delighted to help those she knew, especially those of the household of faith. She was beloved by all who knew her, who

love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. A woman of few words, but what she did say was with savour and power; she could detect error in a moment, and yet would not dispute. If asked a question, you had a straightforward answer, whether it offended or not. She feared no one; her sole aim was the honour of her Lord. In her last days she removed to Surbiton, where she attended (when her health would permit) Providence chapel, Kingston. The supplies sometimes pleased her greatly. Thus she worked on until within about eighteen months of her death, when it was plain to us who knew her the Lord was gradually taking her down in body. She had to give up her situation, and was removed back again to Clapham, near her sister, who attended her faithfully up to her death. She had still the same settled calm resting on the finished work of her Lord; and thus she fell asleep in Jesus, October 14, 1881, without a struggle or a groan. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers."

So prays, yours in the best of bonds,

JOHN SYCAMORE.

Vauxhall, S.W., Dec., 1881.

BOSTON. — EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send the report of the re-opening services of the above place of worship, which I hope will be somewhat gratifying to the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, some of whom have known Ebenezer years gone by, when peace and prosperity was the element enjoyed. After the lapse of several months, the unfoldings of Divine Providence revealed the fact that Ebenezer chapel had been offered to the Church and congregation worshipping in Bethel chapel, Trinity-street, under the pastorate of Mr. J. Bolton. This offer was accepted; Bethel friends have had Ebenezer repaired and painted, and not a few were delighted to see it look clean and cheerful; many felt thankful to be able to resume their old sittings, and listen once more to the sound of the Gospel in the place so dear to some of them in days of yore. J. Ashworth, Esq., of Rochdale, was the preacher for the occasion, and took for his text Isa. xxxiii. 20: "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down, not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken." And truly it was very blessed to hear this servant of the Lord unfold, with his wonted precision and Spirit-taught ability, the beautiful sentiment and meaning of the text. The friends afterwards resorted to Bethel chapel, where nearly 200 took tea, served under the supervision of Mr. Alfred Sill, assisted by the ladies of the congregation, whose first-class management and cheerful attention gave the greatest satisfaction to all present. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by J. Ashworth, Esq. Very encouraging it must have been to Mr. A. to have found himself surrounded by so many godly ministers and deacons, the Strict Baptist Churches of Lincolnshire being

thereby well represented. After singing, and prayer by Mr. Bullen, of Burgh, Mr. Ashworth gave a lucid description of the breast-plate worn by the High Priest of old, giving the name and typical meaning of each particular stone, thereby showing how the chosen, redeemed, sanctified and saved Church of God were all upon the heart and affections of the great anti-typical High Priest, who ever lives to intercede in the courts of bliss. Mr. Carr spoke upon the significant name, "Ebenezer," or stone of help; he was very blessedly led out. Then came our own dear John Bolton, whom we highly esteem in love for his work's sake. His remarks chiefly referred to the exercise of his own mind with regard to the leadings of God's providence in connection with the way in which Ebenezer chapel had come to be "our chapel," and he (Mr. Bolton) the minister thereof, it being the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. Brethren J. Wortley and Newbold, of Spalding, spoke encouraging words of sound advice, and Mr. Ashworth concluded with the usual benediction. We hope that this meeting was the forerunner of a better state of things in the future. So prays yours in the faith, J. SHARPE.—Sunday, January 15.—I am thankful to inform you that the chapel was again well attended, both morning and evening; and that Brother Bolton appeared very happy in his new sphere of labour, he being favoured with much liberty in preaching.—J. S.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION. — PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, MEYRICK-ROAD. — Annual meeting was Tuesday, December 27 last. Chapel was well filled; Mr. Kevan read and prayed, Brother Box delivered an excellent discourse from, "Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind," &c. At evening meeting some good addresses from Isa. ix. 6, "Unto us a child is born," &c., by Brethren Copeland, Cornwell, Brown, Hand, and Clark. Mr. James Lee presided, and conducted the meeting with excellent tact and Christian discretion. The Lord has given him a large heart, evidenced not by words only, for abundantly has he exemplified the Divine injunction, "To do good, and to communicate, forget not." Brother Lee has had a heavy trial in the painful affliction of his dear partner; may those whose hearts he has cheered, and whose hands he has strengthened by liberal help, remember him before God in prayer. We proposed that in 1880, besides providing for interest on debt, a further £100 should be paid off the chapel debt. We thank our God, and the preacher (Mr. Box), the chairman, ministers, and friends, for the amount was completed by the meeting. We take this opportunity of recording our obligations and thanks to the ministerial brethren who have hitherto acceptably preached to us the Word of life. Mr. John Bonney, who, in turn with others, has served us nearly four years, has, in answer to repeated requests, written that he will supply us, taking a general oversight as minister for twelve months, and, if approved, to continue as long as the people are willing

to receive him, and he is equal to the work. The Word preached has been attended with divine power. As a Church we are praying and looking for the rain of divine blessing on seed sown. Our beginning was small; in 1872 seven persons joined in Church union; a room was opened for preaching near Clapham-junction; numbers increased; another place was taken, from both we were removed by the requirements of the School Board. Seeing how much the Gospel was needed in this rising and now dense neighbourhood, after much prayer, and believing the work was of the Lord, a site was obtained in 1875, a chapel was built to seat 350 persons, with school and vestries, at a cost of £2,550; the whole is freehold, and is placed in trust to the Baptist denomination. The cause prospers, the Sunday-school overflowed; but a debt of £800 remains. We are anxious to clear it; our Church and congregation are mainly of the working-class; they have worked heartily in the cause, and we feel that iterated appeals press heavily upon them, and hinder our work. We ask the help and solicit contributions of our brethren and sisters who love the Gospel and its Divine Author, which will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. H. Clark, deacon, South-lodge, Wandsworth; or Mr. S. Stiles, 1, Providence Cottage, Wye-street, Battersea.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—MY OLD FRIEND C. W. BANKS,—Of some necessity, in silent thoughtfulness, as my life-call compelled me, I have travelled in various parts of the Northern and Eastern counties, and, in conversation with some gentlemen, favourable to real religion, to heaven's great development of the deep, the high, the holy, the happy things of a sacred Trinity, I have become thoroughly acquainted with facts which tend to weaken the so-called "Strict Baptist Churches" in many parts of England. "All things leave their track in the mind, and the glass of the mind is faithful." I live far from "Ridicule;" but when any place is erected as "a house of God" by unworthy means; "when godness sitteth in the dust, and wickedness is enthroned in Babel;" when "deceit and treachery skulk with hatred;" when religion weeps, being wounded, surely, then, it is high time to warn the simple and the sincere of the danger of being deceived by those workers who are the authors of much mischief. O Banks! as I have gone through Peterborough, Quadring, Boston, Sleaford, Spalding, and adjacent parts, has not the 50th Psalm sounded in me? I am now at Skegness, and the new Burgh pastor holds a service here on Tuesday evenings. I grieve to tell you when I was at Spalding, I heard your strongly attached old friend, the preacher and deacon for so many years, had been called home. He was a valued old Christian, but he has no poverty, no pains now. The late pastor's widow has fractured a limb. The good pastor in Love-lane is zealous and powerful. Of the new Burgh pastor will say something very good when I get further on my journey.—ALF.

NEW YEAR'S MEETING AT SPELDHURST-ROAD CHAPEL, SOUTH HACKNEY.

It was the happy privilege of C. W. Banks, as pastor of the above chapel, together with a strong body of ministers and friends, to commemorate the goodness and mercy of the Lord through the past year, with hopefulness for a bright future, by holding a special thanksgiving service on Monday, January 2, 1882; and the main attractive feature of the occasion was a narration of the life in brief of Mr. John Bolton, pastor of Trinity chapel, Boston, delivered by himself under the annexed heading: "Narrative of the Deliverance from the Coal-mines, and his Introduction to the Gospel Ministry."

Mr. W. Winters, presiding, opened the service with a hymn of the "seraphic Swain's" (Denham's Selection):—

"Jesus, how heavenly is the place
Where Thy dear people wait for Thee!
Where the rich fountain of Thy grace,
Stands ever open, full and free."

A Psalm was read and prayer offered, after which C. W. Banks introduced Mr. Bolton to the audience, with a few words of gentleness and affection relative to his personal knowledge of him for many years past.

Mr. Bolton occupied about one hour and a half in discoursing of the most interesting part of his career as a worker in the coal-mines and as a preacher of the Gospel, the substance of which we cannot give in the columns of the EARTHEN VESSEL, as we hope it will be published in full in book form. Mr. Bolton is evidently an original character, with mannerisms purely his own, stamped with a plain exterior, and with prominent signs of real honesty and native simplicity, although, as the Londoners would say, he has been farther *North* than some of us. His heart is fired with the love of Christ, and his judgment is matured in things divine by reading and meditation. Mr. Bolton's early career, which he is pleased to term, "dragged up," is full of striking incidences of special providences, as is also the Lord's dealings with him after his conversion. The house in which he was born, at Swindon, reminds us of the hut in which the great George Stephenson first saw the light of day, the walls unplastered, clay floor, and the rafters bare, with chimney-corners in which he could sit and count the stars; and the chapel with which Mr. Bolton was early associated, with its straw thatched roof, was cleaner, though as snug as a North American wig-wam.

Since Mr. Bolton's conversion he has become familiar with many of the servants of Christ. He spoke lovingly of C. W. Banks, James Wells, John Foreman, George Wyard, William Gadsby, John Wigmore, John Thomas, and the late Mr. Snaith, of Norfolk, whose name we also hold in loving remembrance. Mr. Bolton concluded his interesting address with a considerable number of verses on the words, "Be still, and know that I am God." The well-known and appropriate hymn of Addison,—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,"

was heartily sung, and an earnest prayer by our old friend, William Lodge, terminated the afternoon service.

A goodly number of friends partook of tea. James Mote, Esq., presiding at the evening meeting, opened the service with a hymn. Mr. Burbage offered prayer. Mr. Mote made some pleasing remarks on the purport of the meeting, and expressed his warmest sympathy with his old and valued friend, Mr. Charles Waters Banks. The subject allotted to the speakers of the evening was "The Present and Future State of the Churches." This was dealt with in its doctrinal, experimental, and practical order by brethren H. Myerson, W. Winters, C. W. Banks, T. Stringer, Isaac Levinsohn, J. Elsey, Samuel and John Waters Banks, W. Holt, D. Stanton, and others, spoke in good spirits, and the meeting throughout was in every way happy; not a jarring note was heard, but all with one accord blessed and praised God.—
W. WINTERS.

WARE.—New Year's service was prefaced by excellent tea; a goodly number of friends present. Evening meeting presided over by Mr. John Sampford; Mr. G. Winterton prayed; Mr. Sampford gave some appropriate remarks respecting the cause of Christ in Ware; the friends had been accustomed to similar meetings before the Church was founded in July, 1860. The historical associations of Ware are of considerable interest, it being the birth place of the renowned Joseph Irons and of our esteemed brother Mr. Wm. Flack, whose presence cheered the meeting. Mr. R. Bowles gave a speech full of Gospel and sound common sense. Mr. Chapman, an aged and valuable deacon, spoke on the unchangeableness of Jesus, and supplemented his speech with a New Year's gift to Mr. Sampford in the name of the friends worshipping there. It was our lot to say a few words on the occasion, after which brother W. Flack made an appropriate speech. The songs of praise were sung with spirit and feeling; the service ended happily. To the Lord be all the praise for His love and mercy to the pastor and people of the ancient and somewhat spiritually dark town of Ware.—
W. WINTERS.

WILLENHALL.—GOMER-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL. On Tuesday, December 27, 1881, meetings were held on behalf of Sunday school. Prizes were awarded. A number of friends partook of the good things provided; after which the chairman, Mr. G. Banks, addressed the meeting. Mr. D. Smith, of Bilston, engaged in prayer. Then followed a service of song, "Home, Sweet Home," the singing and reading of which was efficiently rendered. It was an encouraging meeting. The cause, under the pastorate of our esteemed brother Banks, is reviving in every sense of the word. He appears to have a united and happy people. The chapel has been cleaned. We trust God will still go on to bless with peace, with love, with increase.—AN OBSERVER.

GUILDFORD.—NEW YEAR'S MEETING.—The friends connected with the Old Baptist Chapel, Tunsgate, took advantage of a New Year to hold some special meetings. There was a debt of about £85 remaining on cost of the effective improvement made by enlarging the schoolroom; and the occasion was thought suitable for making an effort to remove the incubus. It is a pleasure to say that the wishes of the Church and school officers were practically accomplished. The pulpit was occupied on Tuesday afternoon by Mr. C. Masterson, a London pastor possessed of considerable ability as a preacher and speaker. He delivered a forcible sermon, founded on Joh ii. 9. Tea was afterwards served in the schoolroom. When the refection had been disposed of, the congregation returned to the chapel, which was fairly filled whilst a public meeting proceeded. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Bonny, who fulfilled the duties of the position with admirable tact, and contributed largely, by his capital speeches, his pleasant illustrations, and his practical example, in securing the good end which was the principal purpose of the gathering. Under the guidance of Mr. Pickett, the school superintendent, a choir of young people successfully rendered some anthems, and thus increased the pleasure derived by those who listened. Mr. Pickett, school superintendent, gave a detailed finance report. Mr. J. Rankine, Commercial-road chapel, gave a suitable address on the New Year, looking at it as a time of thankfulness, a time when they could look into the future with a desire to grow in grace, to thank God and take courage. After a telling speech from Mr. Bonny, a collection was taken. The amount received was £10 11s., leaving £19 9s. to be provided. Mr. Charles Masterson gave a thoughtful and instructive address in urging the cultivation of three things at the present season—a spirit of earnest prayer, a spirit of watchfulness, and a spirit to seek opportunities to do good. Mr. E. Mitchell, the pastor, was the last speaker. He stated the feeling of thankfulness which filled his heart, and dwelt upon the answer to prayer which the day's proceedings had been. It was always a great distress to himself to have a debt, and the great effort which had resulted so favourably had taken a great load off his own mind. A closing address from the chairman, and singing and prayer terminated a successful New Year's service.

MR. P. DICKERSON'S JUBILEE.

Few men have travelled through fifty years in the ministry with more honourable success and usefulness than this venerable and godly man, a Christian in every sense of the word. More than fifty years, however, has Mr. Dickerson spent in preaching the Gospel. His earliest, his youthful days, were given to the Lord in the country; and, frequently, the days of our first love are the most happy and unmixed seasons of grace and gladness. We gradually leave these behind, and enter into the fields of conflict, of hard study, and of ripeness for deeper work. While Philip Dickerson and Charles Stovell have, as neigh-

bours, sailed on in fine weather and with fair winds for above half-a-century, many thousands have fallen away. May an eternity of life and love in glory be enjoyed by these excellent soldiers of the cross. On January 18, the *City Press* said:—

“The Rev. Philip Dickerson having completed a fifty years' connection with the Baptist Church at Little Alie-street, Aldgate, services were held on Sunday last to commemorate the event. The Rev. Charles Masterson preached in the morning, and the pulpit in the evening was occupied by Mr. P. Dickerson, who, as a matter of course, referred to his long and intimate knowledge of the neighbourhood of Aldgate for over half-a-century. Mr. Dickerson was, some years ago, as a representative man, popular among the body to which he belongs, the Particular Baptists. When Mr. Dickerson retired from the pastorate of Little Alie-street some years ago, the present minister, Mr. Charles Masterson, was elected to take the oversight of the Church. Little Alie-street is one of the old-fashioned meeting-houses; but there is a good congregation.”

SYDENHAM, OXON.—Monday, Dec. 26, 1881, we held a thanksgiving service for a twofold purpose—viz., to raise the remaining five pounds debt, and to record our gratitude to God for His special favour and help. Twelve months ago the new chapel was talked of, to cost £200. The Lord raised up many kind friends to help us. Eventually the chapel was built. During the building of the chapel more than £200 was raised, which enabled us to build vestry and other accommodations, added with furniture and tea accompaniments, to the entire cost of £300. On September 26 last, the new chapel was opened; a small debt of £5 was remaining. On December 26, tea was provided, to which the friends flocked with good will and pleasure; after which a public meeting was presided over by E. B. Lloyd, pastor. The speakers were Messrs. J. Thompson (of Bledlow), B. Rogers (of Chinnor), H. Tilbury, Geo. Oakeley, A. Austin, and Geo. Scott (of Wycombe). It rejoiced our hearts to see our aged brother Thompson with us, who told us some delightful things of the goodness of the Lord toward him. Our other brethren followed with earnest and sympathetic addresses. A very interesting meeting was enjoyed that will long be remembered. The friends responded so well to the collection as to raise the required amount, except 10s. Here our brother A. Austin came out with his usual spirit and liberality, and told the friends he would give half if the other five shillings was raised. A second appeal to the friends gave the very pleasing result of a balance of six shillings. We desire as a Church and people to tender our sincere thanks to the many kind friends that have helped us. The Lord has been mindful of us; He has blessed us; may He bless us with seals to our ministry, and souls for our hire. Amen.—E. B. LLOYD.

AN EARLY AND HAPPY DEPARTURE.

A Short Obituary of the Last Days of Annie Kate Andrews, who departed this life, December 1, 1881, aged 17, sleeping in Jesus, not too good for Heaven.

She was born at Thornford of God-fearing and loving parents, to whom she was most affectionately attached; she was her father's idol and her mother's joy. After finishing her education in Yeovil, she settled down at home—not as most girls, full of frivolity and gaiety, but possessing quiet home love. Her favourite books were "Hawker's Daily Portions," Hart's Hymns, "The Bank of Faith" (Huntington's), and, above all, her precious Bible. She was a most amiable girl, kind to all about her, and her dear aged grandmother had many of her special attentions. About six weeks before her decease, her beloved mother was speaking to her respecting her ill-health, and then asked her if she had any hope of heaven provided her time was come for departure. Her reply was that she had for a long time past been in much exercise of mind about her state, and that she had begged of the Lord to pardon her sins, and forgive her; and that one morning, before daylight, she was in much trouble, hoping the Lord would forgive her, when about five o'clock a.m. she was much comforted by these words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." She felt much easier in her mind, and more peaceful; she also said that sometimes when she arose from her knees after prayer, something would seem to say, "It is no good for you to do that;" but she was able to suppress it by saying, "Yes; it is good. I shall do it again." Her dear mother said, "You know where those insinuations come from." Her reply was, "Yes, mother; I do." She grew very much weaker, and on the morning of December 1 her dear father went into her room and inquired how she was (before leaving home), when she said she was better, and dressed herself and came downstairs; but her breathing being so very bad, the doctor advised her to lie down on a couch in the room; and when laid down she said, "Mother, I think I shall die now. I've prayed to the Lord to forgive me my sins, and I think He will." Her dear mother then said, "I have prayed for you many times."

About two hours before her death she motioned her dear mother to come close to her, and, with a sweet smile, she said, "I am happy; I have seen Jesus, and He has put away all my sins. I rejoice to go; I long to go." After a few minutes she said, "What did the doctor say?" Her mother's reply was, "Nothing, my dear." She said, "I don't care if he did; I don't wish to stop here. I clap my hands with joy to go. Will you read me a portion and a chapter?" Her dear mother then read Hawker's morning portion for December 1, and a part of John xv. She said, "Beautiful!" Her breathing was much worse, and she was sinking very fast, when, in broken accents, she said, "I re-

joice to go; do not trouble when I'm gone;" and then, soon after, she said, in a whisper, "Happy!" and breathed three times, and all was over; gone to that rest which remaineth for the people of God, and was interred in the churchyard by Mr. Varden, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

Her dear mother was much comforted during her last moments with the words, "The Lord hath need of her;" and though her dear father was not aware of her death till some time after, being absent, yet the following words were revolving like a wheel in his mind, "Trouble not the Master, the damsel is dead;" and when the messenger brought the note to him, he said he knew what it meant; and so the Lord has His own ways and means with His dear people. One thing comforts them above all others, the certain knowledge that she is with the blest, free from all sorrow and pain, for ever with the Lord. "Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

Yes, she has bid farewell to earth,

Gone to her home above;

Her Lord and Master knew her worth,

And took her—"God is love."—S. H.

AN ACROSTIC.

A lovely bud, just opening wide,
New beauties seen on every side;
Now hidden, as beneath a shale,
In a nature's mould thus born to fade.
E'en daily I, but riper grew,
Kindly watched by parent true,
And thus nurtured with such care,
Thine bud, so loving and so fair,
E'en not too beautiful for bliss—
Altho' I know full well the truth of this—
Nor would we wish it were not so,
Dear Jesus calls, and she must go,
Redeem'd and chosen, made His own,
Enters heaven's gate, wear her crown,
Waits her Lord's bidding, mid the throng,
Slugs now the everlasting song.

Grandchild of the late Rev. W. Bilder.

Yeovil, January, 1882.

CARLTON, BEDS.—After labouring in this village for twelve months, Mr. F. King has received and accepted a very cordial invitation from the Church (with the concurrence of the congregation), to become their settled pastor. We are thankful that those "who have believed through grace" are built up under the ministry of the Word. Unity and a spirit of prayer prevail among us; our week evening services are well attended; our prayer and hope is that "the hand of the Lord" will still be with us; and that some of the "other sheep," whom the good Shepherd "must bring," may soon "hear His voice," and be brought into the fold. On Monday, December 26, the teachers of our Sunday school, with the choir, and a number of other friends sat down to a social tea provided in the school-room. A public meeting followed in the evening, at which more were present than was expected. Fervent prayers were offered and suitable addresses given by several of our brethren; six anthems were exceedingly well rendered by the choir. We believe the proceedings of the evening afforded both pleasure and profit to the audience.—F. K.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

BROMLEY ROAD TABERNACLE, LEE.

Our numerous friends who have taken so deep an interest in the well-being of our friend, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, will be pleased to learn that the first anniversary of his pastorate at the above place was celebrated on Tuesday, January 10, 1882, and that everything connected with the services of that day indicated a steady and growing appreciation of his ministry, furnishing assuring prospects of a permanent prosperity. The Church, the congregation, the schools, and every auxiliary connected with the Bromley-road Tabernacle, have so multiplied that some serious thoughts are entertained of erecting the larger tabernacle on the ground already provided. Seeing Mr. Levinsohn occupies a permanent and important office in the Religious Tract Society, which calls for his unceasing attention, it is encouraging to find during the whole of the past year his ministry has proved so thoroughly edifying and refreshing, that his friends look forward with hope for the establishment of a large and useful Church in this new and extensive suburb of our five or six millioned metropolis. The careful and watchful believers who listen to and pray for their young pastor, believably exclaim, "Surely, this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." When we consider the fact that Mr. Isaac Levinsohn received in his earliest youth a first-class education, that he is a genuine Hebrew and Greek scholar, and is well read in other languages, when we review the almost miraculous conversion he experienced, the severe discipline he passed through, which in our pages was so faithfully delineated by his own pen, when we think upon the manifest interposition and guidance of the Lord's hand in leading him (when silently seeking to be assured by the Lord of his own soul's salvation) under the ministry of our earnest and faithful brother, Mr. Henry Myerson, so many years the devoted minister of Shalom chapel, Hackney; and when we add to all this the studious, the decided, and the determined powers of mind which have been developed in his past career, we cannot resist the conviction that we behold in this young Israelite the elements, the gifts, the qualifications, the experience, the faith, and the warm love of his heart towards our Lord Jesus Christ, His Gospel, His ordinances, and His people; when all these advantages are well matured, when, as we believe, he came before us, and has continued with us, with a character unblemished, we must confess that in Isaac Levinsohn we see a man who, to a certain extent, may (like our grand old apostle of the Gentiles) declare, "What things *were* gain to me, those—

"I COUNTED LOSS FOR CHRIST.

Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of CHRIST JESUS, MY LORD, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things (the affections of father, mother, family ties, possessions and prospects in his own nation,

and in the Jewish Church), and do count them but dung, that—

"I MAY WIN CHRIST, and be found in Him," &c. As we hope we were God's instrument in giving him a position in our Churches, we watch with anxiety, with hope, with prayer, his progress in the work of the ministry. May that day never come when any of those who have looked on will be able to point the finger of sorrow to either of us! May that God who has wrought so specially, and powerfully, and manifestly in the soul of our brother in Christ, Isaac Levinsohn, ever keep, bless, and honour him to the latest moment of his life. Amen and amen.

At his first anniversary, to which we have referred, a full gathering of friends assembled in the afternoon to listen to a sermon preached by Mr. Cuff. Some think nearly 200 sat down to a really excellent tea. That benevolent and gifted philanthropist, J. M. Whitaker, Esq., presided over the public meeting, and delivered a spiritual, a sensible, and intelligent address. Then followed congratulatory speeches from some of the ministers present; among whom were Messrs. J. S. Anderson, R. E. Sears, C. Masterson, R. H. Martin, W. Dexter, &c. Our smiling friend, Isaac Ballard, Mr. Teale, Mr. Camps, and a host of other witnesses were present. The choir delighted the audience with their rich and sacred renderings, and when the company began to disperse, they felt it had been a holy season of joy and gladness. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Amen.

LAXFIELD. — BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Annual teachers' tea and social meeting was held on Thursday, January 5, 1882. Upwards of 150 teachers, workers, and friends sat down, thoroughly appreciating the admirable manner in which it was carried out by the benevolent manager. At evening meeting our pastor occupied the chair; the throne of grace was earnestly supplicated by our beloved brother Seaman. In pastor's opening remarks, he spoke of the reorganisation of the school, which had recently taken place by a committee of management selected from the Church; he referred to the favourable aspect the school seemed to wear, having a united and earnest band of teachers, who had been much encouraged by the lively interest the friends had taken of late in their work. Nor was this interest confined, he said, to those friends immediately connected in the work here, for on the first day of the New Year the children were presented with a new hymn-book, the New Year's gift of our highly esteemed brethren, Wilson and Harris, of London. Addresses were delivered by teachers, friends, and superintendent of the Old Brentford Sunday-school, Mr. T. B. Voysey. Our souls were refreshed as we listened to the various speakers. We felt encouraged still to go forward, "looking unto Jesus" to crown our labours with success. A happy and profitable evening closed by singing, and with prayer by our pastor, whom we hope will be spared to see many such annual gatherings.

SUDDEN DEATH.

"Another soul to glory gone!"

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is with regret that I have to announce the death of Mr. Frederick Blowers, of Claydon, Suffolk, who suddenly departed this life January 12, 1882, being seized with an apoplectic fit, which issued in death in the course of a few hours. The funeral of this esteemed servant of the living God took place on Monday, January 16, his remains being interred in Ipswich cemetery. Messrs. W. Houghton, of Blakenham Baptist chapel, S. K. Bland, and W. Kern, of Ipswich, shared in the solemn service, which was witnessed by a great number of people, who testified, by their token of respect, the esteem in which they held the one who was now silent in death.

It may not be inappropriate to just say a word or two respecting the life of the departed. He was born at Stonham, Suffolk, in the year 1819. The early period of his manhood was spent at London, where the ministry of the late Mr. John Stevens was blessed to his soul, and by whom he was baptized in August, 1839. The name of this honoured servant of God was endeared to him through life. In 1843 he removed to Ipswich, and attended Zoar chapel of that town, where he was greatly respected and chosen deacon. In the providence of God he was led to Claydon, where he resided up to the time of his death, having lived there twenty-two years. He still attended Zoar, Ipswich, for a few years, but afterwards became connected with the Blakenham cause, where he also held the position of deacon. By his kind and sympathising spirit he won the esteem of those by whom he was surrounded. He was a firm adherent to the principles of free-grace, and could not endure any compromise in the things of God; and he also walked in those truths he professed to love, and practically preached them by his consistent Christian deportment. During his life he experienced many personal and domestic afflictions and business anxieties; great sympathy is felt and expressed for those whom he has left behind, and may they, with his many attached friends, be enabled to rejoice that their loss is his gain, and that to him sudden death was sudden glory. Now he knows even as he is known, for God hath wiped away his tears, and with his dear Redeemer his happy soul is now for ever free from sorrow, sin, and care.

The writer of this record, though he had not known him so long as many, feels his loss, for by his death the aged and young have lost a friend. But shall we wish him back? Nay, rather let us look forward to the time when we with him shall join the heavenly choristers around the throne. Even so, come Lord Jesus! B. J. N.

NOTTINGHAM.—We have 160,000 souls in this handsome town and its suburbs. Nottingham stands on a rocky eminence, with prospects of nature as delightful as any I have seen in the Midlands. Above a dozen Baptist places are to be found here, but

the New Chaucer-street Strict Baptist Chapel is as one by itself. Its minister, Mr. A. Coughtry, has been honourably successful, and is remarkably favoured. The opening services were conducted by those faithful witnesses, G. Hazlerigg, R. Frazer, and P. Tryon. Altogether, a friend tells me, the entire cost will be £2,000; our rich stocking and glass merchants will have no trouble over that. I think you ought to have a full account of "THE PAINS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE BAPTIST COMMUNITIES IN NOTTINGHAM." If faithfully traced out, it would be an immense exposition. [The notes of the opening discourses we may further examine. The letters of B. we do not understand. In silent contemplation, we wonder what will be the result of the upheavings and contentions everywhere disturbing the peace of the true disciples. In 1836, there was a divine outpouring of the SPIRIT; when Samuel Romily Hall exclaimed: "Everything good comes, directly from the LORD alone!" From whence cometh "wars and fightings AMONG YOU?" That grave apostle, James, answers. It is beautiful to know, as "Silent Witness" tells us, that "Truth—in its four-fold power—is found in Nottingham. True doctrine, safe experience, New Testament order, and peace among the people." "The peace that passeth all understanding" is the element wherein we love to dwell. A secret, civil war has been going on against us over forty years; oftimes wounded, but our text, our feeling, our desire, is, "SEEK PEACE, and PURSUE IT!"]

BRIXTON.—Services in commemoration of the seventh anniversary of Brixton Tabernacle Sunday school were held January 9 and 10, 1882. Sermons suitable to the occasion were preached by Messrs. C. Cornwell (pastor and superintendent), J. Clark, and J. Hazelton. About eighty friends enjoyed an excellent cup of tea, and a tolerable assembly greeted Messrs. C. W. Banks, J. Clark, C. Cornwell, J. Hand, W. H. Lee, T. Chivers, and others at the evening meeting. Joseph Beach, Esq., was the chairman, and conducted the proceedings with evident pleasure. The report stated that ninety-four children and ten teachers were in regular attendance, and testified to the union existing between Church and school. The total amount realised at the services was £12 3s., for which the teachers are heartily grateful. *Laus Deo.*

SUFFOLK.—Bethesda, in Ipswich Mr. Kern received seven new members at the commencement of the New Year. Zoar; Mr. Samuel Cozens is preaching for six months. At Stoke Ash, a truth-loving people cling around the ministry of their long and esteemed pastor, Mr. Charles Hill. Mr. Hollingshead has removed from Rattlesden to Eye. Aldringham and Charlesfield Churches are waiting for a merciful Providence to send them pastors. Our Churches are abiding fast in truth, with hopeful tokens of the blessing of the Lord with them.

HAYES TABERNACLE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Services commemorating the tenth anniversary of the opening of this Sunday-school were held January 4. In the afternoon Mr. R. Sears preached a profitable sermon from, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." A regular Hayes Tabernacle tea was supplied to parents, visitors, and a numerous assembly of infants in arms. At the evening public meeting Mr. C. Wilson presided. His well-known sympathy in Sunday-school work always secures him a pleasing reception. The meeting was well attended. After opening remarks and prayer, the children sang with tuneful voices, "I know there's a crown for the young." The report, containing much to stimulate the workers, was read by Mr. J. Humphreyson; its adoption was moved by Mr. J. Hintou, who supported it with a carefully chosen address. Mr. Vovsey seconded it with warmth and kindness from the words, "A friend of publicans and sinners." Report was unanimously adopted. Mr. J. Harris addressed us from the words, "Let the whole earth be filled with Thy glory. Amen and amen." His remarks came with an earnestness and humour almost unexpected. An anthem, entitled, "Behold how good and joyful," was given by teachers and friends, it was received with acclamations of appreciation. Mr. Wakelin then suggested many pleasant thoughts on the "Angels' Anthem to the Shepherds at Bethlehem." Mr. Bardens, the pastor, spoke with kindness and truth. The meeting closed with prayer by Mr. J. Humphreyson for a parting blessing. The arrangements for tea and refreshments were admirably conducted by Mrs. Wild, her daughters, and other friends.

On Friday, January 6, the New Year's treat to the children was given. The little ones enjoyed a bountiful feast of good things, their vigorous appetites proclaiming their healthy and happy enjoyment of the variety provided. After tea, Mr. Humphreyson delighted the children with views, &c.; the moral tone of the entertainment was really good. About 270 bags, containing cake, oranges, nuts, &c., were given one to each child, and prizes consisting of work-boxes, writing-desks, and numberless other useful articles were distributed to such of the scholars whose regular attendance at school and chapel had merited reward. After praise and prayer the children received cake and buns to carry home to their little brothers or sisters who might not be present.

[By means of this school the seeds of divine truth are sown, the fruit of which may never here be fully known.—Ed.]

MARGATE.—HAPPY AND HOPEFUL. Annual New Year's assembly at Mount Ephraim was January 10, 1882. About seventy enjoyed a substantial tea. Our pastor and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Wise) worked hard to render it satisfactory. Every one enjoyed themselves. Pastor was so lost in the comfort of others that he stayed not to take one cup for himself. He presided over public meeting. Deacon Miller went to

prayer. Brother Carter, of Broadstairs, beautifully discussed "The Worth and Worthiness of our precious Christ." Brother Sharp, of Ramsgate, gave us spiritual advice. Our souls gave a hearty Amen. A young brother named Haffenden, opened his heart on sacred themes; we have much to hope for from him. Deacon Miller, in the name of the Church, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Wise for the able manner in which they had conducted all things connected with the meeting; he spoke of the blessings himself and many others had experienced under the ministry of our pastor. Brother Wise defended those good old truths which had been set before us. We are happy to say some are anxiously waiting to enter in by the door. The Lord is honouring our pastor; may he long be spared to carry on the work our blessed God has placed in his hands. Such is the prayer of one who has been brought to believe under his ministry, and is—A LITTLE ONE. [While many write and speak despairingly, it causes secret joy in our heart to learn "Mount Ephraim" is still fruitful. We remember its early rising, and must believe brother Wise is a "vessel afore prepared," not only to glory, but boldly and successfully to proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God. Our London visitors will soon again be flocking to Mount Ephraim. May the coming season be one of great saving mercy in Margate.—C. W. B.]

PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I once heard a saying that religion was like a business. It must keep pace with the times. This may or may not be the case, I do not pretend to say; I leave it for older and wiser heads than mine. But I would like to say a few words on the subject of training free-grace men, who propose entering the free-grace ministry, and I trust that no offence will be taken at what I say, when no offence is meant. You are, I am sure, aware that many of the brethren who preach God's grace, learned in His Word, are, I regret to say, unlearned in their delivery; in other words, illiterate; and many who have received a good education do not care to sit under them for any length of time to listen to their discourse, because (as I have heard it expressed) "they cannot tolerate their loud harsh voice and ungrammatical language." Now, I think a remedy might be found for this. In the time of the late Mr. James Wells he, I believe, had a number of young men brought together, and instructed them in many ways, at his own cost and labour, for the work he himself so nobly performed, and at whose death was so deeply lamented: a sad loss to one who under God's blessing had begun to "fight the good fight." This, I say, was begun, and why should it not be continued? Why should we not have places of worship, where the rich might enter without feeling ashamed? And I can safely say from my own knowledge, there would be those enter and support a more expensive "tabernacle" than at present, and thus perhaps be the means employed to bring the "ransomed sinner home." Why should there

not be a *collega* for the instruction of a free-grace minister, as in other denominations? I am sure subscriptions would come in quickly for the "good work." I by no means advocate the *turning out* of those who now hold a pastorate, but these will be called home to their Master in His own good time, and *then* the vacancies can be filled up by one of "the chosen."

If you think this worthy consideration and a corner in the EARTHEN VESSEL, I shall be glad to see the opinions of others, and if in due season it brings forth fruit I shall be content, and will give the honour, praise and glory to Him that doeth all things well.

I am, dear Mr. Banks,

Yours very sincerely, H. M. L.

A SPARROW ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

DEAR PASTOR AND FRIEND,—I hope yourself and family are in usual health. I think you are quite a wonder of upholding love and mercy to do as you do. That the Lord will yet go on to bless and make you a blessing is the earnest prayer of one who deeply and truly loves you in the Lord. I have much cause for thankfulness; I am upheld and strengthened for my work. Is it not a wonder that ever I should have the honour to go from house to house, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God?" Like Rutherford, I often cry,—

"Oh, if one soul meet me at God's right hand,

My heaven will be two heavens in Immanuel's land."

My hope of safely reaching that better land is the Saviour's precious, precious words, "Him that cometh UNTO ME I will *in no wise* cast out." I have come; I am coming to Him every day, every hour. The one echo of my thought is,—

"I need Thee, precious JESUS."

and He cannot deny Himself. It was a very sweet opportunity at Speldhurst on October 2. The Lord was in the place. I am more happy in my solitude than I ever could have hoped to be. I would say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."—M. A. W.

FORTY YEARS AGO. A REMINISCENCE.

By S. COZENS.

Forty years ago I found God in the bleeding Lamb, and felt "safe in the arms of Jesus," safe under the Paschal blood, and I came out of a state of cruel and hard bondage into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. This liberty did not land me in some elysian field of perpetual sunshine and ineffable delights, but it was the liberty of Israel in a wilderness—in a wilderness where I found no city for my soul to dwell in, where I found no macadamized highway to the glorious land of Canaan. It was

"Desert earth in a desert land,
Heaven is my home."

True, I found some manna there, but it was desert. I saw the shining light, but it was desert. I worshipped in the tabernacle of glory, but all around was desert.

"True, 't' a rough and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint."

How different is the way to what we first expected. Since my deliverance in 1841, I have had forty years' humbling work in the wilderness. And I have almost been starved to death in the "wilderness of sin," and almost scared to death in the "wilderness of Sinai," and almost stung to death "on the borders of Edom." Yes, it is a rough and thorny road. Since 1841 I have been with Abraham in a horror of great darkness. I have been with Job in his seven troubles, and with Jonah in his belly of hell, with Daniel in the den of lions, and with the Hebrew children in the burning flames—morally, I mean. Yes, and I have been sifted like Peter, and buffeted like Paul, and tempted like Christ. Thirty-nine years ago to-day, I walked thirteen miles through the snow to be baptized. Our blessed Lord was tempted of the devil immediately after His baptism (see Matt. iv.). But I was tempted before and after too. After I was baptized, the Supper was administered, and after taking the bread the devil put such a hellish thought into my mind about Christ that I was tempted to rush out of the chapel and not take the wine. O how true is dear Hart,—

"How hard and rugged is the way,
To some poor pilgrims' feet,
In all they do, or think or say,
They opposition meet."

Well, spite of all oppositions we are "pressing on to God," looking for rest, and longing for home, the home of the blest. And what a mercy that we are not far from home.

KING'S-CROSS.—At Ebenezer, on Dec. 26, we had excellent services, and Mr. R. C. Bardens gave us some strong meat, with a sweet supply of milk and wine. He is an original, pleasant, and faithful preacher. Our late pastor, Mr. White, has gone into the country, to build up a Church near Cambridge. We wish him peace in his own soul, and prosperity in the Gospel. At BETHEL, in Lavina-grove, Warburdale-road, King's-cross, our New Year's meeting was January 3, 1882. Mr. John Kingston presided. Messrs. Willey, Jonathan Elsew, T. Cox, C. W. Banks, and others, spoke of the things concerning the kingdom. The pulpit here is now supplied by the brethren Mundy and Cox; and it will be joyful to know that these earnest young men are the Lord's Timothy and Titus, to gather in and to strengthen the cause which has for many years been a useful witness for holy truth.

OUR FATHERS IN THE FAITH.—Of the ancient men still away from home, whom we have known for many years, we understand Mr. Jeff, of Hounslow, in his 90th year, still travels to Brentford, to hear his valued pastor, John Parsons. Mr. Jeffs is said to be in good health, and has never found any fault with the grand old Gospel, on which his precious soul has fed, and in which he has rejoiced during the whole of his long spiritual pilgrimage.

NEW YEAR'S SERVICES IN WATTISHAM, SUFFOLK.

During the first week in the New Year, special services were held at all our principal village stations. On Sunday, January 21, our pastor preached to us from Eccles. iii. 15. In the evening of the same day, a meeting was held at Hitcham, at which our pastor presided, and delivered an address on "The Manner and Spirit in which the Ordinances and Institutions of Christ should be Observed." A service was also conducted the same evening by one of the deacons in another village.

Monday evening, the service was held in Wattisham. It was well attended, and a real earnest spirit of prayer pervaded the meeting. The address by Mr. Wilkins was on "The Nature of Prayer." And many felt the blessedness of the season.

Tuesday evening the service was held at Neding, and again our pastor gave us a very suitable address on "The Scripture Inducements and Encouragements to Pray," and several brethren led us in prayer to the mercy throne.

Wednesday evening we met at Battisford, and were again favoured with a good meeting and a suitable address given by Mr. Wilkins, on "The Many Calls to Prayer." A second meeting was also held this evening at Hitcham.

Thursday evening the service was held at Ringshall, where a considerable number of young people congregated. Pleasant things were spoken to us by our pastor, who addressed us on "The Benefits of Prayer." It was a very hallowed season, and many earnest prayers were offered by the brethren.

Friday evening, we met again at the Chapel at Wattisham, when praises were offered to God for His great goodness to us; and many pleaded earnestly at the throne of grace for continued blessings. *It was a time of refreshing*; for the divine presence was FELT. The Lord be magnified!

On Sunday, January 8, "the concluding day," our pastor delivered a discourse from James v. 13, "Is any among you afflicted, let him pray," and from Isa. lx. 1, "Thy light is come," etc., when our pastor showed *first* THE OBSCURITY, pointing out what it was that hid and so often veiled in obscurity the light and glory of Zion. Then *secondly*, THE CALL to arise and shine, etc. But some have intimated a wish to have the outlines of this sermon in print. And thus closed a very profitable season, for many drank of the refreshing streams of that river which still flows in Zion.

FROM ONE WHO ATTENDED NEARLY ALL THE MEETINGS.

LOOK UNTO ME.

WHEN restless, tossing on my bed,
For balmy sleep I moan,
Lord Jesus, may my soul be led
To look to Thee alone.

When fears my fainting spirits seize,
And dreaded ills I see,
All will be calm if Thou should'st please
To make me look to Thee.

When nerves unstrung shall cause to shake
Weak hands and trembling knee,
Come, gracious Saviour, then, and make
Me only look to Thee.

When conscious guilt with Thee above
Shall more than fill my cup
Of sorrows; then, in Thy rich love,
Make me to Thee look up.

When dreadful fears of gloomy death
My trembling heart shall fill,
I'll stand and wait with bated breath,
And look to Jesus still.

And if at last, at Glory's gate,
Thou wilt my spirit own,
I'll sit for aye in that blest state,
And look at Christ alone.

Written in the night watches by a NEEDEY SINNER.

FOOT-STEPS OF MY GOD,

CHAPTER I.

"The eternal God is thy Refuge" (Deut. xxxiii. 27). "Whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity" (mar. Micah v. 2). "They have seen Thy goings, O God; even the goings of my God, my King, in the sanctuary" (Psa. lxxviii. 24).

ERE time began its mighty race,
Jehovah had His dwelling place
On His eternal throne;
Long ere the heavens were stretched abroad
From everlasting He was God,
Besides Him there was none.

Great Three in One, and One in Three,
Inhabiting eternity,
Enshrined in cloudless light.
One God in purpose, one in power,
A Triune God for evermore,
Too pure for angels' sight!

For though the Godhead be but One,
Three glorious Persons fill the throne;
How deep the mystery lies!
Nor angels' minds can reach its bound;
'Tis great, 'tis high, 'tis vast, profound,
'Tis hid from mortal eyes.

A Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Adorned by all the ransomed host
On earth, in heaven above;
Each in salvation hath His place,
And each bestows the gift of grace,
And God Triune is love.

Ere sun, or moon, or stars appeared,
Or comets had their courses steered
His glory these our shone:
With awe and reverence let me trace
The foot-steps of redeeming grace,
From the eternal throne.

Sweet heavenly breeze my muse inspire,
O! touch my lips with sacred fire,
Thou holy, heavenly Dove!
Unloose my feeble stammering tongue,
Awake my slumbering powers of song,
To sing redeeming love!

If all the stars in heaven that blaze
Are but the emblems of Thy grace,
And all upheld by Thee:
And if the world of glory bright
Without Thy presence would be night,
What must Thy glory be!

When thunders shall have ceased to roar,
The lightning flash be seen no more,
And stars shall cease to shine;
While ransomed hosts shall sing Thy praise,
Still wilt Thou send abroad Thy rays
Of righteousness divine.

And like Thyself, O! glorious God!
Who makest heaven Thy chief abode,
Thy attributes are pure,
Wisdom, and truth, and righteousness,

Justice, and mercy, love, and grace,
Eternally endure.

And ere the spacious vault was stored,
Or planets rolled, or oceans roared,
Or hills their peaks displayed;
Ere seraphs flew with fiery wing,
Or cherub's voice was heard to sing,
Redemption's scheme was laid.

But let me pause a moment here,
Before I any farther steer
On this vast deep profound;
Here let me stand in solemn awe,
And ask may I the inference draw,
That I am homeward bound?

And should I reach the blissful shore,
Where pain and death are known no more,
And join in songs of praise
With all the Saviour's ransomed throng,
While countless ages roll along,
'Twill be by sovereign grace.

Hence, grace I need my feet to guide,
And keep me near this ocean tide,
To tune my heart and tongue;
Nor less I need the heavenly beam,
That truth alone might be my theme,
The substance of my song.

Boston, Lincolnshire.

J. BOLTON.

(To be continued.)

WILL SMITHFIELD FIRES BURN THE PROTESTANTS AGAIN?—How gracious God has been to us in delivering us from the evil designs of wicked men, and granting us still our privileges. It becomes us highly to prize them, and to praise the Name of our covenant God for such favours. Never may we, nor our children, see such days of persecution as our forefathers have seen. Judging from the signs of the times, many fear such will be the case. But "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;" He speaks to us still; "Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." His grace always has, and always will prove sufficient for His dear people in every trial, however fierce it may be. Hoping to see you, and to rejoice together in the fellowship of the Gospel, praying that you may be filled with all the fulness of God, with Christian love, in which the friends unite.—I am, yours affectionately in the Lord,—J. CASSE, Sen.

CHRIST'S MISSIONARIES.

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark xvi. 15.

How great the work! how great the charge,
Each ministerial labourer bears;
By the great Master sent at large
To plough the rocks, and sow in tears,

"Go!" says the high and holy ONE;
The Spirit's power applies the Word;
"Make straight My paths, My will make known;
Prepare My way, I AM THE LORD.

"Heed not the clouds, or rain, or shine;
Prepare thy work on bended knees;
Breathe on these slain, the wind is Mine;
Sow, and I'll prosper what I please.

"Preach thou the Word, the crucified,
The risen and exalted KING;
His finish'd work, which shall abide,
The way of life, of grace the spring.

"Cast up the way My flock should go,
Exhorting each to constant prayer;
Lay the thick trees with axes low;
So shall the carved work appear.

"From worldly interest or renown,
Keep thyself clear, thy conscience pure;
Let no man rob thee of thy crown,
But hardness for My sake endure.

"All thy success on Me depends,
Depends on My exhaustless stores;
A mighty work lies on thy hands,
But My sufficiency is yours."

Oh! may His servants, by His might,
Be cleansed, and separated too;
And in the Holy Spirit's light,
His majesty and glory view.

Enough, if man in finite state,
His truth proclaim, its mysteries own;
His words, just like His works, are great;
Sought out, admired, but still unknown.

M. S.

3, Hillbrook-terrace, Fulham.

Notes of the Month.

RESIGNATION OF MR. R. E. SEARS.—To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.—DEAR BROTHER,—On a matter of principle I have felt constrained to give notice of my intention of resigning my pastorate at Foot's Cray. My labours as pastor of the Church will therefore terminate on Lord's-day, March 26. I am more than ever convinced that there is a necessity for contending for "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints;" and also for "keeping the ordinances as they were delivered by Christ Himself."—Yours in the Lord Jesus. ROBERT EDWARD SEARS, Hatherly-road, Sidcup, Kent.

THE TRUE BREAD.—A STREAM OF FRIENDSHIP FLOWING FROM LONDON TO YEovil.—BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD.—It is almost marvellous that this stream of friendship has been running clear between us now over 30 years without being stopped or paddled; and if we are both spared until my jubilee day comes, I should like to keep it with you. I will venture to drop two or three hints. I am so glad there are three measures of meal; that is more than we could eat in a thousand years; enough for the three great ages of the Church to live upon continually. There is the Father's measure, the Son's measure, and the Holy Ghost's measure, and these three are one in Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. I think if the Lord gives us the leaven of faith to put into that meal, by the power of the Holy Ghost we shall do well. Much is in the material substance of bread; but if it be a dead lump it will cease to be the staff of life. It contains vital substance in itself. The High Priest, under the law, took meal or flour to make the shewbread. That represented Christ. Methinks I see you putting the hand of your faith into the hot oven of your heart, to take out the shewbread, to set it before the people. Bread-corn is bruised, because He will not ever be thrashing it. Is it not ground between the great millstones of righteousness and judgment? and is not JESUS the living Bread of sincerity and truth, that bread of God that cometh down from heaven, of which, if a man eat thereof, he shall live for ever? Surely there is an infinite fulness of vital substance in Him. We cannot add to His fulness, only we must believe in Him to realise the virtue of that Bread of Life: and faith worketh by love, even the love of God that is in Christ. It pleased the Father to bruise Him, to satisfy His justice quickly, to magnify His holy law, to make an end of sin, to remove every obstruction, and that all His believing

children may find bread enough in their Father's house. Now may the Lord favour us with a good measure of the Gospel meal, and help us to put the leaven of our faith into it. If we can only make a *small cake*. I hope Mrs. Banks and your son Robert are much better, and that you are strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.—G. A. KELLAWAY.

MR. WINTERS of Waltham Abbey, expects to complete, shortly, his work on "THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF FAMOUS MEN," and intends (D.V.) publishing a work in due course on "Plough-tail Preachers." Information on the latter subject from ministers and friends, will be gratefully received by the compiler.

Marriage.

January 5, at Chadwell-street Chapel, by Mr. J. Hazellon, Robert Rose of Richmond, eldest son of the late James Rose of Wickham-Skeith, Suffolk, to Lucy Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. William Wright, of King's-cross, London, formerly of Hoxne, Suffolk.

Deaths.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS SPRATLEY.—For more than thirty years was the above quiet and faithful disciple of Jesus our true friend. The following note from his son will be read with feelings of deep sympathy by many who had known and loved him in the Lord. He had reached a good ripe age, and is now transplanted to that brighter land where pains, nor parting scenes are never known.—3, Wandsworth-road, S.W.—Dear old Friend,—I trust you will forgive me for addressing you in the above terms, but it seems to me that you must be my friend, because you were so very kind and partial to my dear father, who in his life did (I know), love you, as men do love when each hath the same faith; and you do know that my father did think and agree with yourself in doctrine, and all matters pertaining to the hereafter. My dear sir, I have the sorrowful duty to inform you that my father died on the 3rd of January, 1882, and I am the more impressed towards you when I know that the very last cheque he ever wrote in this world was in your favour, only another reason for my saying that he also loved you! How well do I remember the time when he and I used to walk long distances on purpose to hear the Gospel according to the Word which was so dear to him and yourself. My Father died, I believe, at peace with all the world, and from a cause which we all knew must be fatal sooner or later. He was always in some way affected with some disease of the lungs, and at last it developed to bronchitis, and that, and senile decay, has finished one of the best fathers man ever possessed. I need say no more, for no doubt you knew the man, to his honour. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, to the glory of the Almighty One.—I beg to subscribe myself, yours, with much esteem, A. SPRATLEY.—To C. W. Banks.—P.S. Had father lived to the last day of this present month he would have completed his 82nd year. I am happy to say, that by a merciful providence, he had his faculties complete to the last day.

On January 3, at Northumberland Heath, Erith, Kent, after a long and painful illness, Rebecca Anne East, for many years a member at Providence Chapel, Erith, formerly of Salem Chapel, Two Waters, Herts, age 65 years; firmly resting on the Lord's promise to her—"Thou shalt walk with Me in white for thou art worthy." Mr. Noyes officiated at the funeral.

Mrs. Susannah Hall departed to be with the Lord, December 22, 1881, aged 68 years, she was

one of the 22 members formed into a Church at Stormont House, Notting-hill-gate, under the pastorate of Mr. Crompton, April 4, 1866. She remained till her decease under the pastorate of R. G. Edwards, who buried her mortal remains at Hanwell Cemetery, December 27th. Her soul was happy in the Lord, "knowing her Redeemer liveth." Her latest words were "I lean upon His righteousness for ever and ever, amen." To her pastor she said affectionately with firm grasp of her hand, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." She had been brought to the knowledge and love of the truth and baptized by the late Mr. John Foreman.

CARDIFF.—That once famous president of Pontypool College, Dr. Thomas Thomas, finished his earthly career December 7, 1881, having reached his 76th year. Whether the late unhappy commotion in the College hastened the doctor's end we know not. He has had a long life of toil in training young men for the ministry; we hope his faith in the Lord was according to the mystery of godliness; that his end was peace; and that his soul is safe in the midst of the millions of the ransomed. Oh! what a change, from the tumult of time into the triumphal courts of eternal glory! We shall anxiously look for the memoir of such a man.

Mrs. Thiselton, the widow of the late Mr. Thomas Thiselton, of South Hackney (one of the founders and deacons of Speldhurst-road Baptist Church), died on her voyage out to Australia, in December, 1881. Mrs. Thiselton was accompanied by one son and three daughters. This is a sorrowful event for all the dear family now bereft of their loving and tender parents.

On Wednesday, December 7, 1881, Harriet Buckenham departed this life, aged 56, a member of the Church at Pulham-St.-Mary, under the pastorate of Benjamin Taylor. She was baptized June 19, 1842. All these years she rejoiced in the doctrines of grace, triumphing in death, and declared that she was reaping the fruits of what she had heard her pastor preach. She chose for her funeral sermon, requesting me to preach to the living, the words in Rev. xiv. 13. B. T.

Died, January 2, 1882, in New North-road, causing extreme grief to her much loved father and mother, and the family, Martha, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Whitteridge, aged 23. This truly Christian Martha, her sister, and brother-in-law, were baptized by Mr. Whitteridge, in 1879. We hope to furnish some account of her happy experience in her life and passing away heavenward.

Died, January 5, 1882, Mr. William Barnes, aged 75. He was for many years a deacon of Silver-street Baptist Chapel, near Notting-hill Gate.

"Though on earth a humble dwelling
Did contain his care-worn frame,
Joys more sweet than earth's providing
Through the Holy Spirit came."—O. E. G.

Died, at Thame, greatly regretted, Mr. George, the devoted deacon, the beloved school superintendent and precursor of the Baptist Chapel, of whom we hope to give some sacred memories.

Mr. John Single, of Felmersham, Beds, for many years a lover of free and sovereign grace, and a humble walker in the way of truth, died in the Lord on the 22nd of December, 1881, aged 76.

Susannah, the beloved wife of George Reed, of 285, East India-road, Poplar, E., peacefully passed away, December 16, 1881, at the age of 65 years. She lived and walked the Christian.

Joseph, Soul's soul is gone into the "better country." Nearly forty years he spent in seeking the welfare of the Orphan Working School. His whole soul was engaged in promoting the welfare of orphans of every size.

“A Veteran on the Walls of Zion.”

ON Lord's-day evening, January 15, Mr. Philip Dickerson, who, on the 29th, completed the *eighty-seventh* year of his age, celebrated the jubilee of his ministry in Little Alie-street, and it was truly a memorable opportunity. The congregation was large, the singing hearty; the presence of the Lord felt and enjoyed, and the Spirit manifestly rested upon the venerable speaker, who, after reading and prayer by the pastor, C. Masterson, took for his text Isa. xxvii. 13, and with much freedom, fulness and power, handled the subject in the following order:—

I.—The period spoken of, “And it shall come to pass in that day.” The expression, “*that day*,” occurs frequently, and, generally speaking, refers to an extraordinary revelation concerning the salvation of God's people. “That day” might be applied—

1. To the day of Christ's incarnation. That was a wonderful event when the day-spring from on high visited us, when the Sun of Righteousness made His appearance, ushering in the glorious dispensation of the Gospel-day. An event announced by an angel, not to the great and the learned of the age, but to a few poor, humble shepherds, who said to them, “Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” Passing through the marvellous and unparalleled life of Jesus we come—

2. To the day of His death, when the fountain spoken of by Zechariah was opened. “In that day there shall be a fountain opened,” &c. Opened by God Himself, and Satan shall never shut it. Yes, it was actually opened in His sufferings; His blood flowed in the garden and on the cross; His back was wounded by the scourge; His hands and feet with the nails; His side with the spear. Then was this precious, cleansing fountain opened, and one poor wretched sinner close by beheld it.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day.”

And O may we with true contrition of heart be able to add,—

“And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

And it is our mercy to know this fountain shall retain its cleansing efficacy,

“Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.”

“*That day*.”

3. The day of His resurrection. How illustrious! In spite of the precautions taken by his enemies to secure the entrance of the sepulchre, the stone, the seal, the guard, could not detain the Lord of life and glory a prisoner to death, but these simply tended exceedingly to confirm the truth of His resurrection. On the third day He came forth majestically, gloriously and triumphantly. Then the truth of His

mission of mercy was fully confirmed; the broad seal of heaven affixed to His credentials; the sufficiency and acceptableness of His atoning merit acknowledged, and thereby became the pledge and pattern of His people's resurrection unto everlasting life. Yes, a life of grace here and of glory hereafter.

"*That day.*"

4. The day of His ascension. "While He blessed them He was parted from them and carried up into heaven, and the two angels that stood by said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." "Why stand ye thus gazing? Go about your business; go and attend to the orders of your ascended Lord. He will still be with you fulfilling His gracious promises and executing His all-wise purposes." "Lo, I am with you always," &c.

"*That day.*"

5. The day of Pentecost. This was the day of the outpouring of the Spirit according to prophecy; the breaking forth of the great Gospel day of salvation. How surprising indeed to the carnal mind that a number of fishermen, illiterate men, should suddenly possess power so as to speak intelligibly to a vast number and variety of nations in their respective languages on the great matters of salvation, and no less remarkable was the effect produced on the mind of the multitude. But the whole indisputably proved the presence of the spiritual and supernatural operations of God the Holy Ghost. O for like manifestations now!

II.—The work to be done. "The great trumpet shall be blown." The aged preacher, after having in his own inimitable style, referred to the ordinance of the year of Jubilee under the Mosaic dispensation, proceeded to show that the trumpet mentioned in the text was doubtless emblematical of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

1. The trumpet was of silver and all of a piece. The Gospel is the pure truth of God, and is all of one uniform piece—that is to say, salvation from first to last by free and sovereign grace, not a yea and nay mixture. It gave forth a clear, loud and shrill sound, and was distinct from the law of works. It proclaimed liberty, &c.

2. A great trumpet. Great not only with regard to its author being the great God, but great because it is the effect of great love, the produce of great wisdom, the enunciation of great blessings attended by great power, and producing great effects in the hearts and lives of men.

3. It had been blown. *God made His own instruments.* It was blown by Christ Himself, by the prophets of old, by the apostles, and by succeeding ministers of the Gospel, and shall continue to be blown down to the end of time, and being so musical, for in the Gospel is discoverable a sweet harmony running through the whole economy of redemption, that to every saved sinner it shall ever more be sweet and precious. Lastly—

III.—The effects produced. "They shall come who are ready to perish." Yes, the Gospel proclaimed, and by the power of the Spirit, men, who by nature are in a perishing condition, shall be made sensible of their state and shall come to Christ, *shall come to Him* for righteousness, for pardon, for peace, for supplies of grace, as seen in the three

thousand in the day of Pentecost, the eunuch and others; and for the encouragement of every poor trembling sinner, its language still is, "He saves to the uttermost." "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." "They shall come and worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem." In a Gospel sense, they shall come and join the Church of Christ, shall come to His house, to His people, to the Bible and to the throne of grace, and at last they shall be brought to glory to join the ransomed host, and celebrate the praises of sovereign grace. Thus we have given a very imperfect outline of this excellent discourse, listened to with rapt attention and with evident profit by a numerous and appreciative audience.

May our beloved friend be still favoured with the smile and blessing of the Lord, and in his occasional ministry largely enjoy the rich anointing of the Holy Spirit, and at the close—and may that be as yet distant—of his long, useful and honoured life, receive through grace the blessed Master's plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." God bless him, so prays affectionately,
C. M.

OLD JOSEPH AND HIS LONG SPADE.—No. III.

"He shall testify of ME!"

THE passage of the soul from spiritual death into the "eternal life," and into the blessed liberty of the new covenant kingdom of grace, is certainly one of the most intricate pieces of divinity which any angelic or human mind can ever contemplate, or desire to look into. It is a *creation*, a resurrection, a formation, a revelation; it is a manifold conversion, in more senses than one.

Without this new creation—whether man call himself atheist, or Calvinist, Arminian or Unitarian; whether man be a bishop in robes, or a salvation general, in the assumed uniform—without the sovereign and all-sufficient work of the ever-blessed SPIRIT of the eternal GOD, no fitness for, nor entrance into the glory kingdom, can any fallen sinner ever reach.

"How helpless guilty Nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.
Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis *Thine*, ETERNAL SPIRIT, *Thine*
To form the heart anew."

My inmost soul, in the silent chamber of thought and prayer, doth intensely desire, before I lay down my pen for ever, to leave behind me as clear a testimony of the work of the HOLY GHOST in the regeneration of the redeemed as the teaching of the divine Paraclete will enable me to trace out. Such a testimony will not be acceptable to many. It is only where "*the commandment*" hath come powerfully into the conscience, it is only in those bruised spirits where a sight and a sense of SIN hath revived and arisen, it is only where "the sentence of death" hath been written in the heart, by the applied law of God; it is in those alarmed and bruised hearts that the agonising cry will be heard: "Men,

brethren, WHAT MUST WE DO?" "The Fall" is called "the unclean spring of ungodliness." This unclean spring divideth itself (like the third African gulf) into those two main cursed channels,—

ATHEISM AND SUPERSTITION;

and in either one or the other of these all the children of men swim by nature. (Grellet's "Scenes of Superstition" some day, if ——.) Very many of them, like the silly fish, go down the stream of Jordan into the lake of Sodom, the dead sea of hell, and there they perish. I have a conviction that if any poor wretched man hath *experienced* in his own soul that verse of Dr. Watts', where he says,—

"Buried in sorrows and in sins,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a nobler day"—

if those words have had a burning reality in any man's conscience, they will cause that man to yearn, with pangs and pains, over the danger which he can see his fellow-creatures to be in. As Christ wept over Jerusalem, as Paul wished himself accused for his brethren's sake, so, in a measure, doth my soul mourn over the deadness and delusions in which I see and feel thousands are enveloped; and now, for fifty years, my soul has only realised freedom as I could go forth and warn men of the awfulness of sin; and try to be the Holy Ghost's instrument to win them to Christ.

The HOLY GHOST putteth a strong net into the hands of such men as have been ordained of GOD to preach the Gospel; and, by the instrumentality of this strong net, many of the almost drowned to death sons of men have been caught—brought to land; have been put into the streams of that river which maketh glad the city of God; and unto them the words of the apostle are applicable: "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the LORD JESUS, and by the Spirit of our God."

ATHEISM AND SUPERSTITION

are much deeper and darker streams of death than can be fathomed by the human mind. Any practical denial of the Deity, any absolute rejection of any revealed attribute or injunction of the Almighty, is a species of atheism. Atheism is the leader of those immense armies of which the local census-tables shew us are the majority of our population; but *superstition* is the power which reigns to a large extent in the so-called families of Christendom. There is the glaring and flaming superstition of the Greek and the Romish Churches; there is the nationalised superstition of some parts of the Church of England. Ah! alas! where a religious superstition begins, and where it ends, is a problem. I cannot look upon the selection made by the Northampton electors in any other light than as being permitted by the Almighty as a means of showing forth the ungodly character of our nation; and also of proving the shallowness of the piety of thousands who are ministers and members of our so-called Christian Churches. What was the feeling of a Judge who lately sat with such honour and power on the judicial bench? He wrote: "I am astounded as often as I think of the Christian men preferring an open blasphemer and enemy of Christ to a follower of Him, because of his political affinity. If Satan himself had appeared in human form

they would have selected him for the same reason. It is a terrible thought that politics are thus put in the first place, and a sad feature of the times."

It is, indeed, a dark feature of the times when hundreds of thousands declare themselves supporters of a GOD-denier; and when millions refuse to publicly offer praise and thanksgiving to our ETERNAL GOD. O! England, thou art fallen! thou art falling! What will thine end be!

"SUPERSTITION!" *Where? What is it?* Peter Böhler, a student in the university of Jena, where his soul was secretly wrought upon by the SPIRIT OF GOD, when he was a "conscience-stricken student," when he was "trying everything in the world" to obtain a realisation of peace with his God, when he was thus distressed he found that the majority of the students were sceptics, scoffers, and full of profanity. Poor Peter Böhler, with his broken heart, was directed by the unseen hand of the great COMFORTER to go and hear Spangerberg, who preached upon the power of the SON OF GOD to free the sinner from all sin. From hearing this Gospel of Jesus, Böhler fled to his lodging; and in prostration of spirit, in the feeling of genuine repentance at the Saviour's feet, he sought (with cries and tears) for the forgiveness of all his sins; and, while so engaged, faith in the great REDEEMER was given him; he lovingly embraced the LORD JESUS; peace and joy were poured into his heart, and he became (and he continued until his death) a most valiant and victorious preacher of the cross and crown of his ever-merciful LORD. My soul leapeth for joy on meeting with such demonstrative witnesses to the omnipotent power of the HOLY SPIRIT, because when I was printing a newspaper for a gentleman at Rye, in Sussex (in 1827—fifty-five years ago), I went on the first Sunday morning to the parish church, which was destitute, gloomy, and, to me, very horrible; in the afternoon I went to the Baptist chapel, which was wretched, in every sense of the word, to me; then, as a kind of last trial, I went in the evening to a large chapel, called "The Wesleyan;" went up to the farthest seat of the top gallery; there I saw, and heard in the pulpit, a big, roaring, denouncing parson, who seemed in a great passion in alarming me, and warning me of the dangers of hell and damnation. All I can recollect of it was, I became almost unconscious, fell off the seat, fled out of the place, ran to my bedroom; there, alone, I kneeled and cried for mercy. How I passed through that night I could never recollect. This I know, it was full twelve months from that time before the LORD JESUS called me, one Sunday morning, saying, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and

"CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT!"

Most surely, too, HE did! For over fifty years now have I been learning how deceitful is the human heart, how sovereign and various are the teachings of the ALMIGHTY SPIRIT, and how mysterious are the providences of our GOD and FATHER to the followers of the Lamb. Of the Personality of the HOLY GHOST, how in the Book of Job, in Ezekiel, in the SAVIOUR'S ministry, in the Acts of the Apostles, in the Letters to the Churches, and in the preaching and writings of godly men, I feel I must testify; *how*, in all the lives of the genuine saints, the Person, the work of the Divine COMFORTER, and the fruits flowing therefrom are set forth, my soul longs to shew, before the GOD of my mercy, the Saviour of my soul, calleth me hence.

I fully intended, ere this, to have introduced my readers to "Old Joseph's" unfoldings of the internal and external operations of the blessed SPIRIT in preparing the hearts of the vessels of mercy for a reception and revelation of the Great HIGH PRIEST of our profession, but I must come to it as I am led. Up to the present time, I see, occasionally, what a decided distinction our Lord made between the fruitless and the fruitful branches in HIMSELF, the VINE OF TRUTH, of which He said, "I am the True Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman."

Rather reluctantly I close this little paper, by referring to a dark exercise of mind through which I have passed. My faith in the glorious Trinity, in the covenant of grace, in the adorable Person and work of the Son of God, and in the Divine Person and work of the SPIRIT of GOD, my confidence in the verity of the doctrines of grace continues; but, at times, a crushing dart flies through my soul. The other week, when looking into the Word, my eye fell upon the following sentence: "I will cut that man off from the house of Israel." "There you are!" said some one. I am not free to speak of Satan's voice! Conscience, circumstances, or the efforts of unbelief, may sometimes oppress the soul. "Yes," I said, "that looks like me! For full forty years I have been cut off from the upper courts of the House of Israel!" This led to much searching of heart. I sat down, I surveyed the ground. That word tried me. But—

THE SEVEN FEATURES OF THE FRUIT-BEARING BRANCHES

in John xv. relieved my mind.

I am occupying too much room. It is late in the eve of my seventy-sixth year; and I must beg of "*Old Joseph*" to retire until next month. If I live I will hope to get him to dig up a root or two for the confirmation of such as are exercised concerning the new birth; for that thrilling sentence of the great original Messenger from heaven,—

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN,"

is such a deep sea of life and love—a mystery so hidden from millions—that it often tries the faith of many a heaven-bound pilgrim. Forgive the length of this introductory chapter. Much more may I plead for forbearance, if I ask my readers to review one or two notes, which came as revivers to my spirit on the 9th day of February, 1882, which being the seventy-sixth year of my pilgrimage, friends have kindly expressed their prayers for my continuance here a little longer. When I awoke this morning, in contemplation of my myterious life's career, I involuntarily said to myself, "It is seventy years since my most beloved mother cried out, "Charles, come here!" She was sitting in her arm-chair, in the front-parlour. I obeyed, and ran to her. She said, "Kneel down at my feet!" And, then, when I wondered what it meant, she lifted up her little white finger, and pointing to the heavens, with a voice I never could forget, she so plaintively said:—

"There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And *holy* children, when they die,
Go to that world above."

I have always believed by that action and quotation of a mighty praying mother the arrow of conviction was planted in my trembling soul; and

(I consider this sentence with silent reviewing, and affirm this conviction) has never died out in my soul.

Just as I write this, two out of many notes received the 9th of February I annex, and earnestly pray to God that my brothers' testimony may be blessed to many, as it has been to

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, February 9, 1882.

From the Pastor of Egerton Fostal Baptist Church, Mr. Robert Young Banks.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—When you receive this you will have entered your seventy-seventh natal year. A twelve-month has rapidly sped its course since so many met with you at your Speldhurst, to congratulate you, and to thank the Lord for sparing you so long. Since then you have been prostrate in weakness, and appeared to stand very close to the better life; yet God was pleased to raise you up from that bed, and so to strengthen both the outer and inner man, that you have been able to travel many miles, and in many places to preach Christ to your fellow man, so that you have known the sweetness of that expression, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," and there can be no doubt that your one aim has been so to labour that whether present in the body, or absent from it, you might be accepted of Him; and this I conceive is the one essential feature of the godly man's life. We do, therefore, most heartily thank the Lord on your behalf, for sparing such a life, and for such a work, to reach so ripe an age, and would congratulate you that He has seen fit to put you into the ministry, and keep you in harness so long combatting the enemy in Zion, and favouring her stones in gathering them out from the desert of this world, and placing them (instrumentally) among the sons of God. We would, therefore, humbly hope and pray, that God may yet spare you a little longer for this desired object, strengthening the body, enlarging the mind, and still unfolding to you the glories of that kingdom that shall endure for ever. Alas! how many have passed away since we first became one in fellow feeling with Him. Many have fallen asleep, some have turned away altogether, others are upon the more popular side of the present corrupt age, some have been shifting from one sect to another, until we hardly know what they are, or even where they are. But may we not say (although with a great deal of diffidence) that none of these things move us, so that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry we unworthy things have received.

God spare the honest labourer, the unselfish minister, the self-sacrificing ox that treadeth out the corn for poor hungry, and often despised and downtrodden sheep, that by them God may be glorified, Zion refreshed, backsliders restored, and those cast out ones be gathered into the pastures of refreshing meat and drink, and in the midst of storms be led to the Rock that is higher than they.

As a family we have reached a good age; our youngest is now an old man, but in the work youth is on his side, willing to do anything, or nothing, so that truth might be established in the earth. Our brother J. W. B. is still holding the bright and well-used sword, and your unworthy brother is trying, although imperfectly, to hold up the cross in one of the hidden corners of the Gospel-field, at times wondering when and where, and how the scene will end. But

"He that helped us hitherto,

Can help us all the journey through."

Our sister Kitty is the loving helpmate of one of God's trumpeters on foreign ground, who knows full well where he must look for help, and our elder sister, now nearing her seventieth year, is, we would hope, looking out for the better land that lies beyond the black and turbulent Jordan, where even good old Bunyan sunk in deep waters, but whose head was sustained by that kind-hearted friend Hopeful, in the hour of his extremity. Well, we would say, God spare us to each other a little longer, give to us loving hearts for each other, unite us in bonds that death itself shall never break, and then permit us to unite with a dear father, mother, and loving partners who have left us in swelling the song of the redeemed to our great and loving Redeemer, where flesh and blood cannot enter.

Love to all the dear ones at your lodge in the wilderness, and pray you may still be able to labour in the pulpit, VESSEL. *Cheering Words*, etc.

Would you insert that J. B. McCure is expected to take anniversary services at Egerton Fostal on Good Friday next?

Your most affectionate brother,

Bridge, February 8, 1882.

R. Y. BANKS.

From my most faithful and truly useful brother in Christ, Mr. W. Winters, the following note, I know, will excite peculiar interest:—

MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—Your steadfast hope in the Lord, and His great mercy realised by you up to your seventy-sixth birth-day, with the determination through grace to preach His great worth, till silenced by death, reminds me much of an apt expression of a celebrated minister of the last century in answer to the annexed pointed question put to him by a lady: "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied; "why, JUST AS I INTEND TO SPEND IT NOW! I should preach this night in Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." In what better position could any man be? safe for time and eternity! And as you have never shrunk from any service demanded of you by the great Captain of salvation, I pray that He who holds our life in being will extend your probationary term awhile longer with great activity and honour with all who—

"Live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

The same poet reminds us that—

"We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."
With Christian love, as ever, yours in Gospel bonds,

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

WHAT WE ALL MUST COME TO!—ALL DO NOT COME TO IT ALIKE!—HOW SHALL WE COME TO IT?

"My God is returned to glory on high,
When death makes a passage then to Him I'll fly;
And join in the song of all praise through His blood,
To the THREE who are ONE, in the essence of God."

THE HUSBAND'S WATCHWORD ON THE PASSING AWAY OF HIS FAITHFUL WIFE, MRS. GEORGE REED, OF POPLAR.

"*Dear Partner! kind and frail, my loved, my faithful one, should I see thee depart without a pang? Many years for joy or sorrow have I dwelt with thee. Lay her case in peace, dear friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath departed.*"

Mr. George Reed, of Poplar, says:—

ESTEEMED BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—I forward you a brief account of my departed wife's last illness. She had long been in a weak state, but I first became seriously impressed with her appearance in Mount Zion chapel, Bow, last October 25. She had been spending the afternoon and evening there; when she arose I noticed her looking very ill. On her way to the station, in company with her old friend and sister, Mrs. Kennedy, she complained of feeling unwell, and said, "I made an effort to get to that meeting, as I thought it would possibly be the last." So it has proved. She took to her bed on November 5, and for near six weeks she was the subject of great pain, with now and then

a little relief. She lost no time on these occasions of ease to speak of her lovely and loving Jesus. While she was able to read herself she kept her Testament and hymn-book at her bedside, and seemed to find great comfort from them for the first fortnight, but after that she was glad to have the Word, or a favourite hymn read to her; and she would brighten up at the announcement that her minister, Mr. Holden, had called to see her, whose visits were very frequent and welcome, and I think he enjoyed her conversation.

About this time she asked me to open her Testament and find a leaflet entitled, "A Wilderness Song." She said, "I never told anyone what my feelings were, but those lines have been a great comfort to me when I could steal away into my bedroom for a quiet half-hour." She wished me to read them. We quote the lines:—

A WILDERNESS SONG.

"My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
 Calling Thee 'Father,' sweet endearing name!
 The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
 All, all are known to Thee.
 From human eyes 'tis better to conceal,
 Much that I suffer, much that I hourly feel;
 But oh! this thought does tranquillise and heal—
 All, all is known to Thee.
 Each sickening 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 rest can take,
 This brief appeal submissively I make,
 All, all is known to Thee.
 Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, plann'd,
 Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy hand
 Prescribes for ills none else can understand;
 All, all is known to Thee.
 The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
 In me Thy longed-for likeness to restore,
 Self to dethrone, never to govern more—
 All, all are known to Thee.
 And this continued feebleness, this state
 Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
 Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await,
 That cure I leave to Thee.
 Nor will its bitter draught distasteful prove,
 While I recall the Son of Thy dear love;
 The cup Thou would'st not for our sake remove—
 That cup He drank for me.
 He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained
 Of wrath—for those whose cup of woe He drained.
 Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained:
 All, all is known to Thee.
 And welcome, precious can His Spirit make
 My little drop of suffering for His sake;
 Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,
 All, all are known to Thee."

Sacred Gleanings.

After this her pains became more intense. With some reluctance she consented to undergo a slight operation, which gave her ease for a little while, but she continued to show a gradual sinking until Friday, December 16, when her happy spirit took its flight.

During her illness she exhibited a calm, cheerful hope in the finished work of Christ on Calvary, as the only ground of her hope for salvation; HER END WAS PEACEFUL. She told us upon one occasion she had been dreaming that the devil stood at the foot of her bed, and said to her, "You are too great a sinner for God to take notice of you." She said, "I told him to stand back and let my Jesus come forward, He wouldn't talk to me like that." On November 25 I said to her, "You don't get on with the sweets your friend brought you." She replied, "No, I am done with those kind of sweets." She said, "I have often wondered how it was James Wells could say he could willingly go through all the suffering he had the second time to realise the same sweetness he had, but," she said, "I wonder no longer, for I have had such sweetness in my sufferings I could willingly go through all again if I could realise the same pleasure."

On Sunday evening, November 26, she said, "I am waiting! Oh, how I wish I was in a large room and had a lot of my friends to hear me tell the pleasures I have felt when I have visited them, and they have said, 'Come and sit by me.'" Again she said, "I remember the pleasure I have had when at the prayer meetings at Waterside, Wandsworth; Mr. Ball would say, 'Come and sit by me, my child,' and now I am waiting for the Master to say that." At another time she said, "Come, Thou precious Jesus, and take me to Thyself. I want Thee to come!" Another time she said, "O Thou blessed Lamb of God, come and fetch me home! when wilt Thou come?" On December 9 she said to me, "Pray for an easy passage;" and continued, "Forgive me, dear Jesus, for being impatient or murmuring, but I do want to be with Thee in the rock." Then she said, "'Rock of ages, cleft for me,' can you repeat that?" I did so, and told her I had prayed for an easy passage, if the Lord was about to take her, but if it were consistent with His will, spare her; and she said emphatically, "No! I should be disappointed." Later on she said, after great pain, "O God, wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?" I tried to comfort her by reminding her of a sermon preached by her late pastor, Mr. William Ball, of Waterside, Wandsworth (just before his death), from the text, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and how she had enjoyed it, and the conversation she had with him after the sermon, which was this: She said, "But you are better, are you not, Mr. Ball?" His reply was, "No, my child, mine is a seventy-three disease, but death is not precious to our friends;" and she said, "No," and shook her head, and sighed heavily. I then reminded her how precious God's saints were to His heart, and asked her if He had not been most precious to her in life, and she bowed her head. I then repeated—

"If to my soul it is so sweet,
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,"

And she took up the strain and said—

"What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on His throne?"

On December 10 she said "I don't want to be disturbed any more, I want to fall asleep in Jesus, and be close shut in with Him, that's what I want." On December 12, she thanked her doctor for his kindness, and said, "You have been very patient with me," and shook hands with him and wished him good-bye. On December 13 she said,

“Another morning! I don’t know what the Lord is keeping me here for, I suppose He has something for me to do.” About mid-day she said to her friend who had acted as nurse, “You have washed me this morning; there’ll be no more washing, that was for my burial.” I said to her then, “You are washed.” She replied, “Yes, and now I want to go to sleep in Jesus.” Then she said to her daughter, “Annie, raise me, don’t shed tears, shout glory!” The last she said that I could clearly understand was in a very confidential tone, “I’m waiting—Jesus is with me.”

Her remains were interred at Bow cemetery on December 22, 1881. The service was conducted by Mr. F. C. Holden, of Coverdale-rooms, Limehouse, in a solemnly, able, affecting and affectionate spirit, under whose ministry the deceased had been greatly comforted and encouraged of late. Friends from many neighbouring causes joined in singing the following hymn:—

<p>“Hear what the voice from heaven pro-claims, For all the pious dead; Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.</p>	<p>They die in Jesus, and are blessed, How kind their slumbers are; From sufferings and from sins re-leased, And freed from every snare.</p>
<p>Far from this world of toil and strife They’re present with the Lord; The labours of their mortal life End in a large reward.”</p>	

We felt that even under our deepest sorrow, in that cold cemetery chapel, the Lord was shedding a drop of heaven on worms below; and we could say, with the departed, “Jesus is with me, and though He take away our all, Himself He gives us still.” On Sunday evening, December 25, Mr. Holden opened his service with Irons’ lines—

<p>“Now let Jehovah’s covenant love To saints employ my breath, Its constancy shall always prove The same in life and death.</p>	<p>Beloved and precious in His sight, Before all worlds they stood; Their souls were always His delight, They cost Him precious blood.</p>
<p>Yes, they are precious while they live, And precious when they die; So precious that to them He’ll give Most precious crowns on high.”</p>	

Then gave a soul-comforting discourse from 1 Cor. xv. 37: “But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,” after which he gave encouraging words to the relatives, to the Church, and congregation. The deceased, as a Christian, was courteous, consistent, cheerful, fearful, forbearing, sincere. As a friend, benevolent, self-denying, constant, faithful. As a mother, affectionate, beloved, considerate, devout, earnest, firm. As a wife, she was—but words would fail to tell you *what*—think what a wife should be, and she was that. Some eight years before her death, she said to me, “If I should die before you let Mr. Debnam put me away, and I should like that hymn of Watts’—

“Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,”

sung at my funeral. Her request was complied with, and the hymn was sung. The funeral was carried out by E. W. Debnam, of Oxford-street, W., in a very satisfactory manner. We conclude by saying we mourn the loss of a godly companion.

Yours in Christ,
GEORGE REED.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL ON
THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

BY JOSEPH WILKINS,
Minister of Wattisham Chapel.

“My kingdom is not of this world.”—John xviii. 36.

WHEN Christ came, He came to found a KINGDOM. True, He had other work in hand; many great and gracious purposes, in fact, to carry into effect. Works of vast magnitude, and of solemn issues engaged *His* attention. But among the many undertakings He came to accomplish was the founding of the long predicted kingdom, designated, by way of distinction, “The kingdom of the heavens.” His forerunner, John, went before Him as a *voice* crying, “The kingdom of heaven is at hand,” prepare for it! it is coming! it is near! it is even *close* at hand. Many earthly kingdoms have been founded, and for awhile established, and possessed more or less excellence; some have existed for a short time only, while others have long stood with great power and in shining glory; but they have passed away, like cities; and like Babylon and Nineveh lie buried in their own ruins, and are entombed in their own dust. Now among the many kingdoms of varied forms of government, and of varied excellence and duration, which have existed, and which still exist, and which may hereafter come into existence; of all these thrones, and powers, and governments there is ONE kingdom peculiarly HIS, called by way of distinction, “the kingdom of the heavens.” By the lips of His admiring subjects it is called *THEY* kingdom. By Himself it is called *MY* kingdom, and in general terms it is called *HIS* kingdom. HE is the *Founder* of it, His throne is exalted in it; He is the *Sustainer* of it, He is lovingly crowned by all who live in it; and as its King He is the light, the glory, and the centre figure of it; and to show the proper *Deity* of His person, it is called “*the kingdom of GOD.*”

But how did He proceed to found His kingdom? Not by sending fleets, and mighty armies of soldiers to our shores; He came not with armies and fleets, His was not a naval power, not a martial conquest, He did not take the kingdom by bloodshed and force of arms. No! HE TOOK OUR NATURE, and in His own Person connected heaven and earth. He was the SON *given* but the CHILD *born*. The divine LOGOS was made flesh and dwelt among us, heaven and earth stood before the universe united in his illustrious Person, and by that one act of taking our nature He *for ever* connected heaven and earth. He brought them together in Himself, and united them in His own Person; *there* they are for ever *allied*, and so blessedly united that a severance can never take place; and thus the powers of heaven are engaged in the interests of His kingdom upon the earth. And while the individuals or the persons, as the *materials* of which His kingdom is composed, are from the world, the power, the wisdom, the grace, and force by which the kingdom is founded, carried on, and sustained, is from heaven. Hence, “My kingdom is not of this world.” That is, the powers by which My kingdom is founded, My throne upheld, My authority established, and My growing empire extended and sustained, are not of this world, “else would My servants fight.” This brings me to one point, at which I am aiming—

viz., THAT THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST DIFFERS, is, in fact, totally *different* to all other kingdoms, that the kingdom of Christ is DISSIMILAR in *four* respects.

I.—IT DIFFERS IN ITS NATURE—its very *life* and *purity* is unlike that of any other kingdom.

1. *It is spiritual*, and as such it is *pure* in its nature. It is not a material, not a temporal kingdom. I do not claim for *Him* a material crown, His is no fading, perishable crown, nor a crumbling, temporal throne. If His sceptre were not *spiritual* and *pure*, it could not be *lasting*, for all that is material is in some respect impure, and tends to defection and decay. As a spiritual sovereign, He sways a spiritual sceptre in a kingdom vast in its extent, but *spiritual* in its nature. This spiritual kingdom, founded by Himself, was designed to live *in* other kingdoms, which are temporal, as it is said by Daniel, "And in the kingdoms thereof shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." Thus His kingdom is to exist *in* the midst of civil governments, yet as separate and distinct from them as it is possible to be.

2. *It is incorruptible*. Its pure spiritual nature is incapable of being impregnated with any corrupting leaven. That it is surrounded by impurities, is admitted; the very waves of defilement roll around it in every direction; yet, being spiritual, His kingdom maintains its separate distinctness and purity, and stands amidst the kingdoms of the earth as pure and lovely as "a lily among thorns," shining as a luminous star among the sin-blackened kingdoms of the earth, which are in comparison only dark volumes of clouds passing away.

3. *It is indestructible*. Christ, unlike other monarchs, passes by that which is material and perishable, and seizes that which is spiritual and lasting, "and cannot be destroyed," for who can root it up? His kingdom was small and greatly despised, and much opposed in its beginning; so small was it that He Himself likened it to "a grain of mustard seed." It was indeed a mere sapling when He first planted it, and many and cruel have been the attempts to uproot it, but it was destined to *live*, to grow, to thrive and spread, and to become as a mighty forest, shaking its beneficial fruits over the nations of the earth. He placed within it the vital germ, the PROTOPLASM, or vital sap of spiritual life. It has within itself vital principles which are not subject to the laws of decay, germinating powers which other corporeal powers cannot touch so as to destroy; in other words, its *life* is INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Let us distinguish where differences exist; specially let us distinguish the ASPECT of this kingdom. This, I maintain, is distinct and totally different from its *nature*; men confound the two, and sometimes take its *appearance* to be its *nature*. Now its nature never alters, never varies, and cannot be changed. Its *aspect* may change, and does vary, yet it always presents the aspect or appearance of *mixture*. Outwardly we see goats among the sheep, tares with the wheat, foolish and wise virgins together, till the Bridegroom comes. Yet the tares and wheat differ in their very nature. Is not this *partly* what Mr. Battersby alludes to?

II.—IT DIFFERS IN ITS CONSTITUTION. In this kingdom all centres in the King. For instance—

1. *He is the embodiment of perfect LAW*. "Thy law is within my heart." He Himself is as the statute book of the realm, containing all

the laws of the empire. His subjects see in Him a living law, the laws of His kingdom. No other king ever placed before his subjects all the statute laws of his kingdom inviolable in his own person and life—Jesus did. The laws of His kingdom are seen in the daily, practical exemplification of His life.

2. *He is the embodiment of perfect LOVE.* He rules by love, for while He reigns *over* His enemies He rules *in* His saints. The one is the reign of power, the other of affection.

3. *He is the embodiment of perfect WISDOM.* “For in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom.”

4. *He is the embodiment of perfect POWER.* He can carry into effect all His plans. They are framed by infinite goodness and wisdom, and accomplished by His unerring power. With Him there can be no miscarriage: He never had to recall His forces, but then, be it remembered, His power is not governed by arbitrary will alone, but His power is ever influenced by the most perfect holiness, and always regulated by the most perfect equity, and by righteousness the most exalted.

5. *He is the embodiment of perfect PEACE.* Here in Him as the “Shiloh,” as the noble Prince of peace, the sinner finds a calm, and the depths of profound repose. His kingdom is *the* kingdom of peace, where thousands have found the deepest tranquillity. Who would not be a subject in such a kingdom?

6. *He is the embodiment of perfect GLORY.* And why? Because in Him there is the perfect embodiment of every virtue, of every moral quality. “Grace is poured into His lips,” and in Him shines every light, every moral excellence.

III.—IT DIFFERS IN ITS EXTENT. How and by whom are the boundaries of His kingdom fixed? Doubtless in what is *secret* to us, the boundaries of that vast kingdom are fixed in *covenant*, both as regards purpose and design. But *visibly* the dimensions are staked out and the boundaries are fixed not by the wish, the will, or the power of man, but by the SPIRIT in *regeneration*; and regeneration alone, as co-extensive with the atonement, will determine with exactness the *extent* of His kingdom; “for except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God”—*he cannot enter it.*

IV.—IT DIFFERS IN ITS DURATION. This, I argue, partly from its *nature*, and partly from the divine *will*, for when all other kingdoms have passed away this will stand in all its purity, glory, and completeness. It was the divine will that it should become established in the earth, so much so as to defy all opposing powers. It must and will brave every storm, will live in spite of the angry passions of men, will grow in spite of every effort to crush it. It is destined to be triumphant, and will eventually overcome all the malice and all the allied powers of earth and hell. O Jesus! Thine is the kingdom! Thine is the power, and THINE is the GLORY.

HAD we no other happiness and blessedness than here below, God being so great a God, would have been ashamed of our condition; but not so; seeing He hath prepared for us the same happiness Himself possesseth and enjoys, meet for the children of so great a King.—*Dr. Goodwin's Marrow.*

A LETTER FROM NORTH AMERICA.

BY R. J. LAPWORTH.

DEAR MR. BANKS, and brother in the Lord, our one common Saviour and gracious Redeemer, JESUS CHRIST, the eternal Son of GOD, and yet "Brother born for adversity,"—I have often thought of you since our very happy and pleasant meeting at Wythall Heath, and often do I look back upon the past with feelings of deep gratitude and thankfulness, remembering all the way the LORD has led me these many years in the wilderness. I hope you will not think I have forgotten your kindness. I have heard from several friends that my former letter to you appeared in the VESSEL. I must tell you a little of our present circumstances; which leads me to say our coming here has not been a success; and I often think of your words to me at "Prospect House," Weather Oak-hill, when you made this remark: "Was it not too late in the day?" referring to my age; and again, when referring to dear Cowper's words—

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face"—

you remarked: "Might not this be a frowning providence?" I cannot say *it is not*, neither dare I say *IT IS*; but this one thing I can say, If the Lord did not will my coming, He permitted it, and thus far has watched over me and mine, not permitting us to want any good thing, nor any harm to come nigh our persons, or our dwelling-place, whether upon the land or the sea. When I think of these things, my heart goes up in silent gratitude to God for all His goodness and His mercy manifested towards me, and the dear ones belonging to me.

You will ask why I am not succeeding here in the far West. I dare say you remember another remark you made when in conversation with me; it was this: "*You will find they don't want MUCH GOSPEL over there!*" So I have found it. A young Englishman who is sojourning here said to me, a short time since: "You will find the till and the dollar are the chief attractions here:" and I find it is so, whether in the street, or in the store, on the rail, or in the tram-car, the "almighty dollar" is the main subject of conversation, so that the poor, the tried, and the tempest-tossed one, finds refuge only in his GOD, and feels himself weaned more and more from the world, and all the glare and vanities of this time state.

You will naturally want to know how it is I am not succeeding. In the first place, an unordained minister here is thought but little of, as he is not thought qualified to perform the duties devolving upon a minister; such as to bury, baptize, marry, or to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; consequently, I am not considered eligible to undertake the office of the pastorate. Secondly, the great want of the people appears to be a highly intellectual ministry; or else something to amuse or tickle the ear, or the fancy; or, again, something of a sensational character; and then, having these qualities, a man may for a time succeed; but, as you know, your unworthy correspondent does not possess these qualifications, and he naturally finds himself unacceptable with the people.

I will proceed to inform you that at the present I am laying at anchor, having no employment, neither temporal nor spiritual. The

Baptist place is closed again. I supplied five Sundays and another Englishman two, and, although he was an ordained minister, he has not been invited to continue his services. I must tell you of something which will surprise you. After wandering about in search of a Gospel preacher, I am thankful to say I have found one in the rector of Steven's Point, and an old friend of yours, Mr. HENRY WATTS, formerly of London. He tells me that he preached his first sermon in your old chapel, at Unicorn-yard, and his pastor was Mr. ROBERT BOWLES, of London. He inquired of me if he was still living. I could not tell him. He has desired me to remember him kindly to you, although he says he expects you have forgotten him ere this. His brother-in-law, Mr. Cracknell, had just paid him a visit, before I made his acquaintance, or else I expect I should have had the pleasure of meeting with him at the rectory. I understand from Mr. Watts that Mr. Cracknell is making the tour of America before he returns to England. Mr. Watts left England for Canada about twenty years ago.

I am truly glad to find in this Western State so clear, so faithful a minister of Christ's Gospel. I can assure you, my dear brother, with him it is CHRIST, and HIM ONLY, in the solemn matter of the sinner's salvation; and I can testify, so far as I may be considered a judge of Gospel verities, that Mr. Henry Watts preaches the Gospel of the grace of God unto the inhabitants of Steven's Point, in all its fulness, freeness, and power. I would also add that his senior warden is from London—Mr. Weston by name; but whether he might be known to you I cannot tell. You will see—by these few items of information—I am, in a certain sense, at home, and among old friends, as it were, and yet not at home, as I cannot say that I am so much at home amongst the episcopal forms and ceremonies as I am when engaged in our more humble forms and unostentatious modes of worship.

Now, under these circumstances, I feel unsettled; in fact, I have pretty well made up my mind to return to England in the Spring of the present year; and (D.V.) hope to reach my native town of Birmingham in the coming May or June; where, if the Lord will, I hope for a time to find a rest for the sole of my foot, and to look around and consider what I had better do next. I sometimes think the Master of the vineyard may have a work for me to do as an itinerant in His service; if so, I should feel a heartfelt pleasure, if thought worthy to do so, to engage in this branch of His service; or, if He think well for me to engage only in the business of the world, I hope I should be enabled to do so in an upright and honourable manner; and by my life and conversation at all times show forth His praise.

Before I close, I would just say I am not complaining of the country or the people; it is a land of plenty, good wages, and cheap provisions. A good piece of beef may be bought for twopence-halfpenny or threepence per pound, a leg of mutton for fivepence per pound, butter and eggs for about half the price in England, and other things according; but clothing, hosiery, hats, boots, &c., are much dearer than in England; to counter-balance this, wages are much higher. The young and the healthy may easily earn three dollars a day—such as carpenters, wheelwrights, masons, blacksmiths, printers, tailors, &c., also railway employés. I have a neighbour, a brakesman on the line, who is receiving three-and-a-half dollars per day; but, as you remarked, it is too late in the day for me to

think anything about this; so I am not deceiving myself by doing so. I will only detain you by just saying I have paid a nine days' visit to La Crosse, a city one hundred and fifty miles from here; it is at the outside boundaries of the State of Wisconsin, and is situate upon the banks of the Mississippi, which divides it from Minnesota. The Methodist minister here invited me to preach in his chapel, which I was enabled to do, in some measure and degree, from Paul's words to the Hebrews: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." I felt a sweet liberty in speaking of the eternity, divinity, and humanity of the Son of God; how far the Word might be owned and blessed, the coming day only will reveal. I felt a desire to push on to St. Paul's, the capital of Minnesota, and from thence to Manitoba, our own American possession; but could not do so, and therefore have returned, I trust, with a thankful heart, to my home—where loving hearts were ready to receive me.

And now, from my home in the "sunset land," I would once more bid you adieu, hoping and praying, if such be the will of God, that we may meet again in the flesh; and if not, in that glorious land which is afar off and yet near, where parting is never known, and where Eastern, and Western, North and Southern nations shall meet together, washed in the blood of the Lamb. May it be ours with the redeemed throng gathered out of all nations unitedly to cast our crowns of glory at the Redeemer's feet, and sing His high praises for ever and ever, with an earnest prayer for your present and everlasting welfare, and earnestly desiring that your last days may be your best days, believe me, yours very affectionately and sincerely, the "sparrow alone," or wanderer in the far West.

R. J. LAPWORTH.

Steven's Point, Portage County, Wisconsin,
North America, Jan. 16, 1882.

[We were fearful our brother would not find a Gospel Paradise in the American States. May the Almighty God bring him and his dear family home again safely, and bless his labours for years to come. After all, there is no place like England.—C. W. B.]

A LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

TO THE CHURCH AND THE FRIENDS WORSHIPPING AT SYDENHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—May mercy, peace, and grace, and, above all, the presence of our Triune God be with you. I feel I cannot let this period of the year pass without writing a few lines to you. The past is still fresh in my mind. Twelve months ago I was with you, and at our meeting on Christmas Day we were all very happy; but, oh! beloved friends, what changes since then! The old chapel you have spent some very precious seasons in, and you have found it, while waiting upon the Lord, to be the very gate of heaven to your soul, *is no more*; and one that was with us then has gone home to join in the everlasting song. He bath done with earth cares, earth sorrows and toils, and is free from all the mischief it has wrought. We know not who will be the next. May we be found waiting when the messenger comes; and myself, that were with you then, is thousands of miles away. But, my dear friends, there is one sweet consolation, that notwithstanding all these changes, our God changeth not; He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." His love is the same, He is the Friend that loveth at all times. His love is a changeless rock; the billows of time, and the horrid waves

of our waywardness may lash its sides, but can never shake it. It is *everlasting* love. The poet said,—

“They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.”

It hath rejoiced my heart that the dear Lord hath been with you in the past year. The work we commenced then you have seen completed. How many were your fears then, and wondering where the money was coming from to build the new chapel. The Lord has been better to you than all your fears and doubts. He raised up one friend after another, that now you have a nice, comfortable place of worship; and may He who said to Israel, “Where Solomon built a temple for the Lord, there will I meet with thee, and I will commune with thee,” realise that He meets with you and communes with you, under the ministration of His Word, that weak hands may be strengthened, feeble knees confirmed, and fearful hearts comforted; and although I am absent from you, I give thanks to God alway for you, making mention of you in my prayers. May the Lord still be with you, both pastor and people, is my earnest prayer.

And now, for a short time, let us contemplate our God under some of the different names and covenant characters He reveals Himself to the vessels of mercy; one of which is that of “Jehovah-Jireh,” meaning the Lord will see, or provide; and the Holy Spirit leads most of His children in one way or another through such an experience to meet the manifestation of the mercy of a providing God. Many of the Lord’s children are poor as regards this world’s goods, but rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom; and when all other help fails, the blessed Spirit causes the heart to pant for Jehovah-Jireh, in the language, “Lord, help me, for I cannot help myself; Lord, I come to Thee, for Thou only canst help me through.” How many instances we have in Scripture of a providing God! The prophet was fed by the ravens, the widow’s barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail.

“It may not be my way—It may not be thy way;
But in His own way—The Lord will provide.”

Hence, David said, “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;” and taking a review of the past mercy and goodness of God, he exclaims, “Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me.” It had done so; and, with that sweet confidence, he declares it shall follow him. Now, my dear friends, under this blessed covenant character have you not realised the manifestation of the Lord, both temporally and spiritually? He is the God of all grace. There is something very beautiful in the expression of the apostle Peter, “*The God of all grace*,” as though he would lead our hearts to the fountain at once. He is the God of all grace. By the grace of God we are convinced of sin; He is the God of pardoning grace, restoring, supporting, keeping, and death grace. Thus we want the manifestation of God, under His covenant character as “Jehovah-Shammah” (“the Lord is there”). There are some of the children of God who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage. Death is unbearable without the Lord’s presence. Oh! then, to hear the voice of Jesus whispering peace to the soul! Assured all is well, it can say with one of old, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.”

“As surely as He overcame, and triumph’d once for you,
So surely you that love His name shall triumph in Him too;
Again He shall present our souls before His Father’s face,
And not a wrinkle or a spot its beauteous form deface.”

Now, my dear friends, I must conclude, praying that during the coming year you may have the presence of God. I hope some day, if spared, to meet with you again; but if not on earth, in heaven I hope to meet you to spend an eternal Sabbath, and tune our harps to the praise of Him that hath made us accepted in the Beloved. So now farewell for a time, wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

G. WHITE.

20, Long-street, Cape Town, South Africa.

MR. Levinsohn is preparing a series of articles on Russia, and the Progress of Scripture Truth. The first paper will appear in our next number.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

“EPHRAIM'S ANTI-TYPICAL AGE,
AS VIEWED FROM
THE ANCIENT MILESTONE.”

(SECOND NOTICE.)

BEFORE ascending the long flight of stone-steps leading up into the front hall of “the ancient mile-stone,” a book-vendor entreated me to examine “the climax of curiosities,” which appeared to be reached in Messrs. Strahan & Co.'s illustrious and illustrated *Day of Rest*, with fifty pictures, representing the manger in Bethlehem at the time of the blessed Saviour's advent, and a variety of the subsequent manifestations of the ever-to-be-adored God-Man during His sojourn upon this earth. “Sir,” said I, “is this painting, this poetical, this pictorial, this philosophical, this platitudinal, this plausible state of things a wholesome remedy, a soul-healing compounded antidote for the miseries of man's fallen wretchedness?” “Master Critic,” exclaimed the book-vendor, “the pictures are to please the eye; the poetry is to touch the heart! I beg to ask, Can anything be more Christ-like, or more truly expressive of the real Christian's breathing than the first portion of this elegantly-adorned, and eloquent stanza? Do let me read it to you:—

‘To live for love, to pardon wrong,
To think that God is kind and just—
These things to every day belong,
Like honest work and earnest trust.
We would not meet this festival
With any straining of the heart;
MAY HE who sees and succours all,
Make each one faithful to his part:
And let pretence be put away
This simple, cheerful Christmas-day.’”

I can only stop now to say, If this *Day of Rest* is to be instrumental in leading the parsons and their people

“To live for love, to pardon wrong,”

and if this singularly paint-and-pretty print can

SWEEP PRETENCE AWAY,

it will be a very effective means of hastening on the millennium. But I am called to immediately ascend these stone-steps, to pass through the waiting-hall, to turn into the left-hand chamber of *Prophetic Anticipations*, there to consider the propriety of issuing a series of papers bearing this voluminous title,

“ALL ABOUT THE SPURGEONS!”

“Good morning! Tell the *Day of Rest* publishers their novel issues shall have a special review, if the fogs now so prevalent will kindly leave our shores.”

In my first paper I carefully described “the ancient mile-stone.” Such another

mile-stone is not to be easily found. Its top-most departments are four. First, a waiting-hall; in that hall thousands have waited, anxiously inquiring for the Biblical, the spiritual, the practical

WAY TO THE HOME OF CHRISTIANITY.

To my astonishment I found the waiting-hall literally full to overflowing. Some were seeking admission into the left-hand chamber of *Prophetic Anticipations*. Others wished to enter the right-hand assembly of Retrospective Gazers; and here and there was one (tired of reflection on the by-gones, and having no heart for *Speculations on the Future*) was only concerned to be found in the inner, quiet, central palace of the Rest of Divine Consolations. In this first outer-hall there came to me a fine old gentleman, and asked, “Do you remember me?” “Oh, yes! I know you by your eyes! I have often thought of you, how when it was difficult to find anyone to preach your anniversary sermons for some years, you fled to me, and I never denied you.” “Well; do you remember my standing once with you on a platform at a public meeting, when I said I had been looking into my lexicon to see if I could find the meaning of the word ‘prejudice,’ and behold, there was no such word to be found?” “I well recollect. In heaven there is no such poisonous breath as *prejudice* doth pour forth. The Bible will not keep company with such a pestilential term. Dr. Davidson—that beautiful expounder of ‘Predestination’—silently ignores the three-sentenced contaminator of human society with contempt. But down-stairs, sir,—

That venomous sting,
With fierce-flying wing,
Sends its awful dart
Through many a heart,
And blindly slays its millions.

Hence, Nuttall says, ‘Prejudice is a prejudging; pre-possession; it is an injury of any kind.’ Barclay is a correct expounder of words; he says, ‘Prejudice is from the Latin’ (not from God's Hebrew, or Christ's Greek, but from the legal Latin), and it means ‘a judgment or opinion for men before examination, either in favour of, or against, a person: it is mischievous; it is hurtful; it is detrimental.’ And well I know it. I think before you hang a man, or curse a man, or cast him into the pit of destruction, you should examine the man; find out the root and reality of his character in the main; so, with your eyes open, know

for yourself that what you do is just and right." We parted; I turned into the hall of Retrospection; and the first reflector I heard was

OLD WILLIAM PRYNNE,

a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. He had been looking with his long, clear, powerful telescope from the earliest part of 1600 down to these fashionable ages of idolatry, and he was shouting out, "If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that you have received, let him be accursed." Or if there come any unto you, "AND BRING NOT THE DOCTRINE," receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed. "Amen! amen! amen!" echoed from many an aged sire; while some of the slender, spruce juniors became exceedingly angry, looked red in the face, and silently wished old Master William Prynne and his cobleivers were in heaven.

"Preachers of Novelties," cried a voice in a corner, "for the sake of your own souls, and for the good of the souls ye minister unto, let me beseech you to take a leaf out of Paul's letter to his beloved Philippians. He wrote when his life was hanging upon Nero's nod—"As always, so now, also,

"CHRIST SHALL BE MAGNIFIED

"in my body, whether it be by life or by death." This stray voice brought silent attention. "See, you young orators," continued the shrill sound, "there are three points. First, a Reference to the past—'as always.' Paul had always preached a free-grace, God-given CHRIST unto all the Churches. He had but one subject, one theme, one text, which was Christ Jesus, who loved the Church, and gave HIMSELF for it. Secondly, There was assurance and confidence in the present—'So now, also.' But Nero has prepared the scaffold, Paul; the sword is sharpened to take off thy head, if thou dost not deny the faith thou hast preached. 'Recant,' said Nero's dark and deadly messenger, 'or thy blood will be spilt on the block.' Like Daniel, who sat smiling in the den where the fierce lions looked quietly on him, so Paul, undaunted, exclaims, 'As always, so now also.' The apostle will die a thousand deaths ere he deny his Master. The climax comes out without a groan, or a grunt, or a tear,—

'CHRIST SHALL BE MAGNIFIED IN MY BODY; WHETHER IT BE BY LIFE OR BY DEATH.'

From whatever college, or court, or cot, ye come, gentlemen, first be sure ye have CHRIST in your hearts; then, abide ye in Him; live and die for Him; and ye have

no more need to fear the Popes, the pirates, or the presidents, than has Christ Himself."

Other reflectors were looking on more recent discoveries of the characters and consciences of the ministers of our own century; reporters were securing the reflector's notes; but a sonorous call came, "Mr. Critic, take these sheets of writing on *All About the Spurgeons*," which are now under close investigation. Of them we speak next time we ascend "The ancient mile-stone."

Contributions to a New Revision; or, a Critical Companion to the New Testament; being a Series of Notes on the Original Text, with the view of securing greater Uniformity in its English Rendering, &c. By Robert Young, LL.D., author of the "Analytical Concordance to the Bible," &c. Edinburgh: G. A. Young & Co.; London: sold by all booksellers. We are exceedingly fond of Dr. Robert Young, of 14, Grange-terrace, Edinburgh. We do not think that man exists who has given himself up to the constant research, anxious study, and digging down into the roots of the originals, more intensely than has Robert Young. Whoever keeps this "contribution" by his side, and refers to it when studying the New Testament, will not care for the present "new," nor any future revision. If the Spirit of God does not lead the enlightened mind into God's meaning of any text, all the revisions of cosmopolitan revisers will do no soul any spiritual good. But wisecracs must be meddling.

"THE FIRST ENGLISH PEER WHO SUFFERED FOR CHRIST'S SAKE"—We have been in close connection with the Protestant Printing Press for more than sixty years. We have read and issued an untold variety and number of works, of books, and of papers against the heresies of that ever-spreading family, whose head is called "ANTI-CHRIST;" but we can recollect none which so moved, so alarmed, so excited us, as Mr. Stanford's *Scenes Taken from Life; or, The Pilgrim of Ether Castle* (published by R. Banks). The title-page to the original narrative contains over twenty lines descriptive of its contents; and he must be a stoic, a sceptic, or a man with a cold, marble mind, who can read this monumental doorway into the chambers of most extraordinary scenes, all so awfully true, and not eagerly seek to read it and circulate it for the benefit of his neighbours.

The Fireside, on "Solomon's Garden," and other papers, is varied.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A LONDONER IN THE LAND OF GOSHEN.

THE OLD TESTAMENT TYPE OF PREACHING, &c.

[Turn wherever you will, the people are speaking and writing about the parsons and the preaching of the times we live in. "What does it mean?" Grandfather says: "The School-Board, and the flood of sensational, of social, of philosophical, and of scientific papers ever flowing from the press, have done it all!" It is an age of light literature, but

GODLINESS WILL NEVER DIE OUT.

Godliness, as Swinnoek puts it, is *Soul-work*, it is *God-work*, it is *Eternity-work*. The eternal God began the work before Time, all through the ages the Almighty has carried it on, and its crowning glory will be seen when the Prince of the King of the earth shall come the second time to gather His saints together. Please read the following.]

MR. EDITOR.—On my return from the continent I halted in this busy city, and was pleased to find some improvement in the right direction. I heard one pulpit discourse; uncle and I talked the matter over. He said, "Where there is no pruning there is certain to be a lot of pride. But here is the mystery; how can unfruitful branches grow out of the Vine of Truth? For so the Syriac version renders the divine Master's word, 'I am the true Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman; every branch that beareth not fruit IN ME,' &c." Ah, how that explained things! Much more in my notes, when I get quietly home; I mean (D.V.) to send you the singular sermon; for so they call all the talk of pulpit men in these days. My uncle startled me: "What temple is that," said he, "of which Paul speaks, 'Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called GOD, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God; shewing that he himself is God'?" "Oh, uncle, what! is it not confined to Rome, not to any false division of the so-called 'visible Church'?" "Certainly not; nor to any Church, chapel, or mission-hall. The false and fulsome orator's heart is often that temple, whence pride, presumption, and Phariseism sit, and act, and speak, as though the eternal Author and Finisher Himself was there. This state of things is fearfully delusive. Of old it was written, 'Israel is an empty vine; he bringeth forth fruit unto himself.' When the miuster is not, as John Owen writes, an *imitator of Christ*, a *representer of Christ*, a man fired with zeal for Christ, then the man himself will sit supreme; and, unless the people can idolise the man, their souls must taint by the way. When self is to the front, and the Saviour is behind, we must fear that branch is from the empty vine, and not from "the Viue of truth."

I am about in cities, in towns, in villages, and I ask, "Can you tell me where I can worship under the man whose ministry is according to Paul's testimony, 'And my speech, and my preaching, is not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power'?" Oh, how my soul is exercised with fear lest I should think lightly of any one of the Lord's anointed; but to me, to my poor soul, there are so many empty vines, that I cannot restrain the cry, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, and where Thou causest Thy flock to rest at noon!" You know, C. W. B., of the conversion of Martin Booz, once a priest in Rome. He was sent to prepare a dying woman for death. He told her the good life she had lived would take her to heaven safe enough. "No!" cried

THE DYING WOMAN,

"if I had nothing but my good life to depend upon, I would be condemned. I rely solely on my Lord Jesus Christ for salvation." At this, the scales fell off Martin Booz's eyes, he had Christ revealed in his soul, and he began to preach Christ to all people. But often, when he came before the gathered multitudes, he would stand and cry, confessing that he had nothing to say to them; but the Holy Ghost would so stir up his soul that he would spontaneously pour out his deep emotion; and the power would be so mighty that saving blessings would be found by heaps of his hearers.

THAT IS THE PREACHING WE WANT!

Where, where, in whom can it be found? I do not say, Nowhere; but to the

POOR WANDERING COCKNEY

it is a rare privilege indeed.

THE ANCIENT PREACHING TYPE.

The foregoing note of a wanderer in the Goshen land of Suffolk, stirs in me a recollection of preaching for forty minutes the other Sunday evening; when, as soon as I had closed the service, I ran home without speaking one word to anyone; because, all through that service, I had been so bound in my own soul, that really, after more than fifty years' preaching, I felt I must give it up. My people could not understand that; but I have long believed that the ancient "drink-offerings" were a type of the true Gospel preaching. The golden pipes emptied the golden oil out of themselves; and it may be often the case that a golden pipe enjoys nothing itself of the golden oil which the Spirit of the Lord pours through him into other souls. But to the

ANCIENT TYPE OF PREACHING.

After Jacob had been some time in a cold and quiet frame, God called him to arise, and go up to Bethel; and when he was coming out of Padan-aram God appeared unto him, and blessed him, and poured into Jacob's soul some soul-confirming words. Yea, the Lord filled Jacob's spirit with promises and assu-

rances most wonderful. After this, God went up from him, and left Jacob in the place where He had talked with him. That is as it has sometimes been found in the poor minister's study. In that quiet, retired chamber, the Lord has come in and blessed His servant's soul, and has then gone up from him.

What does Jacob do now? He sets up a pillar. The minister goes to his pulpit and he sets up Christ, the glorious Person of the God-Man; and he poureth out a drink-offering, and oil poured thereon. God having poured blessings into Jacob's soul, Jacob then poured out his drink-offering,

NOT FORGETTING THE OIL.

When a minister has to pull his sermon down from off the shelves of his memory (as the bell-ringers pull the ropes to make the bells to ring), it is hard work; but when the soul is filled with the Lord's blessing, when the unction of the Holy Ghost is on his soul as well, then to pour it out is the most delightful work. Yet, immediately after the minister has poured out his soul, as John Bunyan tells us, the enemy may assail him.

Pardon me if I give you Dr. Trestrail's account of

ROBERT HALL'S PREACHING IN A VILLAGE INN.

There is a village near Leicester (I hope William Webb will find it out and preach the Gospel there), the village is called Clipstone, and Dr. Trestrail says:—

"The incident I am about to relate happened on Robert Hall's return to Leicester from one of these 'Clipstone meetings.' The snow was falling fast as he called at Master York's (a pious village innkeeper). At first he declined to dismount, but ultimately yielded to urgent solicitation to stay and see if the weather would clear. He went into the inner room, and was soon absorbed in conversation. By-and-by he rose to go, but Master York would not hear of it.

"No, Mr. Hall, please. It is dark and stormy. The snow has been a-falling ever since you came, and is deep now. I wouldn't turn a dog out in such a night. You can't go, for you would lose your way, and come to harm; and, dear sir, I couldn't stand *that*." Mr. Hall having looked out, saw that it would be imprudent to go, and consented to stay the night.

"After awhile Master York suggested that, as he was detained by the weather, he should preach.

"Preach to whom, sir?"

"Why, to the people of the village, to be sure."

"Whoever would come out to hear me, sir, on such a night as this?"

"Well, now, Mr. Hall, if I get some of 'em to come, won't you say a few words?"

"Well, sir, if any of the neighbours do come, I will."

"In a moment, overjoyed with his success, the dear old man sallied out with a lantern, sent his wife in one direction and his son in another, to tell the good folk that Mr. Hall was there, and would preach.

"Why, Mr. Trestrail, the whole village was astir in no time. You could see lanterns everywhere. This room was soon filled, and then we had to borrow chairs and forms, for the big 'un was filled too; and so Mr. Hall stood in the doorway and preached to us. And didn't he go on grand! It would have done your heart good to have been there and heard 'un."

"Do you remember what he preached about, Master York?"

"Do I remember? Likely thing I should ever forget that. He preached from this text: *I saw no temple therein*. He talked in so wonderful a manner about the glory of heaven, and the worship which the saints would offer to God, that I forgot where I was, and thought I was up there. Yes, indeed, my dear pastor, my poor little public that night was turned into the house of God, and the gate of heaven. After supper Mr. Hall became silent, and I heard him sigh two or three times. So I said to 'un, 'Anything the matter, Mr. Hall?'

"Yes, Master York, very much. I am in great doubts as to my state. I sometimes fear I have never been converted, and it distresses me exceedingly."

"Why sure, Mr. Hall, *that* canna be anyhow. How do you think you could a-preached as you did to us to-night if you hadn't a been converted?"

"Master York, what do you consider to be a decisive proof of conversion?"

"Why, then, Mr. Hall, I think that if a man loves and fears God he is about right. Don't you now?"

"Love and fear God, Master York? I do, indeed I do."

"And then, Mr. Trestrail, how he did go on, to be sure. I never heard such things about God Almighty before, except in the Bible. He talked about our world, and then about other worlds; about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, as all made by Him; about His wisdom and power; about sin and the awful ruin it had caused; about God's pity and love for us poor sinners, sending His dear Son to die for us; about pardon and life, *everlasting life*—that I wor indeed quite amazed like. It seemed to me as if he could ha' gone on talking about these things for ever and ever. Oh, sir, it wor wonderful, wonderful, indeed it wor. Though the clock had struck twelve, I wor sorry when it wor over. He got up, took my hand—ah, so kindly—and said,—

"Master York, I am thankful that the bad weather stopt me, and that you kept me here. You have lifted a load off my mind, Master York. I shall sleep in peace. Good-night."

"Just you think, now, that such a poor creature as I am should really ha' helped such a wonderful man as that. Why, my dear pastor, I stood there and cried like a babby."

"What a contrast does this remarkable interview present to us! How widely different these two men, in intellect, attainments, and character! But not less striking, as affording an instance of the power of simple faith to enable an almost wholly uneducated mind to apprehend and grasp the most vital

truths of the Gospel, and to present them in a form so clear and simple as to lift the loftier intellect out of the region of doubt and fear into one of peace and joy."

MR. W. SHEPHERD AT SOUTH CHARD.

A most interesting meeting was held at South Chard Baptist chapel, on January 10. I have been favoured to attend the meetings of our highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Shepherd, for many years; but the last was certainly the most cheering and encouraging. Mr. Shepherd lives in the affections of the people; he is instant in season and out of season, in ministering to them the good Word of life. The Lord has blessed the Word, feeding the flock of slaughter.

It is a comfort, in this day of drought, to find some spots where the Redeemer's name is exalted and extolled. This is the theme in the ministry of our dear friend. I trust he will be spared many years to preach among the people of his charge the unsearchable riches of Christ.

On the occasion referred to, the school children, with the teachers and superintendent (Mr. Larcombe), and a goodly number of friends, assembled at the chapel, when pieces were recited by teachers and children of a most useful nature. The service was opened with singing, prayer, and an address by pastor W. Shepherd. A touching part of the service was a well-arranged and expressive address to the pastor by Miss Wellington, after which she presented to him, in the name of the Church and congregation, a purse containing £16 13s. 8d., a practical proof of the high esteem in which Mr. Shepherd is still held by the people.

While listening to the expressions of thankfulness to the Lord uttered by Miss Wellington and the superintendent of the school (Mr. Larcombe), who takes a lively interest in the welfare of the children, and the cheerful, happy state both of pastor and people, we could silently say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." You are well aware our friend, Mr. Shepherd, has laboured many years among his people at South Chard, and of his self-denying labours there is abundant proof. It may well be said respecting him, "I seek not yours, but you;" and considering his pressure of business, together with manifold trials, afflictions, and bereavement which he has been called to pass through, he has given abundant proof, by the grace of God, of the deep affection of his heart toward this portion of the Church in the wilderness. Of the usefulness of Miss Wellington and other workers among them, nothing need be said; their record is on high.

R. VARDER.

Yeovil, February 11, 1882.

LINCOLN.—Our correspondent says:—Mr. B. B. Wale has been recognised as pastor over the Newport Church, which is a branch from the Mint-lane cause. More information is promised; but on the whole, for many reasons, we have the heart-ache.

TASMANIA WANTS A PASTOR!—WHO WILL GO?

PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN'S ACCOUNT OF ONE OF MR. JAMES WELLS' FRIENDS.—HER LIFE, DEATH, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel.")

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Love, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you by the blessed Redeemer. I enclose to you the letter from Hobart, Tasmania, in which is set forth their want of a pastor, and the kind of pastor they need. The small remnant of God's dear people left in that capital of Tasmania I have known for these last thirty-five years. This Church was formed by pastor Henry Dowling about fifty years ago, in the house of brother Ware, once a member of Mr. John Stephens'. A minister's house and chapel was built and paid for many years ago, and the dear people have passed through many trials and difficulties both before and since the death of my dear late pastor Dowling, but they still live, and desire the testimony of the Lord, you see. Do what you can for them, by making known their need of a minister. I have known the brother who writes the letter for thirty-five years. I know him to be true and faithful in the Lord. I send you from the same dear brother as before £5 for the needy aged servants of the Lord, to whom you minister in those things of which they have need. The dear brother who sends this help to their need, asks for their prayers to the Lord for him, that the Lord may bless him in this the end of his pilgrimage, that in the evening time it may be light, and that he may have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and if these recipients can seek the Lord for me also, I shall be very glad to be remembered by them.

We have just committed to the dust the mortal remains of a dear sister in the Lord, who was much afflicted for thirty-six years, mostly confined to her bed or couch all that time, especially so the last ten years. She was a member of the late Mr. James Wells' Church before she came to Sydney. Her affection to Mr. Wells was very great, and now she is gone to be with him in glory, present with the Lord. Her name was Caroline Franklin. She fed very greatly under the ministry of Mr. Wells. Hence, during her thirty years' sufferings in this city she fondly cherished his memory. She would always fire up for him, in the face of all objectors. I tell you, although she was so weak and frail, she used to fire off some tremendous guns from the ramparts of predestination and election, enough to blow the city up in confusion. Her own personal afflictions have been added unto by her husband being formerly imbecile, and for many years blind, so that her's has been a house of affliction indeed. Yet, the Lord has been all-sufficient for her, and has made her strength equal to her day; and her needs have been well supplied. The dear people of God here have, for a long time, ministered to her 30s. per week in all by different hands, and means,

and ways, and for some time 40s., as a nurse was necessary to attend to her. Our dear sisters too, I must say, have been like ministering angels to her in their attentions in these last moments of time, just before eternity opened to her view. We read and expounded at her grave 2 Cor. iv. 15 down to v. 10. This was her order of holy things. The following Lord's-day we read and expounded Matt. xxv. 31—40. This, I maintained, did belong to our ministering angels, who attended so lovingly to Christ's little one. Some silly people do not care to do anything for the Lord Jesus, unless they get *regeneration, justification, and glorification*, for it; but we poor people think so much of Him, that we would toil to death for one word of His blessed *commendation*. "Come, ye blessed of My Father," etc.

The land and house is one thing, my deeds as evidence that the property is my own is another. The people have all become lunatics now-a-days, they see no difference between a meadow and a sheep's skin, no difference between the land, "The kingdom prepared for you," etc., and the deeds, or evidence. "I was sick, and ye visited Me," etc. As the people have been *moon-struck* by Arminianism, so as not to see this, I hope they will soon be *sun-struck* by God Himself, our Sun, so that they may see light in His light. The Lord bless His people.

Our sister Franklin was perfect in Christ, but not in the flesh—none of Mr. Wells' people are. They all spit fire in the face of fleshly perfection, I find, everywhere—so did she.

When I was a hearer, the preachers used to stumble me very greatly at funeral sermons. All dead people were so good, dead; who, when living, were rather bad. I thought the ministers told lies at the gate of eternity. If I did not know the dead so praised up, I used to say, "Ah, he was a good Christian, but I am the devil's own child." This was my experience under funeral sermons. So I now run shy at the grave's mouth about extolling the virtues of the dead. When I come to take my university degrees in the school of Christ, I soon saw that in the world there has been no change since—

"Seven cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

'Tis sad to see this paganism in the Church. I thus write, because when I thus wrote you of our brother Emery, some of your English pagan-Christians wrote me a most insulting letter, because I said he was not perfect in the flesh, which letter I put in the fire. I have found that some people, who think they are all unction, savour, and dew, have more of hellfire than of these holy excellencies. I saw a lunatic in the asylum, and he said, "This building is my palace, and this is my park," pointing to the meadow around the asylum. But his possession only existed in his insanity. So many fiery spirits talk of unction, savour, and dew, when these holy things only exist in their misapprehension of them. Fury, wrath,

anger, and revenge, are not fruits of these heavenly roots, but love, mercy, and peace. The Lord give us these.

I have just got the blind widower of our sister into a comfortable institution for life, if he desires to stay in it. Thus the Lord is fast accomplishing the number of His elect to people the mansions He has prepared in the house of His glory. Oh, to be there!

"Oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?
Oh, what must it be to be there?"

A few more sighs, and groans, and tears, and

"We shall march up the golden street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet."

"Then in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme will still pursue,
That grace triumphant reigns."

The Lord be with you, and bless you, dear brother, both you, and your readers, ever more. Amen.

I remain, in much affection,
Your's in the Lord,
DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor*.

Sydney, October 20, 1881.

LETTER TO PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN.

DEAR SIR,—The Committee of the Baptist Church here have, after prayer for Divine direction and due consideration, thought it desirable to write to Pastor White, of the Baptist Church, Launceston, as he preached for us recently one Lord's-day. He advised us to write to Pastor Allen, Baptist Church, Castlereigh-street, Sydney, on this matter. The committee met last evening, and I am directed to write you accordingly, as you know something of us, and we feel assured will endeavour to do your best on behalf of part of God's Zion in her very low state.

Past circumstances have painfully shown us "not to lay hand suddenly on any man," so that we do not again engage a minister unless known to some of us or to others we can confide in. The Church funds, after paying many debts, are low, and whoever comes, must be instrumental in raising, with God's blessing, a congregation and funds for his support, which must consequently be, for a season at least, very limited; but we think that any minister, possessing the gifts and graces laid down in 1 Timothy iii., would, under the Divine blessing, succeed. The Lord's-day school is tolerably well attended; but the congregation small. What with the last unsuitable minister, the Plymouth brethren, and the Christians so styled, we have had much to contend with. Please lay our cause before God's Zion, to whom you minister, for their prayers and consideration in our behalf. There are too many calling themselves ministers of Christ in the colonies, ready to fill the office of the ministry, and from whom we would reverently pray, "Good Lord, deliver us." As you know our requirement, I beg to add, if a *suitable* one can be found, middle aged, and of amiable disposition, gifts from above would be

acceptable. With kind regards to yourself, family, and friends, I remain, dear sir,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

F. S. EDGAR, *Secretary.*

Hobart, Tasmania, August 20, 1881.

[We offer secret prayers to the Lord, that HE would, in mercy, send unto these dear people A PASTOR ACCORDING TO HIS OWN HEART.—C. W. B.]

WEST CROYDON.—On January 24 the annual meeting of the Derby-road Baptist chapel took place. After tea, at public meeting, Mr. Thurston presided. Praise and prayer; then our treasurer read annual report, showing there had been paid off the school debt this year, £67 12s. 7d., reducing the debt to £123 9s. We hope to clear this in two years. The report met with a hearty response. Brother E. Beazley gave us kind words of exhortation in his usual Christian manner. Our superintendent read the annual Sunday-school report, showing steady progress: scholars numbering over two hundred. The meeting was encouraging. We have much to thank the Lord for.—**JOHN E. ROWE**, Sec. [Having known our brother Thurston for many years, we are gratified to find him still progressing in the good work. A quieter, more sincere minister, it will be difficult to find. He is surrounded by four other Baptist Churches in Croydon; but His LORD supports him in His work, his friends stand firm, faithful, and affectionately round him, and have done so for a long period of time. Surely, if any man has cause to preach the glories of Christ's Gospel, until all his work is done, and then to "sit and sing himself away to everlasting bliss," it is pastor J. C. Thurston.—C. W. B.]

DALSTON.—At the seventeenth anniversary of opening of Forest-road chapel, on February 14, Mr. J. H. Dearsly, the late pastor, preached, and was happy in the work: the people were happy in hearing. After tea the evening service commenced. Mr. Dearsly read a portion of the Word of God. Prayer was offered by Mr. Moxham. The chairman made special reference to the words, "*I will bless you*," which gave a clear and sweet tone to the whole meeting. Mr. Edwin Langford expressed himself well on the nature of man as the work of God. Mr. W. Flack told out very precious things on the boundless love of God, and the merits of His Son, together with the work of the Trinity in unity in effecting the salvation of sinners. W. Winters followed with notices of the lives of the patriarchs. Mr. J. L. Meeres very warmly and powerfully expressed the preciousness of God's unquenchable love, as seen in the life and death of Christ, as also in His people. Mr. J. Hall on the love of God; Mr. W. Osmond and Mr. W. Moxham spoke truthfully, and the Benediction from the large-hearted chairman closed this Christian festival. — W. WINTERS.

DORSET-SQUARE. — **MOUNT ZION, HILL-STREET.**—**MR. EDITOR.**—"Charity never faileth" is written in the Book, and it has been practised in what my aged friend was wont to call "Old John Foreman's chapel," for forty-four years. You know our old pastor, our good old deacon Read, and many of our old members, have been called from the House of Commons up to the higher mansions, where nothing is common, where they stand *not* asking, as my neighbour, Martin Tupper, doth, seven times,—

"O death, what art thou?"

No! the three-fold secret has been discovered by them, what death is, what the soul passeth through, and what it is to enter into these unmeasured spheres, where "the spirits of just men are made perfect." When I came back from the colonies, and found all the fathers gone, I asked a friend whom I met on the way, "What! has James Wells gone home?" "Ah! indeed, his soul is, and his remains are laid in Nunhead, where a lofty monument tells all about him." "I'll go and see it: and is John Foreman called away?" "Oh, yes; long since." "Is Mount Zion shut up, did you say?" "No! shut up? No! it looks better than ever. It has a new kind of interior; some new deacons; a heap of new members; a new kind of pulpit; and a new pastor, Mr. G. W. Shepherd, whose ministry is almost universally appreciated. A man to gather in a new generation, and who preaches the Gospel in an edifying style and excellent spirit." Well, Mr. Editor, in January last I went to the Infants' Friend Annual Gathering. There I saw Mr. G. W. Shepherd presiding over the public meeting in a pleasant manner. C. Wilson, Esq., read a cheering report, and showed the merciful and charitable help it had rendered to many who were entire strangers to them. He (as I understand) said:—"Some of the ladies, in visiting the poor in the hovels of the neighbourhood, had witnessed much good done. Both Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Wilson had gone into some places with great fears; but had been preserved and helped while reading the Scriptures: and the uncouth and navvie-looking were brought into contrition by the kindness and gentleness manifested by the ladies, and the influence of God's Word. Having been thus kept, saved, and helped in the past, they were encouraged to go forward. Mr. J. L. Meeres, in an unusually forcible manner, advocated the claims of the Society. He had been with them since its establishment, and always felt interested in its welfare. Mr. Styles said Brother Meeres spoke like a king, with power. Mr. Wilson had at times entertained fears while Mrs. W. was engaged in carrying out the objects of the Society in certain districts; but he was grateful to God for His protecting care towards her. Mr. Shepherd followed in the same strain. All who spoke expressed a hope that, as Brother Meeres had been with them so long, he would be spared to join in the jubilee services of the "Hill-street Infants' Friend

Society." I felt this is a *good* work; and it proved to me that the fruits of heaven's truth is practical charity. Amen. — ONLY A WANDERER.

THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM DRAKE, OF SITTINGBOURNE.

Our long-esteemed brother has been called to see the finish of the earthly pilgrimage of one to whom he had been united for very many years. In the course of his note to us he says:—

"She once told you she enjoyed Christ's presence; and was blessed with communion with Him. On the Tuesday following last Good-Friday I left her in health at two o'clock, was called home at three o'clock, found her prostrate. A blood vessel had burst in her head; the use of her right side and the power of speech taken away; was put to bed and never raised from it till she was taken from it a lifeless corpse. She lay seven calendar months, within a few hours (April 19 to November 18); could not take a crumb of food; lived wholly on herself and suction; naturally stout, at last a skeleton. Through the loss of speech, unable to communicate anything in regard to her feelings, desires, etc., suffered much at times. By the expression of her countenance I believe she enjoyed, at times, the presence of JESUS. She loved us to read, pray and converse to her of HIM. I was much favoured myself on these occasions with fellowship with Christ. Her pains were great in her dying moments; the muscles of her throat being contracted, and having the thrush a day or two before her dissolution, it became literally stopped, so that only a drop or two of milk on a feather could be administered to moisten it; which caused a great struggling for breath; and at last she seemed literally choked. How deeply mysterious are the ways of God! and yet in all things He is gracious to His dear children. No loss, cross, temptation, pain, sickness, disease, etc., can alter the saints' standing in, or even indicate any change of God's love to them. Here one event happens to all as it regards pains and circumstances, and God is still saying in all He calls His children to endure, 'In blessing I will bless you.'

"I enclose a few humble lines which I wrote to her about fifty years since; fifteen years before we were married. I had no thought then that she would be my wife; she was then a member of the baptized Church of Christ, Zion Chapel, Clover-street, Chatham, eighteen years of age. My desires, as expressed in these lines, for her spiritual welfare were truly fulfilled. She was a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, of a lowly mind, loved the truth, and the Lord's dear people, walked humbly with God, her hope was alone in the Person and finished work of Christ, and nothing would satisfy but the revelation of Jesus to her soul by the Holy Spirit. Brother Wise, who knew her personally, preached the funeral sermon at Mount Ephraim, Margate, Sunday, Nov. 27, 1881. God bless you, my dear brother, and

still may you be a blessing to His Church, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,
"WM. DRAKE."

NOTTING-HILL-GATE.—On Tuesday, January 17, our dear pastor, Henry Brown, and the deacons, gave what may now be called their second annual tea to the members of Bethesda (late Silver-street) chapel, invitations to which, on this occasion, were likewise given to the congregation and seat-holders. About 90 of the friends sat down to a well-spread table, after which a devotional and social meeting was held, at which the pastor presided. After singing and prayer, the deacons and several of the friends addressed the meeting, most of whom spoke of the unanymity that existed in the Church, and the gratitude they felt in being permitted by God to sit under a sound Gospel ministry. One of the deacons, in appropriate language, then presented a testimonial to our dear pastor and his estimable wife, which had been privately subscribed to by the ladies of the Church and congregation. Mr. Brown's consisted of a handsome walnut-wood writing desk, well fitted with every requisite, while Mrs. Brown's was a beautifully designed floral album, with an elegant inscription. This secret had been so well kept by the ladies contributing, that it took all the male friends by surprise; but as all were unanimous in feeling that it served our dear pastor and wife quite right, there was no unpleasantness about it. Our pastor, who is never at a loss to express his thoughts in suitable language, returned his best thanks for himself and wife, and expressed his appreciation of the kindness he had uniformly received since he had been located amongst them. After several of the friends had expressed their satisfaction at what had been done, the meeting was concluded with praise and prayer.—C. E. G.

REDBOURNE, HERTS.—Special services were held at Mount Zion Baptist chapel, Tuesday, January 31. Above 100 sat down to tea. The evening social meeting was presided over by Mr. Ricketts, of Bedmont, who happily shewed this was the annual pastor's meeting. Several other brethren spoke kindly, and our young friends sung some suitable anthems. Altogether the meeting was a complete success. A debt that has been incurred in altering the approach to the schoolroom amounting to about £13 10s., was entirely cleared off. The dear people at Redbourne can say, "What hath God wrought!"

BROADSTAIRS.—The fourth anniversary of J. W. Carter's pastorate of Providence Baptist chapel was celebrated on Jan. 25. Sermon was preached; a number of friends took tea; then a public meeting; good attendance. The pastor presided. Addresses were given. It was throughout very enjoyable. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Praised be His name for evermore.

ROUND ABOUT THE EASTERN PARTS OF LONDON.

MR. EDITOR.—I am a young man, wandering about, feeling a conviction I might be useful if it pleased the Lord to open a door for me. I am a member of open communion assembly; not being at home with the fire, I have wandered about. I cannot tell how staggered I am at the scenes, the songs, the services altogether I have witnessed, where D.D.'s and other performers are called ministers of the Gospel. I have been forced, unexpectedly driven to conclude, and to say to my friend, "If you would see worship scripturally conducted, if you wish to hear the Gospel fairly delivered, you must go to the Strict Baptists. I heard Thomas Stringer at Homerton-row, and I was assured they meant to invite him to settle with them. Mr. Bennett is a strong testifier of truth, and people gather round him. Mr. Myerson bids fair to have a larger Church, I think. There are others I have taken notes of to send you; but, may I add, that I was at your Sunday-school New Year's meeting; also I came into Speldhurst-road, when the children recited pieces, sang hymns, and received their prizes. That was a beautiful sight, and to see and hear such a respectable, well-behaved, intelligent number of children was a treat to me. All was sacred, and of more interest than I can express. The New Year's address delivered by Mr. Samuel Banks to the children, to the teachers, to the parents, and to the people, was, to me, a well-composed and well-expressed appeal to the hearts of all. Some of us thought it should be printed and circulated in our schools. I would gladly assist in such an effort. Surely there are many Churches in our county who would be glad to have such a devoted young man as the Lord's servant, to raise up their classes and congregations. Forgive my reminding you, dear sir, of my anxiety to be useful. More next time.

A WAITING SEEKER.

WOOLWICH.—Our happy old "Enon" looked delightful on January 22, 1882, when Mr. W. K. Squirrel was recognised as our pastor. The ministers who conducted the services were faithful, solemn and interesting. Our pulpit has had a variety of Jesse's sons during the last few years. The Church has been, we hope, divinely guided in her choice of the present pastor. May he for many years practically prove the truth of the Pauline declaration, "Our Gospel came to you not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," &c. Then will the Church grow, and surely a new and larger Enon will be erected.

BRIGHTON.—The Church under Mr Gray's ministry (the happy successor to the late Mr. Israel Atkinson) continues in peace; baptizings and additions are cheering the hearts of all who love to see the Redeemer's kingdom extending. The chapel is in Richmond-street, and is well filled with eager listeners and devout worshippers.

HADLEIGH.—At annual members meeting, Wednesday, January 25, about seventy sat down. The public meeting was presided over by brother F. Hitchcock. "Kindred in Christ for His dear sake," was sung, and the divine blessing implored by brother Watson. The president referred to the success which had attended the distribution of cards for the collecting of money towards clearing off the debt of £45, incurred by the enfranchisement of the chapel, about £24 having been gathered. He said they had peace and prosperity during the past year. He joyfully presented their pastor with a token of the esteem in which he was held by his people. Brother G. Sewell spoke appropriately of the past, present, and future, designating the past year as "one of the best they had experienced." Brother B. J. Northfield was happy in speaking of the Church, congregation, school, &c.; he thanked the friends for the manifestation of their regard in the gift received; expressing his earnest desire for the prosperity of the cause, and rejoiced in the testimonies of the Lord's blessing resting upon his ministry. May our God bless His own Word amongst us, that His Name may be glorified, and His people edified.—A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

CHATHAM, ENON.—The baptistry of our new "Enon" was opened for the first time December 29, 1881. Brother George Webb, after preaching an appropriate sermon from Rom. vi. 22, immersed a brother in the name of a Triune Jehovah, to whom we believe God has been gracious in translating him from the kingdom of darkness into that of His dear Son. May He constrain others also to take up their cross and follow Him. Our New Year's meeting was on January 2, 1882. One of the deacons took a review of the past, tracing the Lord's goodness from the formation of the Church in 1842 up to the present period. Some warm-hearted addresses were delivered by brethren Milbourne and Holland. A profitable evening was spent in anticipation of that blessed meeting above where we never shall grow weary in praising His dear name who has done so much for us.—J. C.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—The Strict Baptist Church, in the Hall, Boundary-road, met in annual assembly on January 2, 1882. The company cheerful, the refreshment excellent, the speakers flowed forth in the Spirit, and through the revealed channels of divine truth gave us instruction, and a review of infinite mercy. Mr. D. Vernon was president. Mr. Alick, on the words, "Holy Bible," came forth in a choice address. Co-Pastor Bailey took us up among the "Seven Stars," and brought us down safe and well pleased. The pastor, D. Vernon, led us so kindly through the circle of the "Seven Golden Candlesticks," we all gathered up strength through the given grace of our Lord, who made us feel at home. [Young Isaac Tash may expect to see us at his confirmation, when (D.V.) we make our journey into the North.—E.D.]

JAMES HARRISON CAUGHT IN THE POULTRY AND CARRIED UP INTO HEAVEN.

[This lame, aged and poor brother is one of our needy pensioners. In a note received in January he says:—]

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been in much sorrow of soul since I wrote to you the last time, and the Lord has withheld my daily portions, but after reading this month's VESSEL have had some little enlargement, and the Lord has brought me back to sixty years' experience, which has passed away. At that time I was seventeen years of age, a poor wanderer without hope, and without God in the world.

"Judgments nor mercies ne'er could sway
My wandering feet to wisdom's way."

No kind mother, she died in my infancy, and a careless father; I wandered to London to seek employment, but on the Sunday morning was stopped while passing through the Poultry, to listen to some singing and praying. Although in my working dress, was constrained to go into the chapel, while ashamed to be seen. I went up the gallery until I got a sight of the pulpit and saw the minister, which was the very man you mention in this month's VESSEL, John Clayton.

Oh, there is a time to bless the poor needy soul, and the Lord blest him to my poor soul that morning. I was favoured with His gracious presence and His pardoning love. The first hymn given out was like marrow to my soul.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes;
The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day,
Here we may sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray."

If ever a poor sinner was caught up to heavenly glory, I was on that memorable occasion. I was at that time in great concern about my soul and bodily circumstances, and the dear Lord comforted me by his preaching, the text being thus: Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Several times have I been favoured to preach from those words, and the Lord has given me, a poor worthless instrument, some seals to my ministry. I received in a letter from a sister in Cambridge some cheering account of His approval of your labours down there, which has caused her to take your publication ever since that time. Although she is bed-ridden, and cannot go from home, she is comforted by their monthly perusal, and prays the Lord to uphold and continue your life to be a blessing to His dear people, for it is, "bread cast upon the waters, and is found after many days." The portion of meat given me this day is this, "Whom I love I rebuke and chasten." "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to

him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Oh, my dear brother, what a feasting time will be the supper of the Lord!

From your true brother,
JAMES HARRISON.

CAMDEN TOWN.—The annual recital of pieces by the scholars of the Camden High Schools, 168 Camden-street, Kentish Town-road, took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 18, and was a pleasant opportunity. Our pastor (Mr. J. Dawson) presided. Several of the little ones recited pieces of poetry, &c. All were unanimous that they recited in a very creditable manner. Three dialogues were rendered, causing special attraction. Six of the infant girls entertained the friends by singing very sweetly by themselves a well-known hymn. Prizes were given, with loving remarks from our pastor. Towards the close of an interesting meeting, a scholar of the first-class boys desired to read a letter to the effect that he and his fellow scholars, in order to testify their esteem and affection for their beloved teacher (Mr. Freeman), had much pleasure in presenting to him a very handsome writing desk. The gift surprised Mr. Freeman; but was received with a feeling of thankfulness that his labours on their behalf were so highly appreciated, as was evident by their kindness to him. The friends of the school and Church manifested their approbation of Mr. W. Clifton's services by making him a present, acknowledged in appropriate remarks. A liberal collection was made. Our pastor concluded a very profitable meeting.

HADLOW.—New Year's gathering, January 19, sermons were preached by Mr. G. Webb. About seventy friends were happy at tea-meeting. G. Tyler presided over evening meeting. As the foundation or keynote for thought, Brother Tyler gave 1sa. lxvi. 1, 2. E. Beecher spoke of humility, which was more apparent. G. Webb of God's goodness, followed by G. R. Segar, who has prayerfully, and with an earnest desire to contend for a faithful ministry in our midst, served the Church over thirty years as deacon. Brother Seager, on God's providence to His people, dwelling most affectingly on personal experience in a marked and special manner.—[We know of no man who has carried the Church's burden with more patient perseverance, or, many times, with a more sorrowful, yet hopeful heart, than has our friend Mr. Seager, of Hadlow. Surely he can declare God's promise is true, "As thy days so shall thy strength be."—C. W. B.]

HOXTON.—On Lord's-day, January 29, the pastor of Bethel chapel (Mr. Osmond), after a sermon from Gen. xlviii. 16, baptized two young believers, seals to his ministry. They were added to the Church the first Lord's-day in February. We have reason to hope that there are others who will soon follow in their footsteps, to the praise and glory of our covenant Jehovah.—H. M.

DACRE PARK, LEE.

The first anniversary of settlement of Mr. W. K. Dexter as pastor of the Church, was Tuesday, February 7. After tea, at public meeting, the chapel was well filled. Ministerial brethren spoke with an unction and sweetness which will not soon be forgotten. The chair was occupied by S. Mart, E-q., of Sutton-at-Hone, whose address and manner were of a pleasing character. Rev. Robert Marten, B.A., of Lee chapel, led up to the throne of grace the hearts of the people in earnest petition for help and blessing.

The chairman (after a brief address) called upon the pastor, Mr. W. K. Dexter, to give a short summary of the year's work, which was interesting and encouraging. The week night services had been well attended, the spirit breathed at the prayer meetings, evincing an earnest desire for the divine blessing on all the various departments of Church labour. There had been no discordant notes; the people were united, and the blessing of the Lord had attended the ministry of the Word. Several had been baptized, and with others (transferred from Churches at a distance) had been added to the Church. It was encouraging to the teachers of the Sunday-school that a good work had been going on in the hearts of some of the young people there. After touching on the other agencies of usefulness in connection with the Church, Mr. Dexter gave place to the brethren who had been invited to speak on the occasion.

The first speaker was Mr. G. W. Shepherd, who (amid his affectionate congratulations of our pastor) very tenderly led our minds up to a consideration of the glories we hope for, and spoke well of the great Master he serves.

Mr. J. Cattell, on "Sowing and Reaping," handled his subject in a spiritual manner.

Mr. A. Dalton observed he had long known and loved the pastor of Dacre-park; and his remarks on the unity of the Church were very much appreciated.

Mr. J. S. Anderson referred to mission work in St. Giles and other parts, in which in earlier days he had been engaged. "Speaking the truth in love" was a theme upon which he touched, to which much weight was given by the knowledge that this was the experience of one who could say that with one exception (that of Mr. Marten, who had engaged in prayer) he was the oldest Nonconformist minister in the suburbs.

Mr. W. Hazelton was always rejoiced to hear of good things in connection with Zion. He felt he had a love for Christ, for His ministers, and His people; and as he sometimes had known what it was to weep with those who weep, he liked also to rejoice with those who rejoice. He was a lover of prayer meetings, and had many times felt refreshed and encouraged at the College-park prayer meetings, as much so as at the Lord's-day services. His words on prayer were very appropriate.

Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, in a lively and eloquent address, drew an illustration from the last battle of Lord Chelmsford, in Zulu-

land. The English arms had suffered defeat, but when the men were formed into a square, and stood shoulder to shoulder, it was beyond the power of the enemy to scatter them—unity and then conquest.

Mr. W. K. Squirrell gave kind and closing words.

Mr. T. M. Whittaker proposed, and Mr. J. Mote briefly seconded, votes of thanks to the chairman, speakers, workers, &c., which were carried unanimously. A happy meeting closed with doxology and benediction.

NOTTING HILL.—The tenth anniversary of Mr. R. G. Edwards' ministry was celebrated in Kensington-park-road hall on Thursday, February 16, 1882. C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon; Thomas Steed in the evening. A respectable company of hearty friends attended the services. Mr. R. G. Edwards has been in the ministry nearly forty years—at South Chard, Trowbridge, Cottenham, Islington, and Notting-hill. For some years he has not enjoyed good health; but his ministry has been useful to many. Some mistakes or misunderstandings have caused him severe afflictions. We can only wonder he still lives. In honest hope of doing good to the best of all causes, and to render some help to a very much tried minister, we took part in his recent anniversary. The Lord's blessing and the presence of many of the good old friends of truth, rendered the service we attended very precious, and our prayer is that many souls may be gathered into Christ's fold under the ministry of Mr. Edwards; that in the evening of his life he may find himself coming up out of the wilderness, "leaning" hard and only "upon the arm of his Beloved." Kensington-park-road hall is but a few minutes' walk from the "Notting-hill station." Even Notting-hill-gate station is not very far. "God be merciful unto all poor bruised, burdened, believing souls. Amen."—C. W. B.

CHATTERIS.—The usual distribution of prizes, to the value of £9 15s., to the children of the Sunday-school held in connection with the Zion Baptist chapel, took place February 1. The teachers made the awards. Mr. Reynolds, pastor of Needingworth, gave an excellent address to the children from the words, "Search the Scriptures," in the presence of a goodly number of parents and friends. Three hundred-and-thirty friends took tea. Public meeting was under the presidency of Mr. Payne, superintendent. Good Gospel addresses were delivered by Mr. Reynolds, Mr. E. Foreman, Mr. Mayell, A. Hall, and other friends. We had more present at this service than on any previous occasion of a like nature. It was reported that the school was in a very prosperous condition, the number of scholars having increased to 279, with an excellent staff of teachers. The Lord is still with us at Zion, and the Church is being increased, we trust with the increase of God. On January 26 our baptistry was again opened, our pastor

baptizing three brethren in the name of the Lord, and others are waiting to put on Christ by baptism. We thank God and take courage, saying,—

“My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends and kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.”

“A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.”

MR. SQUIRRELL'S SETTLEMENT AT ENON, WOOLWICH.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. Knibb Squirrel as pastor were held on Tuesday, January 24. In the afternoon Mr. J. L. Meeres presided. After preliminary services, he called on one of the deacons to state the reasons of the Church for inviting Mr. Squirrel as pastor. He did so, at the same time reading a very interesting history of the Church, which dates its commencement about one hundred years back.

Mr. Squirrel was then requested to relate his call by grace, which he did in a clear and concise manner, relating how that through the instrumentality of Mr. Meeres he was first brought to see himself a sinner, and then to behold Christ Jesus as His Saviour. Trained in early life by Christian parents (he spoke feelingly of a pious mother's influence and prayers), yet growing up careless and indifferent as regards divine things, he not only neglected the means of grace, but being somewhat influenced by what are now termed “infidel principles,” he declined altogether to attend the house of God. His marriage into a Christian family was used in the providence of God in bringing him into the house of God. This was on a special occasion; for although Mrs. S. usually attended, he had not done so. But now prevailed upon to attend with Mrs. S. and the babe in fulfilment of the ordinary custom of returning thanks for a life given and a life spared, the arrow of conviction entered his soul, and the good work of grace was therein begun. The chapel was that in New Church-street, Bermondsey, and the preacher was Mr. J. L. Meeres. A sentence in the prayer of the preacher was used by God the Holy Ghost to make him cry for mercy. The preacher said, “Lord, save his soul from going down into the pit.” The Lord heard that prayer, and in His own good time, through Mr. Meeres's instrumentality, gave him to realize pardon, acceptance, and peace, through the blood of the Lamb.

Mr. Meeres now asked Mr. Squirrel to give an account of his call to the ministry.

Mr. Squirrel told of an earnest desire which sprung up within him soon after his call by grace,

“To tell to others round,
What a dear Saviour he had found.”

How a door opened, and how he realized help in preaching, how other calls to preach were received by him, so that without advertising his name he had been pretty fully occupied. Had been pastor first of Trinity Church in the Borough, and then of Meopham, in

Kent, so tracing the Lord's hand up to his call or invitation by the Church at Enon, Woolwich.

Mr. Squirrel was then asked to relate his views of divine truth, which being in every way satisfactory, Mr. Dalton, of Sutton-at-Hone, performed the ceremony of joining hands. Mr. Dexter of Dacre-park, gave out a hymn, and Mr. Meeres pronounced the Benediction. A plentiful tea was provided.

At evening public meeting Mr. J. S. Anderson presided in a genial and able manner. Mr. J. L. Meeres addressed the pastor, and Mr. J. Box the Church, both discourses being suitable and powerful. Among the ministers who took part, in addition to those whose names have been mentioned, were Messrs. Griffiths, W. Hazelton, Lynn, Noyes, and Levinsohn. The senior deacon addressed the meeting in an affectionate and earnest manner.

THE LAST SERVICE.

MY DEAR ESTEEMED FRIEND,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I hope you are in health. I know how much Sydenham Strict Baptist cause is on your heart and in your prayers for its spiritual prosperity, and you will like to hear that myself, husband, and little girls went last evening to the last service that will ever be enjoyed in the old building, for to-day it is to be taken down to build a new house for the Lord and His own people to meet Him there and enjoy His presence. The evening was splendid, calculated to make every one happy and thankful; the roads were free from dust through the recent rains; the hedges were full of pretty wild flowers; and then the fields, they were beautifully, bountifully loaded with corn, the charming wheat, already ripening and whitening for the harvest, reminding one of the Saviour's own words, Him whom you and I both love, that the fields were white for harvest; I thought of Him in His person, His precious, finished righteousness, His own glorious work for His redeemed, chosen, own people, and then in His human-nature man, just walking His Sabbath-day journey when on earth, through the richly-laden fields of grain; noticing, too, the beauties of nature, knowing full well that the God of nature was His own Father, and our Father. The beauties of Bethany had its cheering charms for Him, for most villages are generally pretty, especially in the East; and this village of Sydenham is quite surrounded with splendid scenery; the beautiful views of High Wycombe hills, and the nearer ones of Chinnor, are extremely picturesque; then there is old White Leaf Cross in the distance, peeping out among the trees, determined to make a show, like some professors who never knew the real love of Jesus, have religion in their poor heads but not in their hearts; conspicuous among men, but not chosen of God. The bells from the churches round were chiming their pretty sounds and calling worshippers to their several places of worship as we entered Sydenham; they were ringing there right merrily, and some few were

entering the building termed the Church; the very curious wooden spire pointing upwards, looked as grandly in the bright evening sun as it possibly could, and almost one seemed to hope some happy dead were resting beneath its shade in the hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life; some, perhaps, in that old church's shade had died in the Lord, resting on the dear finished work of Jesus, and from beds of languishing had gone to be for ever with the Lord. We met the clergyman and his two daughters; they looked and smiled very kindly; did not from looks appear angry at the train of worshippers wending their way to take their last part in the services at the old chapel so soon to be no more, a place where many a real earnest heart-felt prayer has ascended to the throne of grace, and through Jesus has been heard and answered; then there has been the many years of labouring of dear departed ministers who are now in the glory-world. There was there some who were led to see their state by nature, and practise now in the Church militant, while others are gone to the Church triumphant.

We found brethren Scott and White there. Mr. Scott preached from the words, "And do as thou hast said" (2 Sam. vii. 28). Mr. White gave out the hymns, briefly alluding to his immediate departure from England, and suitable hymns were sung. The sermon was very simple, shewing that the Lord had heard prayer in giving means to build an house for His own glory, the real necessity of taking all our wants to Jesus and laying them at His feet, and He will give the faith required to realise the fulfilment of His promises.

We much enjoyed the service; the Lord was there; the brethren and sisters of the Church all seemed in love and unity, and that dreadful thing, Pride, does not seem to have any root in our happy Sydenham Church. I am sure my own dear little girls joined with them heartily in singing, after many had left, that pretty hymn, so often sung in their own loved Thame Sunday school, "We sing of the realms of the blest." Two sisters in the Lord seemed really as if they could not give up the old building for destruction to the workmen's hands; but ere long a new one will be raised to cheer all there, for the new chapel was announced to be ready in September for worship.

My dear Mr. Banks, the first article in the July EARTHEN VESSEL, of your own soul's experience, will be read with intense interest by thousands of the Lord's own chosen soult-ried people. I hope we shall see you in August. Our friends desire me to say, Come and give them a sermon before you take your departure to the better world. They also send their Christian love, and will bring a conveyance to Thame to take you there and bring you back to us, if the Lord will. The Sydenham friends will be delighted to have you there, and we will see to your every comfort while in Thame. Let us see you once more in the flesh.

We have lost by death at Thame a dear

esteemed friend and member of the Church here; he had for years been deeply in the battlefield of affliction; and though the poor body was so full of suffering and weakness, the richly-gifted mind of Mr. Robert Bird is only gone to join those superior kindred spirits in the glory-world above, for which close communion with Jesus on earth had made him meet. His most superior education, combined with divine grace, would have fitted him to have gracefully filled a pulpit in the Church of Christ militant; but his meek, humble mind seemed to retire from all public work except the Sabbath-school, in which he was deeply interested. His last address was particularly noticed by my girls. They came home, and said, "Mamma, Mr. Bird will not live long; he looked so ill and looked so happy. His subj-ct was, We all do fade as a leaf." We all love to think of him safe, safe in Jesus.

Accept our united love. I remain, yours most affectionately,
S. A. E.
Mr. C. W. Banks.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—The Baptist reporters tell us that Hampden chapel, or the cause in it, is growing into pro-perity under Mr. Hillman's ministry, and the debt is to be removed, if possible, in the next two years. South Hackney people must certainly be zealous supporters of churches, chapels, halls, concerts, entertainments, and bazaars. We have a large number of these universal charity institutions, and it is announced that crowds of people attend them all. Considering the popular clamour of the atheists lately, South Hackney and its neighbourhood comes well to the front on behalf of Christianity.

Notes of the Month.

PROVIDENCE, CANNING TOWN.

The first anniversary of W. Wheeler's ministry was on Monday, February 20. Mr. W. K. Dexter preached forcibly and appropriately from Isa. lvi. 8. About seventy friends took tea. J. Mote, Esq., presided over public meeting. Mr. Dearsly offered prayer. Mr. W. Wheeler told us how he found the cause; how an apparently slow, yet sure, increase had taken place. The earnest desire of baptized believers worshipping at Providence was to be formed into a Church. Some, he believed, desired baptism. Efforts of Christian usefulness would be put forth, as many desired. C. W. Banks remembered being engaged with W. Wheeler in the formation of a Church at Horsted Keynes, in Sussex, and ever since the time had felt a soul-union with him, and much interest in his work, and was especially glad to find him in such a sphere as Canning Town promised. Our esteemed brother then made some weighty and instructive remarks of a very edifying character.

Mr. J. Huchcock waxed eloquent on "God's Plan of Salvation." Mr. F. C. Holden followed in his usual clear and fervent manner. Mr. Mote related how he had been instrumental in cheering the hearts of the friends at a time when a fear of having permanently to close the doors had seized them. Mr. W. Joiner showed us how ministers were angels. They have wings, and would fly at times. Mr. Norman conveyed the thanks of the friends to the chairman and ministerial brethren.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, NEWARK-STREET,
LEICESTER.

The Church at the above place of worship have abundant cause for thankfulness in that, after about eight years of anxious waiting, watching, and praying, they have at last obtained a minister to take permanent oversight of their affairs, and to dispense the Word of life to the increasing congregation worshipping there. Early in last year, God in His good providence led Mr. W. Webb, of London, to supply at our pulpit, which resulted in the offer by the Church of a twelve-months' probation. This Mr. Webb accepted, and he commenced his labours in July. Since that time such a union of feeling has sprung up between him and the people, and evidence of his preaching having been blessed was so apparent (six having been added to the Church), that it was looked upon as a direct answer to the many prayers which had been offered for this end. Accordingly, without waiting for the expiration of the specified time, a meeting was convened, and Mr. Webb was unanimously appointed pastor; indeed, so unanimous was the meeting in his favour, that there were neither dissentients nor neutrals. It may be stated that Mr. Hazlerigg (the esteemed pastor of Zion chapel, Erskine-street) and Mr. Webb have on one occasion exchanged pulpits, both ministers being enabled to speak with much savour and sweetness, and the congregations bearing remarkably well. A latent spirit of cordiality and amity between the hearers at the two places has thus been revived, and we are constrained to believe that God is with us, and that to bless us, and that His thus sending a faithful servant into our midst is no small mark of His favour. That God may continue to smile upon us as a Church and people, and that He may grant our pastor-elect many seals to his ministry and souls to his hire, is our earnest prayer. Notice of recognition service next month (D.V.)—H. W. B.

THE widow of the late Scotch minister, Reid, says her husband left it on record that it is not "University men that are wanted, but men full of faith and of the HOLY GHOST." Some college and university men are much to be pitied. See how they fall, and fail, and go off from Plymouth, from Cheltenham, and all the country over! We have been with them in their country homes. Chapels half empty, purses quite empty, their wives in grief, themselves perplexed to know what to do, or where to go. Ah! the bold fellows who live for a season may laugh at this; but it is a bitter cup for many. The President gave it to the pedantic parsons very straight at the Association. It is easy enough for some presidents to tell you what parsons should be or do, but, after all, the SPIRIT of the living GOD alone can form and fill the man who shall be an effectual fisherman and soul-feeder as well. We are not opposed to colleges or universities. Certainly not! But the feeling is almost universal now that any man who hails not from some seat of learning, or has not the "D.D." or the "M.A.," or some such sign of efficiency, must not be received by the people. Nevertheless, the divine proclamation still stands in the record: "Not by might, nor by power, but by MY SPIRIT, saith the Lord of hosts." Any man who has the Spirit of God in him will go where the Lord sends him, and will prosper in the work to which the Lord appoints him. Such men as Dr. Samuel Lee, who taught himself the ancient languages, and others like the late James Wells, who sat at the feet of Dr. Andrews, and mastered the Greek so rapidly as to astonish his tutor—such men are examples of industry, worthy the imitation of all who have power of mind sufficient to drink in streams of knowledge from the original tongues. John Bunyan had nothing but what God gave him, yet he was a mighty power in the hands of the blessed SPIRIT.

Deaths.

Died, Mr. Thomas Brookes, of Wickham Bishops, Essex, aged 52 years. He had been an honoured member of the Church at Witham, Essex, about 25 years—where the late Mr. Forster laboured long. He was baptized at Witham Baptist Chapel by Mr. Forster about 1857, from which time he had continued a consistent member of the same Church. He was well, attended chapel, and partook of the ordinance on Sunday, February 5, and was seized with a fit of apoplexy on the following day, Monday, February 6; suffered intensely for 48 hours, and quietly passed into rest Wednesday, February 8, leaving a loving wife and eleven children to mourn his loss. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

That well-known friend to Christ's Gospel, Mr. Samuel Fowler, son of the late Mr. Henry Fowler (once so much blest in the ministry at Gower-street), departed this life on February 13, 1882, aged 75. Other particulars may be given.

Fell asleep in Jesus, February 1, 1882, Mrs. S. Hawthorn, an aged member of the Church of Christ at Bethel, Hoxton. A good wife, a loving mother, a gracious and sympathising friend, and greatly beloved by all who knew her.

Till He come! O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen.
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

W. OSMOND.

Mr. Richard Smithers, a nephew of the once Bethnal-green Baptist minister, was suddenly called from time early in February, 1882. His being out of Church membership was a heavy trial to him. From a private interview we had with him he declared one sermon of ours in Shoreditch, many years ago, led him to decision. He had ever since been a follower of the Lord; but heart-breaking trials, we fear, brought him to his grave.

At Norwich, on February 13, 1882, the minister of St. Mary's Baptist Chapel, Mr. G. Gould, aged 63. Joseph Kinghorn, W. Brock, and G. Gould have been the only settled ministers during the greater part of the past century. Kinghorn was the elegant scholar; Brock, the bold, common-sense preacher; Gould, the fluent and earnest pastor, and business man. Rather suddenly, the last much-esteemed minister has gone to his rest. Norwich mourns his loss.

A solemn scene was witnessed at Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, on Sunday morning, January 22, 1882, when Mrs. Hannah M. Davey died in the chapel-yard. Mr. W. Debnam, the chapel-keeper, furnishes a report of the scene, which will appear. Mrs. Davey had reached the chapel doors, a pain at the heart seized her, Mr. Davey immediately fetched a doctor; every effort was made, but she rapidly passed away, on the precincts of the house of God.

Our dear little ever-singing and happy Ethel, the daughter of Charles Burt and Hannah Banks, ceased to chaunt her hymns on earth on Feb. 6. We laid her remains in the grave on Feb. 11, 1882. This was the fourth of the family taken from them in early life. The affectionate and bereaved father and mother, with seven living brothers and sisters, sorrow (but not without consoling confidence of her joy) over the removal of this the sweet sun-light and leading chorister of the house.

Died, on January 18, 1882, "Darling Ruthie," daughter of the late George and Lillie Hooper, and granddaughter of Mr. John Vaughan, minister of Trinity Chapel, Hackney.

The Late Mr. William Crowther, J.P.

HIS LIFE, HIS LETTERS, HIS LAST DAYS, FUNERAL, &c.

“ I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day;
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait, and point my way.”

“LEST CHRIST BE OFFENDED.”

SO said one of the ancients in his counsel, not to do anything, to choose anything, to write anything, with any other motive than to glorify our God and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. Oh, what a difficult virtue is this when it cometh to the practice, to pass by, and neglect all glistening lures of the flesh and in the creature, and to know no man for any such carnal comparison, but, as he is seen and known as a new creature in CHRIST. When a man is seen and known to be in Christ, and as having Christ formed in his whole new and inner man as his only hope of glory, and as the only springing motive of his life, to magnify and to serve, and to honour Christ in all his movements, manners, and endeavours, then, in such Christ-possessing, and Christ-honouring men, delight thyself as in the most excellent of the earth, as the only true, gentle, noble worthies of the world.

“Good works,” said a white-wigged divine, long before this generation was born, “Good works are only *good* as the love of Christ constrains us to the practice of them.” I feel it is from love to the Spirit of Christ, to the grace of Christ, to the truth of Christ, which I saw to be in our departed friend, the late Mr. WILLIAM CROWTHER, of Gomersal, which constrains me to pay this small tribute of deep affection to his memory. For, assuredly, our now translated brother was a man, every whit of him, who, with old master Lactantius and Fox, with boldness united to cry, “Mad and blind idolaters are they, who, not understanding that—

“CHRIST OF PURPOSE TROD THE WINE-PRESS ALONE!”

“shed His blood alone upon the cross,” thereby implying to us that if we shall mingle therewithal his mother's milk, or even the blood of any other martyr, then would the precious blood of the Lamb lose its healing virtue, and instead of being a cleanser of our souls from all sin, would only poison them with the mixture of deception and of death. Nay, sirs! to all the compound merchants, who put the final efficacy of the atoning blood to rest upon *the creature accepting it*, to all who lay the value of Christ's salvation upon the free-will of the sinner, either to receive it or to reject it, to all such the Lockwood decided Baptists know full well that their long and truly beloved pastor would declare that “No Jupiter will CHRIST be, but a JEHOVAH. No mere *helper*, but the Author and Finisher of our salvation.” To all merit and free-will mongers shall CHRIST, in His holy, just, and righteous jealousy, break out and say, “*What have I to do with you?*” “If you can do all, or

anything at all, without ME, then *let Me alone!* Let Me be either Saviour alone, Mediator alone, All-in-all, or none at all."

Mr. Crowther's "last letter" to the Church at Artillery-street, London, dated January 2, 1882, fully proves that his heart was as sound, his mind as clear, his faith and purpose as strong, in vindicating the great foundation principles of the Gospel as was that of Luther or Calvin, of Toplady or Huntington, of Gadsby or James Wells, or as of any of the CHRIST and SPIRIT-taught ministers who have lived, or yet do live, on the earth.

When commencing this brief review of a good man's life, I was at first bound in spirit, and the question arose in the inner court, "What is your *motive* in writing and publishing a record of Mr. Crowther's life and departure from this world? Is it to please any party? to court the smiles or favours of any friends? Are you setting yourself to eulogise, to extol, to magnify *a man*? I confess I paused. Presently Paul's words came sharply up in my mind,

"And they glorified God in me!"

When the Galatian Churches saw what amazing mercy had been shown to him who "now preached the faith which once he destroyed," then "they glorified God in him." This was sufficient. I realised the fact that in the main I only desired to prove unto all who may read this small testimony, that in the person of the late Mr. WILLIAM CROWTHER the Churches had a minister, a brother, a friend, a workman, and a witness for CHRIST, in whom the three sister graces—

"Faith, Hope, and Charity"

did live, and also did fruitfully abide. And in his long affliction, in his final exit, all true lovers of a free-grace Gospel have sustained a serious loss. Who is to fill up that vacuum death has now made, the LORD alone doth know. *Fill it up!* Fill up the vacuum with *another* WILLIAM CROWTHER? No, methinks that will never be. Circumstantially, constitutionally, conscientiously and graciously, Mr. WILLIAM CROWTHER was, by divine appointment, qualified for, and enabled to fill the position he occupied; and, as there was never a second Moses, nor a second Joshua, nor a second David, nor a second Isaiah, nor a second Paul, nor a second Luther, nor a second Huntington, nor a second Wells, so neither will there be a second William Crowther; albeit, God, in His infinite mercy may give the Church many messengers, and many able ministers, who, with the unction of the Spirit in them, will still instrumentally feed the flocks in Lockwood and elsewhere. Let us briefly—

REVIEW HIS WHOLE LIFE.

Gomersal was his birth-place, in Field House, Gomersal, he breathed his last. He was a genuine Yorkshireman, and not often very far from his native soil. He came into the world April 2, 1816; his mother was a good woman, one of the Independent persuasion; his father made no profession of religion, but was a honourable and successful tradesman. From his earliest youth, "Mr. William Crowther" had a tender conscience, and a fear of evil of every kind. There was, evidently, in young William's soul a deep strata of sacred emotion toward true religion, but the evil tendencies of a sinful nature threatened at first to overwhelm and destroy that good, moral persuasion which he had

imbibed from the spirit and example of his saintly mother. As he advanced into the teens of his upgrowing existence, the reasoning powers of a strong mind began to develop themselves in the most serious reflections and examinations of his real state as in the sight of God. How soon the divine Spirit commences His work in such souls no one can declare. The breaking up of the fallow ground, the sowing of the seeds of conviction, the "coming of the commandment," the anxiety, at times, "to be right;" all these breathings are exertions of the SPIRIT, and, at first, so secret, that no one can tell whence they proceed, nor whither they will go.

When, in his own autobiography (given in our pages just four years since), Mr. Crowther says, "I BEGAN TO PRAY, instead of saying prayers I had been taught," he makes us exclaim, with the beautiful philosopher, "Son! happy art thou that wisdom hath led thee hitherward." "Behold her, the shepheress of souls, who bringeth back the wanderers to God."

"PREDILECTIONS!" "What are they?" asked the half-blind sage. "Sir! Alfred the Great was a man of strong predilections for the arts of poetry and music," and he attained to an eminence in those sublime sciences. Predilections are the small bulbs of mental or of spiritual power, which strike down into the whole of the intellectual parts of the man, ultimately making him to come forth the kind of man which a divine Providence designed him to ripen unto. I wish to tread carefully here. To advance nothing at random. Elihu seems to stand at my elbow, and follows me in spirit with his solemn precaution. "Let me not, I pray you," said Job's counsellor, "accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man." I am thinking it may be the last review of a good man's life I may ever write, hence, with Elihu, I would not compliment men *as men*. I would not dare to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker might soon take me away. But to search out the hidden germs of true wisdom and of saving grace, which the Almighty doth early implant in the vessels of mercy, is a service which the SPIRIT of GOD Himself was found in when He gave in the Old Testament saints *names* which did indicate their future character, which holy service culminated in that determined instruction, when He said, "Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins." Predestination fixes the man's character, condition, and sphere of life which he must occupy, while Providence and grace unite to train and qualify, to raise and ripen the man into his pre-ordained posture and work.

Our now deceased brother in Christ, referring to his early days, proves the truth of our assertion, that in the chief drift the good man is born to be what he ultimately comes to be. He attended prayer-meetings, school-meetings, Bible-meetings. What were the results? "The spirit of inquiry was greatly increased, and very rapidly developed in me, and I became intent on being able to answer and to *understand* whatever questions might be proposed." William Crowther became a mental diver. He would probe a theory, a doctrine, a problem, a question, to its very source; and having thoroughly mastered it, having become possessed of the genuine truth of any subject, he would hold to it with a most tenacious grasp. His attainments in a kind of *blossom* of religion caused him to think he was "becoming properly religious." He began

to take notes of sermons, went with the minister to village stations, and took part in some of the services.

Blossom is NOT *FRUIT*! There may be the blossom of the schools, the variegated tints of a natural religion, which never bring forth fruit. But when the root is in God, when the tree is made good, its blossom will be blown off, but the living bud will come forth in due time with the blessed and permanent fruits of righteousness, of truth, and of peace. Some few old women were instrumental in stripping young William Crowther (when only about sixteen years of age) of nearly all his religious blossom. He became "sorely puzzled about the mode of salvation." He had believed that salvation sprung out of human effort, which was equally within the power of every man. *This* is the kind of faith now almost universally prevalent.

From one delusion to another the young seeker was carried, until he lost all his conceits, all his confidences, all his contrivances, driven out of all the refuges of lies, he was at length set upon the firm foundation-truth, that it is "by grace we are saved," and by sheer sovereign grace alone. The Almighty Lord, the eternal Spirit, set his feet firm upon this rock, and he was never suffered to remove from it, even to the day of his death.

"THE BIBLE, MY CONSTANT COMPANION."

Such a sentence from a youth, from one who had been educated in a high-class school, from one who had been cradled in a system of natural piety, who had never heard a true Gospel minister, such a sentence bespeaketh the internal working of the ever adorable SPIRIT, who was, without external means, carefully preparing an honest mind to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, in all its rich and divine entirety.

William Crowther tells us he began, in connection with his Bible reading, to study the instructing and establishing works of Toplady and others, "on the free-grace side of the question;" but (ah! here I feel a soul-companionship with him, having thus been helped on in my early researches for the right way), he says: "Crisp's sermons were of special use to me in opening up more fully

"THE GREAT SCHEME OF SALVATION, BY AND IN CHRIST."

If ever an awakened and honest soul can cordially drink in streams of saving knowledge from the Word of God, and heartily welcome Tobias Crisp's bold and blessed discourses, he will never more be satisfied with the milk-and-water theology of the general body of man-taught and man-ordained ministers.

Ministers! Men of every character, who profess some kind of faith in Christ, if I had

A TONGUE LIKE THE ARCHANGEL'S TRUMPET,

I would labour to sound out to the ends of the earth—yea, I would, if God enabled me, sound into the souls of all,

JOHN OWEN'S DENUNCIATION OF THAT PREACHING POISON

which is now almost everywhere prevalent. Dr. John Owen, in his "Glorious Mystery of the Person of Christ, God and Man," writes down the following words:—

"Of all that *poison* which at this day is diffused in the minds of men, corrupting them from the mystery of the Gospel, there is no part

that is more pernicious than this one perverse imagination, that to believe in CHRIST is nothing at all but to believe the doctrine of the Gospel, which yet, we grant, is included therein. . . . Yet the poison overthrows the whole foundation of the RELATION of the Church unto CHRIST, and of a full salvation by Him."

Why, Dr. Owen! what do you mean? He answers, "I mean to evince that it is

"THE PERSON OF CHRIST WHICH IS THE FIRST AND PRINCIPAL OBJECT
OF THAT FAITH

wherewith we are required to believe in HIM; and that so to do is not only to *assent* unto the truth of the doctrine revealed by Him, but also to place our trust and confidence in Him for mercy, relief, and protection, for righteousness, life and salvation, for a blessed resurrection, and for an eternal reward."

It is not believing what Luther *says*, or what Paul says, or what Huntington or Hawker said. It is not assenting unto, or jumping up for joy at what Spurgeon, or Liddon, or Farrar may proclaim. Nay, though an angel come down from heaven, a mere assent to his announcements might have no soul-saving effects, except the Holy Ghost create a man's soul anew, so that by the ministry of the Gospel CHRIST is revealed in that heaven-born soul, and that heaven-born soul, by the instrumentality of the Gospel, is carried up to embrace, to close in with, and to become united into the glorious God-Man, CHRIST JESUS THE LORD. Without these God-wrought creations, revelations, and vital unions,

NO SOUL EVER CAN BE SAVED.

This was the faith young William Crowther was led to see was the faith of God's elect, and it became a spiritually-cemented and granite-like foundation in his soul, and from it the THREE-ONE JEHOVAH never allowed him to be removed for just upon fifty years. Some of his friends became angry, tried severely to hinder him in his pursuit after the saving knowledge of God; but in vain. The minister under whose preaching he had sat was hoping William would go to college, and *there* study for the ministry. See what a firm stand against this our young hero made! He says, my reply was,—

"NO! I WILL NEVER GO TO A COLLEGE IN THIS WORLD TO LEARN
TO PREACH!"

Furthermore, he added, "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 I will know it before I begin."

Up to this period, when he was seventeen years of age, he had never heard a Gospel sermon, he had no opportunity of getting to any place where the truth was preached; but from the Scriptures he had become fully convinced of the propriety of

BAPTISM BY IMMERSION.

Surely this was a genuine work of the Lord Himself, in leading a young man from darkness to light, from error into truth, from a natural free-will to heaven's free-grace plan of salvation, without any mere human instrumentality. The Lord carried young William Crowther right into truth, doctrinally, experimentally, and practically, and then opened up

channels for confirmation and for fuller developments as time rolled on. He happened to hear that one Mr. Kershaw, of Rochdale, was to preach at some place about five miles from Gomersal. William walked to the place. Mr. Kershaw took for his text, "I am poor and sorrowful; let Thy salvation, O God, set me up on high." He says: "That sermon made such an impression on my mind, that I could, in a great measure, repeat the sermon now, though near forty years ago." We must leave for a future number what may be termed

MR. CROWTHER'S MINISTERIAL LIFE,

the full particulars of which we hope to gather up in our next journey into Yorkshire. The end of that life, with his letters, written during his long and last illness, will be given in detail if the providence of our God spares the life of

C. W. BANKS.

South Hackney, March, 1882.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF THIS LIFE.

"When the throes of death assail me,
Weep not for me!
CHRIST is mine! He cannot fail me;
Weep not for me.
Yea, though passing clouds endeavour
From His love my soul to sever,
JESUS is my strength for ever,
Weep not for me."

JOB was a great preacher on the article of death! He had been in close acquaintance with it, and his expositions and exclamations are thrilling, and telling, and true. He draws out four lines, which correctly reached the case of our departed brother. The man of Uz says (1) *Man dieth*. The Hebrew is, "strong and powerful man dieth." When we were at Field House, when Mr. Crowther had been unwell for some time, and when the medical gentleman had hinted to him that a real recovery might yet take some months, even at that time, *one* who had watched Mr. Crowther's failing of physical strength, said to me, "I fear he will never again be the man he has been." It was too evident that he was gently, silently dying. Job's second view is stronger: "Man *waste*th away." Natural death steals upon man part after part until "he giveth up the ghost." Death steps in by piece-meal; at last, death enters the port, takes full possession, and the man is gone; and now, look for him, seek after him, cannot ye find him? No.

WHERE IS HE?

That is—in the restricted sense—"Where, *in this world*, is he?" Why nowhere. His spirit, his immortal spirit, his ransomed soul is fled from time for ever.

Our son, and sub-editor, Mr. Robert Banks (just as we were going to press), wrote a paragraph last month, indicating the much more serious illness of Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersal. Alas! before we could issue some thousands of our March number, the painful tidings came that he was gone, which in some of the March issues we announced briefly. But,—

HOW DID THE GOOD MAN FINISH HIS WORK?

Our faithful brother and co-worker in the ministry, Mr. S. O. Dolbey,

pastor of the Slaithwaite Strict Baptist Church, has written for us the following most important epitome of the closing scenes. He says:—

“It was about a fortnight before his death that the change which indicated the fast approaching end took place; and with the change in his physical condition there was also a feeling in the mind that the divinely appointed number of his days were but few, and the work of life was ended. That this was really so, appears from what he said to the deacons, who saw him about eight days before he died. Whilst speaking about the supplies for his pulpit, he remarked that he could be of no further use to them in that respect, for his work was done. Thus the long cherished hope of being able to speak for his much loved Master, in whose service he had been for nearly fifty years, was cut off, and he felt that the work of the ministry must be left to others.

“Let us hope that there may yet arise an Elisha who shall wear the ministerial mantle of our departed brother. Four days after this he was put to bed, and continued there until the end of his mortal life. Being asked if Christ was precious, he replied, ‘Most exquisitely so,’ thus showing that his faith was vigorous and strong, and that its glorious object was seen and blessedly realised.

“A letter sent by one of the daughters to the deacons, the day before he died, contains the following:—

“‘Dear father is no better, nor likely to be in this world. He is much calmer and quieter to-day, but we know his strength is going fast; he cannot talk now, but he tries to put his hands together as if in prayer. He is resting on his Saviour, and looks calm and resigned; our prayer is, that he may leave us so.’

“He was convulsed about an hour before his death, but passed peacefully away. Just as the curtains of nature were drawn over the earth, and the sun sank behind the horizon, the curtain that hides the invisible from the visible was drawn aside, and the emancipated spirit took its flight, washed, sanctified and perfect, to the glorious region of light and bliss. Thus ended the days of this holy man of God. ‘LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS, AND LET MY LAST DAYS BE LIKE HIS.’ ‘MARK THE PERFECT MAN, AND BEHOLD THE UPRIGHT; FOR THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE.’

“THE FUNERAL took place on Thursday the 2nd inst. The mournful company left Field House at 11 a.m., and proceeded slowly to the church of St. Mary’s, Gomersal. There were in attendance, the magistrates of the West Riding, Lieut.-Col. Sheard representing the borough of Batley, representatives of the Gomersal Mechanics’ Institute, the Gomersal Local Board, Cleckheaton Liberal Club, the leading gentlemen of the district, and the deacons and members of the Church at Rehoboth, Lockwood, with many others. Arriving at St. Mary’s, the Rev. R. F. Taylor, the vicar, read the burial service of the Church of England to a crowded audience; after which the coffin (which was of massive oak) was borne to the grave, and the remaining part of the above service was read. The benediction having been pronounced, Mr. J. S. Anderson (London) gave a very appropriate address, in which he pointed out the main features in the character of the deceased. Speaking upon the religious aspect of his character, he remarked that he was connected with a denomination of Christians whose views of truth were not at all popular, but he observed that the views of truth which the deceased

held were the fruit of patient and thorough investigation, and having once been satisfied with the foundation of the same in the Word of God, he held them with characteristic firmness unto the end. After prayer the assembly broke up, and the sacred ashes were left until they shall be required at the resurrection of the just, when "death shall be swallowed up in victory."

FROM FIELD HOUSE TO GOMERSAL CHURCH-YARD.

"Forward, Christian! think of home!
Forward! till ye thither come;
Every step, 'tis yet more nigh:
Forward! be your rallying cry."

Apart from the light of revelation, how full of melancholy agony is the fact that the noble, the intellectual, the useful, the devout man is laid, cold and silent, in death, and all that remains thereof is carried with due solemnity and hidden in the dark and silent tomb! The first time that we meet with the word "*bury*" is when "our forefather Abraham" had lost his much tried, yet patient and affectionate Sarah. She died in Hebron. Abraham was not with her, but "Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her." When he came and saw her laying in death, he became silent in sorrow. But the good old man was still *a man*. He girds up the loins of his mind, he stands up from before his dead, and he speaks unto the sons of Seth, saying, "I am a stranger, and a sojourner with you, give me a possession of a burying place with you that—

"I may bury my dead out of my sight."

Helplessly, we come into the world!
Some one must nurse us;
As helpless, we leave the world,
Some hands must bury us.

O! the final parting! O, the pang and pain!
Every nerve upstarting!
When shall we meet again?

O death, what art thou?
An husbandman, that reapeth always,
Out of season as in season, with the sickle in his hand.
Alas! as annihilate by sin, the soul was ever forfeit:
Godhead paid the mighty price, the pledge hath been redeemed.

At that exciting hour, when thousands of ministers were risen up to announce those words of God, which their sermons were to expound unto their people, in that beautiful, almost park-hidden mansion, called "Field House," in Gomersal (near that immense centre of people, the town of Leeds), at seven o'clock on Sunday evening, February 26, 1882, the ransomed soul of William Crowther left its muscular and strong-built tabernacle, and fled away to the higher and brighter regions of immortality and of eternal glory. What a night was that for Field House! A widow of unusual devotion and affection, a son fatherless, two daughters bereaved! The voice of the master of the house is no more to be heard. He is gone. It seems but the other day I sat with him in his study, walked with him in his park, communed with him on some things dear to our hearts; he said, "The doctor told me at first it would take me two years to recover from this attack, one year is gone, and I

feel better." The good man was cheerful, hopeful, meek, gentle, patient, and kind. On January 2, 1882, he wrote a strongly affectionate and encouraging letter to the Church at Artillery-street, London, towards the end of which he says, "I am yet laid aside from active work, but am hoping I may be better when the Spring returns. I may say, I am *standing* on the solid foundation, on which I have now stood for nearly fifty years."

Thus, when the year opened, he had the same hope which he expressed to me when we walked and talked together. But, as his much esteemed friend, Mr. Walter Howe, of London, says, in a brief note, "A sudden failure of vital power (which speedily reduced him to extreme weakness) leaves little to be said of the last two or three days." All is now expressed by the black-bordered tablet:—

In Remembrance

OF

WILLIAM CROWTHER,

Of Field House, Gomersal,

BORN APRIL 2, 1816, DIED FEBRUARY 26, 1882.

Now comes THE LAST SERVICE, the many-million-timed saying comes yet once more, "Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Not a martyr from the hands of literal stone-casters, as Stephen was, but when professed brethren commence casting stones and daggers at one another, deep wounds are often inflicted, which here never can be healed.

The burial of Mr. William Crowther, of Field House, was attended with lamentations from hosts of true friends of every class, of every caste, of almost every condition. That God Almighty may comfort the widow's heart, and appear for the Lockwood Church, now bereaved, is the heaving prayer of one who knew the deceased over twenty years, and in whose possession are many of his spiritual COMMUNICATIONS.

GOMERSAL CHURCHYARD

presented such a scene as, perhaps, was never witnessed in that country cemetery for very many years, if ever. A spirit of contemplation, in not a few, would speak within:—

"When mourners meet around the tomb
Of one for many years beloved,
Not unexpectedly called home,
But yet too soon, too soon removed—
This thought should stay the painful tear,
This hope again the joy restore:
He lives, although no longer here,
HE IS NOT LOST, but gone before!"

The weather on Thursday, March 2, 1882, was unpropitious for any public procession; but a large company was seen congregated together to witness the carrying the body of the good man to the tomb. Many—very many—gentlemen who had been associated with Mr. Crowther, either on the judicial bench, in business, in the social or religious circles, were present. An immense number of his personal friends assembled at the Works near Field House before eleven o'clock. Mr. Crowther's work-people walked before the hearse; thirteen of his work-people acted as bearers; superintendents, sergeants, and members of the West Riding

constabulary lined the road, guarding and preserving order to and in the Church. The vicar of Gomersal read the burial service in the Church, which was crowded. The widow and the family followed in mourning coaches; and about thirty carriages came on in the rear. Gentlemen of very high position were present to express the great esteem in which our deceased friend was held by them; in fact, the whole country around was dispirited at the loss of one who—in every station—towards all his neighbours, in whatever form he could, he manifested that solid, practical good feeling and conduct which knit their hearts unto him as unto a father, a brother, a counsellor, and friend. The local *Reporter* says: “Death has removed from our midst one of our leading citizens; a man who, in his day, has worked earnestly and faithfully for the public good.” But

WE ARE NOW AT THE GRAVE.

The clergyman has finished reading the appointed service from the Book of Common Prayer. Mr. J. S. Anderson, minister of Zion Chapel, New Cross, commences an appropriate address. I do not profess to give this entire; the principal parts of Mr. Anderson’s discourse at the grave are reported as follows:—

“He said that in ordinary cases it would not only be undesirable, but improper, to add anything to the beautiful and impressive service to which they had just listened. It was most appropriate, and he was sure they could all join in its reference to their dear departed brother. But that was not an ordinary occasion, because Mr. Crowther was not an ordinary man. By the providence and grace of God he occupied a prominent position in a great many different relations of life, and he filled those positions with honour to himself, and with acceptance to others; and hence in his removal a bright and shining light in this district had been extinguished. One of the pillars of society in the district had been broken, and he would be missed by all classes with whom he was brought into contact, either in domestic or social relations. Notwithstanding the modesty and humility of their departed friend, when the village in which he resided, and many beyond that district, had suffered a great loss, it would be almost a criminal silence on his part not to allude to Mr. Crowther’s many excellent qualities. He was an honourable and upright man, and just one of those friends that one felt one could trust and confide in with all one’s heart, and he commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was one of those persons whom, the longer one knew, and the closer they were brought into contact with, the more highly they respected, and the more deeply they loved. He (the speaker) was well aware—and perhaps that was the reason why he was there by the courtesy of the vicar, and at the request of his friends—that, religiously speaking, the deceased gentleman was, as some might think, somewhat peculiar; but his peculiarities were the result of deep and honest convictions, arising from a prayerful study of the sacred Scriptures, and when once convinced of any truth, that truth became as dear as life to his heart; and he would, therefore, at any cost, maintain and promulgate that truth to the best of his ability. By his removal a small section of the Christian Church, or of one particular denomination, had suffered a great loss. There was a vacuum in the home, there was a vacuum in the factory, there was a vacuum on the magisterial bench, and there was a vacuum in the little Church at Lock-

wood, that could not easily be filled. After further eulogising the deceased gentleman's unostentatious religious life, and his social and business qualities, the rev. gentleman went on to impress upon his hearers the solemn lessons the sad event was calculated to teach. He then offered a brief and fervent prayer, after which the assemblage slowly dispersed. During the somewhat long service at the grave the weather was intensely cold and wet."

MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER AS A BENEFACTOR TO THE WORLD, AND
AS A FAITHFUL PREACHER IN THE CHURCH.

Very few men can be found in this kingdom who have the means and the mind, the circumstantial and the intellectual powers to carry out such a benevolent and evangelical course of life as did the late lamented pastor of the Lockwood Baptist Church. The venerable

MR. THOMAS JONES,

now of Broseley, writes: "I know nothing of our lamented Brother Crowther which is not known to all the Church—that he was an able preacher of the truth, and truly liberal in helping poor causes. He was envied by some who ought to have been grateful to God for the gifts He had given and sanctified for Zion's benefit. His early trials testified to the fact of his adoption, and helped to qualify him for comforting mourners."

FUNERAL SERMONS.

"Funeral sermons," as they are called, were preached in many pulpits on the occasion of Mr. William Crowther's departure. At Lockwood, to the bereaved Church, Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Zion chapel, New Cross, on Sunday afternoon, March 12, delivered a solid and comprehensive discourse on the words, "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not: for God took him." The subject was, communion with God here, and the consummation of that communion WITH GOD in glory. Nothing, we think, could be more appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Anderson clearly showed that communion with God here was an essential qualification, and a grace-wrought meetness for the glory of the heavenly state. No undue exalting of their departed and sincerely beloved pastor, but a sober, a brotherly, a scriptural, an honest, a justly-deserved tribute to his memory, was faithfully and feelingly rendered.

On the evening of the same day, in Artillery-street chapel, in London, Mr. Thomas Stringer gave Mr. Crowther's friends and a large congregation one of his very best and most characteristic expositions of the words, "Call the labourers, and give them their hire." We have read Mr. Stringer's sermon with solemn pleasure, with hopeful anticipation. The text was rightly divided, the minister's work was correctly defined, his call cheerfully distinguished, and his reward gently touched: it being far beyond the reach of the most gifted orator here fully to unfold that exceeding weight of glory into which the righteous shall enter. Our brother Thomas, in the delivery of this discourse, was quite at home, and gratefully declared the nobility of mind, the benevolence of spirit, and Christian charity, which so largely characterised and habitually shone forth in the life of the much lamented, genuine English gentleman,

and most useful Christian, the late William Crowther, Esq., of Field House, Gomersal, near Leeds. Both these discourses are published, and may be had of Mr. Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, and at the chapels where they were delivered.

THE MAGISTRATES ON THEIR LATE COLLEAGUE.

Wm. Carr, Esq., on Monday, on taking his seat in the West Riding Courthouse at Dewsbury, along with William Blakely, Thomas Taylor, and Joshua Whitaker, Esqrs., made feeling allusion to the deceased. He said: "I am desired to say a few words with regard to the serious loss which we have all sustained. The bench of magistrates has lost one of its most valued members by the death of Mr. Wm. Crowther. It is not necessary for me, in a place where you all know the course of his life and actions so well, to say anything in the way of eulogy as to the life he has led. He has for very many years led a life of great public usefulness. Very early he was engaged in the public service. For many years—I believe fourteen or fifteen—he discharged the onerous functions which fall to the lot of a Chairman of a Board of Guardians; he was also chairman of the Assessment Committee, and how he discharged those duties, and with what advantage to the poor and the ratepayers generally of this petty sessional division, is very well known to many here. Mr. Crowther brought with him to this bench a trained intellect, an accurate knowledge of the law of evidence, and a practical knowledge of the law as bearing upon all social questions which was simply invaluable. He has left behind him a record of public duties unostentatiously and most unselfishly discharged: and in the whole of his long public life, both in his efforts to promote elementary education and all other forms of social improvement, he showed ungrudging liberality, and I may say the most faithful, earnest wish to benefit others, and his life is an example in that respect to all of us."

The *Bradford Observer* published the following verses from a correspondent in memory of the deceased gentleman:—

I N M E M O R I A M.—FEB. 26, 1882.

W E mourn: for lo! a man hath passed away.
I n very truth an uncrowned king of men.
L ost to us all ere yet the mind's decay
L eft room to doubt his ripening years. Amen.
I n council wise he towered above his peers,
A nd all revered his judgment. As a friend,
M any and steadfast as the hope that cheers.

C hangeless in purpose: firm to shape his end;
R eligious, but no bigot: such was he.
O bedient to his conscience' voice alone;
W edded to truth; in manner mild and free;
T he path of duty clearly for him shone.
H is time, his voice, his purse to public claim
E ver were open, free from selfish aim.
R est to the noble dust that bore his honoured name.

S. D. R.

"SALVATION IS OF THE LORD."—JONAH II. 9.

BY S. COZENS.

PEARLS are gathered from the deep, and the voices of heaven come up to us from the belly of hell. The truth of God finds its foil in the errors of man, and divine favours set in human faults add to their lustre and glory. In the book before us we see human nature in its most rebellious forms. A man daring to dispute with God, and that in the most insolent and daring manner. And here, too, we have illustration upon illustration of divine compassion. One hardly knows which to admire most, God's merciful kindness to the repentant Ninevites, or His great forbearance with the angry prophet.

Jonah was a man of great *perversity*. He was a self-willed, wrong-headed man. He would be master of his own actions, he would be sovereign of himself, he would choose his own way and shape his own ends. He fled from the presence of God; as if that were possible! He had to learn that the way from God is the way to hell—that giving up God is hell. He had to learn what the Psalmist had learnt, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me" (Psa. cxxxix.). Neither Adam, nor David, nor Jonah could get away from God, nor hide themselves from His presence. There is no hiding-place in heaven, earth, or hell, from the presence of God. Salvation, in Christ, is the Refuge from His angry presence. And the man who finds this Refuge sings, "O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my Strength and my song, He also is become my salvation" (Isa. xii.).

Again, Jonah was a *passionate* man. I cannot but think that he was in a state of great desperation when he said, "Cast me forth into the sea." He did not invite them to join with him in prayer to God to save them. No; but he said, "Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea." It seems plain enough that he was three days and three nights in the belly of the fish, before he prayed unto the Lord (i. 17, ii. 1). What! was he in that state of desperation all that time? and in the belly of hell, too? Yes, it appears so.

"Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone."

But some melting power came into him at last, and he cried unto the Lord. "Out of the belly of hell cried I." There was no great gulf fixed between Jonah's hell and God's heaven; and so his prayer was heard and answered.

Again—for I wish to exalt the riches of mercy in salvation—Jonah was a *petulant* man; aye, and as proud as he was petulant. One would have thought that the teachings of the belly of hell would have left their mark upon him, and have greatly subdued his turbulent spirit. But Jonah was Jonah to the end of the chapter. There was a good deal of scepticism and selfishness in Jonah—the two most miserable companions of life. The selfish man has no circle, no circumference beyond himself.

“He refers to himself in all things, thinks of himself, studies himself, until his own little self becomes his own little god.” Such persons are unsympathetic, querulous, quarrelsome. Such was Jonah; he was so quarrelsome that he quarrelled with God, and is angry with God. Why? Because He had mercy on one hundred and twenty thousand souls. Oh, sir! what is man in his best estate? One would have thought that Jonah, who had been delivered from so great a death, would have been ready to dance before the Lord for joy of heart that the people were spared. Oh! how much *self*, how much *pride* there was in Jonah; anger in Jonah’s quarrel with God. God’s mercy “displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry. Then said the Lord, Doest thou well to be angry?” He made no reply to this question, but went out of the city, and made him a booth, and sat under its shadows, watching to see what would become of the city. Did he suppose that God would shut up the bowels of His compassions and destroy the city, because he had been angry with Him? Well, God taught him a lesson by the gourd. But the lesson made him very angry. And the Lord said again, “Doest thou well to be angry?” And he said, “I do well to be angry (or, ‘I am greatly angry’) even unto death.”

Characteristics, no doubt, are leprous spots that cling to us with all the tenacity of scales. Graft a crab tree with a scion of a good apple tree, and the graft will bring forth fruit according to its own nature; but the natural branches that are left will produce nothing but crabs, wild apples. Jonah was a crab tree; but you may gather some good apples off this tree, and this is one, “Salvation is of the Lord.”

(To be continued.)

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PSALM LXXXV.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

Minister of the Gospel, Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk.

“Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.”—Verse 10.

THIS is a precious Gospel Psalm, and the title tells us who it is for—namely, “the sons of Korah.” The word Korah means *frozen, icy*. Here is, then, a psalm for cold, frozen, icy hearts. Do I hear you say: “Oh, how cold is my heart! My thoughts and affections, in respect to holy things, seem frozen; and I am ready to think I cannot be what I profess to be, for surely gracious souls do not feel as I do?” Let me tell you, my friend, if this be at all to your comfort, dead flesh does not feel the cold, however much frozen; and so there can be no complaining. It is living flesh that feels the icy chill, and cries out, “Oh, how cold I am! Would God it were otherwise with me!” My case is something like that which the poet speaks of:—

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick’ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.”

Do not let us forget that God has fires, and these are cheering,

warming, and reviving; and do not let us forget that fuel must be brought to those fires, such as God Himself has provided and ordered. The fœl is: "Let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." And again: "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." And again: "Pray without ceasing." And again: "Watch and pray." And again: "Let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ."

At our prayer-meeting, last Wednesday evening, we had a large room full of people, and a large fire; for there was a glorious outpouring of the Spirit upon our friends. It was, indeed, good to be there; there was weeping and rejoicing. How I did wish all our friends could have been present, that they might have had a good warming up. I believe such fires will make us forget little petty jealousies and offences, and cause us to value the truths of the Gospel, and all the ordinances of the Lord's sanctuary. But let us just glance at some two or three precious testimonies in this psalm, before we call attention to the words proposed for a few thoughts. In the first place, we are told that "*God has been favourable to our land.*" Yes, He has sent us the Word of truth and grace, and blessed us with an abundance of temporal things. In the face of all heresies, and the wickedness there is in our land, we still have a good sound ministry, Bibles circulated in all directions, and many good and valuable books and periodicals. Let us be thankful for all the good we discover. God was favourable to His land of Canaan, setting up in it His name and worship, and conferring upon His ancient people an abundance of temporal and spiritual blessings. He is now dealing with us in a similar way; and let it be our daily prayer that we may not despise His goodness, and bring down upon us His judgment for our pride, extravagance, and ingratitude. The favour of all favours bestowed upon the land of Canaan, and the land of England, may be seen in Matt. ii. 1, 2: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is He that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him."

Secondly, another precious truth we have is: "*God has forgiven the iniquity of His people, and covered all their sin.*" By what means? Christ has taken their iniquity, as may be seen in Isa. liiii. 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Christ, by His perfect obedience and spotless righteousness, has covered original sin, and all actual transgressions, so that not a spot of sin can be discovered. It is well expressed thus:—

"And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

Thirdly, another charming truth we have in this psalm is: "*God's salvation is nigh them that fear Him.*" But you will want to feel it, or how can you say from the heart: "Show us Thy mercy, and grant us Thy salvation"? The proof that you fear God lies in an earnest desire to be able to testify of your *own* salvation. There is a continual looking to God, and waiting for it, against all temptations, doubts, and fears, darkness of mind, and hardness of heart. One says: "I have waited

for Thy salvation, O Lord." Simeon continued to look and wait patiently for God's salvation, till God's time was fully come to manifest it, as appears in this testimony: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation" (Luke ii. 29, 30).

But let us now hasten to a consideration of the words in the tenth verse of this psalm, already named. Here we have, so to speak, a mystical court, in which are contending parties. Here is a spiritual forensic debate. The meeting has respect to fallen man, as a transgressor of God's holy law. Mercy and peace are the counsel for the delinquent. Truth and righteousness plead for the Crown, and contend in justice for the execution of the culprit. Man, as a breaker of God's law, is the cause of such a meeting as is named in the words: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Here are the divine attributes deeply concerned about the fall; and about the creature man. God is, figuratively speaking, contending within Himself. He says: "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that goeth away. Like men they have transgressed the covenant; they have dealt treacherously against Me." O, how many times, like Ephraim, have you promised to be better, to be good, and to do good, to be zealous for God, His cause, and His people? And you have been all hot for a time; then you have utterly failed—your love has waxed cold, you have forgotten God, His good cause, and your poor brethren, and you have become as carnal and worldly as though you had never made mention of the Saviour's name. God says, "You have not returned to Me." No, nor is it likely they ever will; for *it is not in man to direct his own steps.*

Again, it says, "Prepare to meet thy God." But is it at all likely they can, or will, in God's own way, since they are fallen away from all that is good? The sum is, man has miserably fallen; and all the attributes of God mentioned in this tenth verse, are become concerned about it. A court is held, a counsel is called, the prisoner is placed at the bar, and the trial begins. Mercy is the first to speak, whose speech is as follows: "My Lord, the Judge of all, I know the prisoner at the bar is guilty of death. He has broken an infinite law, the consequence of which is infinite punishment. But oh, Thou holy One, let me speak a word in Thine ears. Is not the prisoner Thy own workmanship, created in Thy own image, yet only a mere creature of yesterday, and liable to change, and to fall from his own steadfastness? What could be expected from a poor mortal, whose foundation is in the dust, when pure spirits kept not their own habitation? What could be expected from a worm, a little particle of dust, a small drop of the bucket, a flower of grass? If the prisoner, now in the chains of justice, is not acquitted, I shall lose my name, dignity, and honour." Thus speaks Mercy. Now, the speech of this learned advocate was listened to by the Judge with all earnestness, and did not fail to meet His approbation (1 John ii. 1, 2). Upon this, Truth rose and said, "I have paid attention to the speech of Mercy, but if the prisoner at the bar is not condemned and executed, where will be my credit? Where will be my magnitude and glory? The law is good, the sentence is just, and my right cannot be forfeited. Mercy has pleaded hard for the criminal, but O, Thou

faithful, unchanging God, the sentence is gone from Thy lips, that in case of transgressing the law, man shall surely die. If he is not sent down into the pit, and confined in everlasting chains of darkness and despair, where will be my honour? and what will become of my name and dignity?" Thus ends the speech of Truth. Upon this, Righteousness gets up in his splendid robes, and speaks eloquently and learnedly. But what is that I see in his hands? It is a pair of balances. They are to weigh the prisoner, the man who stands at the bar, accused of idolatry, adultery, and murder. He is already weighed, and found to be lighter than vanity in all the faculties of the soul, and in all the members of the body, and so is unsound, "from the soul of the foot to the crown of the head." "Now," says Righteousness, "O Thou Judge, perfect and upright, holy and just, how can Mercy be heard in this court? Truth has declared that vengeance is due to prisoner at the bar, and he ought to be dealt with according to his crimes, or what is to become of my great name and dignity?" This ends the telling speech of Righteousness; when Peace immediately rises, and speaks to the following effect: "I find in this court Truth and Righteousness have been contending against Mercy. I wish, my Lord, O Judge, to take a prominent part in this debate, simply by proposing a certain question for the consideration of the whole court. We want, if possible, that the counsel on both sides should come to a perfect agreement, and the prisoner at the bar be pronounced justified." Peace goes on to say, "O Thou God of peace, is it not in some way possible to make an atonement for the prisoner, and acquit him, without doing the least injury to Truth and Righteousness? Cannot some way or plan of reconciliation be thought of? Can a competent person be found willing to stand in the gap, to represent the prisoner, and answer for him in all the just claims of the law? But how could such a thing be accomplished by mortals? Impossible. Cannot angels do it? They are by no means in a position to do it. Well, then, heaven and earth seem to fail." At last, after half an hour's silence in court, the Wisdom of God, then in court, stood up and said, "Here am I, send Me about this business. I will take human nature into union with Myself; and so by being both finite and infinite, by being God and man united in one person, I will stand in the gap and answer for everything in the behalf of the guilty sinner."

With this speech the Judge was well pleased. Truth and Righteousness both declared that they were in every way satisfied; and the counsel on both sides rejoiced in the satisfaction thus made. All four then pronounced the verdict, and declared the prisoner "justified from all things, from which he could never have been justified by the law of Moses."

THE CONSCIENCE.

BY W. WINTERS.

THE conscience is not an infallible monitor alone, as it is subject to erroneous teaching, and hence the use and blessing of real sound instruction. It often becomes weak (1 Cor. viii. 7), but one simple passage of Scripture explains much respecting this point: "Unto the pure, all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving, is nothing pure, but even their mind and conscience is defiled."

Sincerity in this place is a principle of conscience, and must be accepted for its intrinsic worth. The defiled conscience, or that which is blinded by the god of this world, is sometimes quiet—that is, in the way of doing good—simply because it is scared and dead (1 Tim. iv. 2). At other times it is like the “troubled sea,” and being uninstructed by divine light and truth, is apt to take good for evil, and evil for good; or, in other words, it excuses where it should accuse, and *vice versâ*. The conscience, says good old South, is a Latin word with an English termination, and accordingly denotes “a double or joint knowledge—to wit, one of a divine law or rule, and the other of a man’s own action—and is so properly the application of a general law to a particular instance of practice.” The conscience is evidently a mirror in which every one may see himself reflected, and in which every action is represented in its proper colour. Therefore, in the words of the apostle, we say, “Pray for us; for we trust we have a good conscience in all things, willing to live honestly” before God and man, which is the fullest meaning of the text (Heb. xiii. 18). Conscience, infers a modern author of some repute, is the representative of the inner revelation of God, which proceeds from the creative Spirit of God, infuses itself into the spirit of man, and as a plastic energy forms and moulds him, by conveying to him the cognisance of God’s will and man’s obedience in His sight. Thus conscience is our moral sense continually held in check by the Spirit of God; it is the very soul of our loyalty to Him; it is the *religio* of a true communion.

When the mind is ignorant or uncertain about the tendency of an action to good, or when there are several circumstances in the case, some of which being doubtful, render the mind dubious concerning the morality of an action, then the conscience is doubtful, and liable to proceed in a wrong course. If, as some think, the error of ignorance is involuntary, or invincible, then the action proceeding from that error, or from that ignorance, is reckoned innocent. To follow an erroneous conscience is decidedly wrong, if the error which misled the conscience was the effect of some carnal passion of the heart. The conscience, without doubt, like the other faculties of the soul, has materially suffered by the fall, consequently it is different as regards its tendencies after conversion to God than before; for before conversion, or rather regeneration, the conscience, as a rule, is not so keenly sensitive to the nature of sin and the strictness of God’s law as it is when the great change has been effected. Therefore, the conscience, blinded by sin, without the light of the Spirit of God, adheres merely to the moral law, current among men, and is under the law of works to God. But the conscience made pure by the “washing of regeneration” is under the law of grace, which actuates the mind and will in the exercise of things spiritual and divine. The possessor of a sanctified conscience generally knows from experience what he believes; the established, saving truths of the Gospel are held by him as principles of faith, and not of opinion merely. The conscience is a law of the mind, as we see defined by the apostle (Rom. vii. 23), and it is in perfect harmony with the soul (Tit. i. 15), according to the amount of knowledge received, whether the soul be in a saved state or otherwise, for the heart and affections cannot be changed without affecting the conscience. Grace is like oil, and is sometimes compared to it, which spreads its sanctifying influences over the whole inner man.

Church-yard, Waltham Abbey.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM CROWTHER, ESQ., OF GOMERSAL.

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, FEBRUARY 26, 1882.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—Prov. x. 7.

<p>IN peaceful sweetness to yon City golden, The mighty spirit of our brother fled! Leaving his sacred dust with warriors olden, [dead. To sleep awhile, recumbent with the Alas! our loss! yet take we consolation— The gain is his!—We lay him 'neath the sod, And ask in tones of stifled lamentation, "How are the mighty fallen!" How! O God!</p> <p>The echo comes, he dwelleth with the holy! Zion, the solemn theme reiterates! His noble deeds must live—the poor and lowly Shared in his worth, and praised him in the gates.</p> <p>Peace was his motto, and he ruled victo- rious, [true; As man with men, and to his country Poising the scales of justice, he was glorious, [due. In rendering honour to whom it was Long will the day be ere his name is blotted [to mourn, From the sad hearts of those he leaves Ah! thanks to God, his memory, un- spotted, [is gone. Fragrant remains, though his vast soul Waltham Abbey, March 16, 1882.</p>	<p>His facile pen and fluent tongue no longer [day; Strive in the war with errors of the But being dead, he speaks, in language stronger, [the way. Of Christ, the grandest life, the truth.</p> <p>No plastic orator with words seductive, Touching with skill the passions of the youth; [structive; But firm and brave, yet simple and in- In short, a Champion of the grand old Truth.</p> <p>Rest, man of valour, Christian hero, slumber, [meet! Thy work is done, thou hast no foe to The conquest's thine, and blessings out of number, [feet! Spread with immortal glory round thy Eternal sunlight's there; and sin can never Cast one faint shadow,—O to realise The fullest import of that blissful <i>ever</i>, And the sweet fact—the Christian never dies!</p> <p>We leave thee, CROWTHER; thou art not forsaken; The eye of Jesus watches o'er thy dust, Till the glad morning when the dead awaken, [the just! Then shalt thou rise and stand among W. WINTERS.</p>
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THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

'EPHRAIM'S ANTI-TYPICAL AGE
AS VIEWED FROM
THE ANCIENT MILESTONE.'

(THIRD NOTICE.)

TWICE before have we ascended into the different halls on the top of the ancient mile-stone, wherein Ephraim's anti-typical age has been queried. In my third ascent I felt a soul-desire to be led into the inner *Palace of Rest and Consolation*; but Mrs. Hemans—her pictures, her poems, her painful pursuits, her peaceful departure—all these were pressed upon me, and I entered a little into her remarkable life. I could not continue; I wanted *rest*. I cried out, "Hinder me not, ye much loved saints; I must find rest with you." Yet, so much business, care, and Church-concerns laid upon my mind, I could not

step in the *inner Palace of Rest and Consolation* where the door was open. I thought I saw that truly blessed saint of God's own making and keeping, whom they call "Alderman Joseph Osborn, of Banbury." He was standing up, quite erect; his handsome face was full of smiles; and he was congratulating a numerous company, saying, "Now, beloved and adopted children of the heavenly King, now we all realise the delightful truth of that saying in Isaiah, 'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is *stayed* on THEE, because he trusteth in THEE.'" "Hallelujah," sang the company, adding,—

"Our God is faithful to His saints,
Is faithful to His Son!"

As they sang such rays of brightness shone forth on all their faces that I saw

many I have known out in the rough and dark ways of this world; but I was obliged to turn from the doorway of this palace, and get into the long, large hall of *Reflection over the Past*. Such telescopes they were looking through! One ancient pilgrim was explaining the career of William Huntington, of Master Vinall, of Thomas Chamberlain, of Isaac Beeman, and others, of which I was taking notes, when

"AN ELDER WHO HAD BEEN FORTY YEARS ON THE DARK CONTINENT"

called me away into one quiet nook; and said he, "Look you here, sir! You are one of the stewards of the mysteries of the kingdom. You are one of the watchmen on the walls of Zion. To you thousands are looking, and are crying,

"Watchman, what of the night?"

I bowed a nervous, a silent, a hesitating assent. This elder had in his hand a thick quarto manuscript book; and after a pause, he looked up again, and continued, "I have been over forty years driven to and fro on the dark continent; during that time I have employed my leisure hours in watching, and in analysing, in weighing, examining, and trying to *prove* the many new spirits, the multitude of new enterprises, wherewith men of mental and of physical powers have been, and still are, seeking to 'evangelise the masses.' Tabernacles have been built: revival services have been everywhere carried on; armies have been organised; and hundreds of thousands of pounds have been given for the salvation of the people. And the old question has come up again—*The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men? Answer Me.*' And they said unto Jesus,

"WE CANNOT TELL."

"Now, sir," earnestly asked the elder, "will you review this manuscript, and give me your mind as to whether or not it ought to be published?" "Sir," said I, "do you know what it is to be a *sole* editor, with letters flowing in nearly every post? with accumulating heaps of books and papers, all silently calling, '*Attend to me!*' Beside the editor's office add the pastor, and preacher, and dispenser of charity, and where can time be found to meet your request?"

"Read the title and the contents," said he, "and answer me,—

"*Dare you refuse?*"

I read the boldly and handsomely written title, "*The Eight Branches of Joseph's Fruitful Bough; or, All About*

the Spurgeons." Turning to the contents, I read—

"Chapter I. The ancient, the noble, the devoted grandsire. Chapter II. The quiet, the honoured son. Chapter III. The hero. Chapter IV. The gentlemanly loving brother. Chapter V. The beloved lady at the head of the book-giving department. Chapter VI. The Australian evangelist. Chapter VII. The young cherubim. Chapter VIII. The pastor's helpmeet, the lady lecturer, and the sister of the happy hero."

"I cannot, sir, understand the motive or the meaning of this history of a family who are, or have been, more or less, public ambassadors for peace to the people."

"Sir," seriously and awfully stern, exclaimed the elder, "the questions to be examined are these—Can the Pope and Martin Luther walk together? Can Augustus Toplady and John Wesley harmonise? Can John Calvin and John Arminius sweetly blend and unite under the same banner of the cross? Can it be proved that New Testament doctrines, New Testament ordinances, and New Testament Church government came first of all from heaven, by the magnificent descent of the Holy Ghost? and is it not patent that Peter, on that auspicious occasion, fully carried out His Lord's parting injunction? To be more explicit and plain, sir, look at these four features of Divine truth.

"First, Our Lord's promise: 'When He, the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, is come, He shall lead you into all truth.' There is a positive promise made by the eternal Son of God Himself.

"Secondly, Now read our Saviour's commission, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach THE GOSPEL to every creature: he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved,' &c. And Christ added, 'Teaching them to OBSERVE ALL THINGS whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.'

"Thirdly, Now examine Peter's preaching and practice. He preached the truth; the Divine Spirit carried the Word home with a quickening power; some cried out (not to Peter only, but to the multitude—the whole assembly of the apostles), 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' What said Peter? '*Repent!*'—*i.e.*, as the Greek schools render it, 'Turn unto God, and come in.' (How?) 'Repent; be baptized, EVERY ONE of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Then they that gladly received his

words were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.'

"Lastly, What was the prophetic pattern? Oh, write it plainly and boldly. And they continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.'

"There, Mr. Editor, is the whole plan of Gospel preaching, of Gospel practice, and of Church government. I ask, Have the Churches *thus continued*?"

I replied, "Mr. Elder, I confess I have seen; during the last fifty years, I have seen a gradual declension in the preaching and in the practice of the Churches. I have passed through floods of sorrow from external dangers; and secretly I have witnessed that the more the Arminian element has been mixed in with the Gospel, the more successful (*in appearance*) the preaching became; and deeply in my soul, I have thought—yes, in my soul, I have had the question rolling over and over, up and down—Is the Lord indifferent as to what doctrine men preach? Has He revoked the New Testament pattern set forth so plainly on the day of Pentecost? Are ministers left to choose what *they please*?"

The old elder, who had suffered a long martyrdom, waxed warm, stood up in a kind of paroxysm of intense feeling, and cried out, "Sir! the questions I will ask are these: (1) Did the late James Wells say to you, at the commencement of that vast and unparalleled revival, which England has looked upon with astonishment during the last thirty years, or nearly so—did not the then much agitated Surrey Tabernacle pastor say to you, 'There is so much *real truth* in it, which will carry away thousands of the Lord's people; *there is the danger*'? Did he sorrowfully make that remark to you?" HE DID. I have never forgotten it. "(2) Will you not confess that you have seen

THE GOSPEL ON A SLIDING SCALE?

The Gospel of the grace of God was preached; the worship of God was conducted with solemnity and Scriptural propriety. And at headquarters it may be so now very strictly. But throughout the country Churches has there not come in man's free-will, open communion, bazaars, musical entertainments, songs, solos, and some golden words, all mixed up together? As in the dark continent I have travelled, quite free from all pecuniary interest, I have seen these auxiliaries to what they call worship; and I have heard from many, and felt it, too, that there is a with-

drawal of the vital power of the HOLY GHOST from ministers, from believing people, and from the outward hearers. What scenes have been witnessed at Hull, at Ramsey, and in other quarters! The great prophet declared, 'It is impossible but that offences must come; but woe unto that man by whom they come.' My third question is this: Will you take this eight-chapter book, and carefully review it?"

I may not live long enough. In the so-called Churches there is so much that is good, and so many evil workers, that one fears to speak, lest we do evil. But with prayer, with only one desire, to endeavour to honour our only God and Saviour, I take it. If these eight branches of Joseph's fruitful bough appear, I trust it will be seen that they are Joseph's boughs indeed.

Cruelty to Animals.—Mr. W. Frith's little book on the infernal wickedness of so-called scientific operators should be everywhere distributed, in mercy to the poor dumb things who are martyrs to speculation. Copies may be had of Mr. Guest, or of the author, Trinity Church, Gunnersbury, near London.

The Late Lord Justice Lush.—When a little boy in Shaftesbury, he sought for any situation one Mr. Chitty, a solicitor, could give him. Young Lush was taken in; he progressed, came to London, still persevered; was called to the Bar, and at last to one of the highest offices in the legal regions. From being, first, a Unitarian, he was induced to hear Christopher Woollacott, the pastor of the Westminster Baptist Church; and, with the divine blessing, under Mr. Woollacott's ministry, Mr. Lush was converted to God, baptized, and received into the Church. This led to his marriage with Miss Woollacott, the pastor's eldest daughter; and, in every sense of that beautiful comprehensive term, she was a genuine, a continuous, a blessed help-meet to him. After a forty years' exceedingly happy union, Lady Lush was taken from him, in March, 1881. The shock to his sensitive and nervous system was so severe that he never rallied effectually from its painful influence. His recent death is well known. How the late Judge worked up the legal ladder, how his character was sustained, and his perseverance rendered prosperous, with some other incidents in his life, may be furnished in these pages in due time. It is a rare thing to find a "Lord Justice" an elder and worker in a Baptist Church; but so it was. How far his faith and experience went into the essentials of the Gospel of Christ we have yet to learn.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"HIS EYES LOOKED UPON ME
WITH TEN THOUSAND SMILES."

*The Early Life
and Call by Grace of Our Aged Brother*
JOHN DENNISON.

I was born in December, 1798, but the day of the month I do not know. The Lord was pleased to meet with me in my soul when I had just entered my nineteenth year. The last six years before that I seemed ripening for destruction; all the reproof I had from good men, I opposed everything, and I was determined to fill up my life in sin: I was as hard as adamant, without any feeling of a hereafter. My dear mother was very ill for four years, and I had no more feeling towards her than a stone. I had a dear uncle, and he was a good man, my mother's brother; he often came to see her, and always reproved me for my folly; and oh, the great enmity in my heart against him. I never said anything to him, but I felt if I had a sword I could have cut off his head, and whenever I saw him coming to see my mother I got out of his sight. Then the dear Lord was pleased to remove my mother by death, and she was buried on February 11. I still remained without feeling, dead and blind, yea, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; but as soon as she was laid in the grave we went over to a Baptist chapel a little way from the churchyard, and the old minister had just taken his text in the afternoon, and he referred to our friend just laid in the grave, and said we should soon follow. That soft, gentle word dropped into my immortal soul, and after service my dear uncle, and another good man, and I, walked home together. We had about four miles to go, and my dear uncle and this good man kept talking together about the good things all the way home, and I listened all the time, and their subject was about eternity—namely, heaven and hell; and my dear uncle said what an awful state were the wicked in. The words he used were as follows: "When the wicked have been in hell as many years as the sand upon the sea shore, or spoils of grass, no nearer the end; and as for the righteous, they would be taken from all the evils that were to come, would be taken to heaven to dwell with Jesus to all eternity." I felt I was one of those wicked ones, and I was so swallowed up with eternity I thought I should never be able to walk home, I thought every step I took I should go right through the earth into the bottomless pit. I did not say a word to my dear uncle or his friend about these things, because I thought there was no one like me in the world.

I lived about a mile away from home, because I was at service, and I went to bed on Sunday evening, but I did not get any sleep till three o'clock, because I thought I should wake up in hell; but I woke up about four o'clock, went into my stable to look after my horses, and then I opened my wicker door and put my fingers into the

candle as long as I could bear them, and lit a match and put it into the palm of my hand, and that burnt the skin off as big as half-a-crown; now I could take my fingers out of the candle, the matches out of my hand, but in hell I could never come out; the law of God took hold of me, and the justice of God held me, and the portion followed me, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them."

This state I lived in for about three months; I wasted away almost to a skeleton; I did not know how to eat or how to do my work; I was without hope and feeling, without God in the world. But I was in my stable, reading John xix., about my dying Lord, and at the end of three months, instead of being under Mount Sinai, which is under the curse and the wrath of the Almighty; for if a beast were to come to that mount he was to be stoned to death—but instead of being under that mountain He brought me to another mountain, which is Mount Calvary; gave me such a revelation of His love and the preciousness of His blood, and the Holy Ghost gave me such a knowledge of His person as God-man, able and willing to save to the uttermost! The dear Glory-man appeared to me by precious faith, that His face was all love; His eyes looked upon me with ten thousand smiles, and so revealed Himself in His passion that His face and all were covered with blood; the streams of this, flowing into my inmost soul, removed my sin and guilt. I had such communion with my dear Lord that cannot be expressed. I went up one corner of my stable and poured out my soul unto Him for three-quarters of an hour. I could say then He loved me and gave Himself for me, without a doubt or a fear. Now this is the glorious liberty of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God.

After these things I felt very desirous to hear the Gospel, but I went to various places and could not find it to my satisfaction; there was sometimes works and sometimes grace, tried to mix law and Gospel together, but the dear Lord gave me a real hungry and thirsty soul after a precious Jesus, and Him I could not find in what I heard. But the dear Lord was pleased to lead me to a little place in my own town at Thaxted; there I heard the Gospel that I loved, and there I continued hearing it; there I was brought more fully into the liberty of it, and I said to myself, This is my home, and I attended all the prayer-meetings. There I gathered much strength in the Lord, and I very much enjoyed the company of the Lords' people; I knew the sweetness of that text, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that fear the Lord and that thought upon His name."

The dear Lord still led me on to search His own Word, and I found His commandments,

baptism, and the Lord's Supper; and I read of them, and they were exceedingly sweet. The Holy Spirit applied them without any outward means, and I declared them to the minister, and the Church received me with all their heart; and when I was baptized, as soon as I was out of the water I went singing into the vestry. I am sure it is God's ordinance, and the Lord's Supper; and down to the present moment I rejoice in them more and more.

After this I went on rejoicing steadily for twenty years; then I came into the field of battle. I lost my first love, and the sweetness of the graces of the Spirit, but not my God. Now the dear Spirit was teaching me not to live on the grace received, my faith, and hope, and love; but to live on the God of all grace, to be constantly coming to Him, to receive from Him all the rich fulness which is all in Jesus. After this I had a great darkness come upon me, and I sunk very low for some long time, not quite in despair, but I was in Doubting Castle, and this made me cry more earnestly unto my God. This I proved by answer to prayer. I found then the preaching of the Word became the bread of life to my soul, and the Lord shed abroad His love into my heart again. I felt such love to Zion, and when I read the Scriptures at prayer meeting, I now and then dropped a word or two. Some thought it was right, and others thought it was wrong; so they put an extinguisher upon it. This led me much to pray unto my God. Two portions came into my mind. One was, "That which I reveal unto you in secret, that proclaim ye upon the housetops." The other was, "Preach the Word; be instant in season and out of season." These lay on my mind nearly two years. They were at times like fire burning, which was the fire of God's love. Then friends in villages asked me to come and read, and speak a little. I went to four places; once a month to each place. I kept on so, by the help of the Lord; and the Lord supported me under all the conflicts I had to go through. I did not go anywhere, only when they sent for me. After this I was called out in a more public way, and the friends seemed to receive the Word of the Lord. As missionary I kept on for nearly twenty years, and then afterwards I fell into a state of great darkness. The things of this life tried me very much, and then Satan tempted me greatly, that I sank lower in my mind than ever before. I underwent soul travail for more than two years and eight months. I thought I was cast out, and cast off for ever. I feared I was never called by grace, and I had preached His Gospel to others, and I myself should be a castaway. My mouth was closed from speaking over two years in public, neither was I able to pray in public, but in secret my prayers were sighs and groans, and now He has given me to see and feel those sighs and groans were heard. Ten years ago brought me into the glorious liberty of the Gospel, which was by His own Word being applied to my soul on my bed, ten miles

from home. These were the portions, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee;" and another, "All power is given unto Me, both in heaven and on earth." And the last portion, "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." These came with great power to my soul. I was melted down at His dear feet. I lay three hours meditating on this part of the Word; then the dear Lord opened my mouth again, and I can say the last ten years that I have enjoyed more out of His Word than I have all the rest of my pilgrimage. Now I know what the wise man says,—To every hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet. Father, Son, and Spirit so endear themselves through my dying Lord and ever-living intercessor at the right hand of God. My work is among the Churches that have no pastors, and they always welcome me, and say we shall be glad to see you again.

Dear brother, I love ministerially to feed the children of God. I can say I love my God. I love His work, I love His saints, and I am not afraid to say I seek His glory, and the good of immortal souls, and I generally speak three times a day, and I never feel more happy than in the work of the Lord. I walk forty miles a week, and have entered my four score and four. Dear brother, if you think this will be any use for your magazine, and for the encouragement of any poor soul, put it in; and if not, burn it up.

SUFFOLK.—Our friends who have fled to the United States, and to the different colonies, will be thankful to learn that Little Stonham Baptist chapel is still a sacred meeting-house, where the rising race, and those more ripening for glory, assemble for the worship of the great Creator and Redeemer of poor seekers for a better country. It will interest some to know our very dear friend, who has been our devoted Sunday-school superintendent, has entered into the matrimonial hemisphere, and we held a parting meeting (March 8, 1882), when the children, so fond of her, and the friends so grateful for all the services she has so efficiently rendered, desired to express their gratitude to the amiable and sincere friend by presenting her with a genuine token of their affection in the form of a silver stand, which was most feelingly and gracefully received, and acknowledged with kind expressions of hope for the future welfare of us all. May Heaven smile upon her, and bless the union. Also, on March 1, 1882, we realised a happy season in the gathering together of the members of our choir, who, after tea, cheered our spirits by the beautiful rendering of anthems and various hymns of praise. Our minister, Mr. S. Grimwood, read the Word of God; prayers were poured forth, and the singers from the chapels around came with one accord to join in with us in praising the Lord, whose mercy endureth for ever. The profits of the meeting were given to the building fund. Glory be to God on high.—A MEMBER.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF
STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

*Rough Notices by W. Winters, Pastor of
Waltham Abbey.*

This Association, established in 1871, has become a power for good in our denomination, mainly under the fostering hand of Mr. John Box, hon. secretary. The annual meetings were held on Tuesday, March 14, in that grand old chapel, in Keppel-street, around which so many rich historical associations cluster. In the morning of the day a devotional service was held, presided over by Mr. W. J. Styles, when several brethren in the ministry offered prayer. At the close of this meeting the delegates of the various associated Churches assembled for the transaction of business till one o'clock, when a sumptuous repast awaited the numerous friends, and to which they all appeared to do ample justice. In the afternoon the body of the chapel was well filled, and the letters from the Associated Churches were read by Mr. John Box and Mr. Faulkner, Mr. G. W. Shepherd in the chair. Prior to the letter reading Mr. Shepherd read and commented upon Psa. xci., and Mr. J. L. Meeres offered prayer. The first letter read was from the Church at Bermondsey under the pastorate of Mr. Meeres. The societies connected with this Church are working well, and record 123 members. Mr. James Griffith of Hope Chapel, Bethnal Green, is united, happy, and in a measure prosperous; numbers 88 members, 4 added by baptism during the year. The Church at Keppel-street, under the efficient pastorate of Mr. W. J. Styles, continues to prosper; 13 added by baptism; members, 125. Mr. James Dawson, of Camden-street, Kentish Town Road, is successful and happy in his work, and records 73 members, 3 added by baptism. Avenue Chapel, Camden Town, under the pastorate of Mr. W. H. Evans, continues to flourish, though the Sunday-school is at present without a superintendent; added by baptism, 4; members, 99. The Church at Clapham Junction is favoured with the ministry of Mr. John Bonney, the newly beloved pastor elect; added by baptism, 5; members, 47. It is highly gratifying to learn that our brother Mr. Edwin Langford is in peace with his people, and his ministry is blessed to many; added by baptism, 6; members, 98. Mr. John Hazelton, of Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, enjoys peace with his people, and is steadily prospering; the societies connected with this Church are, as might well be expected under so efficient a ministry, well sustained; added 2 by baptism; members, 303. Mr. J. Willis, of Tamworth-road, Croydon, continues happy, and is successful in his labours; added 4 by baptism; members, 55. Forest-road, Dalston; we are happy to say this Church enjoys the reviving influence of the Holy Spirit, and has not forgotten the long and assiduous labours of its late honoured pastor, Mr. J. H. Dearsly, who is preaching for a few months, at least, at West Brighton. Forest-road Church has added by baptism, 1; members, 37. Mr. J. S.

Anderson still prospers in Zion, New-Cross-road. It is highly gratifying to see Mr. Anderson so vigorous and healthful, and his ministry so much blest to souls. He labours hard, but is not without reward; several are waiting for baptism at the time of writing this; 8 have been added during the year by baptism; members recorded, 268. Erith, Kent, where our brother H. F. Noyes has long laboured at intervals; this Church has experienced the chill hand of death in taking away two of its members during the year; there is no pastor to this Church; added by baptism, 2; members, 26. Mr. Isaac Ballard continues to labour with the Master's approval in Beulah Chapel, Farnborough, Kent; the financial state of this Church is good, and what cannot be said of many Churches, there is a balance in hand; members, 36. Ebenezer, Grays, the congregation continues good, and the Church is happy and united; the expenses are heavy in carrying on the work; the pulpit is supplied by various brethren; members, 14. The Church under the pastorate of Mr. H. Myerson is, we are grateful to record, flourishing; the Lord has heard prayer; added by baptism, 3; members, 122. Salem, Hayes, is without a pastor; there is much cause for thankfulness; added, 1; members, 17. Zoar, Wedmore-street, Upper Holloway; this happy little flock under the pastorate of Mr. H. Boulton is steadily prospering; added 3 by baptism; members, 20. Ebenezer, Hornsey Rise, the Church expresses gratitude for mercies realised; their beloved pastor, Mr. Waterer, is getting into years, but the Lord is his support; members, 59. Zoar, Staines-road, Hounslow; this happy Church is successful under the pastorate of Mr. Jas. Curtis; added 4 by baptism; members, 63. The famous old Jireh, City-road, which ever reminds us of the highly esteemed preacher and writer John A. Jones, its late beloved pastor; the congregation has improved since last year; members, 68. Mr. W. Osmond labours with much happiness in Bethel, Newton-street, Hoxton. He is surrounded by a truth-loving people, who know how to value his ministry; 4 have been added by baptism; members, 78. Providence, Islington, Mr. P. Reynolds is fruitful in his work; it is many years since the Church enjoyed such prosperity as at present; added by baptism, 8; members recorded, 126. Our beloved brother Mr. W. Flack has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate; the Sunday-school is in excellent condition; members, 118. Kingston-on-Thames, the Church at Providence Chapel, Hammond-road, has no pastor, but the people are happy and truth-loving; members, 37. Mr. G. W. Shepherd, the highly esteemed pastor of Mount Zion, Hill-street, Dorset-square, and president of the Association, is marvellously successful in his beloved Zion; the Church-books have been revised, and the return for this year is: added by baptism, 21; members, 354; the branch Church at Kilburn is progressing happily. Auckland-hill, Providence Chapel, has no additions this year to record; members, 20.

Mr. Henry Brown, of Notting-hill Gate, is happy and united with his people; 2 have been added by baptism; members, 83. Zion chapel, Heaton-road, our brother Mr. James Clark's labours have been much blest of God in this place during his pastorate; he, however, in the providence of God, terminated his ministry in this cause on March 26; we wish him success with all our heart, as also the Church he has left; added by baptism, 4; members, 64. Carmel chapel, Westbourne-street, Pimlico: we are glad to learn that the cause is steadily reviving, under the ministry of our beloved brother, Mr. Parnell, who has accepted a six months' engagement with this people; members, 47. Mr. Robert Everard, it is pleasing to learn, is successfully preaching as the pastor of Bethel chapel, Poplar; members, 24. Salem, Richmond, has had no settled pastor since Mr. J. Hall; the Gospel is still preached, and good is realised; added by baptism, 3; members, 51. Mr. P. W. Williamson, the pastor of Addison-park chapel, Shepherd's-bush, is doing a good work; added by baptism, 2; members, 64. St. Alban's Bethel; this chapel suffered from the late heavy gales; there is no pastor, but God is blessing His own Word; members 12. Soho, Oxford-street: a very excellent and encouraging letter from this Church was read, showing the healthful state of the many societies connected with the cause under the fruitful ministry of our beloved brother, Mr. John Box; added by baptism, 5; members, 216. Forest-lane Baptist chapel is under the pastoral charge of Mr. John Hunt Lynn; during the six years of his ministry the cause has marvellously prospered. He is a highly useful, gifted and hard-working brother; added by baptism, 4; members, 64. West Ham, the Church here is prospering, prayer-meetings very enjoyable; there is no stated pastor, may the Lord send one in His own time; we can depend upon the Lord, as He always sends good ones; added by baptism, 7; members, 83. West-hill, Wandsworth, this loving and successful Church is still without a pastor; the Church is blessed with a good staff of working deacons, which blessing is next in value to heaven itself; additions by baptism, 3; members, 79. Our brother W. K. Squirrel is now settled at Enon chapel, Woolwich, and the Lord is blessing his labours greatly; added by baptism, 5; members, 70.

Mr. Box having concluded reading the letters, the benediction was pronounced, and the friends soon assembled for tea. In the evening the chapel was packed full downstairs, and a great number were in the galleries. Mr. Shepherd, presiding, read Isa. xxxv., and Mr. Adam Dalton, of Sutton-at-Hone, offered fervent prayer, after which Mr. Shepherd delivered a masterly discourse, founded on the words, "By whom shall Jacob arise," &c., which was much appreciated. Able addresses were also delivered on "New Testament Baptisms" by Messrs. R. E. Sears, H. Myerson, and J. H. Lynn. The usual votes of thanks were tendered and responded to, and the very successful meeting terminated most satisfactorily. To God be the glory given. Amen.

LIMEHOUSE.—One of the most successful meetings ever held in Coverdale-rooms was realised on March 7, commemorative of the twelfth anniversary of the cause in this place. Brother G. Webb preached the Gospel in the afternoon. One hundred and sixty friends took tea. In the evening the pastor, F. C. Holden, presided. Brother G. J. Baldwin opened the meeting. Prayer was offered by brother M. Branch. Mr. Holden spoke with feelings of gratitude of unity and prosperity in the Church. Since November five had been added by baptism, and two by experience. The Church had raised Mr. Holden's salary ten shillings per week, and the Church and congregation had collected the handsome sum of £20, which was presented by Mr. Turner, accompanied by a warm-hearted speech. Mr. Holden accepted the same with grateful expressions. Mr. Thomas Stringer gave a stirring and instructive address on the fourfold view of the pilgrim, as mentioned in Heb. xi. 13. Mr. Holden, in thanking Mr. Stringer for his excellent speech, made honourable and loving mention of the late Mr. Evans, a member at Coverdale, and formerly a member of the "Cave," under good William Allen. Mr. Henry Myerson delivered a warm and discriminating speech on the glorious things spoken of Zion; Mr. George Webb on the white-robed and blood-washed throng above. W. Winters spoke on the triumphant songs of ancient Israel. Mr. James Griffiths dwelt with much sweetness on the mercy of the Lord. Several anthems were excellently rendered during the evening, in which many of the congregation heartily joined. Great credit is due to the choir, and specially to their excellent leader, Mr. C. L. Kemp.—W. WINTERS.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Those of us who have reached the meridian of life, and have observed the varied movements of the causes of truth during the past thirty or forty years in the vicinity of the East of London, comprising Stepney, Poplar, Ratcliff-highway, &c., ask the question, "Where are the people who used to gather and fill the 'Cave,' under William Allen, Webster and others? Where are the people who used to listen to the quaint utterances and effeminate voice of Robert Bowles? Where are those who, years ago, used to worship with the now retiring Welsh brothers, and other places that might be mentioned?" Well, Mr. EARTHEN VESSEL, the truth-loving folk of this part have united to strengthen the hands of Pastor Holden and the Church under his care in an upper room at "Coverdale," Waterloo-street, Limehouse. If Ichabod can be and is written on some places, there is, I rejoice to inform your readers, prosperity at Coverdale-rooms. I will not attempt any description of the twelfth anniversary of the formation of the Church on the 7th ult., as I noticed your untiring and persevering friend, W. Winters, there with pencil and paper; who, by the way, gave a most spirited and soul-stirring

address, and for whom we all hope and pray there are many prosperous Summers in store. But I will just add that your son in the faith, George Webb, was quite at home in the afternoon while talking to the people from the words, "Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound." His ruddy appearance, his ready utterances, his rhythmical quotations, always rejoice the hearts of the people. Will you allow me, George, to thank you for the very kind reference you made to dear old William Allen, of blessed memory? In conclusion I must refer to the very commendable rendering of the anthems by the young people who form the choir. It is always gratifying to me, and, I think, necessary to the building up of a cause, to encourage the young. They can, if carefully tutored, render efficient help in the service of song. May God continue to bless Pastor Holden and his people is the prayer of—A LITTLE ONE.

OUR MINISTERS.—We do not feel happy in seeing so many changes in the ministry. Mr. Dickerson has had his fifty years in one place. How few see so long a pastorate! Mr. Sears leaves Foot's Cray because he cannot assent to an open communion Church. How fearfully that question is disturbing the people, and rendering the ministers unhappy! The first Church, on the Pentecostal day, was a close-communion Baptist Church. It was the pattern of all future Churches which the Holy Ghost gave us. How dare any man to alter it? We cannot tell. Mixed and open communion is no where in the New Testament commanded. We are conscientious in declaring we could willingly resign any pastorate, sooner than break open the gate, the public, the initiatory ordinance gate, the visible way into the fellowship of the Church. The baptism of penitent believers is a figure of everything that is essential to salvation. If that may be ignored, why not every other ordinance? We hope Mr. Sears will soon be happily settled in some useful field. Mr. James Clark has left Heaton-road Peckham; others are on the move. Ministers with families are sorely tried in these changes.

IPSWICH.—Congregations at Zoar Ipswich are increasing under the ministration of Mr. S. Cozens, and things appear to wear a pleasing aspect. He has been lecturing on the subject of "Spiritualism," the subject being advocated by some in Ipswich. Mr. S. Cozens delivered two lectures in March. A local paper said: "The second of two lectures on Spiritualism, by Mr. S. Cozens, was delivered in Zoar chapel, David-street. The lecturer dealt with Spiritualism as it is. He contended that the spirit manifestations of the present day were due to mesmerism. No credence, he said, should be put in Spiritualism, as it was a thing which tended to demoralise both the mind, body, and soul. The lecturer was listened to with much attention by a fair audience."

LYNTON-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL, BERMONDSEY.—The twenty-second annual meeting of the Sunday-school in connection with this place was held on Thursday, the 16th ult. In the afternoon of the day, Mr. G. W. Shepherd, of Mount Zion, preached an impressive sermon: after which the friends, numbering about 120, partook of tea. At the public meeting in the evening, the chair was occupied by A. Boulden, Esq., of the Surrey Tabernacle, who has for many years past presided on similar occasions. Mr. Wm. Stringer having implored the divine blessing, the secretary (Mr. A. G. Blackman) read the report, which was of an encouraging nature. The chairman, in his remarks, observed that it had been said that his opinion in regard to Sunday-schools had changed; but he thought his presence that evening was conclusive evidence that this was not the case. Some good practical speeches were delivered by Messrs. Meeres, Cooper, Cornwell, Levinsohn, Carr, and the superintendent (Mr. T. Knott) all of which were listened to attentively; the latter said he believed a good work was going on in the school, and pointed out how the parents of the scholars could materially assist the teachers in their exertions. We are sorry to have to record that, for the first time for 20 years, the pastor (Mr. R. A. Lawrence), was absent from the meeting, owing to his illness; but which, we trust, is now nearly over. At the close of the meeting Mr. Blackman moved, and Mr. King seconded the following resolution, which, we need hardly say, was carried unanimously: "That this meeting desires to record its deep sympathy with Mr. R. A. Lawrence in the very heavy affliction through which he is now passing; and hopes (if the Lord will) that the favourable change which has taken place in regard to his health may be of a lasting nature, and that he may shortly be restored to his much-loved work and people." Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent; and the collections, including donations and profit on tea, amounted to over £15.

MAIDSTONE.—Anniversary of Providence Sunday School was February 22. A good number favoured us with their presence to tea. At a public meeting Mr. G. Webb presided. Our school is growing; the Secretary read the report for 1881, showing an increase of 25 scholars. The children recited pieces, and sung suitable hymns. The pastor presented to the superintendent (much to his surprise), from the teachers and friends, a family Bible, together with two volumes of "Biblical Things Not Generally Known." The pastor then distributed the prizes, each child receiving one. A pleasant evening closed by singing, "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing."—R. P.

PULHAM-ST.-MARY.—The Baptists here, and in the village stations, are earnest in prayer, and Mr. Benjamin Taylor's ministry continues to reach the people's hearts. On Sunday, April 3, our pastor will, if God permit, baptize some more believers in Jesus.

WALWORTH.—The eleventh anniversary of (we may designate them) "the Surrey Tabernacle Sunday-schools" was commemorated on Tuesday, February 28, 1882. A large gathering of friends much enjoyed a refreshing cup of tea. The public meeting was respectfully conducted by their steady and earnest friend, Mr. John Piggott (the prosperous citizen of Cheapside), under whose direction, in unison with Mr. J. Green, the honorary secretary, the schools have proved a blessing to some hundreds of the rising race. Before the new Surrey Tabernacle was erected, the late beloved Mr. James Wells assured us it was his desire and fixed intention to connect with the new tabernacle Sunday-schools and a hall for the Biblical edification of young men. His wishes have, in some measure, been zealously carried out by the friends who conduct these schools in Penrose-street. On the evening above referred to, Mr. J. Green, the honourable and esteemed secretary, read a well prepared report, which we hope to analyse when it is published. Mr. John Mead, one of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, delivered an easy and encouraging essay on the natural, the moral, and the spiritual benefit of Sunday-schools when carried on as their schools are—with correct motives, and in a truth-loving spirit. Mr. John Mead is a pleasing speaker, and is sure to carry a religious audience with him. We heard an aged Tabernacle friend say, "Mr. John Mead is a much better preacher than many who come up into our pulpit." Not a few of that Church and congregation would be gratified to accept him as their settled pastor; whether that is the will of God or not, we cannot decide; some think it must be so. It certainly would be an unspeakable mercy if it pleased God to raise up a man specially ordained and qualified to unite the Church and congregation together; and also of sufficient ministerial power to bring in some hundreds more to fill the house with spiritual worshippers; and to make the hearts of the people to sing songs of praise and of glory unto the Lord. At this school anniversary Mr. Joseph Beach, and the new Tabernacle deacon, Mr. Thomas King, also opened their hearts freely in encouraging the workers in these schools. We essayed to lead the feelings and thoughts of the people up to the soul-saving theme of a glorious Trinity, but we failed. It is to us a difficulty to speak at all when other gifted orators are waiting to come to the front; but it would be a glad-some day to us to see new Surrey Tabernacle schools erected, near enough to allow the hundreds of boys and girls thronging the galleries of this spacious edifice, which now "stands like a palace built for God;" so that the children might hear, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God proclaimed with a soul-winning power. Amen.—C. W. B.

BROSELEY. — BIRCH MEADOW. — Tuesday evening, March 7, our venerable pastor, Mr. Thomas Jones, baptized two believers. We believe Mr. Jones must be advancing towards 90 years of age.

WHITESTONE CHAPEL, HEREFORD-SHIRE.

A GOOD DEACON'S APPEAL TO THE CHURCH.

We have great reason to thank God and take courage.

"THREE HAPPY THURSDAYS"

in succession have been enjoyed here. The first was February 9, when Mr. Robert Shindler delivered a very spirited lecture in the interests of the "Baptist Bible Translation Society," the subject of his lecture being "The Origin and Work of the Bible Translation Society." He said:—The society was formed in the year 1833, by a number of Baptists who up to that date had been working in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society, but who deemed it expedient to have the Scriptures re-printed, so as to give a correct translation of the Greek word "Baptiso" and "Bapto," and so have them read as they undoubtedly should in the English, thus, "Immerse" and "Immersion," instead of baptize and baptism, which is really no translation at all. This edition of the Scriptures, when completed at great trouble and cost they asked the B. F. B. S. to publish, but they declined to do so, whereupon they resolved (by God's help) to form themselves into a separate society for the translation and publication into those parts of the world where they considered most need was felt, a faithful transcript of God's Word. In this good work the society has proceeded from that time, having translated the sacred writings and published them in about seventy different languages. The lecturer then proceeded with a series of narrative illustrations descriptive of the working of the society and its happy results in various parts of the world, especially Africa and India, the whole of the lecture being listened to by a goodly company, who came to hear about that much despised, yet much loved book, *The Bible*. The collection of £2 5s. was presented to Mr. Shindler for the funds of the society.

On February 16, Mr. J. Gardner's anniversary was celebrated; members and friends enjoyed a "social tea." After tea pastor gave that dear old hymn—

"Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive,
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give."

Brother Jas. Lewis, of Yorkhill (sen. deacon) prayed, pastor Gardner said he could not tell them *how* he felt at that moment, remembering, as he did, God had *permitted* him to come amongst them, and he hoped also that He had *brought* him amongst them to be, what it was his prayer he *might be*, "a faithful minister of Jesus Christ." He felt he was among a praying people; he hoped he would always feel that to be so. If he was to be successful among them, very much of that success would be in answer to their prayers. We have been praying that our covenant God may be pleased to gather in precious souls; let us, therefore, look for, and expect to see

them coming forward, that our hearts may be cheered and our God glorified. Brother Jno. Godwin, in his usual mellow and savoury manner, gave us a few well-spoken words upon "He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." And from his address it was evident, our brother had *known* some of the temptations (or trials), and something also of the deliverances. Our venerable brother Jas. Lewis (who has been connected with the cause of Christ in this place for upwards of thirty years), said, Dear brethren and sisters, it is twelve months ago this week since we agreed to ask Mr. Gardner to become our pastor, and he agreed to do so; it is twelve months ago to-morrow (February 17), since Mr. Gardner came to reside in this chapel-house, and I think I can say for all of us that we are very glad he *did* come. I know for myself that the Word has been blessed to my soul, and I know it has to the souls of many others also. We are praying to the Lord to bless His own Word when and where He pleases; and to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus in His own good time, and we believe He *will* do it. I have been thinking a great deal about what our Lord said to Peter when he asked Him about John. Jesus saying, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" Jesus said, "What is that to thee? FOLLOW THOU ME." So, said our brother, I feel He says to us, when we begin to feel *more* concerned about what is going on and being done in other places than we are about our own place and our own hearts. Are we looking to our own families, our own fellow church-members, our own hearts? We *hear* the truth; do we receive and live the truth? Do we everyone try to encourage our pastor by being in our accustomed places here when the doors are opened for service? It is *right* that we should care for others and pray for them, but let us not forget to keep a watch over *ourselves*. I feel satisfied that if we are true to our profession, and faithful to our Lord and Master, and willing to learn of Him, He will bless us. May the Lord make every one of us firm in the truth and fill every one of our hearts with His love, so that we may be a power for good to our fellow-men, and a means of bringing glory to His holy and blessed Name. Our brother Jas. Reece (another deacon) conducted us to the throne of grace for prayer and praise; then we had a glowing effusion from the heart of a young man, who has been a member of the Church of England, and filling the capacity of organist at the parish church here; but to whom it has pleased the Holy Ghost to reveal the way of God more perfectly, so that he became a candidate for baptism and fellowship among us Strict Baptists at "WHITESTONE." Praise the Lord. Never was there a much plainer, or more signal proof of the power of God's own Word than the *second* conversion (as it might be termed) of this dear young man, who, although he has been a sincere and humble follower of Jesus during the last three years, he has only lately been brought to see the hearty, feel the power, and enjoy the sweetness of

those *deeper* and *unpopular* doctrines as taught by the old-fashioned "Particular Baptists." Well, this young man (Mr. Jas. Godwin) gave us a nice little sermonette upon "love." He said, Dear Christian friends, for such I feel I can call you, although I am almost a stranger here, yet you gave me a hearty shake of the hand when I came in, and I must say I feel at home here with you. Love is the leading article of the Gospel; and I think the more religion we have, the more of this love we shall be able to manifest to others, even to those who frequent the public-house, and stay there until they have lost all regard for their own best interests; I think we should try to make our religion known by love. "GOD IS LOVE!" Oh, that we were more like Him. These, and many other words did our young friend speak out of a full heart, citing several other Scriptures which speak of love, thus proving that love is the leading article with him. Our brother Mr. Lewis then came to the front, and spoke well upon our "FATHER'S CARE"; and throughout his address, which was all aglow with zeal for the Master, a line of decision for the distinguishing doctrines was maintained, and in this, as in each of the other addresses, kind and hearty good wishes were expressed for the pastor and his work. Another hymn, and our young brother Wm. Pitt prayed for us; in his prayer almost everything seemed to be asked for that we needed, for Church, pastor, and pastor's wife; and all wrapped up in a few words. The pastor, in closing, said we had now come to the end of what he felt had been a most enjoyable and profitable evening; he would just give them one more Scripture text to take home; it was this: "Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; and in everything give thanks." He said there would always be something in the Lord Jesus to "rejoice" over; and some need in ourselves to "pray" for; and something in possession to "give thanks" for, or something taken away that we should be better without, for which also we should give thanks.

After singing and prayer by the pastor, our brother deacon Lewis gave out as a finale—

"Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise."

Thus closed pastor J. Gardner's first anniversary.

Thursday, February 23, being the evening appointed for the baptism of Mr. James Godwin, the ordinance was duly administered by the pastor in presence of a crowded congregation. Praise the Lord for this token of blessing to crown the pastor's *first* year. May this be as the first ripe fruit of an abundant harvest. Bless the Lord for these "three happy Thursdays." Amen.

[It is joyful to us to find this grand old Strict Baptist Church is thus divinely favoured. We have had many happy days in that lovely spot.—C. W. B.]

**MR. GEORGE BANKS' LIFE AND
MINISTRY AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL,
GOMER STREET, WILLENHALL.**

The members of the Church and congregation meeting in the above place, anxious to show their attachment to, and appreciation of the services of Mr. George Banks, who has laboured amongst them for three years, and has been their pastor for the last fifteen months, resolved to have a tea-meeting on Shrove-Tuesday, February 21, with the hope of raising a sum of money with which to present Mr. Banks on that occasion. Arrangements were made, tea provided, 250 persons sat down. At public meeting Mr. Barnard presided; Mr. Banks offered prayer.

The Chairman said, "It gives me great pleasure to see so large an assembly here this evening, especially when I think of the object for which we are met, to do honour to one to whom honour is due. Not only the members of the Church and congregation who meet to worship here, but I look upon the whole of this assembly as being united in their efforts to manifest their sympathy with, and respect for our esteemed pastor, Mr. George Banks. I said we had met to do honour to one to whom honour is due, and I think you will agree with me when you have listened to what I have to say. Mr. Banks, as many of you are aware, is not a stranger in Willenhall, some of us knew him when he was quite a little boy, and have watched him with pleasure and delight, seeing that as he grew in stature, he grew also in wisdom and understanding, and in love with God and his fellow men. It is now nearly twenty-six years since Mr. Banks was born, not many yards from this chapel door, and at the early age of five years was sent to the Sunday-school held within these walls. Here he was taught as other children, here he graduated from a scholar to a teacher, and secretary in the school; he afterwards became a member of the Church, a deacon, and, ultimately, a preacher of the ever blessed Gospel, and he is here before you this evening occupying the honourable position of pastor over the Church and congregation worshipping here. How often one is brought to acknowledge the force of Cowper's words—

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

We see in Mr. Banks the interposition of a divine Providence, providing, in a mysterious way, for a few poor people who meet here to call upon God, and to worship Him by prayer and praise, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. In the year 1879 this people were full of doubts and fears respecting the future, many were looking and expecting that the door of this chapel must be closed, and divine service suspended, but the Lord thought different, 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, nor My ways as your ways, saith the Lord—

'Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
With blessings on your head.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.'

And if we are not deceived we have seen something of the workings of God's sovereign will in this place during the last two and a-half years. It was in the month of June, 1879, the people here were without a pastor, therefore were dependent upon any whom they could get to supply. On this particular day they were unable to obtain a minister, they had been looking for help in one direction, but God had determined it should come in another. Here we see good evolving out of apparent evil, the Lord withheld from them one that He might give to them another. He therefore put it into the minds of some friends to ask Mr. Banks if he would read a chapter in the evening, and make a few remarks. He did so, and was so well received, that he was requested to speak to them again on the Tuesday evening. After laying the matter before the Lord, and wrestling with Him in prayer for guidance and help, he consented, and came before the people with much fear and trembling. He was then invited to preach every other Sunday; this he did until December, 1879, when he had a further invite to supply the pulpit altogether for an indefinite period, and received an invitation to the pastorate September, 1880, and on Monday, December 6, 1880, was ordained pastor over the Church and congregation. The Lord, whom he serves, has been pleased to smile on his undertakings, blessing him in a very remarkable manner, for which we desire to feel truly grateful. I have now a very pleasing duty to perform, that of presenting to Mr. Banks, in the name of the Church and friends, this purse which I hold in my hand, containing the sum of £9 10s., as a testimonial of our affection and esteem, and to testify to you our appreciation of your worth. I ask you, sir, to receive it, not for its pecuniary value, but for the spirit in which it is given, and I sincerely hope that you will live long, and enjoy health, and happiness, that you may be able to proclaim to saints and sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Mr. Banks responded in feeling and suitable terms, and briefly reviewed the past three years' labours.

Mr. J. Beddow spoke at some length of the destitute condition of the cause when Mr. Banks began to preach, and the prosperity that had followed.

Mr. David Smith, who is now preaching regularly at Broad-street, Bilston, after remarking upon the encouragement the occasion must afford brother Banks, gave a good Gospel address.

A choice selection of music was given by the choir, under the conductorship of Mr. W. Kempton. Many said the meeting was the pleasantest spent in Gomer-street for some years. Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

A MEMBER.

**PRESENTATION TO MR. THURSTON
AT DERBY-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL,
WEST CROYDON.**

On February 23, 1882, our friends held a tea-meeting to celebrate our esteemed pastor's seventieth birthday. We deemed this a fitting time to express our esteem and appreciation of his long and faithful services. Mr. Thurston has laboured upwards of 22 years in Croydon—first in Pump-pail, then in Tamworth-road, and now in Derby-road. After tea, John Thrift, Esq., was voted to the chair. The proceedings opened with a hymn, a prayer, and some kind remarks from the chairman. Mr. Joseph Bailey read the address, expressing the feelings of the people, adding some kind words of his own in harmony with the address; he spoke of his being present when Mr. Thurston was called to the pastorate at Pump-pail. Then our kind friend, Mr. John Woodward, who has been the promoter of the testimonial, presented Mr. Thurston with a very handsome album, containing a large number of photos of the contributors; also a purse containing 77 sovereigns, and a handsome tea-pot for Mrs. Thurston. Our dear pastor could scarcely express his thanks, in consequence of his evident emotion. He did express himself as well as he could, in a most affectionate, Christian like, and grateful manner. Several other gentlemen gave short addresses, expressing their Christian sympathy and kindness towards our pastor. The meeting throughout was full of Christian love. Our dear pastor said he felt it one of the best and happiest seasons he had ever had in his whole life. We have great reason to rejoice and say, What great things the Lord has done for us! Our pastor pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed.

JOHN E. ROWE, Secretary.

PECKHAM.—Mr. James Clark's resignation of his pastorate of Heaton-road Baptist Church. Special services were conducted in Heaton-road Sunday and Tuesday, March 19 and 21, in connection with Mr. James Clark's leaving the Church here. Sermons were preached by Messrs. C. Cornwell, J. Clark, and John Hazelton. The public meeting on Tuesday evening was most enthusiastic in its feeling towards Mr. Clark; and James Lee, Esq., of Bow, in presenting the Church's testimonial of £23 to its retiring pastor, expressed, in a deep Christian spirit, the sorrow of the Church in losing his able and acceptable services. Mr. Clark, in a pathetic and eloquent address, returned thanks to his friends; and strongly recognised the goodness of the Lord in enabling him to maintain a character and conscience void of offence towards any, and for keeping him sound, sincere, and successful in his ministry for many years. The brethren Cornwell, W. H. Lee, Osmond, C. W. Banks, James Hand, Henry Lee, and the chairman, James Lee, delivered spiritual and sympathetic addresses. The meeting was well conducted, and the melody was truly sweet.

SAFFRON WALDEN.—LONDON-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.—January 23, we held our annual New Year's meeting, when above 50 enjoyed an excellent tea. Mr. J. D. Bowtell, of Sturmer, preached with great liberty and power; the Lord's presence was in our midst. We are encouraged in our present season of adversity to hope a revival is taking place; the congregation is increasing, and one candidate, after 20 years' waiting, has come forward for baptism. We are anxious for an under-shepherd to be placed over us; but we are £60 in debt, and the chapel is in a dilapidated state; another £60 is needed for repairs. We are anxious to realise this sum, and intend making every effort to do so. If this meet the eyes of those whom the Lord has blessed, and if they be constrained to send over and help us, the smallest donation will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged by C. T. Parsonage, West-road; Alfred Perring, High-street; Charles Bunting, South-road, Saffron Walden; and Mr. Bowtell is willing to give lectures in different places for this object, upon "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness," illustrated by a model, where desired to do so. — J. D. BOWTELL, Baptist Minister, Sturmer, Essex.

NEW NORTH ROAD. — WILTON SQUARE.—The Church at Salem chapel, founded, built up and blessed under the pastoral care of Mr. William Flack, held its twenty-fifth anniversary on February 21. The afternoon preacher was our beloved brother, Mr. James Clark. Tea was served well, and Mr. Bloom opened the evening meeting with prayer. The chairman, Mr. Barmore, of Homerton church, made appropriate remarks; Mr. Flack, in the course of his practical speech, made honourable mention of the timely help rendered the Church by the excellent chairman, and that during the past twenty-five years the Church had raised no less a sum than £1,600 towards clearing itself of pecuniary liabilities; and the sanguine hope of both pastor and people was shortly to put the whole of it in trust for the benefit of forthcoming generations. It will be remembered by many that Mr. Flack was duly recognised as pastor upwards of twenty-five years ago by the late much loved brethren Foreman and Wells. Mr. Flack's speech was followed by warm-hearted addresses from Messrs. Dearsly, Clark, Langford, Osmond, and others. Cheerful pieces were well sung at intervals by the children and teachers of Salem Sunday-school.—W. WINTERS.

CANNING-TOWN.—Monday, March 6, a tea and public meeting, convened in the Temperance-hall, Swanscombe-street, to inaugurate a Sunday-school in connection with the ministry of Mr. J. Britton. Mr. Clement occupied the chair. Appropriate speeches were delivered by Messrs. Britton, Winters, Norton, Clement; and others. Brother Noyes was present. Anthems were sung, and recitations given by the children. The meeting proved a decided success.—W. W.

THE ESSENTIAL PRAYER FOR THESE TIMES.

The ninth anniversary of the monthly meetings (held during the last nine years in the rooms of Mr. Walter James) for the special purpose of pleading for the power of the Holy Spirit to be more manifest in our Churches, was holden in Jireh chapel, near the City-road, on Friday, March 3, 1882. The sermon was preached by C. W. Banks. After a pleasant and bountiful tea, Mr. J. Swan Linsell opened the public meeting in expounding the Word, calling Frederick Green to prayer, and several brethren to speak on this solemn theme. Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, subsequently conducted the service; and brethren Beazley, Hand, Whitteridge, Holden, Osmond, C. W. Banks, W. Winters, Debnam, and others, united to edify the people. Mr. Hall encouraged us in the work, not by his smiling face and comforting words only, but also in a practical, helpful form. Oh, may our future meetings for prayer be more and more effectual, that showers of blessing may powerfully fit us to honour our Lord.

WANDSWORTH.—The first anniversary of the opening of this spacious chapel was held on February 28. Mr. W. J. Styles preached in the afternoon. Tea was well served. Mr. Charles Wilson presided in the evening. Mr. Harris prayed; Mr. Tomline, one of the deacons, gave a report of the year's proceedings in connection with the Church, showing that the large sum of £1,545 had been expended in the purchase of the freehold site and "rink" at West-hill, and in the conversion of the said rink into a chapel, with vestries, &c. This large sum was now reduced to £600, which calls for much gratitude to Almighty God for putting it in the hearts of the brethren, in the first instance, to purchase. Mr. Wilson made some timely remarks on Christian thankfulness. Mr. Higham gave a review of the peculiar tenets held by the Strict Baptists. W. Winters spoke on decision in the cause of truth. Mr. Sears made a pleasing address on the words, "Ye shall have a song." Mr. Elsey waxed warm and was faithful. Mr. Piggott dwelt on the subject of unity and praise. Mr. Wilson closed with, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," and the Benediction.

HADLEIGH.—**BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—Sunday, March 5, our hearts were cheered by the moving of the baptismal waters. After a discourse upon the eunuch's question to Philip, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" the pastor, Mr. B. J. Northfield, immersed three persons in the Triune name of Jehovah. The ordinance was witnessed by a crowded congregation; the strictest order prevailing. May the Lord constrain others, who are anxiously and prayerfully waiting, to follow Him in the same good old way. To His name be all the praise.

CARLTON RODE.—In the Norwich Gospel Barn, our friend Mr. Lock has been preaching regularly with hope. We expect

to see these friends, if spared until the Summer comes in; if not, we wish them God's blessed presence and true prosperity.

"AUNT CARRY."

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Can you find space in your columns for a brief obituary notice of my mother's sister—Caroline Hughan—whom many of your readers will remember as Aunt Carry, a kind-hearted, good-wishing friend, and whom so many of us will sadly miss? She was a member of Brothor Hall's Church at Clapham; but for 14 years has been deeply afflicted with asthma, and totally deprived of the means of grace. During that time she has resided with us, and has received the attentive care of a true sister in my mother. She was occasionally very ill indeed, apparently nearer to gasping her last breath than during her last attack; but the last and severest fog of the Winter now past, on the 4th ult., so affected the lungs that she expired at one o'clock on the morning of the 6th. The struggling for breath was past several hours previously, and to the end she was quite conscious, and said, "How good God is to let me have such a nice rest after so much struggling!" "He is mine, and I am His." "In my Father's house are many mansions;" and presently passed peacefully away, at the age of 60. She had often prayed to go; but I should like to bear testimony to her great and constant submission to the divine will, heavy as was her affliction. On the 9th ult. we laid her poor body in its last resting-place at Nunhead.

Her favourite pieces were, "Beyond the river," and "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Yours in covenant bonds,
E. J. WELCH, M.A.
(Assistant Minister of Footing Grove Chapel.)
191, New Kent-road, S.E., March 17.

Deaths.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF THE LATE MR. W. DAY.

BY ONE OF HIS SONS.

For many years Mr. Day attended the ministry of Mr. W. Laudolls, of Regent's-park chapel; while he was also a great admirer of Mr. James Woll. Throughout his life he took the greatest interest in Mr. C. W. Banks and his literary work. Since leaving business, the great cares of which never disturbed his even temper, the arrival of the little periodical, *Cheering Words*, was anxiously looked for. He experienced great pleasure in distributing several copies by placing them in the letter-boxes in his neighbourhood, with the hope that others might also have *Cheering Words*, in a double sense, in their homes. His many acts of kindness to Christian brethren, especially the weak and struggling, were known to the recipients alone, for he had a great dislike that any account of such actions should reach a third party. The testimony of the assembled friends on the day of the funeral brought to light much that had been hidden. His own brother related how he (the departed) knelt in the snow when a youth, and prayed over him for heavenly guidance, with the result that he is now a minister of the Gospel. The nature of his malady was known to him; but through a long

life he preferred not to permit others to share his troubles. He died suddenly of heart disease, without a sigh, at 3 a.m., on February 23, 1882, in his seventy-first year. His remains were interred at Willesdon Cemetery on March 1. We may state briefly the following points in his character, without eulogistic flattery: there was the simplicity of a child, a keen perception of the beautiful, the humility of true greatness, the gentleness of the great Master, a constant godliness of life.

Mr. W. Debnam, the Soho chapel care-taker, says: I have to report the solemn and painful news respecting the sudden departure of Mrs. Hannah Mary Davy, which took place January 22, 1882. In the morning of that day she walked as far as the front of the chapel, and there remained. She sent for assistance, found she could go no further, was accommodated with a chair; she was seized with a pain at the heart. In a few seconds it was seen she was passing away; a doctor was fetched by the husband, and every means was used to cause a reaction of the heart, but of no avail. She thanked us all, and said she was going. On her husband's return, she said she was sure she was going, and in an affectionate way bid him good-bye, and said, "The Lord be with you." She faced death calmly and quietly. The doctor pronounced it hopeless. Her last words were, "Lord, help me through." She closed her eyes, and in a few minutes passed away without a struggle. A solemn event to the family, also to us who stood by. It was a visitation from the Lord. It happened when the service commenced, and all was over, and all removed away, before the service closed; hence it caused no disturbance or a stoppage of the worship within. We said:—

"When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

This was a severe shock to her husband. During the week we saw him afflicted with paralysis—he lost the use of his left side, but we hope he is recovering. In the evening of that day the husband said to his children, "My dear children, what are we when the spirit is out of the body? What will death do for any who have but an outward show of religion, only a name to live? This event assures us we all must die. It is a solemn thing to trifle with God, or His truth and ordinances.—W. DEBNAM.

LAST WORDS OF ROBERT MILLER.—He was called in early life by divine grace, and, as his days were lengthened out to 87 years, possessed an experience above many of the faithfulness of a covenant God. For some years he was a member of Wellesley-street, under Mr. Stringer; and for the last thirteen years of the Surrey Tabernacle. His general frame of mind was cheerful, resting upon the righteousness of the incarnate Son of God, and exclaiming, with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." He had his castings-down, and oftentimes mourned under the chastening hand of his Father, and the assaults of the great enemy of souls. His last days were days of peaceful retirement from the world, and those who knew him best could see in him a sweetening for glory, and increased insensibility to time things, that bespoke much intercourse with the King of kings. His last hours were in full consciousness of his departure and unalloyed triumph over death. One who stood near his bedside asked if he was happy. His reply was, "Happy, happy! beautiful!" To his son, who stood near, he said, "Make haste and kiss me, I am going." Then the word "Beautiful" fell from his lips, and without a struggle he yielded up his breath into the hands of his Redeemer, on the eve of February 10, 1882. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and my end be like his."

On Friday, 17th, by request, I committed all that was mortal of our beloved brother to the dust at Nunhead. We had a good gathering at the grave; I addressed them from Psa. xxxvii. 37, setting forth the four-fold perfection of the man of God: (1) Perfection in the purpose and fore-view of God from all eternity (Romans viii. 29); (2) Perfection by the work of the Son of God (Heb. x. 14); (3) Perfection by the implantation of the Holy Ghost in divine quickening (Psa. xlv. 13); (4) Christian perfection and full instruction as a man in Christ (Eph. iv. 13). Full perfection his spirit now enjoys before the throne, awaiting that time when the body now sleeping in Jesus shall be raised immortal and incorruptible, to be reunited at the great assize and general resurrection.—ΟΙΚΟΝΟΜΟΣ (Pet. iv. 10).

Mr. George Evans, once a deacon at Cave Adullam, under the late William Allen's pastorate, since then chapel-keeper at Coverdale, Limehouse, died Sunday morning, February 26, 1882. His eyes now "behold the King in His beauty."

"From darkness to light, to a kingdom so bright,
Is a glory which none can describe."

Of the late Mr. Evans, of Stepney, Mr. Holden, minister of Coverdale, says: He was honourably associated with the Church of Christ on earth. He died happy in the Lord. He longed at the last to be gone, and asked us to pray that the Lord would take him home. He was much respected and beloved by the Church and friends at Coverdale-rooms—which was evidenced by the large number attending his funeral at Bow, Monday, March 6, at which I officiated. There was also a crowded congregation in the evening of Sunday, March 12, at Coverdale-rooms, when I preached from "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple;" noticing (1) the persons spoken of, (2) the position they occupy, and (3) the privileges they enjoy. As a Church, we have lost a spiritual pillar; but we know that our loss is his eternal gain.

At Comberton, suddenly, at 76, Mr. John Silk fled away, February 10, 1882. A Christian man, beloved, and whose loss to us is keenly regretted, but he had run his race.

That grave and goodly veteran, N. De Fraine, for more than 40 years the pastor of the Baptist Church at Lutterworth, left this climate on February 19, 1882, aged 79. We knew Mr. De Fraine privately some years since. He preached for us, and we occupied his pulpit at Lutterworth. We found him a faithful friend, and a truly gracious man. Lutterworth was a quiet home for him the greater part of his ministerial life, but there he saw many changes. No painful scenes await him where he is gone.

At Queen's-park, W., on February 19, 1882 (dear little Tittens), Percy Arnold, youngest son of Edward and Ellen Mary Linforth, aged 19 months.

Mrs. Cole, the much-endear'd wife of Mr. J. W. Cole (a deacon of Dacre-park Baptist Church), departed this life March 11, 1882, leaving an infant eight weeks old. "Truly, in the midst of life we are in death."—W. W.

Mrs. Sophia Bohers, the affectionate mother of the late Mrs. Thomas Thiselton, of South Hackney, died at York-terrace, Mile-end, March 7, 1882, aged 83. Her remains were laid in the grave of her son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Thiselton, in Abney-park. At the open grave—surrounded by her sorrowful grandson, E. S. Thiselton, and other relatives—C. W. Banks spoke a few words in prayer for the orphans, who are wholly bereaved of all parental care and affection. Their loss of beloved parents, and of their affectionate widowed grandmother, is severe indeed; but God is still "the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow in His holy habitation." We trust these young orphans will find a Father in the Lord.

“The Central Mystery! The Person of Christ.”

ERSKINE helped me to a line whereby, in few words, to express the too-much-hidden-fire in my soul, the love I have to the Person of the MESSIAH, “THE MIGHTY GOD, the everlasting FATHER, the Prince of peace.” The good old Scotchman says:—

“Whatever HE to others is,
He’s All in all to me!”

“The very mention of His name
Revives my fainting breath.”

One of our reviewers, in his notice of Newman Smyth’s “Old Faiths,” after quoting Smyth’s remarks upon the first chapter of Genesis, and some other development of divine revelation, says: “There remains one mystery which we cannot co-ordinate as part of any process upward, which is *“that central mystery, THE PERSON OF CHRIST!”* Whether Smyth is a true expositor of the one great mystery, I may show, in a small review I hope to take of his work; but the reviewer (whose critique I have just read) quite kindled my too-much-hidden-fire into a flame, when he says, “There is a naturalness of CHRIST; a correspondence between His Person and His place in the Jewish economy; but (ah! this is well said, but) there is, also, another side of the mystery. HE is a root out of a dry ground, a new creation,—

“A Wonder for which there is no previous parallel.”

Then, flinging a hint at Smyth’s “Analogy Between Science and Revelation,” our reviewer earnestly repeats himself, and adds: “We have in JESUS CHRIST the beginning of a new creation. HE is the second Adam, THE LORD FROM HEAVEN!” Truly, that one sentence, “The central mystery is the Person of Christ,” caused “the opening heavens to around me shine,” and I revelled with delight in the implication, that while CHRIST is the CENTRAL MYSTERY, there are mysteries anterior, and leading up to His Divine Person; and there are many amazing mysteries flowing out of, and proceeding from, that one great, glorious, and inexpressibly majestic Person, “THE SON OF GOD!”

“MY FATHER WORKETH HITHERTO!”

exclaimed the precious Saviour, adding, “and I work.” In the “*hitherto*” work of the FATHER layeth the commencement of the mystery; in the Person of Christ the precious mysteries culminate; and by Him will all the mysteries of heaven be completed; for as creation’s work was finished, as redemption’s work, by CHRIST, was finished, so in the days of the voice of the seventh angel shall

“*The mystery of GOD be FINISHED!*”

GOD ALMIGHTY, (before whose throne I would bow with a reverence
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which only the eternal SPIRIT can produce), the God of Eternity, hath given us some testimonies, some clear declarations, concerning:—

1. The Commencement of Salvation's Mysteries.
2. The Culmination, or centralisation, of these Mysteries in the Person of His Son ; and also
3. Of the Consummation of these Mysteries in the great and terrible day of the Lord.

Brethren ! the study of these infinite depths, of these gracious and awful manifestations, and of the terrible climax of the whole, the prayerful study of these Godlike and glorious evolutions of the great purpose of "the Ancient of days," is demanded of us in these terms, when all, in a measure, seem to feel the power of the pulpit is failing, and the Gospel of God is hidden, while the flesh-pleasing playthings of the popular preachers of the day are fearfully brought to the front.

A powerful pulpit canon, in a giant-like pulpit, has recently proclaimed the declension of the visible Church, the falling-away of the people's faith in God; a coming-down to selfishness in their worship, and in their desires, and in their expressions. He tells us the ancient Christians delighted by faith and fellowship in GOD ! In all He said, in all He was, in all He did; but we are come down to selfishness, to dwell in dark experiences, to glory in little self-enjoyments, and to trust more in the small, imperfect, and broken works of our hands, than to "TRUST IN THE LORD," saying, "HE ONLY IS MY ROCK, and the GOD of my salvation."

Nevertheless, "the great central mystery, the Person of CHRIST," is

THE ETERNALLY UNITING-LINK,

which bindeth the predestinated family so mysteriously given to HIM before time, unto the mysterious perfection of glory and victory, which will be the consummation of the mystery of God, when mundane time shall be no more.

Can we for one moment, by faith, look into the three distinct compartments of the mystery of God; the mysterious commencement, the mysterious central Person, and the mysterious consummation, even that astounding climax Paul describeth, when he says: "Then cometh the end, when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the FATHER, when the Son also Himself shall be subject unto Him, that put all things under Him, that

"GOD MAY BE ALL IN ALL" ?

Can we contemplate what I may call these three mysteries for one moment ? Having so little space, I dare not do more than write a line, or so, on each, or I feel volumes of thought, of truth, and of experience might (on these mysteries) be composed.

There are three representative words, expressive of the three-fold mystery of God. They are these:—

"ELECTION !" "REDEMPTION !" "GLORIFICATION !"

There is the BEGINNING of our salvation; every branch of my soul's salvation, is according as God hath chosen me in CHRIST, "before the foundation of the world, that I should be holy, and without blame, before Him in love."

But what a mystery unto my mind is this ancient election of the whole predestinated family of God before the world began to be! What angel, or minister, or man, can shew me that my name is in the Lamb's Book of Life? No one; only the great Revealer of the mystery can do it. The Lord and His apostles did tell us what the experience of God's elect in the time-state is; and if we find these experiences of God's elect in our souls, surely then we are included in that happy company who shall stand on the right hand of the great Judge, when He cometh to make a final separation between the sheep and the goats.

This one fact comes home to my soul with sweet assurance. God's elect are all *chosen* IN CHRIST! They are in Christ by the loving choice of the FATHER; they are in Christ by an eternal union; they are in Christ by a new creation; "created in CHRIST JESUS unto good works." Am I, then, *now* in CHRIST, by a new creation? Does my soul, by the grace-given faith of God, dwell in Christ now? Then I was chosen in Him, I am called to know Him; and He will never cast me out of His covenant, nor out of His heart, nor out of His kingdom. Oh, Lord! help me to praise Thee for a loving, predestinating, electing union to, and oneness in, the only sinners' FRIEND!

"Christ, be My First Elect, God said,
Then chose our souls in Christ, our Head,
Before He gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth!"

"The central mystery, the Person of Christ," is redemption! What a mystery is the Son of God! How Paul attempts to define this mystery! "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh."

I have been reading Knox-Little's "Sermons on the Mystery of the Passion," but defer any attempt to look into the mystery of the "CRUCIFIED ONE" now. From Him, through Him, floweth

The Fountain of everlasting love;
The Fountain of spiritual and eternal life;
The Fountain of atoning blood;
The Fountain of anointing oil.

And, when He calls us home, He will lead us to fountains of living waters; and then He will wipe out the cause of all our bitter sorrows, which here have often made us mourn and sigh by the way. In the Person of Christ, the central mystery, is concentrated—a perfection of eternal fulness, as the HOLY GHOST teacheth us. Dear reader, may the Lord set your heart, and mind, and faith, and affections upon this revelation made of "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" for—

First, "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the GODHEAD bodily!" What an amazing text! Do ye ever hear any of your pulpit orators preach into the bowels of that pre-eminently glorious sentence, "the FULNESS of the GODHEAD BODILY"? The revisers of the New Version have not dared to touch or alter the stupendous exposition of the rich, the enriching fulness of our JEHOVAH JESUS! That blessed preacher, the rector of St.-Mary-le-Port, in Bristol, James Ormiston, tells you in his little book, "The Nazareth of JESUS," that he saw in Nazareth that fountain of waters, which has been flowing in Nazareth for unknown centuries, and which they call "The Spring of Gabriel," "The Fountain of the Annunciation," from which all the inhabitants of Nazareth come to supply themselves and their families

from the refreshing spring, the everflowing stream, which, in a natural sense, may be called "the never-ceasing river of God," of which even "the Holy Child Jesus," the Immanuel, the God-man, when growing up out of His place, did literally drink in the days of His youth and manhood too. Here I seem overwhelmed with the indescribable fulness of this central mystery of the Person of Christ; and although, now, I cannot write more of it, yet, please God, the theme shall not be forsaken; I only can here say, with Berridge:—

"All things a sinner wants below,
All things the saints above receive,
All things the FATHER can bestow,
Are lodged in JESUS' hand to give."

Yes! But old Doubter says: "Who can get at them?" Harken, old Doubter, if you have any "ear to hear," if there is any way into your heart to receive, harken:—

"The Saviour calls, 'COME UNTO ME!'
And rest your souls upon the Lord;
All things are ready now for thee,
ETERNAL LIFE is in My Word!"

At the sound of this my pierced soul cries out:—

"I come, O LORD! or perish must,
I thank THEE for Thy loving call;
My soul rejects all other trust,
And takes THEE as MY GOD, MY ALL!"

O LORD, by Thy SPIRIT, reveal to me the fulness of this "CENTRAL MYSTERY," then will I, by Thy mercy, tell it out as far as I can.

There is yet to come that solemn, glorious, in some senses awful epoch, when—

"THE MYSTERY OF GOD SHALL BE FINISHED."

What a description is given in the chapter of the seventh angel, who shall come to put an end to all the present time things, to all evil time, to all Satan's time; for "when he shall begin to sound," then "the mystery of God should be finished." There are many mysteries of God in the expression called "the mystery of God." The Gospel mystery shall be finished. The thousands of ministers will be called up to a review before the great Captain of our salvation. "Ground arms!" will be the sound; "Disband!" will follow. To some, at least, it will be said, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord!"

What will be "THE JOY OF OUR LORD"? Seeing the whole election of grace gathered in! What a mystery is that! Thousands who sing hymns, and say sermons, do not believe in any election of grace, or in God's predetermined plan! But, they will believe it *then*! Many who firmly believe in the solemn election of grace are always wondering who they are; and, individually, with fears and tremblings they sing,—

"*Shall I among them stand?*"

But all these mysteries of God will then be finished. You shall then all know whose you are, what you are, where your portion lies. Peter exhorteth us now to "give all diligence to make our calling and election sure; for IF ye do these things ye shall NEVER FALL!" Man! are ye DOING these things, or have ye done them? The great mystery of God

will be finished, of which Paul speaks so plainly, "Behold, I show you a mystery! We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed! In a moment! In the twinkling of an eye!

"AT THE LAST TRUMP!"

"For the trumpet shall sound; the dead (in Christ) shall be raised incorruptible! And *we* (the saints who are then alive on the earth) shall be *changed!*"

Oh! what a mystery *now* it appears to us! Then it will be finished—made plain. Christ speaks of His Church under four states of existence. Under the ceremonial dispensation, He said, she "looketh forth as the morning" with many shadows; a little light coming up. Under the prophetic times, she was "fair as the moon!" When Christ came up from the grave, and in the Gospel, she is revealed and proclaimed "clear as the sun," but when these mysteries shall be finished she will be terrible as an "army with banners!" What a royal procession into the glory kingdom will the raised-up Church of Christ enjoy, when all the clouds are scattered, all the mysteries unfolded, all the promises coming to ripeness! all the hearers shouting, "Now is come salvation and glory, and honour, and power!" When, in a final sense, "the veil of the temple shall be rent in twain from the top to the bottom;" when that lovely, positive, precious promise shall be eternally verified, "They SHALL BE MINE (most clearly and certainly) in that day, when I make up My jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Amen. To be the *spared*, saved, justified, sanctified, glorified, will be exceeding grace. So it appears to

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Under the now growing Elders,
Banbury-road, South Hackney, April, 1882.

RUSSIA, AND THE RELIGION OF THE PEOPLE, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; AND THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN THAT VAST EMPIRE.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

Bromley Road Tabernacle, Lee, S.E.

AS a native of Russia, the country of my nativity, naturally, to a great extent, is dear to me, many there are now, who are dear to me, the memory of whom I cherish with tender feelings of love. The associations of my childhood are sacred to me, even as I am now, a naturalised British subject, and rejoice in the privilege of being in the country of liberty, and, by God's grace, established myself among Britain's free sons, and, above all, associated with God's people. Yet I look back to the land of my nativity, and rejoice in thinking of those who are far away from me, and earnestly pray that the Gospel which gives me happiness in England might be made the power of salvation to many there, who are now sitting in darkness, although living in a country so vast and, in many respects, so beautiful. Since my residence in this country, I have read much in the English press of Russia; have often been perplexed with inaccurate accounts, which so many accept as truth. I often have felt a strong desire to write a few articles, and, with

the best of my ability, give my friends a correct idea of the state of my native country; yet I felt the task too difficult for me to undertake. *First*, because I considered that, as I am a native of Russia, accounts which I might give favourable to my native country, people might consider partial, in consequence of being written by one who naturally would speak and write well of his country. *Secondly*, I felt that, so far as the social life of the lower class of Russians, and the religion of the State and people being so contrary to my religious convictions as a Jew, I could say very little in favour of a religion for which I have no sympathy. Such statements, I feared, would be taken as *one-sided*, in consequence of my Jewish birth and education, which would naturally be against the Greek Church. I have, however, promised the editor of this magazine to furnish him with a series of articles, which I will try to write faithfully; above all, I will endeavour to shew the spiritual condition of the masses, and also of those who know and love the one God and Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

I was delighted, for some time past, in perusing a series of articles published in the *Sunday at Home*, written by the Rev. H. Lansdell, whom I have the honour of knowing personally, and whose faithful account of my native land has been read by many; and, as Mr. Lansdell has only lately returned from that country, I have asked him for permission to use his name and statements which, I am sure, will be of intense interest to the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL. I especially rejoice, and am thankful for the splendid work of Mr. Lansdell, entitled, "Through Siberia," in two volumes, which are full of great interest and instruction; and I will, with the author's permission, appeal to his splendid book for authority on such subjects which would have been impossible for me to write or talk about without the information given in "Through Siberia." The volumes are a treasury to me, and will use them well in enabling me to tell of the vast empire where so much must be done in spreading the Gospel of Christ, in purity and perfection. Mr. Lansdell travelled through Siberia and other parts of Russia, Europe and Asia; distributed many thousands of evangelical tracts and portions of Scripture. We earnestly pray that the seed sown by him may bring forth abundant fruit; and wishing Mr. Lansdell hearty success in all his future work, we earnestly hope that his book will have a very large sale, and thus be the means of awakening a lively interest amongst Englishmen as to the great good to be done for Russia. Sure we are that the Gospel of Christ is mighty, and our God is omnipotent; and much will yet be done to bring the multitudes in Siberia, and all over that vast country, to see that there is no name under heaven by which men can be saved, save the name of Jesus.

CHAPTER I.

THE early annals of Russia contain little to relieve the tedium attendant on tracing the ignoble contest of obscure and barbarous tribes. The territory from the Volga to the Dnieper was known in ancient geography by the name of *Sarmatia*; to the East all was massed under the wide and ill-defined appellation of Scythia. These countries, from the 7th to the 12th century of the Christian era, swarmed with savages, of whom the historian is content to record that their names are "uncouth," their origin doubtful, their actions obscure, their

superstition was blind, their valour brutal, and the uniformity of their public and private lives was neither softened by innocence, nor refined by policy. One of the races thus described was known by the name of *Slavi*, a designation assumed, with the vanity usual to barbarians, from a word of their own language signifying "*glory*;" but their eventual subjugation to stronger rivals has degraded the appellation in all the tongues of Europe, to the opposite signification, of servitude.

The Slavs were known in Europe some ages before the foundation of Rome, and largely contributed to its original population. Both the Greek and Latin languages exhibit elements derived from the Slavonian; and as these are found in terms which express the earliest wants of society, the connection is thrown back to a period anterior to the formation of classic tongues.

After many revolutions of fortune, the slave population which had collected itself on the banks of the Danube was expelled by the Bulgarians (also of Slavonian descent), and again dispersed through Europe about the middle or end of the 7th century. In this dispersion the Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, and Bohemian nations had to rise, a portion of the fugitives had to find a new home on the banks of the Dnieper, the Foklof, and the Neva, where they subsequently became known under the appellation of *Russians*. The name was not heard in Europe until the ninth century, and its origin is still involved in doubt. The authorities usually followed derive it from the *Rhozani*, a Gothic tribe early settled in Sarmatia. A still closer proximation is found in the *Borusci*, whom ancient geography places near the source of the Volga, in the territory now constituting the Government of Moscow.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF MY GOD.

BY JOHN BOLTON, *Minister of Ebenezer Chapel, Boston.*

(Continued from page 67.)

CHAPTER II.

PURE fountain of eternal light,
Who kindest up the gloomy night
Into a glowing flame,
Do Thou assist a feeble worm,
Dependent on Thy mighty arm,
To glorify Thy name.

But here created powers must fail,
For who can tell the wondrous tale
Of what the Lord hath wrought?
"O the depths!" the apostle cries,
Seeing the mystery outvies
The utmost stretch of thought.

No chance can face these grand designs,
In which eternal wisdom shines,
Surpassing angels' thought;
Like tender blooms before the sun,
The blazing splendours of the throne
Wither the thing to nought.

Here carnal reason hides its face,
Yea, seeks a lower hiding-place,
And lays her weapons down;
While wisdom, justice, truth, and grace.
Still hold their rightful dwelling-place
On Heaven's eternal throne.

Here proud free-will must hide its head
And sink into eternal shade.
When truth its sceptre breaks,
Free sovereign grace its power displays,
The fig-leaf robe rots and decays,
When the Eternal speaks.

Ah! what is man that he should boast?
A sinner fallen, ruined, lost,
Whose life is but a span;
Whose breath is in his Maker's hand,
Before whose bar he soon must stand.
Oh, think of this, frail man!

And shouldst thou feel thy lost estate,
I've more to tell thee, ere I get

Through what I've now in hand;
My tale is of rich love divine,
Redeeming souls, once lost like thine,
To join the heavenly band.

Ere prophets sang their lofty themes,
Or fountains filled the rolling streams,
Or seas display'd a wave,
Foreseen had been the fall of man,
And wisdom, too, had drawn the plan
A countless host to save.

Here human merit sinks and dies,
Should it attempt to mount the skies,
Like Dagon it must fall;
Man is by nature wholly lost,
Of no good thing hath he to boast,
For "Christ is All-in-all."

When such is felt we hear the cry,
"Oh, save me, Lord, or else I die,
I sink beneath the wave."
And then how sweet to hear Him say,
"I am the Life, the Truth, the Way,
I mighty am to save."

Ye Gospel heralds, tidings bear,
In Zion's camp the truth declare,
The glorious work is done;
Tell ye her children, weeping sore,
To dry their tears, and weep no more,
Christ hath their victory won.

Let every sinner hear the sound,
Tell them in whom salvation's found,
To whom its praise is due;
And may the Spirit's quickening power
Expel the tempter from his tower,
And form the heart anew.

How great the wisdom, love and grace
Toward a future, fallen race,
The Triune God display'd.
For lo! the high and holy Three
The covenant ordered rich and free,
Ere earth or seas were made.

The Father from His radiant throne
Looks with an eye of pity down,
His holy bowels move.
He graciously vouchsafes to give
His Son to die, that man might live;
Behold! what wondrous love.

The Son, with equal love to man,
Admires the Father's glorious plan,
Oh, bless His sacred Name!
Oh, what eternal wisdom schemed,
That ruined man might be redeemed
By Christ, the slaughtered Lamb.

The Holy Ghost was here concerned,
Of whom the sacred truth is learned—
The truth of ancient lore;
Without whose teaching none can know
The source whence grace and mercy flow,
Oh, may we know Him more!

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRTH OF TIME.

And now behold the birth of time
Proclaims the power in songs sublime.
Of the creating Lord.

"Let there be heavens, and earth, and
light,
And sun, and moon, and day, and night."
Thus spake the "ETERNAL WORD."

And, lo, what multitudes appear:
The heavens, the earth, the sea, the air,
Sing His creating power.
All eyes are looking up to Him.
The insect and the cherubim
Jehovah's Name adore.

He speaks the word and all is done;
The high, the holy great Three-One,
Now joys His works so see.
The new-created sons of God
All sound their Maker's praise abroad:
They bless the sacred Three.

The rising lark, too, soars away,
Salutes the sunbeams of the day
With songs of grateful praise;
Whilst all the tenants of the bough
Conspire to praise their Maker too,
In morn and evening lays.

All nature's pure, without a flaw,
All things obey their Maker's law,
Rejoice to do His will.
The North, the South, the East, the West,
All team with His created guest,
His spacious hoard to fill.

The earth brings forth at His command,
The heavens are garnished by His hand
His breath perfumes the air.
His voice is heard in every clime,
All nature's lofty themes sublime
Proclaim His presence there.

But where, ah! where, most holy God,
Where is the place of Thine abode?
Who can the truth reveal?
Thou lookest from Thy mercy-seat,
Thy works are stretched beneath Thy feet,
Contained as in a vale.

The thought's too wonderful for man;
Who can Thy power and wisdom scan,
Or understand Thy ways?
Incomprehensible art Thou,
Before Thee I submissive bow,
Adore Thee for Thy grace.

(To be continued.)

A SUNDAY MORNING AT PULHAM-ST.-MARY.

[The first Sunday morning in last month, April 2, 1882, was a season unusually favourable to the pastor and people of the Baptist Chapel in the above Norfolk village. The pastor had to baptize; he was unwell, but grace and strength, according to his day, were given to him; and he preached and baptized in the midst of some hundreds of people. We know the service was rendered profitable, and the following outline, we are persuaded, will be read with interest. The text was Acts v. 39.]

“YE CANNOT OVERTHROW IT.”

THEN it must be a great piece of folly on the part of any one to attempt it. But what do the Sanballats, Tobiahs, and Geshuns say? Why, they say, “What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day?” To this, Tobiah, the Ammonite, replies, saying, “That which they build, if even a fox go up thereon, he shall break down the stone wall.” Thus our enemies laugh among themselves, and vaingloriously triumph. But did they overthrow the wall and spoil the work? Certainly not. Why not? Because, says Nehemiah, “*The work is great and large.*” It is God’s work, and therefore must be so. Concerning the ordinance of immersion, ye cannot overthrow it, because it is God’s work; and it is *great and large*; great, because Christ is in the ordinance, as our Pattern and Example; and *large*, because this ordinance, with Christ Himself in it, is very comprehensive in its spiritual signification (see Matt. 3, 13—17). And shall a fox break down anyone of God’s walls? No, nor yet any other creature whatever. Let the head wall be overthrown; and then all the rest must fall. Herod, who is compared to a fox, thought he would overthrow God’s wall that is round about Jerusalem for ever; but he was disappointed and confounded, for, says God, “Out of Egypt have I called My Son;” says Saul of Tarsus, “I’ll overthrow this counsel and work of Jesus of Nazareth; yes, that I will; for I utterly abhor it; I’ll crush His name, His cause, and His followers.” But he himself got overthrown on the road to Damascus; and in his overthrow had his soul saved from going down into the pit. He might well say, “God is rich in mercy.” Devils have always been trying to overthrow God’s counsel and work, in trying to overthrow the purchased Church of Jesus; and the reason why they cannot overthrow it, is because of what Jesus has said, “Upon this rock will I build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Says Nebuchadnezzar, “I’ll burn these three Hebrews to ashes, because they are determined to consult their own conscience, and not follow my religion, and do in religious matters just as I think proper.” Ah, but he could not even cause the smell of his fire to be upon them. God is the essence of that element as well as of every other. Say the princes, “We do not like this Daniel, because of his religion; if he would be of our religion, and see with our eyes, and think as we do, and act as we wish, we should have nothing against him; but as he is self-willed, and is determined to think for himself, just as though none was to judge him only God, we will make a meal of him for the lions.” But they themselves were meat for lions, when these fierce creatures would not touch royal flesh.

Here is, in the history before us, a threefold counsel. First, here is Peter’s counsel. Second, here is Gamaliel’s counsel. Third, here is

God's counsel. First, here is Peter's counsel. Let those friends pay attention to this, who still stand outside the Church of Christ, yet say, "Lord, Lord." Look into your creed, and see if you can find two words in Peter's counsel; I mean the word *ought*, and the word *obey*. If you discover these two words in your creed, how is it that you regard them not, as touching the ordinances of Christ? Peter's counsel speaks of witnesses for Christ. Now, if you are witnesses for Him in such things as you like, and not witnesses for Him in other things, what does He say to you? "Why call ye Me Lord, and do not the things I say?" Secondly, *Let us now look at the counsel of Gamaliel*. This Gamaliel was a Pharisee, and a great man in the Counsel of the Jews. Though a Pharisee, he spoke well; and we ought to pay attention to what he says, if he speaks the truth, though a Pharisee, our Master tells us we may do this (Matt. xxiii. 2, 3). This counsel of Gamaliel was in opposition to the counsel of the Sanhedrim; for they had threatened the apostles much, and said: "Did we not straightly charge you that ye should not speak in His name?" Says Peter in his counsel, "We ought to obey God rather than men." Says Gamaliel in his counsel, "Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel, or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God." The children of Judah were not to fight against their brethren, the children of Israel, because of what God had said—namely, "This thing is done of Me." Now, if this work of baptism is God's work, and a part of His counsel, does He not say concerning it, "*This thing is done of Me*"? Therefore, thirdly, LET US LOOK AT GOD'S COUNSEL. Baptism is a part of God's counsel; and I say, "Ye cannot overthrow it." The Lord Jesus Himself proves this to be a part of God's counsel, or work, saying to John: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." He proves it again in Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Mark what the converted eunuch said to Philip: "See here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Philip declares that it is God's counsel and work, that men and women shall be baptized; but tells the eunuch there is something else belonging to this counsel and work of God—namely, that none can be admitted as candidates for this ordinance, only such as can make their own confession, and say what they know of the Lord Jesus, by simple faith and trust in Him. The eunuch immediately tells Philip what his thoughts are about Jesus, and is forthwith baptized (see Acts viii. 26—40). As these two, Philip and the eunuch, both went down into the water, and Philip baptized him, even so, I say to these three friends, the candidates, arise every one of you, and be baptized, as commanded in God's Word; and say in reply to my statements,—

"In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you."

B. TAYLOR, *Pastor*.

Pulham-St.-Mary, April 3, 1882.

SIN is the transgression of the law. Christ dying, the law-maker was subjected to the law, and will not that make amends?

LETTERS FROM MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

HIS BROTHER; HIS FATHER'S DEATH; AND A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE TO MR. AND MRS. T. D. WOOD, OF BLACKHEATH, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR MUCH-LOVED DAUGHTER.

[ALL our readers who so acutely sympathise with our brother Isaac Levinsohn in his sore affliction in being called, by the grace of God, from the darkness of Judaism into the loving and saving liberty of the Gospel of our GOD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, will see, from the following brief notes, what tribulation he is still called to endure. Not in himself personally, for God in mercy giveth him health and strength to pursue his arduous labours in connection with "The Religious Tract Society," where for several years he has been usefully and honourably sustained. Nor has he cause for sorrow in his happily increasing family, where peace and domestic comfort are realised. Much less has he any cause for regret in his ministerial and pastoral work at the Bromley-road Tabernacle, near Blackheath; for the crowded meetings last Easter Monday, and the steady ingathering of souls, fully demonstrate the hope that the Lord has gone before him; that the blessing of heaven still rests upon him and his work; and that many years of devotion to that blessed JESUS who hath so mysteriously and marvellously called him into the fellowship of "THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL," these facts lead us to believe that a long series of Christ-serving years are determined for him; all these present and prospective privileges must cause his heart to pour forth praises to the God of his mercies; and as regards the losses arising out of his separation from the ancient religion, we think he quietly saith:

"The heir need not hasten to his birthright,
When he knoweth that its tenure is eternal."

Nevertheless, the loss of his father, through grief of heart over his two sons (so very dear to himself and wife) who have both become unbending believers in the Son of God; and the present painful exercises of his brother Hessel, must make our dear Isaac's heart to heave out many a sigh, and constrain him to send up to the throne wrestling prayers that our God and Father may, for poor Hessel, make darkness light, and the crooked things straight before him. The conversion of Saul of Tarsus was a heart-rending matter to his strongly-attached father and mother; but Christ had need of him. The call by grace of both Isaac and Hessel Levinsohn has cut their dear parents to the depths of their souls—the father, at the age of 55, has sunk beneath the stroke:

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

We must add no more; only give the following notes from the pen of Mr. Isaac Levinsohn.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I noticed with much pleasure and great gratitude the various inquiries as to the welfare of my brother, whose name became known to our friends through the pages of your admirable magazine. In answer to all these inquiries, I beg to inform you that he is still in London, and rejoice to say that he is determined to remain in this country. He is satisfied to lose his position, &c., in his native land, and to remain in this country, which gave him peace and comfort, and, above all, the satisfaction the anxious soul needs. His position at present is of a most painful nature, his wife having arrived in England with the whole family—viz., three children; and, after some consideration, determined to be opposed to his new religion, she being a most bitter enemy to the Christian religion. Instead of a young family living in peace, all seems like a cruel war. Her prejudices to the Christian

faith being so great and bitter, consequently, as your readers may imagine, painful is the path he treads. I also grieve to inform you that a letter which my brother received from Russia announces the death of my dear father. As to my family in Russia, I was dead to them for some years. I am not informed of anything going on there. My brother, not having been baptized, has the privilege of receiving letters, and being in communication with the family.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

Mr. C. W. Banks.

MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—It is with much sorrow I inform you of the sad loss our dear friend, my beloved deacon, Mr. T. Daynes Wood, has sustained. All brother ministers who had the pleasure of staying at his house, must have felt the pleasure and joy of being in a house where domestic happiness and spiritual peace were so fully realized. The eldest daughter, after an illness of a few weeks, has passed away calmly.

I write to inform you this because there are so many brother ministers who know Mr. Wood so well, and the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL would be the only means by which they can learn this sorrowful news.

I am, dear sir and brother, very truly yours,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

The following is a letter written by the pastor, after a Church meeting, on Sunday evening, April 16, which was informed of the great bereavement of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. Daynes Wood, of Blackheath:—

The Church of Christ, Bromley-road Tabernacle,

South Lee, Kent.

MY VERY DEAR AND BELOVED CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—It was with profound sorrow the Church was made acquainted last night of the great loss our heavenly Father has been pleased to cause you to experience. Many of us have earnestly and vigorously wrestled with the Lord in prayer, and we hoped that He would have been pleased to spare the darling child. But He has been pleased to remove the sweet flower from your midst, and taken to a much sweeter place of residence. No doubt you will miss the footfall of her which was as sweet music to your ears; but, oh! her tender spirit enjoys now the sweet music in the city of the blessed. Remember, my very dear and beloved friends, that this is a call from our dear Master, and if He calls, shall we not respond? Remember, also, that you are not alone in this valley of bereavement: *He is with you*. Is it not true that this is *not* our resting-place? He leads us onward! Oh! what a consolation to know that He loves with an everlasting love! He chastises with His dear Fatherly hand—although no chastisement seemeth joyous, but we know that He scourgeth every son whom He loveth. Remember also David, the anointed of God, when his dear child lay sick and suffering, he wept and fasted; but when the call came, and the child was taken away from a home of sin to a land of purity, David anointed his head and washed himself, and ceased to fast; for he knew that the child was infinitely better off than himself. Thankful that you have so blessed a hope through Jesus, our dearest Lord. He is our sympathising High Priest; He knows your every sorrow; He speaks through His sacred Word cheering words; He tells you that He has prepared a holy and blessed place; He loved dear children intensely; still, with infinite love does He receive them.

Language and eloquence can only be beggarly in attempting to comfort you; but I can assure you that the prayers which ascended the throne of grace on your behalf—although with hearts of sadness, yet the intense earnestness and true Christian love of our Church and congregation—made our prayer and Church

meeting most heavenly at the throne of grace. It is now my duty to convey to you from our church this message of condolence, and to assure you of their warmest Christian affection towards you, and of the deep sympathy with you in your present trial. Praying that He may comfort you with His own dear presence and grace,

I am, my dear beloved friends, Affectionately yours in the Lord Jesus Christ and in tribulation,

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Wood.

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

THE MARTYR IN THE CONVICT CELL.—No. 2.

(Continued from page 48.)

[Before we enter much into the narrative of "W. W.," we desire to create a favourable conviction that the said "W. W." was a true, a genuine, a gifted saint, and a faithful child of God. Therefore, this month we give the following from his pen.]

JOY TURNED INTO SORROW, AND SORROW TURNED INTO JOY.

WHAT mortal ever yet, while following sin,
 Could truly say he felt rejoiced within?
 What God declares, the God of Truth, is this:—
 The wicked have "no rest"—they have "no peace;"
 Their boasted pleasures sting—their joy decays,
 And "misery and destruction mark their ways;"
 They follow a "delusion" and a cheat,
 Their joys turn into sorrow—lusts to hate.
 And then, alas! when this short life is past,
 They wake in hell in endless pain at last.
 It must be so—guilt is that "gnawing worm,"
 And lust the fire that will for ever burn,
 Unless removed before this life is o'er,
 And, thanks to God, there is an open "door;"
 Christ is to heaven's bright joys the only Way,
 Christ's blood can wash the blackest guilt away;
 He turns the sinner's sorrows into joy,
 A bliss that nothing ever can destroy.
 Oh! think of this, poor fellow-sinner, think,
 And of the spring of "life eternal" drink,
 Joys pure and holy, such as none can tell,
 Will then within your happy bosom dwell.
 I know a man—he had his fetters burst,
 He had his state of hopeless grief reversed,
 Burdened with sin, Christ's Spirit led him on,
 To lay his sins and heavy burdens down;
 And thus he "laid his sins and weight aside,"
 By faith he looked to Jesus crucified,
 And by that look he felt his sorrows roll
 From off his "labouring heavy-laden" soul;
 Christ's blood applied, removed the load of sin,
 And peace "and joy unspeakable" flowed in.
 Affliction's fiery furnace came to test,
 But could not drive that comfort from his breast.
 Nor can the powers of hell, or powers of earth
 Prevail to take away this heavenly mirth.
 For conscience is at peace, and "drawn by love,"
 His heart's affections are "on things above,"
 His understanding's fed by heavenly light,
 His will's subdued to God, and led aright,
 And his delighted memory keeps in view
 What Christ has done, and what He yet will do.
 Thus sorrow turns to pleasure, for Christ's blood
 Makes "all things," even "all things work for good,"
 This life a life of "pleasantness and peace,"
 And death an entrance into endless bliss.

Dear reader, would you have this pleasure "now"?
 And do you ask again, oh! tell me how?
 The Saviour of mankind (the Lord be praised)
 For sinners such as you and I is raised,
 For dying sinners, poisoned with the sting
 Of that dark serpent Satan, sire of sin,
 And, as once dying Israel gave a "look"
 To that "uplifted" serpent Moses took,
 So look we now to Christ, and are forgiven,
 And change earth's sorrows for the joys of heaven.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.—Rom. iii. 10—18; John x. 7—9; Isa. lvii. 20; John vii. 37—39; 1 John i. 7; John iv. 13, 14; John xi. 26; John xvi. 20; Gal. v. 22, 23; Rom. v. 11; Rom. viii. 28—31; Prov. iii. 17; 2 Tim. i. 10; Rom. viii. 38, 39; John iii. 14, 15.

"JESUS ONLY."

SPEAK to me cheering words—of "Jesus only,"
 O Jesus speak Thyself, words sweet and full;
 For fears enchain the soul, so dark and lonely,
 And the frail lamp of life burns low and dull.

The words of friends may fail, but Thine can never,
 And here with safety may I rest till time
 Shall fade away into a bright for ever,
 For other words have ceased to cheer but Thine.

And when the busy toil of life increases,
 Speak to my inmost soul at early dawn,
 Till the whole term of my career ceases,
 Speak to me cheering words from night till morn.

And whilst Thy grace attends the humble hearer,
 Lord, may the echo of Thy cheering word
 Gladden the burdened heart of every bearer,
 Till the sweet sound throughout the land be heard.

Ah! speak to me of heaven—the yonder glory,
 Where the glad song resounds, I long to be;
 Tell me, ye favoured ones, "the old, old story,"
 Of Jesus' love, and how He lives for me.

My case is urgent, come, O sweetest Saviour!
 The night is near, and life ebbs out apace;
 O satisfy me early with Thy favour,
 Till I shall come and see Thee face to face.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

THE NATURE AND USE OF GOSPEL PRECEPTS.

BY J. COPELAND.

THE Gospel precepts are as holy as Sinai's commandments, and therefore as contrary to sinful nature, and as hard to fulfil. Yea, I am persuaded that the regenerated even cannot keep them of themselves—that is, without supernatural aid. How often they violate the precepts—not because they would, but contrary to their own will. They find a law that when they would do good evil is present with them. They love the paths of righteousness; they delight in the law of God after the inward man; but they are drawn aside by the lusts of the flesh, therefore, if the Gospel precepts were legal, the blessedness

connected with the keeping of them would be realised by none. Moreover, if we make them legal, then the blessings are of merit, and not of grace. We should, then, receive the blessings for our goodness, and not absolutely because of Jesu's blood. But it is not so. Every precept is as free as the promises. They are gracious finger-posts to point to the way of righteousness, the King's highway of holiness that leadeth to heaven. They are lamps to our feet, so that we may see the snares and stumbling-blocks in the way. By them we are warned. The knowledge of, the love to, and the power requisite to keep the precepts were all taken in consideration in the making of the gracious and "everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure." As it is written: "I will put My laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to Me a people" (Heb. viii. 10).

The keeping of the precepts is the working out that which God has wrought in us, "for we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. ii. 10). "It is God who worketh in us to will and do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 13). "Walking according to the precepts is the fruit of the Spirit" (Eph. v. 9). We can only keep the precepts, then, by the grace of God? Yes, and being enabled to keep them is a great and gracious blessing; for it proves our possession of the Spirit, our new birth, our interest in the cross and standing in the covenant, and also thereby we have liberty (see Psa. cxix. 45).

It appears to me that the best use we can make of the precepts is this: Take them to the throne of grace, and pray the Almighty to cause us to walk according to their requirements, that we may glorify our Father who is in heaven. What a comprehensive precept is the following: "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation" (1 Peter i. 15). That is, let the whole of your deportment manifest inwrought righteousness. Who can govern his own tongue, that unruly member? How soon the eyes wander, and the heart coveteth! How swift are the feet to sin, and how soon they slide; our hands are quick to evil. With an alluring world, a deceitful heart, and a tempting devil, who can be holy in all manner of conversation? But here is a perfect standard, and although we are weak, God is mighty. Then we do well to come to Him, saying, "Lord, I would be holy as Thou art; I would that my whole life preached holiness. This Thou requirest of Thy children, and, Lord, Thou only can'st make me live thus. Grant it, I pray Thee, for Thy Son's sake. Amen. The sum of the whole is this: The conditions of the Gospel are all supplied by God, having been merited by the Lord Jesus Christ. So be it. Amen.

A MEDITATION ON THE DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

"The Lord hath made all things for Himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil."—Prov. xvi. 4.

THIS subject, which relates to the eternal God and all created things, is obviously a large one. It is not the object of this paper to cover the whole of it, or to deal particularly with it in its widest aspect; for,—

"Nature with open volume stands,"

to illustrate and teach it. The heavens and the earth speak for Him that made them, and witness to the inspired truth, that "the Lord hath made all things for Himself."

But what of the other part of the subject? What is the mind of the Spirit in the clause, "Yea, even the wicked for the day of evil"? Are we sure, upon authorised grounds, that the *meaning* of that solemn declaration is, in its true extent and limitation, exactly what we suppose it is? or that it is what, in the off-handed manner in which it has sometimes been quoted by others, it seems to signify? Perhaps not. At any rate, before we come to any raw conclusions upon it, or hastily use the passage in the sense we may happen to have of it, we ought first to take some pains to ascertain what its meaning is, and what our sense of it is really worth. That the passage implies—and not only implies, but distinctly expresses the doctrine of God's absolute sovereignty and predestination, and His right to do what He will with His own, is too plain to be honestly denied by any, and therefore will not be discussed here.

But it says nothing respecting the final destiny of the wicked *in a future state*. In some other parts of Scripture *that* is distinctly spoken of, but not in this. Now, it is concerning that very point that this particular passage has, ere now, been misused by certain headlong blunderers at quoting Scripture, as if what it says of the wicked it says of their final state, whereas that matter is not hinted at. A great author has said, "the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose." True; but then it is always for a wrong purpose, and is quoted in such a way as to give it a wrong construction. Without instituting a comparison between *his* wilful perversion of the divine Word and the ignorance and false fire which but too often induce us mortals to err in the same line, it is certain that making Scripture seem to mean *more* or other than it says, does no good, and has been a too fruitful cause of heresy upon other parts of truth to add much to its interests in this. Men of strong opinions on the subject of reprobation, and eager to avow them as proofs of their own soundness in the truth, will bolt out what our text says of the wicked as a Scriptural confirmation of their views upon the whole subject. With the *rationale*, or Scripturalness of those views, we have nothing to do here, as the subject on which they are held is not even faintly indicated by the passage now under notice. The utmost stretch of meaning that the text expresses concerning the wicked does not reach into eternity, but is limited to a certain period of time, "*the day of evil.*"

If it be contended that Scripture elsewhere says that "the wicked shall be turned into hell," and that therefore this text means the same thing, the inference will not stand, having not a word in the text to support it. It is indeed most solemnly revealed, though not in this Scripture, that the future state of the wicked, finally unreclaimed, is to be that of "everlasting punishment," and that revelation is as salutary as it is solemn. But all who are wicked do not arrive at that awful state, many being snatched as brands from the burning. The betrayers and murderers of Christ, and the blood-thirsty Saul of Tarsus, were wicked, or none ever were. Yet they were saved, many of them. But if, when their wickedness was in full feather, their final and everlasting state had been predicted from what they then were, and in accordance

with the sense wrongly given of this passage, the prediction would have been falsified by events which actually followed.

In the text under notice, "the day of evil" is specially marked as that which the wicked are *for* in this world. It may be within the full range of its meaning, that the wicked are hereby *warned* of the evil day coming, when their wickedness will come down upon their own heads; for the decree is revealed that wickedness shall not go unpunished. But that is not the predominant idea contained in the words before us, which is that God uses all things for His own purposes, "Yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." Those who are familiar with the Scriptures may easily recall to mind such expressions as "the evil day," "the time of evil," "the day of calamity," and others of similar import; as also many periods corresponding to them.

"The evil day," or any equivalent for that phrase, stands in God's Word for a time of sore trouble and disaster, whether as befalling His people for their trial, or as overtaking their enemies in the way of retribution. In some instances the evil of such times of visitation has been inflicted solely by God's hand, as when He brought a flood upon the earth and when He rained fire and brimstone from heaven upon the cities of the plain. In others, the evil time is seen to have been brought on, or rendered intensely distressing, by means of the evil counsel and vile agency of the wicked; but which God controlled for good, and for His own glory, as in the cases of Joseph, Job, Hezekiah, Mordecai, and Esther, and the faithful captives in Babylon. But no thanks are due to the wicked. That God has often used them, and still does so, to distress and try His people, is shown by His Word, and by examples of it to this day. But of all the known periods in which the wicked were made most useful in doing their evil work, the one most conspicuous, and by far the most momentous in its issues, was that eventful one of early New Testament times; that part more especially when Christ suffered. The glory that should follow did not then appear; but the time, in its lower and visible aspects, was *the day of evil* to Him, and in the conduct of those who were about Him. Evil, in all its worst forms, gathered in full force around the Holy One, and the wicked, God's sword, were at hand to do the work for which they were made. *Good* men would not have done it; nor *could* they. To torture and insult the Son of God to death was a work which none but the wicked could do, or were fitted for. And of such, a multitude from all ranks were ready for it—kings, rulers, soldiers, priests, and people, with the prince of this world, and the powers of darkness also.

"The day of evil," when it has since come to others, has never been so black as that one. Much that contributed to darken *that day* was peculiar to that only, and can never overcast the deepest day of any other one's distress. But, with that important diminution of its terrible-ness, there has been many a return of "the day of evil" to one or another of Christ's true servants and followers, no doubt *to try them*. When adversity in its worst forms has set in on all sides against a man, gathering strength as it advances, and is smiting him in all that is dear to his heart and needful to his welfare in this dying world; when the usual effect of adversity is seen in the altered behaviour of those who know him, and is *felt* in himself in the lowering and untuning of his whole life, both spiritual and temporal; and when, as is likely to be the

case, the dispensation of Providence, under which he suffers, has about it some hard and mysterious features, which stagger his faith, as being hard to reconcile with a persuasion of the Lord's love and goodness to him, and he gets into the battle-field of furious temptations and spiritual conflicts, in which he gets much to the ground. In those circumstances he learns to know his friends from those who are not; for the wicked rise and magnify themselves, as if by instinct, and the Philistines are down upon him. They persecute him whom God has afflicted, and to him, if not to others, it is "the day of evil."

St. Paul, in Eph. vi., has a striking passage bearing on this subject, particularly naming the wicked in connection with "the evil day." He says: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day; and having done all to stand . . . above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Some who may read this paper will see that its drift is in a line with that exhortation.

SUPPLICATION.

"I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and He inclined His ear unto me, and heard my cry."

HERE, on my bended knees,
Before my gracious God;
Who all my sorrow sees,
Who holds the staff and rod,
Who smites, supports, and all in love,
That I no more may from Him rove.

Bent low before His throne—
Repentant, sorrowing;
I know that He, and He alone,
Can make my heart to sing;
And by a pardoning word set free
My captive soul, His face to see.

Humbled my pride, I longed to have
His gracious smile once more;
And pray, and for His mercy crave,
His goodness to adore;
That in His wondrous acts with me,
I may His wisdom's dealings see.

Made willing in His Spirit's power,
To be obedient to His will;
Content with poverty, as dower,
If He (in me) His work fulfil.
Affliction's cup no longer galls,
It is His voice—I know His call.

G. H. M. READ.

Margate, June, 1881.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Church of England as I Knew It Sixty Years Ago. By the Parish Clerk's Grandson.—This "poor little boy" says: "It is sixty-two years ago, this very month of March, since my grandfather died. On the day of his funeral all the people in the parish that could get out came into the Church to hear his loving vicar read 'the burial service' over the remains of his aged, now departed, and universally-esteemed servant, who had for a long, long, period of time, commenced the Sunday morning service by softly exclaiming, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the morning hymn;' and then we all stood up and harmoniously chanted,—

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.'

Then the prayers were offered, the Scriptures were read, and a sermon (measuring exactly twenty minutes) was delivered. They were quiet times then; the battle of Waterloo had brought the fighting and fearing between England and France to an end. There was a proclamation of peace throughout our beautiful little island; and on the day when the proclamation of peace was celebrated in our comfortable town, the 'little boy' marched by the side of the big drummer, and jingled out the triangles, con-

sidering himself 'no small dust' on that occasion. The Catholic Emancipation Bill had not then thrown the Protestant gates of old England's safety open. The *Tracts for the Times* (like Eve bringing the forbidden fruit to Adam) were not then in existence. 'High Church,' 'Low Church,' 'Broad Church,' were not heard of in our parish. Our vicar was a sacred-looking sort of a giant in his flowing white surplice! and when he came forth from the vestry in his black silk gown to give us his sermon, oh! did we not venerate the man! Well, now, the question investigated in this serial is 'Was there any divinely-wrought and soul-saving religion in all this? or was it but a mechanical form of godliness, without any soul-quickenng power?' From the major in his mansion, and the captain in his palace, the German curate in his woody villa, the Churchwardens, the clerk, and others. From a review of all these, the question is, 'Was there any features, any fruits of a heaven-born Christianity in them?' If not, where are they now? Did ever the Almighty Spirit begin to work in these men the fear of death, judgment, and hell." We long to see more of this narrative.

The Christian Commonwealth.—This new penny weekly, published by S. W. Partridge and Co., contains a fair review of the efforts of the different churches and societies for promoting the good of the people. We wish it the success it requires, so long as it contends for the advancement of the Gospel in the world. We have been engaged in sending forth some ten or a dozen Christian publications. We know the cost is immense; the difficulties are dreadful; and the permanent establishment of such periodicals is quite impossible, unless many thousands of earnest sympathisers put their shoulders to the wheel, and keep them there, until the vessel is fairly launched, and safely sailing.

"Are ye lost? Have ye a wish and a will to be saved?—Lost, mentally, in the multitude of ministrations—in the variety of forms of worship, now everywhere extant? Are ye come to the junction where many ways meet, and no true guide can be seen, or heard, saying, "This is the way, WALK ye IN IT?" Are ye lost, *spiritually*? No witness of the SPIRIT *within* you: no voice of CHRIST calling you? No messenger from GOD sent unto you? No physician to heal you? No hand to help you?

Well, as an instrument, read *The Good News of Christ*, by W. H. Collyer, republished by R. Banks, containing a collation of Notes respecting "The Two Covenants, the Old and New." The free-will, and the creature righteousness of man, is the chief material of the preaching of the learned, and of the apparently pious, with some exceptions. "But 'The Gospel,' observes Luther in his Commentary to the Galatians, 'is such a declaration as condemneth all manner of righteousness, and preacheth the only righteousness of Christ. These words (Gal. i. 4) are very thunderclaps from heaven against all kinds of righteousness.' And which he elsewhere calls mighty thunderings and lightnings from heaven against the righteousness of the law and all the works thereof. 'Hold this fast, and suffer not thyself by any means to be drawn away from this most sweet definition of Christ, which rejoiceth even the very angels in heaven; that is to say, that Christ, according to the proper and true definition, is no *Moses*, no law-giver, no tyrant, but a Mediator for sins, a free Giver of grace, righteousness and life; who gave Himself, not for our merits, holiness, righteousness, and godly life, but for our *sins*.'

Historical Evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead. "Present Day Tracts." Published by Religious Tract Society. The Rev. Prebendary Row has furnished all unbelievers in, and doubters of, the actual rising again of our exalted Redeemer, with some sound, and indisputable facts, from history, in proof of one of the most essential miracles in the Mediatorial life of the Son of God. That any mortal in this world should call in question the revelation given of the person and achievements of the Son of God, after seeing that, for 1,800 years, His name has been glorified in the salvation of millions of souls is, to us, most painful; hence, although controversy is, to us, unpleasant, yet we thank Prebendary Row for his great research, for his clever arguments, and strongly recommend this four-penny pamphlet so learnedly and lucidly furnished by his able pen.

The A B C Church and Chapel Directory and May Meeting Hand-book for 1882. The Issue for 1882 will be found carefully revised, and several improvements made to increase its value. Every Minister's Name, with the Church or Chapel at which he officiates, in or near London, is inserted. London: Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. 2d., post free 3d.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

QUEENSLAND.

In the city of Brisbane, in the far-off colony of Australia, there stands a Baptist chapel, which has been disturbed, dilapidated, and distressed, by reason of some under-current of weakness; and it has cost the Church, the congregation, and especially the pastor, considerable anxiety, responsibility, and burden. The minister, the *Hand-book* says, is J. Kingsford, pastor of the Church in Jirrah, Fortitude Valley. The Church was formed in 1861. Mr. Kingsford was settled there in 1862; for full twenty years he has honourably, devotedly, and with a Christ and truth-loving heart, worked on with his people, in a most self-denying manner, and certainly deserves the support of all who are concerned for the continuance of the spread of the Gospel of the free-grace of God. We have personally known Mr. John Kingsford, of Brisbane, for more than forty years. Mr. John Bunyan McCure has also been well acquainted with him; and we are able, with honest confidence, to recommend his chapel case as one which loudly calls for the sympathy of those friends to the Gospel of the free-grace of God, who have it in their power to aid in building up the almost ruined walls of our Australian Zion. In Mr. Kingsford's letter to us he says:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Some months since some friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Doggett, members of our Church and congregation, left for London, and I asked Mr. Doggett to try and see you, for the purpose of being the message-bearer of our love, and for supplying you with what information he could as it respects our person, position and service in the vineyard of the Lord. I trust long ere this reaches you, he will have had an interview with you.

“I was grieved to read in the *VESSEL* the account of the severe attack of illness to which you have been subjected, and most anxiously did we wait for the next number of the magazine to arrive, so that we might know how you were, and we were not a little rejoiced to know that you had recovered so far as to be able to resume your much loved work. We gave our heavenly Father thanks on your behalf, as well as for ourselves, as members of the family, and now we pray that you may be spared for years yet to come to proclaim ‘the glorious Gospel of the blessed God,’ and that, if it is His will, you may, when your ministerial work is finished, rise unto the presence of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

“I would not presume to lay it as a request before the Lord, but I have a secret desire, deep down in my heart, to go from the pulpit direct to glory. Yet, not my will, but His be done. You are some twelve years my senior, but as I read of your doings and your travels in your work, I think you must be twenty years my junior; at any rate you bring forth fruit in old age, and seem to be

fat and flourishing. We do not at all expect to see any of you again in the flesh, unless you come to the colony, for the Lord does not see fit to give us the means of coming to you. Yet, we can and do look forward to a joyful meeting in the better land.

“Now I have a little matter to lay before you, with regard to which I solicit your *editorial influence and fraternal assistance*. Last year, owing to the City Corporation deeming it necessary to cut down the street in which our chapel is situated, some six feet; we were obliged to make considerable alteration to the building, in order to make it accessible; beside which, in consequence of much *blasting* of the rock, the foundation of the chapel had to be made good, and the entire buildings (school as well as chapel) had to be thoroughly overhauled, etc. To effect which, and to make the whole properties secure for many years to come, we had to borrow a sum of money (over and above what we collected among ourselves), which costs us £36 per annum for interest, an amount which not only presses heavily upon us, but which retards us in the progress of our work. We are a poor people, we have no opulent person connected with us, but are all of the labouring class. It is with the greatest difficulty that we now meet current expenses, so that no means are left for extending the Gospel in “the regions beyond” us. We have an intense desire for sending the Gospel into the desolate hush (and prior to this heavy expense, to some extent we were able to do so), but we cannot all the while this heavy interest devolves upon us. Dear brother, can you in any way help us? Can you through the medium of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* appeal to the members of those Churches which your magazine represents? A letter of your own to them I am sure would take effect. Our appeal is recommended by all the Brisbane ministers connected with the “Queensland Baptist Association,” and the ministers in the city. These brethren, whilst not agreeing with me in some points of doctrine, have seen our work and gladly appended their recommendation to our appeal.

“That portion of the population where our work is carried on is principally Roman Catholic. The Bishop's residence, the Convent, and the Catholic schools, are close to our chapel, and almost within reach of my voice.

“Should you see your way clear to help us in the way I have indicated, or any other you think better, will you kindly receive all amounts, and forward results monthly to our secretary, Mr. A. A. Grimes, Alfred-street, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane, Queensland, or to myself?

“What more can I say? You see how long a letter I have written to you with my own hand. Do please ‘read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,’ and having done so, take

your pen, and write for us in language characteristic of C. W. B.

"I am, my dear brother, your fellow-labourer in the Gospel, and ever affectionately yours,

JOHN KINGSFORD.

Egerton Villa, Brisbane, Queensland.

HACKNEY - ROAD.

In the "Oval" standeth "Shalom" chapel, where for more than twenty-two years Mr. Henry Myerson has preached the Gospel with the quickening power of the Holy Comforter, gathering around him a united band of saved pilgrims. It is very long since "Shalom" was erected. The time is come, when the material and earthly repairers of breaches must be called in, to set the house in order; but the wise men, who manage the financial affairs of the sacred place, asked the friends to give the money first; and the opportunity for so doing was presented on Tuesday, March 28, 1882, when that peaceful and consistent Christian worker, Mr. George Burrell, of Watford, delivered a suitable discourse in the afternoon; and after a season of refreshment had been enjoyed in a cup of tea, the pastor, Mr. Myerson, summoned his staff of officers to the business of the evening. Mr. John Box, of Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, came to the front, shewing the people the beautiful situation of Mount Zion, which is prophetically declared to be "the joy of the whole earth." Dr. Gill says it was so when the Saviour was born; it is so now, where the Gospel is successfully preached, but, surely, never will Mount Zion be "the joy of the WHOLE EARTH," never will it perfectly and gloriously be seen to be

"THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING,"

until the SON OF GOD shall "COME the second time, WITHOUT sin, unto salvation." When we quietly surveyed Mr. Myerson's platform that evening, we said silently,

"How beautiful are their feet,
Who follow in that train,
Where many righteous men
Have been, and spent their strength:
And, then, to rest were called,
Leaving the work to others."

But for the succession in this train of Gospel preachers where now had Zion been? When, by the mercy of the Lord, I was first enlisted in

CHRIST'S ARMY OF TRUTHFUL
WARRIORS,

which is fifty-five years since, these valiant men, now in their prime, were only infants in their mothers' arms. As the angels were sent to call home that company of witnessing-workers, who once were the messengers of God to His Churches, the SPIRIT hath been training, and qualifying these excellent ambassadors; consequently, there is no lack of heralds to sound in our Gospel palaces the trumpet with its certain sound. I sat watching these stalwart men, Mr. John Box (who is quite a gentleman), Matthew Branch (who is a loving Barnabas), Geo. Burrell (a gentle nurse to the children in

Zion), F. C. Holden (a descendant of the Apollos family), Master Mohbs (a worthy deacon in Shalom, and a cheerful preacher in the Churches who have no pastors), Chas. Masterson (a Boanerges when he gets his armour on), and listening to the delightful singing of hymns out of David Denham's rich collection; hence it was a feast of soul-confirming varieties. To wind up the whole, I was called to speak of Zion's messengers, but I knew the patience of the people was exhausted, and the time for the heads of houses to go home was fully up. So (inside of my mind) I said, I will reserve my exposition of "THE MESSENGERS" for my little pet *Cheering Words*, where those who read that little half-penny may do it in peace.

But, how about the money to repair "Shalom"? Well, Mr. John Box, on behalf of the Association, behaved very handsome; the Shalomites did their utmost, but they require many pounds yet. To be able to give pastor Myerson and his flock a good lift would be a pleasure to this "poor old soul," as they call

C. W. B.

BUCKS.—In a kind survey of some Churches, where TRUTH is persistently valued, there is much variety. On Prestwood Common you will find a thriving cause; spiritual life, when fanned by the SPIRIT into a flame of love, doth spread, and kindle, and unite. We thought Prestwood looked "like a tree planted by the river of waters, bringing forth fruit in its season." Some of the prayers of the Masons, and others, are still being answered. Lee Common, Buckland Common, Ivinghoe, and other neighbouring cities of Judea, do not send forth their boughs far enough to reach ns. Aylesbury and High Wycombe (from what I saw) really need PASTORS who of God can FEED the people with knowledge and understanding; devout men, who can carry out that commission, "O Thou that bringest GOOD TIDINGS unto Zion." (Our translators have reversed the order of Isaiah xi. 9. God is speaking in verses 6 and 7 of the perishing frailty of all that is of the flesh, "Surely the people is grass." Then, to His ministers CHRIST crieth, "O Thou that bringest good tidings unto Zion," "Get thee up into the HIGH MOUNTAIN," &c. (See this expounded in *Cheering Words*.) Towns like Wycombe, Aylesbury, Thame, and others, wish for another baptism of the SPIRIT. At Sydenham the new chapel is crowded; brother E. B. Lloyd is exceedingly happy. Penn Beacon, on the hill, pants for heavenly showers. Of Bucks and her sister counties we have much more.

BILSTON.—Our late pastor, Mr. A. Hall, now of Chatteris, was preaching for us in March, and we found him a growing young man, in every sense of the word. His removal from us to Chatteris is found to be a great blessing to the Church there. We are crying for blessing to attend our present minister's testimony, Mr. D. Smith, of whom we wish to write again.

ALL ABOUT RUTH AT MOUNT ZION, BOW.

We held twelfth anniversary of formation of the Church, Lord's-day, April 16. Brethren Steed, Thomas Stringer, and W. H. Lee, preached sermons on Sunday. Mr. W. H. Lee is now supplying, with a view to the pastorate, and to that end the Church has unanimously given him an invitation to supply for a second period of three months. On the Tuesday Mr. J. Clark gave a sermon. After tea came the public meeting. Mr. Noyes implored a blessing; the chair was occupied in a very able manner by one of the deacons, Mr. G. Lovelock. In his opening remarks he stated that, when he was requested to take the chair, he was naturally exercised about the subjects for the addresses, and his mind turned upon the ladies, whom he had always found to have clearer views on many matters than the men; and he illustrated this by referring to Sarah, who insisted on having the bondswoman cast out, to Rebecca, who, by her counsel, obtained the blessing for Jacob, and to the wife of Manoaah, who took a more reasonable view of the circumstances than her husband did. This led him to select Ruth as the subject for the evening.

Mr. Stringer spoke on Ruth's entreaty not to leave her mother-in-law, Naomi. He said he quite agreed with the chairman; he always held the ladies in the highest esteem—that is, when they were right, but when they were wrong, it was quite another thing. Being the first speaker, he rehearsed the leading features in the history of Ruth, and noticed three things: (1) her firm attachment to Naomi, to her people, and to her God; (2) her fixed principles; (3) her faithful companionship.

Brother W. H. Lee next spoke on Ruth's resolve. He asked, Where was it that Naomi was going to? It was from whence she came. Boaz congratulated her for so doing, for returning to the God of Israel. Ruth had not been there; she had heard thereof, and, like the Queen of Sheba, she found that the half had not been told her. So those who feel their need of salvation, when they experience the lovingkindness of God in Christ, are amazed at the fulness and preciousness thereof. Her taste was changed, and in this she was by no means singular. Are not our tastes changed? We love the brethren; the same attachment continued with Abraham to Lot, though a separation took place. He should like to see Christians more attached; we should then be stronger than we are. We have necessarily to do with the world, but perhaps we have more to do with it than we need. In spite of all, however, the union is perfect with those who follow Christ, and are in union with Him.

Having sung a few verses, Brother Cornwall spoke on Ruth's lodging-place. He remarked that the chairman, when speaking of the ladies, should have begun at the beginning, and noticed Eve. He referred also to the wives of Job and David. He thought we should not gain much if the ladies and men were to change places. Referring to his subject, he said many people

would not like to lodge with God's people; she preferred elsewhere. In providence, all things happened to bring Ruth to the land of Judah—being a type of the bringing in of the Gentiles in the Gospel dispensation. It was a good thing sometimes when Christians were starved out, it made them hungry. There was no food in Moab, but there was in Canaan. Naomi had gone from Canaan to Moab to escape being starved; but she was ultimately glad to return. So is it with those who forsake the attending on the means of grace with a view to profit, and wander hither and thither. They are glad to return to the truth—that is, if they have grace in the soul. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and this warfare continues to the end, it does not cease.

Brother Winters followed, his subject being Ruth's people and God. He said, His people are a peculiar, a strange people, their conversation is in heaven, no wonder the world cannot understand them. The world have not God in all their thoughts, but this peculiar people think upon His name. Ruth's coming brought about the circumstance that she should be the ancestor of the Saviour; thus our Lord sprang from a Moabitess. The book of Ruth filled up a vacuum in the genealogy of our Saviour. He then remarked that God's unchangeability is the comfort and support of His people. He was glad to be with men who had not changed, who were not afraid to speak the truth which God has revealed. He could not see what good could come of a lie. The greatest attraction to a new-born soul was the true knowledge of God.

A hymn was then sung, when Brother Holden was called upon to speak from Ruth's covenant. He noticed that there was a strong affection between Naomi and Ruth. It was more than natural love—it was spiritual. Death cannot, and does not, separate this union. It was an expression of desire not to be separated from God or His people. All comes from desire; the Lord has desired it, so will His people. This desire ripens into fixed purpose and determination. It was voluntarily made: they shall be willing in the day of His power. Ruth had the spirit of the new covenant in her heart; she had no need of outside persuasion, she was made willing. It was a solemn oath; though not expressed in words, it amounted to this, "If I forsake thee, may the Lord forsake me." And God also has bound Himself by oath to keep His covenant, as He said by the prophet Isaiah, "So have I sworn that My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed."

Brother Copeland said he had to speak on Ruth's steadfastness. What was the source of this steadfastness? Was it not the covenant? Men's covenants are often broken—but God's covenant will never be broken; it is immovable and sure. Many waters cannot quench love; and He has said that He will not quench the smoking flax. God's work defies all the malice and power of men and devils. Naomi may have lost much of her youthful beauty, for she was now aged,

but Ruth's love was not fixed on outward things. So with the people of God. We may be full of corruption, there may be much that is unlovely, but there is still the likeness of the Saviour, the manifestation of grace within.

The collections amounted to upwards of £10. A vote of thanks to the chairman, who said, in reply, if the friends were satisfied, he was fully so. Thus terminated a meeting described by one of the speakers as interesting and instructive, solemn, and yet cheerful.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM.—Special services in celebration of the pastor's first anniversary were held in Old Baptist Chapel, Sunday and Monday, April 9 and 10. Mr. Walter Brown preached three times on Sunday. Monday afternoon, brethren Chatters, of Castle Hedingham, and Raynor, of Mount Bures, read and expounded the Word, and engaged in prayer. Mr. Walter Brown preached from the words, "We love Him." We sang joyfully, and conversed freely over an excellent tea the ladies had exercised pains and patience in providing. At the public meeting, presided over by W. E. Thorington (pastor), Brother J. Pettit led us in prayer. The pastor expressed his high sense of gratitude for the continuous manifestation of the divine blessing. There had not come to his knowledge any proof of his having been instrumental in the salvation of souls; notwithstanding he felt this to be the burning passion of his heart in preaching the ever-blessed Gospel of an ever-blessed Jehovah. He had continued to have many proofs that the Lord had enabled him to feed the flock which he himself had gathered into his fold; and there had been a great change in the aspect of the surroundings since his first appearance among them; there was fellowship, unity, and true concord enjoyed. Mr. W. Hudson, of Haverhill, specially referred to the exhortation of the apostle, "Wherefore, holy brethren, consider the Apostle and great High Priest of our profession." This was the first time we ever met with him; we wish him God-speed. Brother Raynor, of Mount Bures, spoke good Gospel truths concerning God's "Shiloh," the following words forming the basis of his remarks, "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." Brother W. Brown, in his stirring address, congratulated the pastor upon what he considered a decided success—a success he did not think could ever be effected in the place fifteen months ago. He proffered some sound and scriptural advice to both pastor and people. A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman and speakers, after which a hymn was sung, and thus closed a series of services both profitable and pleasant. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

EARL'S BARTON.—We had Mr. Morling preaching to us on April 9. We heard him with great acceptance. Churches of truth would do well to give Mr. Morling a hearing. [We believe he still resides at St. Neot's.]

BRIGHTON.—The cause at Providence chapel, West Brighton, under the blessing of God, is well established in love, peace, and unity. Our respected brother, Mr. J. H. Dearsly, is supplying the pulpit with much acceptance. Services commemorative of the foundation of the cause were held on Sunday and Tuesday, March 26 and 28. Mr. Dearsly preached on Lord's-day to a cheering congregation. On Tuesday afternoon W. Winters preached. After tea a public meeting; W. L. Payne, Esq., presided. The manner in which he fulfilled his office throughout brought upon him the well-merited thanks of the meeting. Prayer by Mr. Horton, of Uckfield (a sound preacher of the ancient faith of God's elect). Mr. Ebenezer Turquand, the indefatigable deacon and founder of the cause, read the yearly report, which was concise and well constructed, showing a small balance on the right side of the accounts. Mr. Samuel Gray spoke with great faithfulness on the "Suretyship of Christ." The aged Mr. Read made solid remarks on Christ as a Shepherd; followed by our cheerful and intelligent brother, Mr. Boxell, who launched out into the grand theme, the sacrificial work of Christ. W. Winters spoke of the deity of Christ, and Mr. Dearsly of Christ as a Saviour. Encouraging words from the chairman, with the Benediction, brought the happy meeting to a close. Our brethren Virgo, Greenyer, and others, cheered us with their presence and help.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

ORDINATION OF MR. WILLIAM WEBB, AT LEICESTER.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, NEWARK-ST.

Important discourses by the Pastor Elect, Mr. H. Norman, Mr. Bull (of Wellingborough), Mr. Hazlerigg, Mr. George Webb, Mr. Hedges, Mr. Willis (of Croydon), Mr. Perrott, and others.

Ordination services in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. Webb as pastor of the above place of worship were held on Monday, April 10. The gatherings were large, and many ministers of the Gospel came from a distance to take part in the proceedings.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Mr. Willis, of Croydon, who took for his text Isaiah lxvi. 13. Tea was provided; very large number sat down. At the public meeting the chapel was crowded; service was enjoyable and enthusiastic.

Mr. Deakin, of Fleckney, having engaged in prayer, a hymn was sung, and Mr. Webb, the pastor elect, remarked that as he was not a young man in the ministry, he had been preaching amongst them for the last ten months, it was scarcely necessary for him to enter into any explanation of either his doctrinal or experimental views. God had made him a Baptist, a Strict Baptist, a Particular Baptist, and what he was he was from necessity. He entered into the particulars, which led to his resigning the pastorate of the Church at Bow, and coming to Leicester, and remarked that it was with

intensely grateful feelings he could say he had met with nothing but uniform kindness from those with whom he had come in contact.

Mr. H. Norman, one of the deacons, in the name of the Church, welcomed those ministers and friends who had favoured them with their presence and aid in celebrating their union with their pastor, and trusted the good effects might be felt in years to come.

Mr. Bull, of Wellingboro, was next called upon. He was highly pleased to be able to be present at such a gathering, and trusted that God would own and bless Mr. Webb's labours amongst them. He had testified to them his feelings, and they had accepted that testimony. Mr. Webb was seen to be a man of experience, but he felt his weakness, and, sensible of that, he knew where to go for assistance. God had seen fit to visit him with a very painful affliction in his family, but God knew what was best, and it might be that the good effects of it would be manifested in the ministrations of the word of life to the people. He trusted that he would receive consolation, and surely then that great truth should be his, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be." The Gospel of the grace of God had been laid upon him, and if he continued to preach the full Gospel he would doubtless realise the benefits of that Gospel. The speaker concluded by saying, "Long may you live and labour here, and may God own and honour you. Long may you realise the goodness of God, and speak the truth in love, but not to flinch one iota from the whole truth of God. There can be no unity with falsehood, heresy, and doctrines at variance with the Gospel; and may God bless you with long life and blessing in the Gospel."

Mr. Hazlerigg, pastor of Zion chapel, Leicester, remarked that he hoped his presence there would be taken as a practical evidence of his heartfelt sympathy with the sentiments which had been so well expressed by previous speakers, and as a testimony of his love to Mr. Webb as a minister of Christ and to the Church over which he was now placed as a Church of Christ. He would exhort them as a Church and people to encourage their minister, and to uphold his hands, which he suggested might be done in at least four ways. The first was by prayer for him. A celebrated general had been heard to remark that he flew to his victories by the arms of his soldiers; so might their minister fly to his spiritual victories by the wings of their prayers. Another way, and he would especially enforce this, was a diligent attendance upon the means of grace. When their own doors were open let them be in their place, that he might be encouraged by their presence. A third way, and that was a very solemn one, was by their practice. It must be by the Spirit of God that a godly walk could be maintained; but nothing would encourage a pastor more than a member showing his love to God by an exemplary walk and conversation; and on the

other hand, nothing caused a minister to bang his head more than a disorderly member. There was one more way, although he felt he was treading on tender ground, and that was for them to encourage their minister by showing their sympathy in his temporal matters. Let them look after him well, find out what he wanted, and show him they loved him. He was bound, as a minister of God, to look after their spiritual interests, then let them heartily respond by seeking his temporal good.

Mr. G. Webb, of Maidstone, brother to the newly chosen pastor, said they might judge that it was with very peculiar feelings that he stood up to speak that night. He remarked that his beloved brother had been well educated, for he had been to college—Christ's College; and he urged the Church to take care of him and use him well, because he was his brother, which was one of the strongest arguments he could use. He trusted they would see in years to come that God had sent him there, and that as a Church and people they might realise the promise, "I will give you pastors after My own heart." Then turning to his brother, he remarked, "Take care of the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made you overseer. Your business will be to look after the Church, to bring the food and put it on the table. Don't forget the little ones, and the sickly ones. Crowd as much of Jesus Christ into your sermons as you possibly can, and may the word run among the people and be glorified. May God bless you in your work by bringing many to declare what God has done for their souls, and God shall have all the glory." He then gave out two verses of hymn 373, which were sung.

Mr. Hedges, minister of St. Peter's-lane chapel, Leicester, next addressed a few encouraging words to the meeting, and was followed by

Mr. Willis, of Croydou, who remarked that while the hearers might be taking their rest in sleep, a minister was frequently praying to the Lord for them, that he might be made a blessing to them. He believed Mr. Webb had his heart in his work, and hoped good results would follow.

Mr. Perrott, of Evington, said, while previous speakers had been addressing them, two or three questions had presented themselves to his mind, as to what best secured the good of the cause, the good of the minister, and the glory of God. He submitted first that it was the power of God. If God's cause was to prosper, if the ministry was to prosper, if the hungry soul was to be fed, and the thirsty soul was to drink, if dead souls were to be quickened, it must be by the power of God. The power of God was not delegated to man, but was infused into the soul of those who were placed over His people. If the power of God was to be measured by the strength of man it would be simply futile; but no matter how poor the instrument God's Word had never failed to accomplish His purpose. A person would occasionally refrain from going to chapel when feeling unwell, thinking they

could not enjoy the service in consequence ; but they must remember it was not their condition either mentally or physically upon which the blessing of God depended. It was the duty of the minister to study and meditate, but he might be so engaged from Monday morning till Saturday night, and yet it would be by the power of God that the blessing must follow. A second cause of success would be the word of truth. When truth entered the soul of man it chased away darkness. Then if a Church was to be made prosperous and a minister's labours successful, it must be by the word of truth. A third cause he might name was by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, which had been said by some to be a good and clear conscience. He concluded by urging the people to devote themselves to their minister, and his prayer was that God's blessing might rest upon them.

Mr. Pearce, of Irthlingboro', also briefly addressed the assembly, after which a hymn was sung and prayer offered, which brought the meeting to a termination.

The results of the meeting were highly satisfactory, and it was remarked that such a meeting among the Strict Baptists had never before been known in Leicester.

STEPNEY.—CAVE ADULLAM.—This old and well-known chapel has at last, after a long and painful struggle, passed away out of the hands of the denomination. It has been purchased by Mr. F. N. Charrington, of the Tower Hamlets Mission, who will use it as a mission chapel. Before parting with it, the pastor, Mr. Reynolds, offered it through your columns to the denomination, but met with no response. It was subsequently offered to the Church meeting in Coverdale-schools, but they considered it too small, and declined it. It was also offered to Mr. Arch. G. Brown, and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, but neither felt inclined to take it, Mr. Spurgeon suggesting that Mr. Charrington should take it up. Mr. Reynolds loses over £200, which he has advanced on the property, and, in addition to this, has to meet two claims for £100 each. He has appealed for help, but in vain ; and, as his receipts did not cover his expenditure, and the people being too poor to do much, he was reluctantly compelled at last to dispose of the chapel.

HOLLOWAY.—On Easter-Monday Brother Bolton and friends held anniversary services in Wedmore-street. It was our happiness to preach in the afternoon: delighted we were to see the house of God crammed to excess. In the evening Mr. H. Boulton presided ; F. Green offered prayer. Mr. Boulton told out from the fulness of his heart the Lord's goodness in fitting him for his work in that place, and blessing his labours. Speeches of Gospel truth were made by brethren Winters, Waite, Woodrow, Garrod, Hems, Rayment, and F. Green. The friends are much in need of help to enable them to erect a more suitable building in which to worship the God they deeply love.

EARL'S BARTON.—Two happy evenings have been much enjoyed at Rehoboth Baptist chapel. On March 21 we called a special Church meeting for four candidates to come and tell what the grace of our God had done for their souls. The presence of the Master was made known. In some measure we realised the truth of those words, "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem ; He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel," &c. With a kindred feeling we could sing,—

“ Welcome hither, friends beloved,
Ye to whom our Lord is dear ;
They who are by Him approved
Ever shall be welcome here :
'Tis our privilege to know
Those who serve our Lord below.”

The following evening the ordinance of believer's baptism was administered by Mr. Whiting, of St. Neot's, who preaches to us from time to time. Three other friends have been added to us this year, who have been members of other Churches. On the following Sunday they were received into Church fellowship ; Brother Whiting preaching two able discourses from Paul's words to the Ephesians, "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God ;" and in the evening, "They continued stedfastly in the apostle's doctrine, in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." May there yet be many of the chosen of God brought out of nature's darkness to honour our God. The earnest prayer of the Church is that the servants of God who labour amongst us may be abundantly blessed and encouraged in their work. Praise ye the Lord.

OTLEY, SUFFOLK—Interesting services were held on Wednesday, March 29, to commemorate the goodness of God in relation to the Church, and the twenty-first anniversary of the present pastorate. In the afternoon, T. Field, pastor of the Church at Charsfield, conducted the devotional part of the service ; then an appropriate and instructive sermon was preached by J. Wilkins, of Wattisham, from "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." The service was much enjoyed. After a well-provided tea, the chapel was filled. At public meeting, over which Mr. Houghton presided, and the pastor (Mr. Woodgate) gave a concise account of the rise and progress of the cause at Otley, alluding very feelingly to some of the prominent incidents and changes which have taken place during the twenty-one years of his pastorate. Addresses were then delivered by S. K. Bland, "The Christian Church ;" J. Wilkins, "The Christian Ministry ;" W. Gill, "The Christian Membership," &c. The evening service was enlivened by appropriate hymns, anthems, &c. Hearty thanks were given by the pastor to the friends who had kindly given trays for the tea ; to Mr. Wilkins for his sermon ; to all the ministers and friends for their kind help. Prayer closed a happy day at Otley, "One of the days of the Son of Man."

ORDINATION SERVICE AT SYDENHAM, OXON.

Monday, April 10, 1882, services were held in the new chapel for the settlement of our esteemed brother E. B. Lloyd. The ministerial benches were well filled, and we trust our hearts were thankful to the Lord for His goodness towards us. The afternoon meeting opened at 2 o'clock, by C. W. Banks giving out a suitable hymn. Mr. Burgess read and engaged in prayer, and after a hymn, spoke on "The Nature of a Gospel Church." He shewed:

1. *Its Foundation.* The eternal and immutable purpose of God, taken in three aspects. (a) Everlasting love and infinite wisdom; (b) redemption by GOD the SON; (c) regenerating and carrying on the work by the Holy Spirit.

2. *Its Formation.* The material stones; hewn stones from nature's quarry; living stones, having a principle of divine life; lively stones, in the things of God; precious stones; durable stones. These stones in the Church, being cemented to God, as a monument of praise; as a witness of the mercy of a Triune JEHOVAH, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. They become members of Christ's body, members of one another. They have unison of sentiment, and of practice.

3. *Organisation.* Ministers and officers.

4. *Location.* Where, by mutual consent, they meet together to maintain Gospel ordinances.

After a few words of counsel, Mr. Burgess said he hoped the Church at Sydenham would be preserved from error, from excitement, from boasting, from fainting; trusting they would be presented with the one Church in glory, united to Christ for ever and ever.

Mr. G. Banks, of Willenhall, read a hymn; Mr. B. Rogers gave an account of God's leadings and dealings with the Church at Sydenham. The usual ordination questions were then put by C. W. Banks to E. B. Lloyd: His call by grace; his call to the ministry; his belief.

Mr. Lloyd then responded, giving an account of the Lord's dealing with his soul; of the exercises of mind in his call to the ministry. In clear, decisive words he gave his belief in the Trinity, in the finished, complete work of salvation, God the Father loving and choosing, God the Son redeeming, God the Holy Spirit quickening; so that no one chosen of God, redeemed by Christ, quickened by the Spirit, can ever perish; they shall enjoy an eternity of felicity in mansions prepared above. This testimony having been given, C. W. Banks asked all members in favour of Mr. Lloyd to stand up; then he earnestly asked for any who objected to do likewise, and to speak now, or for ever hold their peace. No one rising, it was declared unanimous. C. W. Banks then united the pastor and the Church. May the union prove one of love, of concord, of prosperity, and may God's truth at Sydenham go forth as brightness, His people be edified, souls won to Christ, and His name perpetuated and honoured.

The necessities of the body were then attended to by partaking of a good tea, prepared by the ladies in a very cheerful and able manner.

After a short adjournment the evening service commenced. David Smith, of Bilston, opened by giving out a hymn in Steven's. Mr. Herring delivered the charge to the pastor, from Acts xx., "Take heed," etc. He solemnly and fervently exhorted Mr. Lloyd to take heed to example; to take heed to spiritual occupation; to be much in prayer; to take heed in reading, keeping close to God's Word; to take heed to his body; to the flock; feeding the sheep; to care for and to look after, succour and feed the lambs. As an overseer, not as lord over God's people. Mr. Herring closed with words of encouragement. The charge being weighty, scriptural, and edifying.

We then again united in a hearty hymn of praise. Mr. G. Banks offered the ordination prayer; earnestly pleading for the divine blessing on the union we had witnessed that day. C. W. Banks then delivered a discourse to the Church.

These pleasant, profitable, encouraging meetings concluded by singing,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

The chapel was literally crowded almost to suffocation, but the immense company listened with patient attention.

D. SMITH.

Bilston, April 13, 1882.

COGGESHALL, ESSEX.—At our Good Friday special services in Baptist Chapel, C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon and evening. It was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The preacher is now in his seventy-seventh year; yet, it is evident that he retains all his well-known energy and faithfulness in proclaiming the ever blessed Gospel of the grace of God. Excellent tea was provided and partaken of by a good number of friends. What we want in Essex, and particularly in Coggeshall, is a gracious revival and adhesion to the truth as it is in Jesus. Many, alas! who call themselves Baptists, have for many years worshipped where free-will doctrines are proclaimed. Let our prayer be "Wilt Thou not revive us again that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"—E. P. BROWN.

HADLEIGH.—April 9, anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. B. J. Northfield, the pastor; in the morning a very encouraging discourse from the Saviour's words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," listened to by a chapel full of people. In the afternoon interesting address to the school children by our pastor, from the Saviour's words, "Learn of Me." The teachers, parents, and congregation had wise words. The children sang correctly and skillfully. Pastor and people are constrained to say, "What hath God wrought!" May He still go on to bless the labours of His servant to the peace and prosperity of His cause, is the sincere desire of a lover of Zion.

CLAPTON.—Sunday-school anniversary services, connected with Chatsworth-road chapel, on March 19 and 21. On Tuesday, 21, a large gathering of friends took tea. At the public meeting, Mr. E. Langford read Psa. cxlviii. Mr. H. F. Noyes offered prayer. Mr. Langford made appropriate speech. The school numbers about 200 scholars, and has a good staff of teachers and other officers. Mr. De la Batouche, the hon. sec., read the report, which was concise and well got up. Mr. J. S. Anderson made an excellent speech on the children brought to Jesus; Mr. Dexter on the sympathy of preachers with teachers; W. Winters testified of the varied capacities of children for learning; Mr. Copeland on love in the Sunday-school; and Mr. C. Masterson on consecration of heart in the work. The service of song, mainly by the children, was excellently well rendered. Collections on Sunday and Tuesday amounted to £10 13s. 5d. To the Lord be the glory.—**W. WINTERS.**

CHALKSHIRE.—On Good Friday, Brother E. B. Lloyd, of High Wycombe, came and gave a two-fold testimony of his faith in the good news of God's mercy in sending His only and well-beloved Son down into this wilderness to redeem the pre-ordained Church from death and eternal woe. Anybody can see that brother Lloyd is experimentally sincere, and intensely earnest. We wish him God-speed in his pastoral labours at Sydenham. Our Chalkshire Church, under the ministry of our brother George Lane, still lives. We expect C. W. Banks to preach our anniversary sermons the last Sunday in July.—**A SEEKER.**

DORSET-SQUARE.—Three excellent sermons were preached at Mount Zion, Hill-street, on Good Friday, by Messrs. John Hazelton, G. W. Shepherd, and J. S. Anderson. We were privileged to be present with our friends part of the day, and were reminded of days past, when the chapel was overflowing with anxious souls to hear Mr. James Wells, which often proved a treat to the old Suffolk friends, who loved the dear old pastor, Mr. John Forman; also his friend, Mr. George Murrell of St. Neot's, who generally preached in the evening. Mount Zion still flourishes. The Lord be praised.—**W. WINTERS.**

DUNSTABLE.—**OLD BAPTIST.**—The anniversary of the Sabbath-school was held Sunday, March 26, when excellent sermons were preached, and an address delivered in the afternoon by Mr. W. Kempster, who has now for three successive years preached the anniversary sermons to crowded congregations, with increasing collections. We are pleased to state that this school is in a more prosperous and increasing condition than for many years past; which encourages us to believe that the Lord is with us. May He yet grant the desire of His servants, and give them to see that their labour of love is not in vain.

LEE.—The seventh anniversary of the opening of the Bromley-road Tabernacle was held on Monday, April 10. Sermon was preached to a congregation which filled the chapel. Tea was partaken by about 300 at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Public meeting began at 6.30. Chair occupied by J. B. Boxall, of Brighton. After some earnest remarks of the chairman, the following speakers addressed the meeting. The pastors, Messrs. Levinsohn, P. Reynolds, Shaw, Squirrel, Dalton, Camp, Dexter, and Bloomfield. The chapel was full, with an enthusiastic and loving audience. It was most encouraging to learn that during the last twelve months, under Mr. Levinsohn's ministry, over twenty joined the Church. The pastor spoke in eulogising terms of his two brethren, who hold office as deacons, with whose help and earnestness for the glory of God no work is too hard. The Church is doing splendidly, the Master is glorified, and souls blessed.

GRAYS.—Special services at Ebenezer Easter Monday. In afternoon, John Hunt Lynn read and expounded John xiv; then preached in an excellent and almost exhaustive manner from the words, "Because I live, ye shall live also." We enjoyed a warm tea; then Mr. Wakelin, of Keppel-street, presided; he expressed himself lucidly on Sunday-schools; Mr. Mole prayed; J. E. Elsev took the words, "I will be with thee;" Mr. Belcher on "Peace be unto you;" Mr. Archer was practical on Sunday-schools; Mr. Beddow gave us a thought or two on, "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" Congregation, cheering; collections good.—**W. B.**

LOCKWOOD.—We are now as sheep without a shepherd. We have been cheered, in the midst of the gloom, by two believers coming forward, and being baptized in the name of the Lord. We had a meeting on Good-Friday, and we prayed for a continuance of the Lord's blessing, and that the Gospel might still be preached in our Rebooth. Those faithful ministers, the brethren Butterworth, Beacher, Stansfield, Thornton, and others, we hope, will still be sent to confirm in our souls' experience, the fact, that the Lord liveth, and that we shall live with Him. Amen.

CHATTERIS.—It is very pleasing to note that Zion chapel, under the pastorate of our brother A. B. Hall, continues to prosper. We were heartily gratified on our short visit in the month of March, to hear that the "pastor still lives in the affections of the people." The Sunday school is in a healthy condition, and is governed by an excellent staff of teachers, with a godly and devoted superintendent and an able secretary at their head. We have engaged to pay our second visit on the last Lord's-day in June, in exchange with brother Hall. May God bless the occasion. prays—**W. WINTERS.**

ROCHESTER AND AROUND.

We surveyed the Cathedral of the close-packed city, but not the least breath of a Baptist could we catch anywhere. Some friend said, "No! no Baptists here, but you may find a few at Halling, over in the Cement Works. A noble fellow of Christ's College, named Rayner, was the minister of Halling chapel, but I think the editor of *Truthful Tracts*, one 'Young Patterson,' is now a probationer there. By-the-bye, this February 28 is a red-letter day at Halling; two quite different, but very energetic expositors are announced to be there." We had refreshment and walked over to the cement boilers. A tall bishoplike gentleman was reading that Scripture, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." We asked *who* the man of paths could be. "That is Mr. George Holland, of Boro'-green, sir! He has a grave text to open up, and he will go through his work with becoming gravity, and with a fulness of idea. There you see, 'the particle of Deity in man slumbereth not, neither can be wearied. Thought doth strengthen thinking, and imagery speeds imagination.'" Ah! "Mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his pleasure from ideas." In the evening of the day, a full-grown rose-tree, as full of blossoms as it could hold, was the pleasing enunciator. Nature had beautifully ornamented this bishop for his work. He looked at us, and said something about Christ being appointed to comfort them that mourn in Zion, to change their garments, and take away all their sackcloth. We were all elated. The preacher's smiling face, his flow of eloquence, and his evidently happy soul, made us all elastic-like for the time being. We heard them call him Mr. Geo. Webb, of Maidstone. God bless the little Halling-hill.

KING'S CROSS.—**EBENEZER.** Good-Friday afternoon Mr. H. Hall of Clapham, gave Christ-exalting discourse from "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him, He hath put Him to grief." After tea Mr. Smith presided. He conducted the meeting in a thoroughly Christian and commendable manner. W. Beddow prayed; Mr. Belcher spoke of the seven-fold aspect of the world, as set forth in John xvii.; W. Beddow on "This He said, signifying what death He should die." Mr. Hall dilated on the expression, "Knowing, brethren, beloved, your election of God." Mr. Boulton came warm on "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba Father." J. Garrod encouraged us in conclusion. Walter James led the singing heartily; the chapel was almost full.—W. B.!

ASKETT.—Mr. George Banks, of Willenhall, proclaimed the true Gospel of the grace of God here on Easter-Sunday, and our people were much favoured. We are hoping to hear him again. To see so many good young men rising up in the truth, in all parts of our land, is unto us a pledge of assurance that God has not forsaken us.

FOOT'S CRAY.—Unknown to the pastor, R. E. Sears, a farewell meeting was arranged for Friday evening, March 24. A large number of friends assembled; and after tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, of Lee. The brethren Smith, of Sidcup; Dalton, of Sutton-at-Hone; Squirrel, of Woolwich; and Hazelton, of Lewisham, gave warm-hearted addresses of sympathy. During the evening a purse of thirty guineas was presented to the pastor and his wife; also to each of their children a book. An address was also handed to the pastor, to which was attached upwards of 100 names. On Lord's-day evening, March 26, Mr. Sears preached his farewell sermon to an overflowing congregation. The reasons which had led to his resignation were fully explained, so that all could see it was only upon a matter of principle. During his pastorate of four years and nine months, 88 had been received into the Church, 56 of whom he had baptized. The texts selected for the farewell discourse were, "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." "Finally, brethren, farewell." [Surely a pastorate so successful should have been continued.—ED.]

HAYES TABERNACLE.—The 13th anniversary of the opening of this comfortable and well-appointed house of prayer was celebrated Wednesday, April 19, 1882. Mr. John Hazelton, the long-known and beloved minister of Mount Zion, Clerkenwell, delivered a clear and excellent exposition of that precious Scripture in Heb. xiii. 5. "For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The Newly Revised Version reads: "I will in no wise fail thee; neither will I, in any wise, forsake thee." We love our "Authorised Version" so dearly, that we cannot cordially receive the cooler, quieter, plained-down revision. We listened most intently to Mr. Hazelton's comprehensive, and thoroughly soul-refreshing, text-analysing discourse. We said inside and to ourselves, "The watchman of Israel was with his God." There is a sacred and sincere spirit running through the whole service. Mr. Hazelton is "at home" in reading the Word of God, there is no splitting it up by unwise, so-called "comments;" he is also quite at home in his approach to the mercy-seat; he stands, as it were, face to face with his Lord, and speaks unto his God, as easily and as freely as any man could speak to his dearest and nearest friend. In his discourse the preacher was perfectly at home; and we believe the people at Hayes were mercifully at home with the subject, that great promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." We have the sermon in our head; a few precious words fell into our heart. We would like to give it to our readers, if it were possible. After tea, Mr. J. R. Wakelin presided with a gentlemanly and Christian reticence; and experimental exhortations

were freely given by the brethren James Griffith, W. Hazelton, Preston Davies, E. Benzley, and C. W. Banks. Mr. Ambrose Griffith went to the throne of grace; the pastor, R. C. Barden, gave the final address, and the chairman asked of God a blessing on the whole. Several carriages, containing many London friends, then conveyed them safely to the station. Praises unto God we give, and to the Mrs. and Mr. Wild, and all their co-workers for giving us poor smoke-dried Londoners such a beautiful breath of fresh air, and for providing all things so excellent.

HOXTON. — BETHEL CHAPEL. NEWTON-STREET.—Good Friday, April 7, there was a tea-meeting, at which a goodly number of friends sat down. In the evening a public meeting was held, which was presided over by our pastor, Mr. Osmond. The performers who took part in the evening's proceedings consisted of the teachers and senior scholars of our Sunday-school, who gave us the service of song entitled "Moses." Considering that it was the first time that any of our friends had been so engaged, and the highly creditable manner in which it was sung, great praise and commendation is due to them. The connective readings were given by our brother Moxham, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, who delivered them in an effective and impressive manner. During the evening a presentation of a very handsome time-piece was made to our pastor by our brother Moxham, on behalf of the Church. Our brother touchingly reminded him of the good work which the Lord had enabled him to perform during the period of his pastorate, and begged his acceptance of the testimonial as a proof of the love which they entertained toward him, and of the esteem in which he is held for the truth's sake. We have many evidences to encourage us to believe that the Lord is working in our midst. Our Sunday-school is increasing steadily but surely; so much so, that it is necessary to hold classes in the chapel. Our pastor has much cause for gratitude and thankfulness to our Triune Jehovah for so many indications of future prosperity. May the Lord continue to bless his labours, by giving him many more seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire. This cheerful and profitable meeting, which gave delight and pleasure to all present, was brought to a close by the singing of "All hail the power of Jesu's name."—H. M.

PIMLICO.—The friends at Carmel chapel, Westbourne-street, held their fifty-second anniversary on Good Friday. J. S. Anderson preached in afternoon. In the evening Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, preached. The congregation was encouraging; all seemed refreshed. Mr. J. Parnell is serving the cause here for a few Lord's-days. It is hoped that under his faithful ministry Carmel will revive. The chapel stands well, like Zion, "beautiful for situation." May God shine upon the preacher, and cheer the hearts of the deacons, is the prayer of a LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

CLAPHAM.—On Tuesday, April 18th, the twenty-third anniversary of the pastorate was held in Ebenezer Baptist Chapel. Mr. G. Shepherd, of Dorset-square, preached in the afternoon an impressive sermon from Psalm li., after which a large number stayed to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by C. Wilson, E-q., one of the deacons of Mr. Shepherd's congregation, who, after prayer had been offered by J. Battson, congratulated both the pastor and the friends upon their long continued union (23 years), expressed his warmest wishes that the Divine blessing might be continued towards them, and congratulated them also that the deacons and Church had offered to give the proceeds of the pastoral anniversary to the school fund, the first instance of the kind he had ever known, an act worthy of all praise. He hoped the congregation present would show their appreciation of the effort by a very liberal collection. Mr. Stevens, the superintendent, read an encouraging report. He mentioned that pastor was with them as often as he could be, and gave the children an address once a month. The financial statement showed a balance in hand which the report asked should be augmented to about £15. The report also assured anyone who might be desirous to aid in the good work not to imagine the school staff required no help, for they did, and had room for any workers, male, or female. Addresses of a practical nature were delivered by Messrs. W. J. Styles, Bezley, John Bennett, James Hand, W. Hazelton, and J. Battson. The pastor, Mr. Hall, in thanking the chairman and his brethren for their presence, as well as the friends assembled, expressed his gratitude for having been permitted to continue his ministrations among them so long, and wished them every blessing. The happy meeting was brought to a close by singing the well-known hymn:—

Once more, before we part,
We will sing the Saviour's praise."

The collection realised £10.

TOOTING-GROVE.—Easter Monday was a memorable day with this cause. Mr. W. Hazelton preached to a full chapel from Isaiah xxxiii. 17. After tea a contingent from the Sunday-school sang several pieces. In evening a delightful public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor (Mr. H. Welch, and addressed by Messrs. S. Banks, Kevan, Veals, Buttery, and T. Marshall. The collections were sufficient to discharge the debt on the place, and the cause may now be said to start afresh and without encumbrance in the way to further usefulness, and, let us hope, advancement.

WHITECHAPEL. — LITTLE ALIE-STREET.—Sixty-fifth annual meeting of the Sick Visiting Society was March 29. At public meeting, Pastor C. Masterson made suitable introductory remarks, and the secretary read the report; this showed that 75 persons had been visited, and the sum of £32 14s. expended. Best of all, the Lord had owned and blessed the work. In connection with the spiritual success of the work, reference was made by Mr. Dickerson to

the case of one poor woman, who died after the year's report had been written. She had been visited many years ago from this society, and was then ignorant of her state as a sinner; and the Lord subsequently blessed the testimony borne by the visitors to the saving of her soul, and, although never a very confident believer, yet she was enabled to repeat, in her last moments:

"I'll sing the honours of His name
With my last labouring breath;
And dying, clasp Him in my arms,
The antidote of death."

Mr. Dickerson moved the adoption of the report in a weighty speech, in the course of which he showed that this was the fifty-first time he had been present at the annual meetings of the society. Mr. Clark seconded the motion; his theme, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Mr. Styles dwelt on the sufferings of Christ, and expatiated on the apostle's exhortation, "Let us go forth, therefore, unto Him without the camp;" and was followed by Mr. Griffith, who shewed that sick visiting societies were becoming more and more acceptable, and said such a system was the true way of getting at right cases, where there were two bad companions, "Pain and Poverty." Mr. Sears then addressed the friends, and the benediction brought to a close a meeting which was marked by much spiritual pleasure and edification.—J. T. B.

MR. J. B. NORTFIELD AT CROWFIELD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Our Good Friday meeting was a Good Friday indeed to many souls. The dear Lord did make the Word a real blessing spoken by our young brother Northfield. I saw the oldest saints sit feeding under the Word preached by such a young man. One brother said to me that he preached like a man. Another said, "He made me feel as if I never knew anything." It was what we call in Suffolk a first-rate day. Some said he ought to be called "Southfield." Our pastor, Mr. Dearing, was happy to hear the dear preacher. It was free-grace from first to last. The chapel was crowded. The cause at Crowfield has been greatly blessed with good preaching by our brother Brand and our warm-hearted brother Winters last year, of which some of our friends often speak. Our pastor Dearing is much favoured: his tongue is like the pen of a ready writer. We are looking for baptismal services this Summer.

CARLTON BODE.—The Gospel barn, on Good Friday, was turned from a Bochin of weeping at Calvary into a Bethel of beauty and blessedness through what we hope was the Spirit's power in the preaching of our young Dr. Gill, of Grundsburgh. Let no man come into Suffolk or Norfolk and tell us the pulpit has lost its power. We will, some day (mercy helping), try to disprove that writer, who says, "I question if there are FIFTY PREACHERS in the United Kingdom to-day." Wait a-bit, and we will tell you something.

LAXFIELD.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Thursday, March 20, 1882, we held our annual members' tea and social meeting, presided over by our newly-elected pastor. After tea was dispensed with, our pastor gave out that well-known hymn: "Kindred in Christ for His dear sake," and our beloved brother Seaman sought the mercy-seat. Cheering speeches were delivered by each of our four deacons, and several of the members—each expressing the pleasure they felt, and gratitude to God that this year they met under the presidency of an under-shepherd, believing him to be

sent of the Lord in answer to our prayers. Our pastor made some appropriate remarks from Isa. xxxiii. 22, and closed the meeting with a few words on the exhortation of Paul to the Church at Ephesus—taking the word "stand" (Eph. vi. 13), as our motto for the ensuing year. We felt our hearts cheered and encouraged in the ways of the Lord, and separated in "the unity of the Spirit, in the bonds of peace;" many expressing it to be one of the happiest meetings ever held. The Lord grant it may be our happiness to have many more such, till we join the Church triumphant, when we shall know no parting. Several, during the year, have been called home; the last was our beloved brother, James Elthough, whose mortal remains our pastor consigned to its mother earth on March 1, and preached the same day from the words chosen by deceased, Isaiah lviii. 10. He was, indeed, "a brother beloved." While the Lord is taking home some, He is graciously sending others to fill the vacant seats. During our pastor's short term with us, nine have been added by baptism, and several from other Churches. On March 12, with three others, it was his privilege to lead his beloved wife through the liquid grove. It was a day long to be remembered; the chapel was crowded in every part. Several others are waiting to follow their Lord, and put on Christ. Our Sabbath-school never looked more encouraging. Our beloved brother and sister Scafe have entered into the work with loving energy and zeal, and we sincerely pray the Lord to bless them and each of the teachers in their work of faith and labour of love. Our congregations increase, and our prayer-meetings are among the most soul-refreshing services in the sanctuary, well attended, and an earnest spirit of prayer for the spread of the Gospel is indeed poured out upon the Church, leading us to look for the promised blessing upon the seed sown. Thus have we abundant cause to thank God and take courage.

FARNHAM, SURREY.—The anniversary of Baptist chapel, Farnham, was on Easter Monday. A large number assembled to worship the Lord. Two sermons were preached by Mr. Vaughan, of Hackney, in the afternoon from Eph. i. 3, 4, and evening from Psa. lxxxix. 15, 16. Mr. Vaughan was happy in his work; the friends found it to be a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord. The hymns were impressively given by our pastor, Mr. Lee, and Mr. Mitchel, of Guildford. The singing was good. The hearts of the friends were encouraged by excellent collections. We noticed at least seven ministers of the Gospel present, also friends from Aldershot, Basingstoke, Farnborough, Guildford, Hungry Hill, Hartley Row, and Reading.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

BANBURY.—This anniversary we were honoured with the services of another minister of the Gospel, Mr. G. Townsend, pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, Stow-on-the-Wald before, personally a stranger, but not strange to the truths he so sweetly expounded to us from the text, Col. iii. 1-3. So soul-clothing; as he was enabled to speak plainly and powerfully of the members of a risen Christ, by virtue of their union to, are risen with Him, proved experimentally, by a deadness to the world's alluements, both profane and professors, and the heart and soul being set on things above. Followed by that solemn portion of God's Word, Gal. vi. 7-9, so demonstratively discriminating in its teaching, and practical in its application, adapted to the occasion, and instruction I feel we all need in whatever plot of the Lord's vineyard He has engaged us in His service. After tea on Monday, concluded with a discourse from that beautiful portion in James i. 5, 6—"Wisdom," its necessity, its source, manner of obtaining it. One import-

ant step towards wisdom is to feel our ignorance. The way is plain: the grace is a gift: no upbraiding. Don't be discouraged by delay. Ask, wait, ask still of God omnipotent to help, the simplicity in harmony with the sublimity.—
JOSEPH OSBORN.

THAME.—MR. JOHN HAZELTON'S SON AT THAME.—We feel a pleasure in giving the following from a Thame paper, which has been given to us:—"On Good Friday the Sunday-school connected with the Baptist chapel held their eleventh anniversary. The children, assisted by the choir, sang special hymns for the occasion. In the afternoon they were addressed by Mr. J. E. Hazelton, of London, who, after complimenting them upon their good singing, took his text from Proverbs, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Mr. Hazelton's forcible illustrations and comparison of character, together with his free and easy manner, combined with eloquence, held the children in rapt attention. After the services a public tea was provided, of which about 140 partook. In the evening Mr. Hazelton delivered a lecture, entitled, 'The Bible and the Teacher,' and the masterly manner in which he handled his subject showed how thoroughly he was at home in his work. The anthem, 'Blessed are the people,' was admirably rendered by the choir." The venerable pastor, Mr. Clarke, still pursues the even tenor of his way.

A LARGE GOOD FRIDAY GATHERING IN A KENTISH VILLAGE.

Why do we hold anniversary services? "A Visitor" to one on last Good Friday furnisheth the following answer and report. He says:—The anniversary services of the various Baptist Churches are now being held; and, knowing the pages of your aged periodical are always open to communicate to others, I forward you a few lines relating to one of the anniversary occasions. I think the main object of holding these meetings are three-fold, or should be: for the glory of God, either directly or indirectly, casting bread upon the waters, sowing in tears, and reaping in joy; being instant in season and out of season; preaching or sowing the seed of divine truth in the morning, and not withholding the same in the evening, in humble dependence on God the Holy Ghost for the blessing, yet, in every act of worship, doing it for God's glory, and making known His praise amongst the people. Then there is another object: the cheering the heart of those most deeply concerned in this work, who have much that is of a depressing nature often to encounter, to create more union in their own circle, and elicit more friendship from neighbouring Churches; or, as the Psalmist puts it, a going from company to company till the feet of the Christian pilgrim shall stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem. Another object is to give our visiting friends an opportunity of showing some token of practical sympathy towards those who hold these meetings, by giving their mites, or of their larger abundance, as the Lord may give the will. I believe these are the objects of the friends who meet for divine worship at Egerton Fostal, near Ashford, Kent, whose anniversary services were held April 7 (Good Friday), when J. B. McCure engaged to preach three sermons. The day was fine; we had friends from Hastings, Ramsgate, Tenterden, Lenham, Marden, Smarston, Bithersden, Charing, Pluckley, &c. The congregation was well sustained all the day. I could but notice the heartiness of our singing friends; I would humbly hope it was unto the Lord, and for man's good. We had to tea about 230, or more; we felt it to be an enjoyable day. "He

that goeth forth and worketh, bearing precious seeds, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Mr. McCure spoke of the going forth of the soul from the womb of the regeneration weeping, seeing only the small hand, and that a cloud, as Elijah's servant, but ultimately returning with the abundance of the rain of God's blessing. Thus God's servants go forth with precious seed, but often weeping, seeing but little fruit-bearing in those to whom they preach, yet knowing not in how many hearts that seed is taking root, and will spring up and bear fruit long after the weeping sower has gone to his rest. Then the going forth of our weeping Lord, His people, His seed, bearing them, sustaining them, and holding them in His almighty hand. That, although it is never recorded that Christ laughed, yet He wept, for He was emphatically a Man of sorrows. The afternoon text was, "A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon;" in evening, "Awake, O North wind," &c. It was a Good Friday! The musters were good, the matter was good, the words from which he spake were good; and we do earnestly hope the soil upon which the seed fell will prove to be good also, that the hearts of His people may be established by these services, and comforted and encouraged to go forward.—A VISITOR.

HALLING, NEAR ROCHESTER.—Our special services have been held. Mr. G. Holland preached in the afternoon from "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Mr. G. Webb, of Maidstone, followed in the evening—giving a good account of God's gracious dealing with redeemed sinners. The meetings were closed by singing that searching hymn,—

"True religion's more than notion—
Something must be known and felt."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. DAVY.

WHILE to Zion's courts repairing
On that solemn Sabbath morn,
Thou wert taken home to glory,
On the wings of angels borne.

Thou didst hear the Father calling,
"Haste, My child, and come away—
Come, and spend with Me in glory,
One long, blessed Sabbath day!"

Ah! methinks, ere we could finish
Our glad hymn of grateful praise,
Thou wert with the ransomed number,
Joining in their sweetest lays.

Should we mourn that thou hast entered
That bright land beyond the sky?
Where the sun is ne'er beclouded,
Where no tear-drops dim the eye?

Far from fog, and mist, and shadow,
Far from sin, and our dim sight—
Thou art dwelling with the angels
In a world of purest light.

No, dear sister, we would rather
Joy to think thou'rt gone before:
And we trust, through grace, to meet thee
On that bright and better shore.

ELEANOR WHITE.

The widow of the late Mr. Joseph Palmer, writes, saying:—"My dear husband, Mr. Joseph Palmer, died on April 9, 1882, in a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. He wished me to bid you good-bye. His happy end makes the trial more endurable.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AUNT CARRY

By E. J. WELCH, M.A.

Rest, weary frame, long worn with dire disease,
 In placid sleep, so long as Jesus please!
 Rest, weary spirit, loosed from torturing prison,
 To health, and ease, and liberty arisen,
 Farewell, dear soul, until we meet again,
 What ay 'twill be to meet thee free from pain!
 Yes, *He sees thee*, whose presence thou hast
 reach'd
 Beyond the river, whence thy bark is beach'd.
 Thon prayest Him oft, "Wash whiter me than
 snow!"
 And oft, "Lord, take me," and 'tis even so.
 Saidst, "God is good!" He helped thee to submit
 To chastening long and sore His love saw fit.
 Thy *Father's mansions* broke upon thy sense:
 Thy Father's angels gently bore thee thence.
 Christ gave thee crown, harp, palm, and throned
 state—
 Glory's exceeding and eternal weight.
 Still comes thy name unbid to lips in prayer,
 But thou dost need our prayers no longer there.
 Why mourn such tears thy birthday in the sky?
 Our wounded hearts' affections answer, Why?
 Forgive us for this natural selfish part,
 Lie embalm'd in the live tomb of our heart!
 Thy grievous struggle was to live—not die:
 Death opened rest. Dear, kind, good aunt,
 Good-bye!

Notes of the Month.

BRAINTREE, ESSEX.—Mr. Rose has resigned his pastorate here. In this growing town there is room for a ripe, loyal-to-truth, and Christ-adoring minister here—and all around the country. Oh! that the Lord would send us His own-made and devoted servant.

MANCHESTER.—Higher Temple-street Strict Baptist Church. An interesting ceremony took place at the last Church-meeting. After attending to the usual business, the chairman (Deacon Morgan) asked the secretary to read a letter which had just been put into his hands, from Mr. Edward Greenbough, written on behalf of him-self, his brothers and sisters, asking the members to accept from them a communion service of silver plate, to be used at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, as a memorial of their departed father, who had been so long connected with the Church. Upon the beautiful tankard was finely engraved the following inscription:—"Particular Baptist Chapel, Higher Temple-street, Manchester. In loving memory of the late James Greenbough, who was for more than seventeen years a deacon and member of the Church. Presented by his family. December 21, 1881." The gift was cheerfully accepted, and highly appreciated by all the members present; and deacons Morgan, Moudel, and Davies, in suitable words and sympathetic language, desired that the thanks of the Church should be conveyed to the writers of the letter for this token of affection, with the assurance that it would be greatly prized by them, not on account of its value in money, but of the spirit it represented, and the purpose for which it was given. The pastor was not able to be present at that meeting, but on the first Lord's-day of this year, when the service was used, he made a reference to the subject in very tender and affectionate terms.

VITAL QUERY.—Is it possible, here, to distinguish between those saving conversions effected immediately by the Spirit of God, and those conversions to some profession, some party, to some system of so-called religion, which were produced by home-training, by school-teaching, or by man's persuasion?—[We could answer this; but prefer, first, to leave it to others.—Ed.]

Marriages.

Mr. John Waters Banks (eldest living son of the editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL) was married to Anne Maria Nash, the sister of Wm. Applegate, Esq. (a deacon of the late Mr. John Warburton's Church, in Trowbridge). The wedding was solemnised in Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, by the bridegroom's father, on the 6th ult. We all pray they may enjoy happiness here, and the bliss of heaven for ever.

On Wednesday, April 19, at Hove Parish Church, by the Rev. P. F. Pearce, brother-in-law of the bride, Vicar of St. Paul's, Huddersfield, assisted by the Rev. W. Archer, cousin of the bride, and Rev. T. Peacey, M.A., Vicar, the Rev. Arthur Pridgeon, Curate of Eastbourne Parish Church, to Jessy Sarah, third daughter of Geo. Thos. Congreve, Esq., Stretton, Third Avenue, Brighton.

Deaths.

At Banbridge, in Ireland, our deeply-beloved brother in the faith, and in the affectionate ties of nature, Mr. S. J. Banks (for many years the pastor of the Banbridge Baptist Church), has been called to witness the departure of his youngest son, Charles Benjamin Banks, in the seventeenth year of his age, after a long and very anxious season of suffering; but in the love and faith of Jesus God-Man, he became quite re-signed. For full 60 years we have seen the departure of very many of our dear ones, and still afflictions abound. When our pastor, the late Mr. William Matthews, once the minister of the Canterbury Baptist Church, was taken away, a voice within our soul was heard, "Be still, and know that I am God;" and in the continuous stream of losses by death, from that time until now, we have been holden in stillness before the throne of the ALMIGHTY LORD GOD; and as we come, every moment, nearer to the great sea of eternity, we silently sigh, "Lord, underneath all may there be the everlasting arms. Amen."

The late Mr. James Curtis, of Ipswich, was for many years in connection with the Church worshipping at Zoar chapel, and a great part of the time he held the honourable position of deacon. After a short illness, the happy spirit took its flight on the morning of March 20, 1882. His mortal remains were interred in Ipswich Cemetery on the afternoon of March 25. Mr. W. Kern read a portion of Scripture; Mr. W. Houghton offered prayer; Mr. Kern spoke at the grave. There were many friends of both Churches present, and likewise many of the employes of the Orwell Works, where the deceased was employed over forty years. His age was seventy-seven. Truly we may say, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."—**A BROTHER DEACON.**

In loving remembrance of Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. John Smith Carpenter, of High-street, Borough, London, who fell asleep in Jesus, April 10, 1882, aged fifty-five years. Mr. Carpenter has been for many years a useful brother in the Baptist Church under the pastorate of Mr. Alderson, in Walworth.

Mr. Thomas Pearman, a godly man, and a member of Ebenezer chapel, Waltham Abbey, fell asleep in Jesus on March 17, after a long and painful affliction. His pastor, Mr. W. Winters, spoke at the interment of his remains; and, on April 2, preached a funeral sermon to a full congregation. Of such the Apostle John was exhorted to write, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

"Methinks I see him now at rest

In the bright mansions love ordained;

His head reclines on Jesu's breast,

No more by sin or sorrow pained."

Peace and Prosperity in Our Churches and in Our Souls.

ONE morning in the lovely month of May, before starting for Walthamstow anniversary, in a lot of letters, there was one from that choice young man, the pastor of Willenhall Church, which reads as follows:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I enclose you a “morning meditation,” which was very sweet to me when composing; and I thought it may be useful to some of the readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, in encouraging *early devotions*. I think the morning of the day is a pleasant time to direct our thoughts to heaven; and it is because of this I am encouraged to hope that my few thoughts may lead others to a more constant observance of the exercises of worship at a time when the body is fresh, the mind, to a certain extent, free; and when nature (especially in the Summer) seems most conducive to godly aspiration. I take this, my first opportunity, of thanking you for your valuable discourse preached at Sydenham, Oxon, on Easter Monday. I enjoyed it much, and was greatly edified. God bless and strengthen you is the prayer of,

Yours in the Gospel,

GEORGE BANKS.

I immediately read the “*MORNING MEDITATION*” referred to, and it produced in me such a gladness of heart that I resolved to insert it. “Gladness of heart” because I find many young men, of considerable spiritual and mental powers, are being called of God (I hope) to minister in the Churches when some of us are taken out of the wilderness for ever.

The words, “*gladness of heart*” ran through my whole soul; and I was led to look at Isa. xxx. 29, and spoke a few words at Walthamstow, which may be of some use if the Lord will be pleased to bless them. At any rate, I know the teachings of the *HOLY SPIRIT* in them are designed both to guide us and to comfort us in this wilderness, where we meet with so many dangers, difficulties, oppositions, and perplexities.

The text in Isa. xxx. 29 is connected with prospective promises of “God’s mercies to the Church”—mercies which have been realized in Gospel times, when the *SPIRIT OF CHRIST* has reigned in the hearts and heads of those who have been called to the leadership of Zion’s courts.

In the words three things are remarkable. First, the sacred time—that is, “when a holy solemnity is kept.” Secondly, the place, the Church, is called “the *mountain of THE LORD*.” Lastly, the privilege: “Ye shall have a song as in the night, and gladness of heart.” These prophetic types, these metaphorical expressions, are only to be realised in the spiritual Church of *CHRIST*. In the holy solemnities, it is distinctly to be observed, two things were required. The priests were to prepare the sin-offering, the meat-offering, the burnt-offering, and the peace-offering, the whole of which is found in “the *LAMB OF GOD*.” Our now exalted Redeemer was the accepted offering for sin; our burnt-offering was He; He is our bread and meat, our life and strength, and from Him, through Him, flows our peace. Paul was a wise condenser. He, by *THE SPIRIT*, put healing, health, pardon, peace, and life eternal in a few

words, when he said, "But THIS MAN, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; for, by one offering,

"HE HATH PERFECTED FOR EVER THEM THAT ARE SANCTIFIED."

God's ministers have only to prepare to

"PREACH THIS ONE OFFERING."

Any "man in whom the Spirit of God is"—any God-anointed minister who can study CHRIST, plead with God, through CHRIST, experimentally, practically honour CHRIST, in all the innumerable phases of His Person, His position, His varied powers and precious promises—will surely be a blessing to the Church of the living God; and, although He may never be extensively popular, he will be profitable to many souls. The Holy Ghost alone can enable any man to delight in the study of the grand and glorious Alpha and Omega of the FATHER'S appointing; but, if a man's soul is filled and fired with that knowledge of JESUS which produceth love and liberty, HE, the SPIRIT, will bless that man's ministry more permanently than will ever be known in this world."

"JESUS! I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of Thy grace,
THE SAME in every age;
O, grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light, vouchsafed to me!"

While the priests were commanded to prepare the offerings the people were to offer "from the fat pastures of Israel," wheat, barley, oil, and lambs; which, the learned Greenhill says, "typified the spiritual sacrifices which the saints of God under the Gospel do give unto CHRIST," which is true enough; but these offerings also point to the temporal offerings which the worshippers should bring according to their ability. Ah, sirs! suppose we could have such a people, and such a state of things as the Word represents! A people who, having lived in some faithful and holy fellowship with Christ, come up to His house with souls full of praise to God for His mercies, and their hands full of such offerings as His providence has enabled them to freely OFFER, which should be dropped into "the chest at the gate of the house of the Lord" (see 2 Chron. xxiv. 8, 9), and thereby prevent the aged deacon catching his death by cold through standing at the door, like a pilgrim so poor, holding a plate or a box, piteously beseeching the beautiful dukes and dames to drop in their little threepenny silverettes as they pass away from the holy solemnity which has been kept. The word *collection* never occurs but about three times in all the blessed BOOK—the Holy Ghost no such thing will sanction, except it be for the poor of the flock.

Let us have a word, secondly, upon the special PLACE where the holy solemnity was to be kept. It is called, "coming into the mountain of the Lord," and going to

"THE MIGHTY ONE OF ISRAEL,"

where JEHOVAH-JESUS sits upon His throne to welcome His seeking family to banquet with Him there. In that rich breast of loving-kindness, the thirty-third of Isaiah, we are invited to "look upon Zion, THE CITY OF OUR SOLEMNITIES." That city is the living Church of God, whose worship is expressed by her "solemnities," which denote the gravity, the sincerity, the sacred character and nature of the genuine

worship rendered to Almighty God. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." One Sunday morning, when I had been preaching for the late Mr. Evans, in Rushden, a gentleman who stood outside Charles Drawbridge's chapel said to me, he had been listening to the congregation inside bursting out in roars of laughter, and Paxton Hood says of Christmas Evans, that he would often convulse the people with laughter; but Christmas Evans solemnly subdued them down to weeping over sin's melancholy ruin, and the Saviour's terrible sufferings in putting away sin, before the quaint preacher left off. The temperaments of preachers widely differ. Under good John Hazelton's sermon no one expects ever even to smile; but when that tall, that lissome brother, R. A. L., stands up to speak on a platform, his very gesture and quick gems of thought, come so touchingly cheerful, that only the gravest of the grave can resist a little excitement.

"The city of our solemnities." Every branch of the true Church's service is exceedingly solemn. Do not be offended, ye pulpit men, if a plain word or two come rather too straight. There are at least seven distinct solemnities in our Church worship. PRAYER must be a *solemnity*. I think it was R. Conder who commenced his missionary sermon the other day with these words: "Prayer is the speech of desire, and of adoring thought. It is *the soul at its tent-door* holding converse with that HOLY ONE who inhabiteth eternity." Mark this, ye men who, with vulgar boldness, stand with long and loud irreverence, pretending to talk to GOD, as though He was such a one as yourselves. Conder further says: "No devout spirit holds this converse *in public* without some strong reason." Then referring to John xvii. the preacher observed: "If Jesus allows us the unspeakable privilege of witnessing His devotions, it is that He may teach us how to pray. He mediatorially cuts out a channel thus low in the valley of His humiliation that He may drain thereunto all our affections and longings, and carry them purified in the volume of His intercession into

"THE BOSOM OF INFINITE LOVE."

Old John Rogers thought ye need not to be frightened at the word *Priest*, when honestly interpreted it simply means a man who stands, officially and instrumentally, between God and the people. Jesus is our great High PRIEST, our only true Sacrifice; but He calleth men to stand on the earth between Himself and His people; to bring up to HIMSELF in prayer the necessities, the sorrows, and the praises of the people; and to be God's mouth to tell the people from the throne of God, through Jesus, the messages of His mercy. Prayer is a solemnity. I do desire in my soul to realise much more of the SPIRIT helping my infirmities, when I dare to approach the eternal God through Jesus Christ His Son.

PREACHING is a solemnity. I can never approach it without some private, quiet, earnest seeking to know the mind of God. Who has not heard of old Master Gryffyth, of Caernavon? He had to preach one night in a country district, and he begged a farmer to let him retire for a little while into his parlour; to which request the farmer readily assented. When the congregation had assembled, when all were waiting, and the preacher did not come out from his seclusion, the farmer sent his servant to ask the minister to come. As the servant stood at the farmer's parlour-door, she heard the minister say to some one, "I will

not go unless you come with me." This startled the girl, and she ran back, saying to her master, "I do not think Mr. Gryffyth will come to-night; there is some person with him; and I heard Mr. Gryffyth say, 'I will not go except you come;' and the other person never answered." "Good," said the farmer, "Mr. Gryffyth will come, if that's it; and the other ONE will come too. So we will begin the service." Presently Gryffyth, the preacher, appeared; and the Lord was with him, and the whole county all round was moved that night by his preaching. If the preacher comes alone, there is no telling where he will go, nor what he will say; but if the Lord comes with him, signs will follow; the Lord's Word by the preacher's mouth will not return void and empty.

"The city of our solemnities." Sprinkling of infants to me appears a trifling with Christ's ordinance; but the baptism of penitent, of praying, of believing, of sin-confessing, and of Christ-embracing saints, is a solemnity of Heaven's ordering and of Christ's example; and he who laughs at it will weep before he has fully run his race.

One of the noblest defenders of the faith, in the centre of this century, in his work, "Antipopriestism," will assert that the only word straight from the Greek is not *church* (which word is harsh, mangled, and of too common use), but *kirk*, which simply means "*the house of the LORD.*" And if peace and prosperity is to be found in the *kirk*, it must be instrumentally, by a three-fold rule, each ruler keeping strictly to his own domain.

The pastor must *rule* by feeding the flock; having one aim—that Christ should be exalted in the souls of the people, by means of His being preached unto them out of pure love, and a fervent desire that the ransomed of the Lord may be brought to Zion with gladness and rejoicing.

The elders, or deacons, must *rule* by *faithfulness*; being faithful unto the Lord, faithful unto the Lord's servant, faithful to the Lord's people, be they rich or poor, and faithful to all the affairs of the house in every sense.

The members must *rule* by earnest prayer to God in their retired communion; rule by brotherly love in the *kirk*, and by a keen discernment between that which is right and that which sometimes may be found to be wrong. Every man conscientiously minding and doing his own business, will, with the essential blessing, tend to give peace and prosperity in our palaces of holy truth and divine worship.

Of the prospective, the prophetic privilege, "Ye shall have a song as in the night," I must not intrude this month. It is the promise of a song in prospect of the morning coming; of it a word may come.

Meanwhile, most heartily do I pray that our Churches may realise the choicest of all blessings in the Gospel kingdom—a full Christ lovingly, learnedly, freely, and constantly preached in the pulpit; able and devoted chancellors of the exchequer in the diaconate; and holy affections uniting the members together in one bond of sympathy, charity, and wisdom. "Old England," saith the historian, "formerly declared to reprobate three tyrants, and on her banner she wrote, 'Down the devil, down the Pope, down the Pretender!'" Let her declare to-day, and let her exclamation be, "Down with pride, down with Popery, and all Popish followers; and up with TRUTH for ever! Amen."

Pardon

C. W. BANKS.

Banbury-road. South Hackney, May, 1882.

"MY JESUS SPEAKS!"

"From all your idols will I cleanse you."—Ezek. xxxvi. 25.

<p>BEGONE, vain thoughts, methinks I hear A voice that thrills my soul; A gentle whisper in my ear, That o'er my senses roll.</p> <p>No earthquake felt; no thunder heard; No fire, no lightning seen; But sweetly soft, a still small word, It breathes of peace serene.</p> <p>My Jesus speaks! He's near, I know, He comes my heart to win; My cherish'd idols to o'erthrow, That He may enter in.</p> <p>"Attend, My child; art thou not Mine, Redeem'd by My heart's blood? Made one with Me by bonds divine— The everlasting GOD!"</p> <p>"Thee, the great sacred mystic Three Decree'd to save from woe; My throne to share, in bliss to be— Why after idols go?"</p> <p>Idols! my God! ashamed, aghast, At Thy dear feet I lie, Oh! gracious Spirit, hold me fast, Or I shall droop and die.</p> <p>Thou art my Strength, my daily theme, I love what's like Thyself; But, oh! my Lord, what reigns supreme, Grace, or the idol self?</p> <p>Communion with Thy saints is sought, I speak, I praise, I pray; All is with idol worship fraught, Self steals my joys away.</p> <p>In wakeful hours, or eyelids closed, With friends, or quite alone; My heart is lusting for my foes, While they and I seem one.</p> <p>Lepton.</p>	<p>Faith by my works I brought to view, In Zion's ways I ran; But pride so rank, so foul it grew, The flame within to fan.</p> <p>Allegiance to my Lord I vow'd, And sought to spread His name, But hidden deep, vain-glory strove With Him to share the fame.</p> <p>Low at Thy cross, Oh! slaughter'd Lamb— I lie, and there confess, The vilest of the vile I am, Saved by Thy righteousness.</p> <p>The heaven of heavens cannot contain Jesus, Thou source of light, Gabriel's vast powers strive in vain To sound Thy glorious might.</p> <p>Nor is Thy condescension less, To dwell in hearts of flesh, To chasten, cleanse, as seems Thee best, To comfort, cheer, refresh.</p> <p>On Thee, Oh! spotless, glorious Lamb, My soul will ever rest, Adore Thee for the matchless plan Of blood and righteousness.</p> <p>Thine is the word that "grace shall Though sin and flesh oppose; [reign," So shall my soul deliverance gain From all infernal foes.</p> <p>Lord, 'tis enough, Thine is the pow'r, Let living waters flow, That every day, nay, every hour, I more of Thee may know.</p> <p>Great Captain of salvation Thou, Come, lead Thy chosen on; The fiercest foes to Thee shall bow— Thou, Thou must wear the crown.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">R. HUTCHINGS.</p>
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"HE SHALL BE AS THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING."

A MEDITATION BY GEORGE BANKS,

Minister of Gomer Street Chapel, Willenhall.

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."—Psalm v. 3.

MORNING devotions are preludes of a happy day. Reading the Word and prayer blend sweetly together when the still hour of the day calls us to our Father's throne. Flowers culled at early dawn are fragrant with sweetest odours; and promises, precepts, and invitations gathered from the garden of God's Word at break of day are sweet with holy influences. To commence the day without prayer is to enter upon the battle-field without armour, and to start upon the voyage without a compass. He that "maketh the outgoings of the morning to rejoice" can fill us with gladness.

“Through the toiling hours of day.”

When wakefulness liberates our eyes from slumber, and we gaze upon the world, it is well if faith views the land afar—the land that shall be ours in the morning of life eternal. It was in the morning that manna fell around the camp of the pilgrim host; and at the birth of light our inner-man has often been fed on “angels’ food.” At the break of day Jacob prevailed. We, too, have wrestled in prayer in the morning, and henceforth have met “God’s hosts” of gracious supplies, which have helped us onward, and enabled us to overcome foes within and enemies without. “Weeping may endure for a night, but JOY cometh in the morning.” How oft have we retired with mournful notes of the harp of grief, but have risen in the morning to listen to the sounding cymbal of joy and gladness. Thanksgiving and melody are sacred balms for wounded hearts. It is cause for gratitude and praise if when *we* are dressing our bodies, GOD is clothing our souls with garments of praise. He that bade Moses “get up *early* to the Mount,” also calls us to communion with Himself before the burden and heat of the day have wearied our frames and flagged our spirits. When God opens the gates of day His heart is open to our sorrows, His ear to our prayers, and His hand to supply our needs. The ETERNAL ONE who calls the sun from his chamber to go forth and shed light upon the earth, can also call us from the chambers of spiritual darkness and sorrow to bear a ray of brightness into the kingdom of grace, by telling the ransomed of favours granted. O believer, essay not to go into an unfriendly world until thou hast sought GOD thy FATHER, JESUS thy Friend, and the SPIRIT thy Comforter. Thou knowest not what may befall thee ere the evening cometh, but if God be with thee *all* shall be well. Perils by land and perils by sea are fine opportunities for GOD to show His guardian care.

Oh, GOD! while the brow of the morning is sweating with drops of crystal dew, let the droppings of heaven’s sanctuary descend with sacred sweetness upon my soul! Now that birds are trying their choicest strains, may voices from worlds afar constrain me to sing a new song unto my Lord for “mercies new every morning.” While all is quiet around me, and gentle zephyrs are kissing the cheeks of nature, grant that I may be filled with heavenly tranquillity, and feel the lips of my Beloved kissing away my grief and sin.

“To Thee let my first offering rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

This day Thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before:
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.”

[The soul-delighting morning of grace when JESUS called us from the slumbers of weariness, and then shone in, and all around us with the revelation of His own glory, is a season we have reflected upon over fifty years. To us it was as the earnest of “a morning without clouds.” Ah! but we failed to “take unto us the whole armour of God;” hence, while we were climbing up the hills of frankincense “the enemy came in like a flood,” and there appeared no “standard lifted up.” The flood hurled us headlong into darkness, hardness, distress of soul, and despair. “Cast thyself down,” the tempter cried. But, we must believe, the Beloved of the soul “stood behind the wall,” watching; and after agonising seasons of most merciful chastisement, after four years of thick darkness, and the destruction of all

that could be destroyed, as the good Samaritan He came, and poured in new life, healing grace, and lifted up the more than half-dead victim. Over the more than forty years work in the cots and kirks of the afflicted in Zion, we have borne the reproaches, the just revilings of the elder sons, and of late the heaven-born spirit will sing,—

“Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet the minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on the cheek,
But glory in the soul.”

In such choice young men as our beloved George Banks, of Willenhall, we rejoice. May the God of all grace keep them from such experiences as Watts has taught many to say,—

“Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall.”

God Almighty, keep those young men whom He hath chosen and sent forth for Zion's good in these times, prays C. W. B.]

THE VOICE OF GOD TO ME.

*A passage from a Sermon preached at Zoar Chapel, Ipswich, on
Sunday morning, January 29, 1882,*

BY MR. S. COZENS,

ON THE PROPHETIC OFFICE OF CHRIST IN THE MINISTRY.

THE ministry is God's mouth to the people; and by this rule you may know the true ministry from the false. God spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, and He speaks by the mouth of His sent servants. If the ministry does not come home to me in power, and in the Holy Ghost—that is, in the power that assures me that it is the power of the Holy Ghost, and fills me with spiritual feelings, it is not the ministry of God to me. I would not judge a man because I did not hear him well the first or second time; but if his ministry never cuts me down, never picks me up, never reproves me, never assures me, never fills me with ardent desire, never kindles the spirit of prayer, never drives me to close examination, it is not the ministry of God to me. I have heard the Word of God with as much assurance as if an angel had spoken to me from the lips of a man whose surplice in the pulpit was a smock-frock, for he was only a stableman. That man went into the pulpit with an authority that many a bishop might envy; and with a power that but few bishops possess—the power of God. The *Litany* of his penitence, and the *Te Deum* of his gratitude, filled us with more devout feelings than we have ever experienced in the service of the Church of England. This, I repeat, is the criterion. Is the ministry like the ministry of Christ, the voice of God to me? People now-a-days think so much of college drapery, of university honours, of ecclesiastical *status*; as if college gowns, and university diplomas, and a parsonage, or a bishop's palace, made men the ministers of Christ.

But, some will say, you are so incapable of appreciating the great masters of learning in Israel. Probably; but this is plain enough to any ploughman who can read the Scriptures, that the learned Rabbis, the learned professors of religion, were the most ignorant of, and the most opposed to Christ. “The world by wisdom knew not God.” Rich

people who cannot make all their sons rich send the juniors to college, that they may get into the priest's office for a piece of bread. They do not go into the ministry to feed God's children, but to feed themselves; and that is how the nation has been for ages befooled. You cannot educate a man into the love of God, into the faith of Christ, into the gifts of the Holy Ghost, as you may educate him into the knowledge of law, or science, or physics. A true knowledge of divinity can only come from the knowledge of God by an unction from the Holy One.

Why did our Lord select His ministers from the unlearned fishermen of Galilee? Why? That the *divinity* of their mission might be the more conspicuous; that the world might take knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus, if they had not been to the school of the prophets, and had learnt of Him. Then do you despise learning? No, sir; no! But I will be bold to say that God never called a man to the work of the ministry *because* he was learned. Even the great scholar of Tarsus was not called for that reason, but because he was "*a chosen vessel.*" And I will be bold to say another thing—namely, that every *sent* servant of Christ has the witness in himself that a dispensation of the Gospel has been committed unto him. God bless His own servants.

"THE JOY THAT WAS SET BEFORE HIM."

LAST Tuesday evening, May 2, after speaking at Jireh, I went to "Hope," where Mr. James Griffith had announced in his fourteenth anniversary bills that I should speak on Heb. xii. 1, 2; but it was 9 o'clock before I was called by the chairman, and I said if I put this luminous and large text into an hydraulic press, I could not compress or squeeze it down to ten minutes' exposition. But, the text having been given to me, I have found it hovering about me, and I felt I could not cast it off; hence I bring it up before you this evening for you to look at it before you come to the Lord's Table.

The age we live in is become too wise for the plain, the ancient, the old-fashioned Gospel of the grace of God. Hence, "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints" is fiercely fought against; and we are called "to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life, wherunto we have been called." In carrying on this fight of faith there are three things necessary, as one of the Congregationalists has lately written. First, we must get our strength for the fight by fellowship with God. If He does not put forth His arm—if the Lord does not cry out, "Let him take hold of My strength"—we cannot fight in this struggle; but if we can plead with God, if Jacob-like we can hold on and prevail with earnest prayer, we shall be made strong for the war. Then, in the power of this strength, be resolved to stick hard and fast to CHRIST, to all His attributes, offices, works, promises, and ordinances, whatever may oppose or come in the way. And, last of all, see how your faith and soul-experiences accord with the prophets, the apostles, and Churches of all time; so shall you fight the good fight of faith. Hebrews xii. 1, 2, forms A GRAND STOREHOUSE OF SAVING GRACE. In this blessed repository there are SEVEN GOLDEN HAMMERS TO DRIVE INTO YOUR SOUL the assurance, the confidence of a living and labouring faith.

The first strong hammer is: "The joy that was set before Him." See what this is, by whom it was set before Him, and *when*.

The second is the fact that He "ENDURED THE CROSS, and *despised the shame*." What streams of salvation flow from this one great victory!

The third golden hammer is: "HE is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

See the fourth most potent hammer: "JESUS is the Author and Finisher of our faith;" or, as the reviser says, "the Captain and Perfector of faith." CHRIST gives it, and He will finish it. How safely you may leave all in His hands if faith in our Immanuel is given unto you!

The fifth is strong; it says, through grace, you have "laid aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you." When Ruth was coming out of Moab, how many weights she must have had! so when Abraham was called to leave all, and go into a land of which he knew nothing! but faith laid them all aside, and the fits of unbelief as well, and on they marched to the glorious victory.

The sixth Gospel force of faith is a marvellous piece of perfect perseverance. The saints, by grace divine, do "run with patience the race that is set before them, *looking* (off from all things) *unto* JESUS."

To complete the whole, it brings up the rear with a cloud of witnesses—"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Not only all those mighty warriors who are enrolled in the eleventh chapter, but "*we also*" have witnesses to the saving power of grace on every hand, who have come, or are coming, or shall come—

"OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION."

C. W. B.

May 8, 1882.

"READY TO GO!"

SO exclaimed that pious old king, the third George, from whence sprang our beloved Victoria. See this:—

"GEORGE THE THIRD AND HIS SEPULCHRE.—At the same time his majesty, desiring that himself and family should repose in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than that of Westminster, had ordered the tomb-house at Windsor to be constructed. Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him with a detailed report and plan of the design, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty. The king went minutely through the whole; and, when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking his majesty, said apologetically, he had ventured to occupy so much of his majesty's time and attention with these details in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject again under his notice. To this the king replied: 'Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb as I would to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but, if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go.'"

THE HIGHEST AND HAPPIEST THEME IN ALL
GOD'S UNIVERSE.

A SERMON PREACHED BY E. P. BROWN

At the Baptist Chapel, East-street, Coggleshall.

"Yea, He is altogether lovely."—Solomon's Song v. 16.

TESTIMONY such as the Church expresses in her admiration of Christ is the highest climax that can be attained to. The subject of contemplation—Christ the divine, Christ the Redeemer—is one that quite exceeds both thought and reason. Deliverance from the impoverished expressions of the Church's estimate of Him is found in the heaven-inspired ejaculation, "He is altogether lovely." Beyond this no power of thought or word of man can go. Pause, then, at this sweet and appropriate utterance, and then solemnly inquire if to thyself is He altogether lovely.

First, consider, admiration of Christ must proceed from knowledge of Him. If revealed by the Holy Ghost to a soul dead in sins—bringing to the light, in that light confessing and forsaking sin, sent forward rejoicing in the divine forgiveness—can such an one, thus delivered and thus saved, viewing the wonders of redeeming love, refrain from witnessing, "He is altogether lovely"? Brought up from the depths of the horrible pit and miry clay of nature's ruin and guilt, with their feet set firmly upon the rock Christ Jesus, inhaling the atmosphere of the Father's love, the soul sweetly sings, "He is altogether lovely!" The young Christian, too, emerging from the world, from sin, from the defilements of the flesh, and unfettered from the yoke of the evil one, joins the sweet acclaim of the Church: "He is altogether lovely." The aged pilgrim, too, who, from the day of his call by grace divine, upheld by the faithfulness and love of Jehovah, as he reviews the long procession of God's mercy, lovingkindness, and forbearance which has followed him till now, adoringly approves the exuberant exclamation, "HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY!" The Christian, at the final stage of the journey, laying aside the armour after the conflict, in view of the crown animated by the presence of Christ as he enters the dark valley of death, in hopeful and triumphant strains of joy records, "He is altogether lovely." What a wondrous sight can God give! and what wonders of redeeming love can He reveal! The eye, once fascinated by the fleeting shadows of time, now eagerly, by faith, drinks in that most precious vision of the soul, CHRIST the hope of glory. Oh! the amazing debt of love we owe Him!

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree."

Favoured indeed are they who now, in prayer, in Gospel ordinances, and in the means of grace below, experience HIM personally for themselves "altogether lovely." Solemn thought, if this "altogether lovely One" excite not thy admiration and love now! His glory and majesty will one day strike terror and distraction into thy affrighted spirit. For the faint knowledge we have of Christ, we will praise our God, who teacheth only to profit. Since He is not only the Author of these blessed glimpses of faith, but He is that TEACHER who can unfold

and further reveal the all-matchless loveliness of our once crucified, but now glorified and ascended Saviour.

Second, consider, admiration of Christ demonstrates spiritual union with Him. In like manner as He testified, "I and My Father are One," so also it is true of His people; as the Master is, so shall they be. A sight of Christ in all the perfections of His divine grace, as able to save unto the uttermost, brings joy and gladness to the poor sinner; who, feeling His own vileness and unworthiness, rejoices in the grand substitutionary work of Calvary. In the work of saving His Church, truly "He is altogether lovely"—lovely, so lovely, indeed, that angels desire to look into the mysteries of His redeeming love, but are not able to do so fully. This blessed estimate of Christ, then, proceeds from a vital union with Him: "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." As superior as is the head to all other members of the body, so also is Christ to His Church. The surpassing loveliness of the Beloved of the Church is evidenced by comparison of His excellence over all created things. In nature we behold one object remarkable for strength, in another beauty is predominant, in another faithfulness is seen, and in another wisdom shines forth; but in Christ there is a comprehensiveness of all things that are lovely and good, for He seals up the sum of all loveliness; His excellencies are pure and unmixed, He is a sea of sweetness, without one drop of gall. What, then, must be the experience of the redeemed sinner who, by faith viewing himself accepted in the Beloved, sees also that every spiritual grace and desire is derived from Him, leads to Him, and is an indisputable witness of a living and vital union with Him. It is well to contemplate also, that, while the beauty and loveliness of all other things is mutable and changing, the loveliness of Christ is fresh to all eternity—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Third, notice a few of the offices which Christ sustains to His Church, in which He may be said to be altogether lovely. As being the *fulness of the Godhead bodily*, in the wondrous perfection and union of the divine and human nature, Christ makes Himself an object of admiration to men and angels. Never was such a wonder seen on earth before! He took upon Him our nature, and all that nature was filled by the Spirit in far surpassing measure to that experienced by any of the saints; for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him. His *faithfulness* also is a source of encouragement and consolation to the believer, for He is essentially "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course:
Immutably the same, it flows
From one eternal Source."

How lovely, too, is Christ as a Counsellor! How successfully He pleads the sinner's cause! How secure is our salvation in Him! All that the Father has given Him must come to Him; and oh! wonder of wonders! him that cometh (however sinful) He will in no wise cast out. And then how brightly the loveliness of the Lord Jesus Christ shines forth as an *Advocate!* How peculiarly He makes our cause His own—making intercession for us! While advocates among men employ their breath in words and oratory, Christ pleads His own blood as the all-prevalent ground of the sinner's acceptance. As a *faithful and unchanging Friend*, Christ is surpassingly lovely. "Having loved His

own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Although our sins and provocations are many, yet His friendship and love remains the same.

"When most we need His helping hand,
This Friend is always near."

And now, in conclusion, observe for a moment the loveliness of Christ in His sympathy towards His people. Thrice-blessed truth:—

"God loves His own, and leads them by a road
Unerring to their goal;
But He knows best the path that leads to heaven."

No sin, no sorrow, no temptation, no darkness, no trouble, no temporal or spiritual trial, but what He knows, and in which He can and will, by His divine sympathy, prove Himself most lovely as our all-sufficient Saviour and Friend. We might greatly enlarge upon this interesting subject, but it is inexhaustible, and time forbids. Let this passing and solemn inquiry occupy our attention, Do we admire Him now, and esteem Him altogether lovely? Then surely we shall one day leave the Church militant, and, joining the Church triumphant, in more exalted strains praise and adore Him whom now our souls do love.

[We rejoice exceedingly when a young brother minister is drawn up, in faith, in hope, in admiration, and in a gracious contemplation, to Scriptural and experimental views of the Person of the SON OF GOD. The man who can look at, can live on, and labour to glorify our Saviour Christ, will surely be a blessing.—
C. W. B.]

THE WORN-UP AND THE WANTING.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!"

THERE are few PROMISES but such as are worked out by SPECIAL PROVIDENCES. Our HEAVENLY FATHER has promised to be with His Israel, even down to hoar hairs. He was so with Jacob; but Providence in a most mysterious manner provided Joseph as a loving son to minister unto his father's necessities, even unto the last moment of the ancient patriarch's life. A special providence is seen in providing Joseph of Arimathea, and his friend, carefully to take the body of the blessed REDEEMER down from the cross, and convey it to, and gently lay it in, a new sepulchre, hewn out in a rock. The cruel Jews could have nothing more to do with the precious body, after HE had "FINISHED" redemption's work. When Paul was in prison, all the Churches did not stoically say, "Paul is in prison! Ah, God will take care of him!" But they did nothing themselves. No, not all like that. There was, at least, the one Philippian Church who sent once and again ministering to the apostle's necessities. And Paul has memorialised their charity in grateful terms in his sweet epistle.

Some are very strict for truth, yet can hoard up thousands upon thousands. Very few of the poor old ministers ever partake of *their* charity. When these rich close ones depart, there is frequently a struggle over the will; and the thousands are soon squandered away.

We find it extremely difficult to meet the requirements of the burdened, the bruised, and the bleeding hearts of many old pastors, of poor Christian widows, and of orphans, although scarcely a day passes but we are sending to the most distressed cases. But our ability so to do is

extremely limited, when compared with the calls and cries for help which reach us daily. Our motto is,

“TAKE CARE OF THE LORD’S POOR, AND THE LORD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.”

Practical, pure-motived charity is a gift from heaven, and when faithfully exercised will bring soul joys here, and a rich reward at the end of the journey. When a SPECIAL PROVIDENCE employs a saved sinner, and maketh him the Lord’s almoner, to fulfil “HIS PROMISES” in helping the poor of the flock, the Saviour saith to that honoured servant, “Verily, I say unto you, Ye shall in no wise lose your reward.”

We heartily yield to a request to insert the following little report of the Society for Relieving Necessitous Protestant Ministers. This Society is divided into two bands now: Mr. Baxter’s, in Sussex, and Mr. Heathfield’s, in London. *Why* they separated we have no occasion to say. We hope both will prosper. “One who was at the last London meeting” says:—

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF NECESSITOUS
PROTESTANT MINISTERS, THEIR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

The tenth annual meeting of the above excellent society was held on Wednesday evening, May 17, 1882, at Regent-street Chapel, City-road. The chair was occupied by the worthy President, W. Heathfield, Esq. Mr. Reynolds, of Islington, read Psalm xli., and engaged in prayer. The report for the past year was read by Mr. Sharpe. Resolutions were moved and seconded by W. Sinden, minister of the chapel, and J. H. Dearsley, of Brighton, J. Vaughan, of Hackney, J. L. Meeres, of Bermondsey, W. H. Evans, of Camden-town, and E. Silvester, of Lower Norwood. This is indeed a work of faith and labour of love, having relieved real cases of need to an extent of upwards of £90 beyond the income. Thirty-eight cases have been relieved, of which thirty-five were Strict Baptists. Although originated and principally supported by Independents, it will be seen from the foregoing statement it is conducted on purely unsectarian principles. The meeting proved a very successful one, and a collection of nearly £9 helped to replenish the treasury. The doxology, with prayer and benediction, brought the proceedings to a close.

LED BY THE SPIRIT—I. STARRY CROWNS.

BY GILBERT HORNSBY.

“They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

MEN are not saved by what they hear; it is an act of the Spirit of God. They may attribute their conversion to something they heard at such and such a place, or by such and such a man; but, in the majority of instances, this is a mistake. Often the real source is never conceived of, far less of being publicly acknowledged.

Some time ago I was considerably exercised about this, and began to grow very desponding. If it depended upon public speaking, or private speaking either, my chances were almost *nil*. For public speaking I felt no ability, and, if I had had the necessary ability, I saw no opportunities for exercising it. To speak in private I could and might, but the sphere was limited; and, had my most sanguine expectations been realised, even then, I should hardly have dared to qualify it by the word many. I reflected that mine was not an isolated case, but one of the great majority. That most men, from their training and occupation, were in the same condition. If turning men to righteousness depended upon speaking to

them, then clergymen and such like, from the nature of their calling, had undoubtedly a considerable advantage over the most of their brethren, and might, with more reasonableness, expect to receive a crown filled with stars.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, God's Spirit came and showed to me that the secret of all success was prayer—believing prayer; that it was not necessary that people should get up and harangue multitudes of their fellow-creatures, nor even speak privately to them; they could do good as effectually, or more so, by simply selecting an individual, or a number of individuals, and praying for them. Or, if their minds were drawn towards any particular preacher, they might begin to pray for a blessing upon his efforts. And, though in this life, and amongst men, he might come in for the entire share of praise, it would not be so in the world to come. God knows all the hidden ones that were bearing this man up, and will reward them accordingly. "Many that are first shall be last." There will be a great many surprises for us when we get home to glory. Some of our great men, that were lauded and applauded here, may have to give place to some poor, unostentatious brother or sister whose name was never so much as even mentioned in the Church down here.

The passages of Scripture that were suggested to my mind as confirming this view were Exod. xvii. 11; 1 Sam. i. 11; Josh. xxii. 8; 1 Sam. xxx. 22. In Exod. xvii. 11 we are told that, when Moses lifted up his hands, Israel prevailed; but, when his hands grew heavy and fell by his side, Amalek prevailed. I always regarded this lifting up of the hands of Moses as typical of the lifting up of Christ on the cross; but that Moses should have been praying all the time, the thought never occurred to me till the Holy Spirit revealed it in that way. The prayers of Moses, and not the generalship of Joshua, or the bravery of the Israelites, brought victory. Doubtless the whole of those engaged in the conflict ascribed the success to their own martial bearing, and the superior genius of Joshua as a commander. But there were three men who knew different, and possibly there may have been more. Perhaps some of the old fathers of Israel, too feeble and infirm for going out to mingle in the strife, watched it from some of the neighbouring eminences. Every now and then, as the tide of battle rolled backwards and forwards, they might look up to the mountain's brow, where stood Moses, Aaron, and Hur; and methinks they would soon discern that yonder little group wielded a mighty influence over the seething mass in the plain below. Hidden away from public view—in many an alley dark and garret lonely—the modern Moses may be found. Men and women who have felt the curse of sin, and, by strong faith and prayers sincere, uphold the hands and hearts of those who mingle in the stream of life, and seek to bring the wanderers back to God. In many a villa, too, and mansion grand, they dwell; and by their prayers and wealth support the cause of truth.

1 Sam. i. 11 gives us a clue to Samuel's wonderful success. It is the vow of a mother, who, from the anguish of her heart, prays to God for a son. Mothers, pray on. By God's permission you have the destiny of your sons and daughters in your own hands. Consider your responsibilities. Be faithful, and you will meet with your reward. Many a man that has made his mark on the world, that has left footprints for good on the sands of time, owes it all to the example set him by a pious

mother. How differently we should come to regard things, if we could see clearly into all the little in's and out's of successful Christian lives. The wheel moves the machinery of the mill, but the stream turns the wheel; and if we would trace the motive power to its source we must penetrate the wilds beyond. So is it in the world of Christian influence. It is the prayers of the many, meeting together in one grand central channel, that bears all before it, and brings the mighty blessings down, and not the efforts of any one single man. All successful preachers realise and acknowledge this. They are willing to share the honour with their brethren (see Joshua xxii. and last clause of ver. 8), who have upheld their hands in prayer. But there are always some half-hearted men (see 1 Sam. xxx. 22) who object to this arrangement. They have certain sinister objects in view, and think that their ends will be best attained by ascribing to one man all the glory.

There must be something radically wrong in your strict Baptist Churches, when we hear so often that the old pastors are dying out, and young ones are not arising to fill their places. If every individual member realized his responsibilities, and lived up to his privileges, such a state of things would not exist for a single month. God has promised to raise up pastors after His own heart, who should go in and out among His people, with acceptance and profit, and he would do it if His people walked before Him in the integrity of their hearts.

INFIDELITY NOT THE RESULT OF REASONING.—In our days, when it is but too clear that infidelity increases, it is not in consequence of the reasonings of the infidel writers having been much studied, but from the progress of luxury, and the decay of morals; and so far as this increase may be traced at all to the works of sceptical writers, it has been produced not by argument and discussion, but by sarcasms and points of wit which have operated on weak minds or on nominal Christians by bringing gradually into contempt opinions which in their case had only rested on the basis of blind respect and the prejudices of education. It may, therefore, be laid down as an axiom that infidelity is, in general, a disease of the heart more than of the understanding.—*Wilberforce.*

“UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.”

<p>JESUS, unsearchable! Of priceless riches full, The sum and substance of all Heaven's treasure! When shall I Thee adore, And triumph evermore, Without one cloud of sin to mar my pleasure? Thy worth can none excel, Nor half Thy glories tell: Thou ever-loving, ever-precious Saviour. My comfort now, and strength, My fullest heaven at length— Resides alone in Thy unchanging favour.</p>	<p>Thy jewels I admire, And of them rarely tire. When in Thy pure, unsullied light they glisten: And sure Thy love I feel, The witness and the seal, Which Thy sweet Word hath made, to which I listen. When flesh and spirit part, We shall be one in heart. And ever rest in undisturb'd communion! Till then alone with Thee, I, Lord, would always be, And dwell secure in everlasting union.</p>
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Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

MR. THOMAS JONES.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am quite alive to the importance of the VESSEL, as the gazette of our section, making us acquainted with those sections with whom we have heart-fellowship. It would give me great pleasure to meet with its friends once more; but I seem to be almost past all kinds of work, and though it is possible I might be able to come as far at the time mentioned, I dare not venture to promise.

Our friend George Banks is very acceptable at Broseley; and, indeed, I hear good accounts of him all round, as being modest, simple, and truthful. May the Lord keep him so, and establish him more and more in the good esteem of the Church.

I feel very much the loss of our Gomersall friend, who had all the qualifications for great usefulness, and who secured the respect of all who knew him. Probably you will live some years after me, though you are not young; nor without tokens of God's approbation. May it be His pleasure to preserve you a long time to come, till you shall see other labourers introduced to the vineyard, who will stand for the truth, as it is in Jesus. I know not of anything that we have so much to deplore as the envies, and jealousies, not less miserable among ministers than with their flocks. I thank God for the existence of gifts, and His blessing in usefulness granted to some of the younger of His servants, and I believe He is not unmindful of His Zion, and that He will not leave Himself without witnesses. You and I have known some gifted men who have done good and faithful service by His instructions and blessing; we have also known some who have lowered the flag in the presence of the enemy, and after keeping up appearances for some years, have forsaken the faith, and talked another doctrine; but we can leave all with Him, who judges righteously, and will give us to discern in the great day between them that serve God, and them that serve Him not.

Wishing you strength and guidance in all the way,
I am yours in Jesus,

T. JONES.

Birch Meadow Cottage, Broseley, Shropshire.

THE BLIND MAN'S HAPPINESS IN GOD.

THE following is the genuine and blessed letter of Edward Polhill to his friend:—

“WORTHY SIR,—Yours I received, and return many thanks to you for your kindness and prayers. I am blind, but, bless God, content. All that He doth is wise and just. All that comes in His will is welcome. His choice is better than mine. Eyes might have blinded, but blindness shall enlighten me. God hath not cast me off, but called me aside into the invisible world. There Jesus Christ is the only Sun. Mercy is as a sea of infinite sweetness for faith to bathe in. The promises are as green pastures of comfort. God Himself is the dew, that makes a spring of graces in the heart. Heavenly truths are the firmament over our heads. The pure air is the Holy Spirit breathing in saints and ordinances. In this world the blind have a prospect, and may see the

land afar off, which lieth beyond the line of time in another world. I may say it is good being here. I cannot see outward things; but the new creature in the heart is a better sight than all the world. I cannot read the letters in the Bible; but if I have the quickening Spirit, it is enough. The covenant may be felt in the heart. The promises may bud and blossom into grace, and notions may fire and be inflamed with holy love. The veil is upon my eyes; but my work is to rend off the veil of time from my heart, and to look into eternity; to put back all creatures, and to have all in God, eyes and all, and this is the greatest possession. If I have all things in themselves, I have them but in a finite sphere; but if I have them all in God, I have them eminently, and in a kind of infinity. In waiting, I wait upon the Lord till He incline and give me eagles' wings of faith and love to soar up to Him. Near enough to Him I cannot be. Oh! that I were unearthed and unselfed, that my soul might be in perpetual ascensions to Him, my love going forth in raptures after Him! Oh! for the circumcision of the heart! If the film were off mine eyes, I should see the outward world; but if the flesh were off my heart, I should love the blessed God, which is infinitely better. Through grace I hope to come to that blessed region where God is all. In His light we shall see light, and in His love we shall be for ever inflamed to Him. But I forget myself, and run out, but not beyond the pardon of my good friend.

"My kind salutes to yourself, and begging all your prayers, I take leave, and subscribe myself,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"EDWARD POLHILL."

A NOTE FROM CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD,—I am pleased you have so far recovered as to get back to Sydenham. During this affliction I hope you have enjoyed the presence of the Lord. The Lord gives us these trials to prepare us for that place where sorrow is unknown, and it is often a source of joy to look forward to that rest that remains for the people of God. May that sweet hope that is in you shine brightly. Let me give you a portion of God's Word: "The Lord also will be a Refuge for the oppressed, a Refuge in time of trouble; and they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee, for Thou, Lord, hath not forsaken them that seek Thee."

God's people whom He hath quickened by His blessed Spirit are an exercised and tried people; they are tried again and again, from time to time, whether they are in the straight and narrow road that leads to glory. Now, David here is declaring how the Lord will be a Refuge for the oppressed, a Refuge in time of trouble. There are special characters mentioned. The oppressed, and those in trouble. These will know Him to be a Refuge. "And they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee." But how do they know His name? Christ says, "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it." His name shall be *revealed to all the elect of God* as the Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and

truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin."

This is the new covenant name that shall be revealed to all whom God hath loved with an everlasting love. "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them;" and those that know the Lord thus put their trust in Him—they all have their confidence resting there, resting upon the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a stronghold in the day of trouble; God is our refuge and strength; He is a rock that will not fail; in Him they stand safe and secure, for Thou, Lord, hath not forsaken them that seek Thee. These are seeking the Lord. They are saying, "Lord, I am very destitute of faith; do bless me with it, give me some token, some testimony, some mark;" and then they count up what they have gone through, and wonder whether it will ever stand, and say, "Can I love Christ, and be as I am? Can there be a real change wrought in me?" and yet wonder where the scene will end. He has never said to the seeking seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain." Those that are seeking the Lord with their faces toward Zion, God will remember. They may sometimes cry out, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me," but the Lord replies, "Can a woman forget her sucking child? . . . Neither can I forget thee; I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands." If we are to shine we must go through the furnace and the fire; but He will never, no never, no never forsake. Praise His name. Amen.

Yours in Christian love,

G. WHITE.

CHRIST'S NEW TESTAMENT LAW.

THINK of this, if prejudice will allow you to think. All who turn their backs upon New Testament doctrines and ordinances are, in that sense, "*the religious antinomians.*" A recent penman of Baptism says:—

All believers on their allegiance to Jesus their King are bound to submit to this ordinance of His kingdom. Christ's command to every believer to be baptized stands engraved in indelible characters in the apostolic commission, and heaven and earth will pass away before it will cease to be a duty for believers to be baptized. The term, *mathetensate*, rendered in the Authorised Version "teach," but in the margin and in the Revised Version "make disciples," clearly shows the disciples to whom baptism is to be administered are not infants, but believers. All who by faith receive the Gospel are the disciples of Jesus, and are to be as such baptized by the baptism of this commission. The order indicated is—first, the preaching of the Gospel; second, the belief of the Gospel, then the baptism of all those who have been made disciples or Christians through the knowledge and belief of the Gospel. The Gospel is never addressed to infants, because they are incapable of understanding and believing it; consequently they are necessarily excluded from the baptism of this commission. The word, *disciple*, is a correlative term, implying the existence of a teacher, also that of a scholar possessing capacity to learn and a readiness to submit to his teacher and the doctrines taught. Christ's disciples are those who are capable of learning of Him the doctrines of salvation, and are willing to submit to His authority and obey the principles involved in the doctrines taught. But infants are incapable of recognising Christ as their teacher or understanding the Gospel, and are therefore ineligible to receive the baptism restricted to those who believe the Gospel.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

THE GREAT PREACHER'S OPINION.

HE says we want (not a "Great Paul" in the steeple), but "We greatly want a bold voice and a strong hand to preach the old Gospel for which martyrs bled and confessors died. The Saviour is, by His Spirit, still on earth; let this cheer us. He is ever in the midst of the fight, and, therefore, the battle is not doubtful. Meanwhile, what a sweet satisfaction it is to see our Lord Jesus like a greater Moses upon the hill yonder, prevalently pleading for His people! He is better than Moses, for His hands never grow feeble; and if the prophetic hand of Jesus should grow weak, there is His priestly office, like Aaron, to bear up one hand, and His princely office, like Hur, a prince, to bear up the other; and so the three together, Prophet, Priest, and King. He bears aloft the wonder-working rod—Israel wins the day, and Amalek is smitten. O anxious gazer! look not at the battle so much below, for there thou shalt be enshrouded in smoke and amazed with garments rolled in blood; but lift thine eyes yonder where thy Saviour lives and pleads, for while He intercedes the cause of God is safe. Let us fight as if it all depended upon us, but let us look up and know that all depends upon Him. Now by the lillies of Christian purity and by the roses of the Saviour's atonement, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, we charge you who are lovers of Jesus to do valiantly in the holy war; for truth and righteousness, for the kingdom and crown jewels of your Master, against the harlot of Rome and the many-headed beast on which she rides, charge ye with dauntless courage. Those who gave your fathers to the flames, and cast your sires to rot in the prison, let them know that the spirit of your sires still lives in you; let them see there is a seed still upon earth in whose breast truth still finds a tabernacle—men who can suffer for truth, and can boldly declare it in the midst of foes. Never become cowardly and mean; never despair. How can ye? Christ at your head like Joshua, and Christ in heaven like Moses; Christ here with the holy Gospel in His hand like a two-edged sword, and Christ there with His atoning merits like a wonder-working rod. Be strong and very courageous, and by His help who doeth valiantly ye shall yet send up the shout, 'Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'"

The Baptism of Repentance. By R. E.

Sears. Of the author, Hatherly-road, Sidcup, Kent. If the ministers and members of "our Churches" have any lively zeal for our continuance in the original faith and order of Church fellowship as revealed and established by our never sufficiently adored Redeemer, most clearly established on the day of Pentecost by the coming of the omnipotent power of the eternal Spirit, and practically exhibited and continued by the apostles and by thousands of the great Master's disciples in the earlier ages of the Church; if we still believe it to be our privilege "earnestly to contend for the faith, once for all delivered unto the saints," then we shall use some means to set this halfpenny little easy-reading tract into extensive circulation. Let us take our stand firm and continuous; let us unfurl our banner, and plainly inscribe thereon that sentence which no other denomination can claim. Let us boldly declare that of all the so-called sects,

"WE ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHO ARE NOT DISSENTERS."

The grand old Gospel, and its Divinely-appointed ordinances we strictly adhere unto, because no authority from heaven has been given to us to depart therefrom. Mr. Sears has spoken like a man who loves and is loyal to Christ.

The Spirit of Faith and Courage in Our Ministry. President John Jenkyn Brown sets out, in his address to the Baptist Union, with this fact, that a large amount of faith and courage in our ministers is absolutely necessary for the times in which we live. We have often contrasted the feminine weakness of some of our pulpit or platform speakers with the boldness and courage, the manly fortitude and spiritual power of some of the old Gospel warriors who have passed away. But when the poor trembling pastor fully understands that his continuance in his pastoral office depends very much upon his pleasing the deacons and the chief contributors to the wage he is to receive, it is not in the power of every nervous minister to gird up the loins of his mind, so as to court no man's smile, nor fear any man's frown. The Spirit of the Lord in the soul is the promoter of courage, of fortitude, and of an out-spoken honesty, so much needed in fully declaring the whole counsel of God. If there has been too much weakness and timidity in the gentlemen of the pulpit of late, there is an army now coming into the field with boldness

and force enough to take the whole nation by storm. Nearly the whole of the religious world has been amazed at the enterprises of the pastor and people of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; but the gigantic advances of the new generals and their armies nearly cast into the shade, *for the time being*, all the previous organisations to "save the world." The free-will and duty-faith theories have become so almost universally rampant that not a few fear

THE TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL OF
FREE-GRACE

will be driven off the land before long. We have an unshaken confidence in the TRUTH as it is in Jesus: for, "even at the present time also, there is a remnant according to the election of grace, which remnant it may be God is fast gathering into His garner, so that when the Son of Man cometh He will not expect to find any of "THE FAITH on the earth." We are treading on solemn ground! The gentleman who came from Leicester to fire off his cannons at the doctrine of election has caused a little excitement. Some have challenged him to a paper war. They may let him alone. The election of grace were so securely hidden in the heart of God, in the Person of Christ, in the covenant of grace, in the immutable oath and promise of our Father, who changeth not, that all the orators in the world will never overthrow the counsel of the Lord which abideth for ever. Neither can they reconcile the revelations of Heaven with the puny reasonings of finite minds.

The Nazareth of Jesus, &c. By James Ormiston, Rector of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol. This second part of "a series of Palestine narratives" is full of sweet, soul-exhilarating evidences that our risen and merciful High-Priest, "Jesus, of Nazareth," still has His eye upon the place where He was brought up, and where, though then unknown, He so quietly and faithfully fulfilled HIS holy FATHER'S law. We cannot tell with what pure delight Mr. Ormiston has enabled us to walk about Nazareth as it is now.

The Gospel Magazine, The Sword and the Trowel, The Whitefield Magazine, Mr. Sears' Life and Light, Mr. Anderson's Silent Messenger, Home Words, with "Jumbo" and his narrative, the Queen at Mentone, Mr. Cornwell's tract on *Annihilation, The Fireside*, with the Duke of Albany, without his bride, of whom so many photos and steel engravings have been given, every one so differing from the others that, like the tales of public characters, no one, unless they see her royal highness face to face, can tell

whether she is pretty or plain. *The Church Standard* brings us a large likeness of Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of Lincoln, whose head and eyes, whose capacious mouth and noble nose, whose every feature and masculine frame, all conspire to tell you a determined and decided, a large and laborious mind dwells within, and that its mental powers are neither faint nor few—all these, with a variety of other productions, are on the tables around us.

Our brother Benjamin Taylor's new volume is being subscribed for. It will be a precious shilling work. He is anxious to get orders for it before he puts it in the press. Let us all send to B. Taylor, of Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk, an order for some, that it may soon appear.

Book of Health—Ears and Eyes. By Rev. E. J. Silverton. Consulting-rooms, 17, St. Bride-street, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C. For many years Mr. Silverton has been practically engaged in healing the sick, in opening the ears of the deaf, and in restoring to an impaired or weak sight, clearness of vision, and in giving strength to the "optical instruments." The immense amount of benefit he has conferred upon the thousands of his afflicted patients has enabled him to go on from strength to strength, from victory to victory, until he has reached a position and a popularity scarcely second to any of his compeers. The ears and eyes are doors and gates of such untold value to that "earthly house of our tabernacle" wherein we dwell, that any defect in them sadly cripples their inhabitants, and renders life a burden. If, therefore, the great healing Physician has bestowed on Mr. Silverton the gift of recovering and restoring the full use of these important inlets of light and of hearing, it becometh us to proclaim the fact to all who are crippled in any of the parts referred to. The perusal of the two sixpenny books now before us will do more to encourage the afflicted to apply to the author than anything we can further urge upon their attention.

The Ancient Milestone. A secret committee have been sitting on the question of the issue of the volumes referred to before. We are waiting.

The Believer's Companion: The One Thing Needful to Make Poor Sinners Rich, and Miserable Sinners Happy. By William Mason. A new edition of this valuable little work will be published during the month of June. It was first printed in the year 1773, and copies have become very scarce. We hope to give a review in a future number. Robert Banks is the publisher.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A PATTERN PROGRAMME.

MR. JAMES GRIFFITHS' FOURTEENTH PASTORAL ANNIVERSARY AT HOPE CHAPEL, NORTH-STREET, BETHNAL-GREEN.

Bethnal Green-road is now a grand, long run from the Great Eastern Goods Station, in Shoreditch, to Green-street, which carries you into that almost newly-grown suburban district called Old Ford and North Bow. Out of Green-street runs a little quiet thoroughfare called Norton-street, in which we found Hope Chapel, on Tuesday evening, May 2, 1882, wherein the pastor's celebration service was being conducted. Propriety, progress, and an approach towards perfection in the public worship of our Lord, strikes you forcibly as you enter this beautiful house of prayer, so excellently lighted, heated, and comfortably fitted in every modern style. As we looked on to the platform we thought if that Midland star of Leicester (Master Greenhough) had been present he must have felt some shame for the ungentlemanly contempt he cast upon those Baptists who believe in, and preach in their Gospel discourses, the clearly-revealed doctrine of election, which in the City Temple Mr. Greenhough attempted to clothe in new attire; but which no Spirit-taught believer in the Bible ever could consider a true fit. Mr. Greenhough may be capable of making useful garments for the illustration of other Bible themes, but in his attempt to undress "the grand doctrine of election," he made such a miserable mistake as to produce the deepest feelings of sorrow in the breasts of the godly disciples of our adorable Lord and Saviour.

On the platform, as we beheld it in the evening referred to, there sat in the centre that Christian representative of faithfulness and benevolence, WILLIAM TOPLEY, Esq., of Woolwich, who was the president on this occasion, whose brief, sober, introductory addresses implicitly reiterated Luff's soft and holy stanza, wherein he writes,—

"The just, who by the eye of faith have gazed
Upon the tomb where Jesus left their sin;
Who see themselves in His dear Person raised,
Clothed in His spotless robes; while deep
within
There swells a new-born life—that holy
thing"—
Which struggles from the heart a crystal
spring,
THESE ARE THE JUST!"

As we are favoured to take part in these oft-recurring special services, it is stimulating to witness such a beautiful volunteer-corp of ripe elders, who with prayer, piety, and purse, come to the front, and unhesitatingly demonstrate their grace-wrought attachment to the grand old Gospel, which has outlived the burning enmity of such denouncers of *God's election* as Master Green-enough has shown himself to be.

In working out the Scriptural programme of the evening, Mr. Topley called Edwin

Langford to show forth the sources of "the believer's rejoicing" from Peter, who, in his first chapter, addresses the ancient scattered sheep of Christ as *ELECT according to the foreknowledge of God the Father*, through sanctification of the *SPiRiT* unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in "the last day;" and who, in these sacred provisions do greatly rejoice. If Green-enough had heard these scriptural expounders that evening he must have been conscience-seared, if he could dare to repeat his gross assertion that *election* is never mentioned except in a few narrow and bigoted conventicles, where the same darkness of the sixteenth century still broods, and where "phantoms and shadows are mistaken for the face of God." O, Greenhough! we feel deeply grieved at the boldness, if not the blasphemy, of your presumption.

The second part of Hone's programme was brought forward by F. C. Holden, from Paul to Timothy, wherein the great apostle of the Gentiles exhorteth his son "Not to be ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me, His prisoner, but be thou, O, Timothy, a partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel according to the power of God, who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus

"BEFORE THE WORLD BEGAN."

Strong testimony that, Mr. Greenhough; and which F. C. Holden, with mental power, illuminated and illustrated, much to the establishment of those "whose faith standeth not in the wisdom of" such men as the Leicester luminary, "but in the power of God."

"The believer living upon Christ" was discovered by James Clark, from the words in John vi. 53: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." One of the most profound metaphors in the Redeemer's discourses, and which Mr. Clark opened with indisputable force. Next came the wholesomely-balanced orator, and [strongly-expressed divine, Chas. Masterson, on Peter's useful appeal, "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" Christians, the property of God, was carefully and comfortably declared by J. L. Meeres, a man and minister whose praise, most justly, is in all the Churches. The noble chairman gave C. W. Banks ten minutes in which to search out those words of Paul in Heb. xii. 1, 2: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus," &c. The little man begged to be excused speaking at a time when the people were looking at the clock, showing it would be necessary to put such a ponderous Scripture into an hydraulic press in order to

express its meaning in a few words. It was simply a prophetic argument, by which Paul opened up three lines of Christian experience, showing first how the saved sinner gets away from all that would injure him, which Paul called "laying aside," a labour which the poor burdened sinner was enabled to carry on by the operation of a God-given faith. Secondly, it showed how the saved sinner gets on in his course; he had to "RUN with *patience* the race set before him," as seen in Job's long trial of faith; and thirdly, the words told us how believers safely reached their home; it was by "looking (off all things) unto Jesus, who is both the Author and Finisher of our faith," so that

"Thou' we must die, yet evil is not there!

The grave is furnished, since the Saviour rose:

Death is no longer bony, lean, and bare;

We have been clothed with Jesu's left-off clothes.

And these are sweetly perfumed with His love,
'Twas from the tomb our Leader passed above:
So shall ' the just ! "

Then the choir (Basset's strong harmonious choir) gave us the closing anthem; and thus (with me, at least) finished up five public services in two days, wherein not one word against God's election was ever uttered or heard by the servant of the silently sorrowful,
C. W. B.

[It must be recorded that Mr. James Griffiths' anniversary sermon was preached in the afternoon of May 2 by his intensely-loved brother in Christ, Mr. John Hazelton, who, under the power of the Holy Ghost's anointing, proved "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." We do wish Mr. Greenhough could hear John Hazelton; but it will be better if some day the Master of Arts should hear the voice of the Son of God, and live.]

BURY-ST.-EDMUNDS.—DEAR BROTHER,—A few words to let you know I am still alive, in health, going on steadily and comfortably at Bury. We are of one mind in the truth; things have a brighter appearance for us during the last three months. I am watching, praying, hoping, and waiting to see the result. I trust the Lord is at work, and hope He will appear for us. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised. He is my Strength and my All. When He opens a little of His beauty to my poor mind, then O how I want to love Him more. The Lord has greatly favoured me in opening up His Word since I have been in Bury. May He honour you in your labours.—Truly in the Lord, W. TOOKER.

CANNING TOWN.—Second anniversary of Mr. J. Brittain's ministry was May 15. After tea Mr. Veness gave an appropriate address, which was followed by the reading of the report. Addresses were also delivered by brethren F. Shaw, H. Welsh, W. Winters, H. F. Noyes, F. C. Holden, and the pastor. The choir sang several anthems, and the meeting terminated pleasantly.

ORDINATION OF MR. EBENEZER MARSH TO THE PASTORAL OFFICE AT LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.

[We are favoured with a report of the above services, which we wish to give in successive numbers, as it represents many phases of the grace and providence of God, both towards the long-established Church of New Testament order, and also in raising up a young man of a choice and excellent spirit. That the very happy union now formed may long continue, is the hearty prayer of—C. W. B.]

On Thursday, April 27, 1882, special services were held at Laxfield in connection with the settlement of Ebenezer Marsh as pastor of the Church. The day was in every way propitious, and many remarked that, this being the only fine day of the week, it added to our praise and thanksgiving of that covenant-keeping God by whose mercy we were gathered together. The service commenced at 2 p.m., by Brother Knights, of Lowestoft (who was instrumentally the means of bringing our brother Marsh into the work, as well as introducing him to Laxfield), giving out a hymn; after which Brother Broom, of Fressingfield, read the Word and prayed. G. W. Shepherd, of Mount Zion, Hill-street, London, then ascended the pulpit to state the nature of a Gospel Church, founding his remarks on Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, and if ever the "faith and order" of a New Testament Church was clearly, definitely, and fearlessly declared, it was by our brother on that occasion. It was soul-refreshing and mind-enlightening to hear our brother's faithful exposition of the Word.

Another hymn, and that "true friend to the Churches of Christ," W. Beach, of Chelmsford, rose to ask the usual questions of the pastor-elect, calling upon him to give an account of the Lord's dealings with him in calling him, by His grace, to the ministry of the Word, &c. These being satisfactorily answered, he was called upon to state the truths he intended to preach, or the articles of his faith. Having heard this with approval, our Brother W. Beach put an important question to his youthful brother—namely, "If he should at any time change his views of what is truth, or depart from the sentiments he had so clearly expressed, would he give up his pastoral charge, and not stay to create division in the Church?" to which the pastor-elect clearly responded, "I WILL." Brother Beach then called upon the senior deacon, Brother B. Seaman, to state the leadings of Providence in the matter of the Church's choice of their pastor, which was done in a most clear and pointed manner. The Church having been called upon to rise to signify their approval of the union, Mr. Brown, of Friston, the oldest associated minister, then joined the hands of pastor and deacon, with a few appropriate and weighty remarks. Prayer being then offered, the profitable service of the afternoon was brought to a close.

Tea was provided in the chapel and vestry, to which about 600 sat down. At 6.30, the

chapel was again crowded; C. Wilson, Esq., of London (whose kindness to the cause at Laxfield, among many others, will abide in the minds of many of God's living family long after His valued servant has gone to his rest), opened the meeting by giving out a song of praise. Brother S. K. Bland, of Ipswich, then read part of Psalm cxxiii., and offered the ordination prayer. Oh! that we as a Church, and our beloved brother as our pastor, may receive the full answer to that fervent petition, which seemed to come from the inmost soul; then, indeed, in blessing shall we be blessed. The loving pastor of New Cross-road, Deptford, John Slate Anderson, then ascended the pulpit to deliver the charge to the pastor, which he did in a most fatherly manner, basing his remarks on the admonition of Paul to Timothy, as recorded in 1 Tim. iv. 16. Cool deliberation, coupled with the love of a father in Israel to the youthful pastor, made this charge *telling indeed*. After the pastoral charge, Brother Seaman rose, gave an affectionate address to the pastor, and in the name of the Church, congregation, and many other well-wishing friends, presented him with a cheque for £20. This having been kept a secret from our brother, completely overcame him, who responded in a few words, evidently with great emotion of feeling.

Mr. R. E. Sears, who was for upwards of 18 years the beloved pastor of this Church, the fruits of whose labours are still coming forward, then rose to deliver the charge to the Church, which he did from the short but full admonition, "Cleave unto the Lord." Many rejoiced to hear his voice once more from that pulpit from whence he had so often told forth the story of the cross, and we trust many may profit from his loving exhortations to them on this occasion. Our brother Wilson, to whom allusion has already been made, then, with his usual happy style, announced the collection, at the same time giving cheering words both to pastor and people.

Could we give you in full the telling addresses and Gospel speeches of the day, it would doubtless be made profitable to your readers, but, as we cannot do this, we will not mar the beauty of any by giving hasty notes. The chapel was in a most neat and yet tasteful manner adorned with Scripture texts, the work of loving hearts and hands, which called forth the admiration of all present. Messrs. Debnam, of Horham, Dennee, of Hoxne, Broom, of Fressingfield, and others, took part in the devotional services. After singing that truly spiritual song of praise, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," one of the most happy and soul-profitable meetings ever held at Laxfield was brought to a close with prayer by our pastor.

[Mr. Marsh's "Call by Grace," &c., next month.]

WINCHESTER.—It is a good thing for our poorer Churches that, when a kindly word of sympathy is required, the editor is ever willing to come forward, without a desire of gain. Very unlike some of the well-fed and fat ones, who cannot go out without having

their fee of two guineas first paid. It is, however, written, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and C. W. Banks does appear to have been blessed freely and richly with love and expository power, and he certainly gives forth to his fullest as God gives him. On Sunday, April 23, our brother, C. W. B., gave us a visit, and preached two sermons. Full of misgiving, he almost feared to attempt the work, but we praise God that he was helped, and many souls were cheered, as the great mystery of God was opened up, and a view of the mystery finished was displayed. The writer, with others, was exceedingly pleased and edified as the preacher spoke of the obedience of the Israelites to God's command in encompassing the city of Jericho. It is a very common thing, now-a-days, for certain members of the congregations of our Churches to say, "Yes, I know we ought to obey; I know it is quite right that, when we believe, we should be baptized, but then"—well, they excuse themselves by saying they are "disobedient children." God must be very merciful, one often thinks, that He does not deal more severely with such disobedient ones. Is not, however, the admission an expression of a want of love of the right sort? "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." *Love!* Note that, reader, if you are one of those who have often made excuses for disobedience. "If ye love Me," then attest, shew forth by an act, your love, and confess Me before men. I have digressed. Many are praying that the services noted will, by the God of all grace, be abundantly blessed; cheered we have been, and so, out of one little window we are looking, hoping for a shower of blessings. "God hath spoken, and shall He not make it good?" His promises are "Yea and amen in Christ Jesus," and we trust to realise their fulfilment as individuals, and as a Church. — J. SMITH, Silver-hill Baptist chapel. 1, Connaught-terrace, Winchester, May 15, 1882.—[We wish, deep down in our new heart, that the pastor of Silver-hill, Winchester, was more extensively known in our Churches. He is in the Lord's hand, and He will draw him out in time.—ED.]

BECCLES, SUFFOLK.—MARTYRS' MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Annual teachers' meeting was held Wednesday, April 26. Excellent tea was provided through the liberality of Mr. G. Yallup, superintendent. At business meeting pastor W. H. Smith presided, and presented to Mr. Yallup, in the name of teachers and friends, in recognition of his valued services, as treasurer for five years and an equal period since as superintendent, with an address and a handsome family Bible, together with photographs of teachers (inserted gratuitously by Mr. A. E. Mount), praying that he, together with his wife and family, might long be spared to peruse the sacred pages. Mr. Yallup acknowledged the presentation in suitable words. All officers were re-elected—viz., G. Yallup, superintendent; D. Stannard, jun., secretary; I. Welton, treasurer; A. W. Abel, librarian. Peace and happiness pervaded the whole meeting.

GREAT YELDHAM.— Anniversary services for Sunday-school by W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, on May 7, proved a soul-profitting day. Morning sermon on "We preach Christ crucified." Mr. Beach set forth what it was to preach Christ. We had no need to say, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," which would be applicable to many sermons uttered from pulpits in this Christ-dishonouring day. But Mr. Beach's discourse was full of Christ, from beginning to end. We rejoice to know the labours of the beloved pastor, Mr. Smith, of Yeldham chapel, are being greatly blessed and owned of the Lord in confirming the souls of the disciples; also in gathering in others besides those which are gathered. Three were added to the Church a short time since, and several more are going to put on Christ by baptism next month. Our pastor has felt discouraged (looking too much, perhaps, at outward appearances, instead of a simple trust in the sure Word of God), yet his heart now rejoices, and he can say, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work." The unadulterated truth, through a preached Gospel, is scarce in the surrounding neighbourhood. Spiritual hunger for the bread of life is sharp, and through this famine of the preached Word in its pureness being prevalent, some have dared to come out from amongst them, and have been liberated from that snare, "the fear of man." The attendance of such with us have increased, for where the table is richly spread with the dainties of the Gospel of the grace of God, thither will the spiritual eagles be gathered together.—W. M. C., Ridgewell.

LEICESTER-SQUARE.—17, St. Martin's-street. On Friday, May 12, C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon at 3.30. At 5 o'clock a good company took tea; all appeared happy. In the evening Mr. Debnam (president) read Heb. x. Mr. Read, of Poplar, engaged in prayer. Mr. Debnam stated the objects and progress of the weekly prayer meeting. Mr. J. E. Flegg, senior (vice-president), gave an encouraging address, endorsing the former statement. The Secretary read the report. Messrs. Thomas Baldwin, Beazley, John W. Banks, James Hand, C. W. Banks, and others, spoke of good things. Report and rules we hope to give, with some further particulars.

HOXTON.—We held services in Bethel chapel, Newton-street, on April 25. Mr. Osmond, pastor, officiated as clerk; his beloved deacon, Mr. Howlett, offered prayer; J. Barmore, Esq., occupied the chair, and described the power of faith as known in his own personal comfort. W. Winters on the prayers of Jesus; Mr. James Clark on the prayer of the dying thief and the Godhead of Christ; Mr. F. C. Holden on the manhood of Christ, and His faithfulness, as God, in working out the salvation of sinners; Mr. W. H. Evans on the sufferings of Christ; Messrs. Edwin Langford and Henry Brown spoke on the last dying utterances of Jesus. The Lord be praised!—W. WINTERS.

HADLOW, KENT.—Our anniversary this year was not so perfectly happy as some have been, by reason of much sickness in our district. Mr. Philpot, our once useful deacon, has been called home. We grieve for his widow deeply. Mr. Segar also was absent. Even our valiant George Tyler was not able to be with us; but our minister, Mr. Beacher, has come in for our help, and "Hope" looks forward for better days. Why have you never inserted the record I sent you? Oh, pray for the sound old Baptist Church at Hadlow! Not Hadlow only, but all around us for miles; the Churches want an "Acsah" to plead for "springs of water," "the upper and the nether springs," which Caleb gave to Othniel and his espoused one. You know, dear C. W. Banks, the many rents made in "our Churches" require a bold testimony against the bitter jealousies and secret enmities so painfully prevalent. Why do you not come out faithfully? [Alas! we are too much like Joshua, when "the men of Ai" smote and chased the Israelites until their hearts melted, and Joshua rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord. Not Joshua only, but the elders also; and they put dust upon their heads. That is the state of soul some of us are in now. Are we not crying like Joshua, "O Lord, what shall we say?" And "the Lord" has not said to any Joshua in our time, "Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?" There was "an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel." While it remained Israel could not stand; when it was searched out they went forth and conquered. How many accursed things are in Israel now?]

HORNSEY-RISE.—Eighteenth anniversary of Ebenezer (under the pastorate of Mr. Waterer) was celebrated on May 16. Mr. John Hazelton preached as solid and as masterly a sermon in the afternoon as ever he preached throughout his ministerial career. We had excellent tea. Mr. Charles Wilson gave a warm, cheerful, and pointed address on the mercy of God, and the Christian's indebtedness to Him. Mr. Waterer read the report of the past year's proceedings, which showed a small balance on the right side. Mr. James Griffith addressed the friends on nearness to God; Mr. Dearsly spoke admirably to the point on our knowledge and approval of Christ; Mr. Meeres dwelt on being careful for nothing, &c.; Mr. Styles gave a speech on Psalm xxix. 1. Speeches were also delivered by brethren Langford, Boulton, and W. Winters.

HACKNEY-ROAD.—Mr. Henry Myerson's "Shalom" has been renovated and repaired. Opening sermon was pleasantly delivered by his neighbour, Mr. James Griffiths; and some think a new lease has been taken for Shalom; that the Church there will behold years of the soundings of Christ's coming in the souls of the people as preliminary to His glorious second advent.

CAMBS.—Our old-established cause at Bottisham Lodge held baptizing service on Sunday, May 7, 1882. Commenced in the chapel by singing,—

"Humble souls, who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood."

Our pastor, W. White, read Matt. iii. in a solemn and appropriate manner. He implored the divine blessing. We adjourned to the river-side, and sang,—

"Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you."

The pastor spoke from the words, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." He defended the ordinance of believer's baptism in a Scriptural and orderly manner, stating it was the ancient and original way in which the Redeemer went, and all the apostles. He then baptized two seals to his ministry in the name of the sacred Trinity, in the sight of an audience of upwards of a thousand persons. One of the sisters has been afflicted for many years; it was most marvellous to see how she went through the ordinance, walking in the midst of the stream! Some thought it would have been the death of her, but instead of that it was quite the reverse! There are others waiting to follow in the same footsteps the first Lord's-day in June. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered in the afternoon; our two sisters were received into Church fellowship with three others. Our Brother White's ministry is well received here. The Word is blessed to the convincing of sinners, and the edifying and building up of saints. The Lord is in our midst. The Church is in a prosperous and harmonious state. My prayer is that it may continue so. In some future time I intend (D.V.) to give the readers an account of the history of the cause here.—L. E. HEYMER.

WALTHAMSTOW.—Sixth anniversary of Zion Baptist chapel, Maynard-road, on May 9, 1882, was pleasantly celebrated by a company of ministers and people, all of whom sang praise to God on high, and, to some small extent, helped to reduce the building debt. Charles Gordelier read the hymns in the afternoon, and Mr. Philip Reynolds, minister of Providence, Islington, preached the sermon. We heard some of the keen-eyed watchmen say, "It was a sound, well-prepared, and excellent discourse, as full of the Person, grace, and glory of Christ as it could hold." Should life be lengthened out, and health, with the Lord's blessing, be given, our young Islington minister will, we believe, be a useful leader some day in the London Strict Baptist Churches. The Walthamstow ladies gave us a first-class tea, after which we were all thankful to the great Physician, Heaven's perfect Healer, on once more beholding R. A. Lawrence acting as president over the evening meeting. He was cheerful and full of power in conducting this varied service. The secretary gave us a report in a neat and official address. H. Brown, pastor of Notting-hill Baptist Church, heartily poured forth his desires for

the happiness of the people in the words of the ancient benediction, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee," &c. James Griffith, in kind and loving terms, exhorted his brother Lawrence to be more careful of himself, and then delivered a soothing and confirming address on the words, "The Lord hath dealt graciously with us." Edwin Langford, in distinct and expressive terms, said, We wish to live in affinity with Christ and with the Lord's people; we desire to live in the affections of Christ and of His people; and we are determined, by the grace of God, so to walk and so to conduct ourselves, as to maintain a pure, and happy, and useful bond of unity among all the believing saints of God. And we wish to live in the affairs of Christ and of His Church generally. We desire to serve the Lord and His people with all sincerity and truth. The spirit and matter of the addresses were such as to produce happiness in the hearts of the hearers. C. W. Banks gave a short exposition of those words in Isaiah xxx., "Ye shall hear a song as in the night." Zion chapel, Maynard-road, Walthamstow, is surrounded by an increasing population. We pray that the cloud which has troubled them may soon be cleared, and years of prosperity follow the seasons of anxiety through which they have passed. We enjoyed communion with some ministers who did not appear on the platform. Our ripe and real friend, brother Stanley (ex-inspector of the post office), Frederick Green, J. D. Fountain (of Ilford), John Taylor, a steady friend of that blessed servant of Christ, J. L. Meeres, and even Master Lockyer condescended to give us a word or two. Our God bless and use them all. Amen.

CITY-ROAD.—**JIREH.** Anniversary sermons were preached in April and May by Messrs. F. Green, Battson, C. W. Banks, and J. S. Anderson, and at the closing service on May 2, 1882, Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, took the chair. This kind and genial chairman made a most appropriate speech. J. S. Anderson gave the key note; none of the following brethren diverged from the great centre of the soul's attraction, CHRIST JESUS; C. W. Banks gave a calm and thoughtful delineation of the character of the apostles, mainly that of St. James, and his stern and practical testimony of God's truth: Mr. Banks also drew the attention of the friends to the kind of man required to suit the pulpit at Jireh; he must be a four-fold man. W. Winters, supplementing the expression of Mr. Banks respecting the four-fold man—namely, that he should have the face of a lion for boldness, the face of a man for sympathy, and the face of an eagle for penetrating into the truth. Mr. Osmond, Mr. F. Green, and Mr. John Box gave soul-comforting speeches. The cause at Jireh is in need of help. The friends wish to raise about £60. to put the chapel and vestries in repair. We hope for the comfort of those who love the rich historical associations connected with the chapel, that the cause will not be allowed

to sink into obscurity. We have read with intense pleasure the many able works and reprints by the late pastor, Mr. J. A. Jones, and consider that the Christian Church universally is in some measure a debtor to him, and should thereby contrive to thoroughly restore the chapel in which he so long laboured. A mural tablet to the memory of Mr. J. A. Jones is placed by the friends near the entrance to the pulpit.—
W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

WOOLWICH. — Special services were held at Enon chapel on Lord's-day, April 23. Two delightful sermons were preached by our pastor, W. Knibb Squirrell. On the following Tuesday, after an excellent tea (given by the ladies), a public meeting was well attended. The chair was occupied by Samuel Mart, Esq. Pastor explained the objects of the meeting: 1. That we might receive spiritual help. 2. That of starting a fund for the repair and alteration of vestry. Chairman gave interesting address, and to illustrate each point mentioned several flowers, which led our minds to a precious Christ. Brother Anderson spoke of a risen Christ; Brother Cattell of the blessings flowing from a risen Christ; Brother Dalton of the divine promise, "I will see you again," using the flower "beartsease" as a figure. Brother Griffiths reminded us of the glory that awaits the believer. Brother Meeres spoke of Christ as the Lily of the Valley. Our pastor moved a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, and to the ladies for providing such an excellent tea. This was warmly seconded by one of our deacons, who directed our minds to Christ as the "Rose of Sharon." The chairman expressed pleasure in meeting with friends at Enon. The collections and profits of tea realised £11 7s. 6d.

ON THE BORDERS OF BUCKS, HERTS, AND SURREY.

AFFLICTED FRIEND SAMUEL FOSTER, — You will think I might write you oftener, but the LORD knoweth all things. Fourteen services during the last few days have kept me close to work. Now the crowd of papers, etc., demand attention. Once more I have been to Tring, and to Ripley. Tring has four or five Baptist places of worship. The principal is what the people call "*the big chapel*." It was formerly the scene of the labours of the late Mr. Richard Glover. He served the Baptist Church in Akeman-street for many years. He died in 1861, aged seventy-six, and his last expressions were:—

"I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore.
And sing the wonders of His grace,
For ever more."

Mr. Richard Glover, as God's servant, went forth, bearing precious seed, which has produced fruit in much abundance; so that the Church and congregation are more numerous than many others of the close Communion Baptists. The present minister in Akeman-street is Mr. F. G. Burgess, a

studious and growing man, entirely devoted to his work. He has, I think, thirty or forty years before him. He is preaching anniversary sermons at Prestwood, at Lee Common, and all around. May the showers of the Spirit descend upon his soul, and bless his ministry to the ingathering of multitudes.

I preached three times on May 14, in Ebenezer, West-end, Tring, where they desire to find a blessed minister of Christ to feed their souls and to build up the cause. We have many Churches of truth in these parts. I left Tring early in the morning of May 15, and travelled by five different conveyances round into Surrey, to preach the anniversary sermons of my honoured brother minister, Mr. C. Z. Turner. For nearly forty years I have gone annually to Ripley, but I was never happier in my life than I was this year in Mr. C. Z. Turner's Spring meeting. My own son John opened the afternoon service, and brother Mitchell, of Guildford, opened the evening meeting; and on both occasions I spoke for a full hour with some freedom. Our benevolent friend, Mr. Green, the wholesale hoot factor, who favours Zion, appeared this year to be more ill than I ever saw him. I had a moment's fellowship with him at the throne of grace, and then I bid him farewell. Samuel! it cannot be long before we are all gone into eternity, when we hope to meet many millions of the ransomed and praise the Lord.

Most truly,

C. W. BANKS.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—On the evening of April 27, the friends at Ebenezer enjoyed a very blessed season. The service commenced with reading, expounding and prayer by our warm-hearted brother, Mr. Edward Casey; and was followed by a sermon from the pastor, W. Winters, who afterwards baptized four believers in Christ. One of the number was the beloved wife of Mr. Casey; her brother also was another, the son and daughter of the late earnest and faithful preacher of Brentwood, Mr. Nathan Warner. The two others were brethren from Epping, who have joined the sister Church of that place. It is very pleasing to know that the Lord is also blessing Mr. Casey's labours at Walkern, Herts, where he has lately become the respected pastor; several believers in Christ were baptized by him in March and April. How cheering to see the Redeemer's kingdom extend in the varied places where His truth is faithfully declared! To the eternal Jehovah is all the glory due.—
W. WINTERS.

WEST BRIGHTON.—Mr. Dearsly has accepted another three months' engagement with a view to the pastorate, namely, June, July, and August. Earnest petitions have been presented for divine guidance, and our gracious Lord has condescended to grant unmistakable evidences of favour by answering prayer, and by pouring out a blessing on the labours of His servant. Six friends have expressed their desire to unite with us in Church fellowship.

ZION'S HILL BAPTIST CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.

We held interesting services, commemorative of the forty-first anniversary of opening of Zion's-hill, on April 9th. Mr. Chivers preached a savoury sermon, proving the fact of this old Church celebrating its forty-first anniversary was a result of the glorious fact of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, for had there been no resurrection there would have been no New Testament Church. In the evening our pastor preached from the words in John xii. 32, showing the different objects presented to view by the lifting up of the Lord Jesus Christ, and dwelling on the sweet drawing influences of the love of God. On April 11, Mr. Anderson gave interesting sketch of the simple but grand story of the Saviour's conversation with the woman of Samaria, a story which, he said, had engaged the labours of the traveller, the artist, the historian, and the poet, but the child of God could realise the real beauty of the story: the perfect Man, weary and thirsty, sitting to rest at the well of Jacob, and the omniscient power of Godhead alone displayed in His knowledge of the woman's history, "Thou hast had five husbands;" then noticing the tender sympathies of Christ in His natural love of the hills and valleys of Galilee, the home of His youth.

After tea the people assembled to hear addresses from the pastor, who said 38 members had been added since he had been settled among them. Mr. Anderson gave us his idea of the right of God's people to the inheritance, as they were "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." Mr. Clark brought some pretty thoughts on "the heaven-born traveller's guide, shield, and strength." The Christian's journey is circuitous, but infallibly right. Mr. Cornwell on the motto, "Gird up the loins of your mind," was excellent. Mr. Sears, on the saint's eternal rest, took with him the feelings of his audience in his various ideas of heaven, where is it? In God's great centre of worlds. What is it? A paradise, a Father's home, a home of glory, Jesus the centre of attractions there; rest from all labour, &c. Mr. Meeres discoursed on the heaven-born husbandman's occupation. God the great Husbandman, then the minister of the Gospel, dwelling on the great honour resting on the servant of God, at the same time their solemn trust in taking the seed-basket in the morning, and withholding not the hand in the evening; and concluding with the assuring promise of the reaping, "if ye faint not." Congratulations from the chairman, &c., and the happy meeting closed.

IPSWICH. — BETHESDA CHAPEL. — Our fifty-third anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, April 23, when three sermons were preached; morning and evening by Mr. Thomas Stringer, of London, and that in the afternoon by Mr. E. Marsh, of Laxfield. In the evening the chapel was crowded. The collections amounted to £15 10s. Mr. T. Stringer preached to a good congregation on the evening following, at Zoar chapel, Davidstreet.

A VISIT TO OXON AND BUCKS FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Two personal friends of mine, Mr. George Banks, from Willenhall, and Mr. D. Smith, from Bilston, paid me a visit during Easter holidays. Fired with zeal for God's cause, and love for His people, not only enhanced the favoured opportunity of enjoying the excellent scenery of the district, but went on a five days' mission to the surrounding villages. We would say that the Chiltern hills which crown this part give a fine background to the fertile valley; and, being thickly wooded in parts, and other cultivation, give a pretty appearance; while from their slopes and summits are obtained some of the finest views of the country. A plain of twenty or thirty miles' extent, dotted here and there with villages, and other varieties, give a charming landscape. On Easter Sunday Mr. Banks occupied the pulpit at Askett. Christ is to the soul what bread is to the body; He nourishes and supports the spiritual life; He is the bread which came down from heaven. The Word was much blessed to the souls of the people, and it was felt good to be there. Mr. D. Smith sounded out the Gospel trumpet at Sydenham. Our brother exalted the Master, and pointed Christ out as the only way for salvation.

On the following Tuesday we travelled to Beacon-hill, Penn, when our brother Banks preached from 2 Peter i. 1, showing how faith unites the weak believer to Christ as really as it does the strong one, and as truly purifies the heart of one as of another. On Wednesday evening our brother Banks went with the good news of salvation to Sydenham. On the same evening our brother Smith preached at Zion chapel, Wycombe, exhorting the people to speak the truth in love. On Thursday evening our brother Smith preached at Prestwood. The friends gathered together in goodly numbers, and we felt the presence of the Lord with us. It is our earnest prayer and desire that the Lord will bless the visit of our brothers to the comforting of His dear people, and, if His will, to the salvation of poor sinners. Amen.—E. B. LLOYD.

"LEAD ME IN THY TRUTH, AND TEACH ME."—PSALM XXV. 5.

LEAD me in Thy truth and teach me,
God of my salvation be;
Great Instructor, I beseech Thee,
Hear my prayer, to Thee I flee.
Lead me in Thy truth and teach me,
Wisdom, understanding give;
Let not sin or hell deceive me,
Make me in Thy fear to live.
Lead me in Thy truth and teach me—
Jesus is the truth and way;
From all errors do thou keep me.
Guide and guard me, lest I stray.
Lead me in Thy truth and teach me
To look forward to my home,
Where my Jesus will receive me—
In His presence there is room.
Lead me in Thy truth and teach me
Songs of everlasting praise,
Love and blood, and grace and mercy.
Be my theme through endless days.

Chatham.

J. C.

LEWISHAM.—COLLEGE PARK. The eighth anniversary, Lord's-day, May 7, two sermons by pastor Wm. Hazelton; on Tuesday, May 9, Mr. John Hazelton preached from "And be found in Him." It has been our privilege to hear our beloved brother on several occasions at College-park. The general remark on this occasion was, "I never heard him better;" it was the "old fashioned Gospel," God-honouring and very encouraging to the believer in Christ; no uncertainty, for

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

After tea a public meeting, presided over by Mr. Chas. Wilson, in his usual happy and reverential manner. Brother Bezley prayed. The pastor in a few opening remarks introduced the chairman. The chairman congratulated the friends in having so nice a chapel, and that the debt was paid; remarked upon the privileges and cheerfulness of Christians, and the causes for being so; alluded to the Sunday-school about to be established, spoke of the necessity for the deacons and committee controlling the teachers; that the same should be sound; then called upon Brother Meeres, who spoke upon the subject of "A Precious Saviour," to see the preciousness of which it was well to contrast it. As the dark background in a picture showed the outlines of the principal object, and enabled the spectator to see that object more clearly, so a precious Saviour was brought prominently to our view by the proclamation of the Gospel. He was precious from the preciousness of His work. He is the Chiefest, His work defeated the ends of Satan; He is precious in His power, precious in His blood; for by the efficacy of that blood we were as white as the curtains of Solomon. His condescension, "Come, let us reason together," etc., and then the triumphant gathering, "Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given Me." Brother G. W. Shepherd addressed the meeting on the "Precious Promises," expatiating on the height, depth, and breadth of the subject, whereby divine power is given unto us; first given and then promised in the revelation He is pleased to make to us; no promise but that which is the expression of the everlasting and unchangeable love of Christ. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with lovingkindness drawn thee." No promise can ever be dissociated from Christ; they were given Him before the foundation of the world; they relate to this life, and to life everlasting. There is the eternal obliteration of the sins of His people cast into the sea of redeeming merit; no separation or condemnation; "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness," etc.; then in dying we had the consolation to know that He hath swallowed up death in victory. Brother Mead spoke on "Precious Faith," which he said was the gift of God; not the mere assent. The Holy Spirit imparted it to the incorruptible seed. The possessor does not know at first, but its manifestation is evidenced by circumcision of

hearts. The Holy Spirit reveals the assurance of faith to the believer, the impression of the divine image of the Holy Spirit; the Gospel engraved on the heart which erases the image of the fall, etc. Brother Beach expressed pleasure on being present, and spoke on the subject of "A Good Hope." All salvation blessings must come and be enjoyed through sovereign favour and grace; the blessing of a good hope was contrasted with the hope of the hypocrite. A good hope was founded on the verities of our God. He swore by Himself. The blessings and advantages of this good hope were confirmed by citing his experience at the death-bed of a sister, whose hope was in and on Christ, saying, "On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand!" Brother Northover (deacon) briefly alluded to the past history of the Church from the commencement, and the help received from his esteemed brother, the late Wm. Crowther, who laid the memorial stone in 1873. Brother Reynolds addressed the meeting next on the "Gift of the Holy Spirit," alluded to the apostolic age, the hope of prosperity in the Holy Spirit, Jehovah's mysterious generosity, God, dwelling by Himself, might have done otherwise; the depths and heights of His love cannot be imagined; angels cannot look into it, reason was silenced; faith lays hold of truth; until our Lord ascended the gift of the Holy Spirit could not descend; Christ in His mediatorial Spirit was the source of spiritual power, spiritual life in the soul generated and kept alive by God the Holy Spirit, it is the ground which holds the anchor; God's love holds the anchor, and His love delivers us from the bondage of sin. Brother Squirrell addressed the meeting upon the subject of "A Prepared Place" for a prepared people; theirs by virtue of the covenant of grace, and the result of the obedience and substitutionary work of the Saviour in atoning for the sins of His people, the result being that they rejoiced in a precious Saviour, precious promises, precious faith, and a good hope through the impartation and gift of God the Holy Spirit. A vote of thanks to the chairman, who concluding in prayer, brought this happy and profitable meeting to a close.

PECKHAM.—The third anniversary of Zion Baptist Sunday-school, Heaton-road, was on Sunday, April 30. Sermons were preached by Mr. Nugent. An address was given in the afternoon by Mr. Kempstone to the scholars; and, before leaving, each teacher and child was presented with a Scripture-card by Mr. Crowhurst, as a memento of the occasion; a pleasant afternoon, long to be remembered. Following Tuesday public meeting. Tea as usual. At public meeting, J. Mote, Esq., was in the chair. Speeches were delivered by brethren Kempstone, Levinsohn, and Piggott, who gave encouraging words. Our chairman being obliged to leave, his place was ably filled by Mr. Fenner. The scholars sung hymns selected for the occasion, and we feel we must still press onward, "looking unto Jesus."

LIMPLEY STOKE, NEAR BATH.

Sixty-eighth anniversary of our Baptist Sunday-school was April, 1882. The venerable pastor preached in morning from "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be." This dear aged man of God seems as young as ever in the pulpit; he was very encouraging to the often-cast-down, but not forsaken. In afternoon Mr. J. R. Huntley (the pastor's grandson), addressed the scholars and teachers from Jeremiah: "Will you not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?" It was very interesting. On same evening, Mr. John Huntley, of Bath (the pastor's son), preached to a crowded congregation from "Upon this Rock will I build My Church," etc. It was a grand building sermon, and the children sang hymns very delightfully. Oh, the gardens of Limpley-Stoke rang again with the heavenly echoes, and the three Huntley's—grandfather, son, and grandson—all were much honoured. Such a trinity!

On the following day at public tea meeting, friends crowded the chapel. After tea we climbed the steep hills, and viewed the beautiful scenery which the place affords till half past six, then we returned to a public meeting, presided over by Mr. Smith, of the Hydropathic establishment. The pastor asked our God for a blessing, the chairman spoke of the pleasure it gave him to meet the dear aged pastor, and of the importance of keeping the elder scholars in the school. Mr. Sutton, of Bradford-on-Avon, Mr. Bailey, of Bath, and Mr. J. R. Huntley, were encouraging to the teachers upon the power of the Gospel. Mr. Jno. Huntley, of Bath, was thankful for the mercies of the past, and hopeful for the future; Mr. Wood, of Birmingham, on house-to-house visiting in his district. The ancient pastor, Mr. Huntley, said he was thankful for all the mercies of our God in sparing him these eighty-four years, and allowing him to meet on this occasion. This dear servant of God has been preaching now for sixty-four years in this village and its surroundings, and God has blessed his labours to the conversion of many souls. May the Lord bless him, and give him a happy entrance into that peaceful kingdom, prays

"ONE WHO WAS THERE."

ERITH.—At a recent public meeting in Providence Baptist chapel, Erith, in April last, Mr. Blanchard handed over the said Providence chapel, with title-deeds, &c., as a freehold property, free from all debt, insurance paid, and every claim on it. Mr. C. West, the chairman, acknowledged the gift in a hearty address on "Privilege;" Mr. Squirrel discoursed well on "Prayer;" Mr. Dalton on "Promise;" Mr. Noyes on "Praise." Mr. Noyes has preached nearly three hundred sermons in the said chapel, and is much esteemed. The chairman, in a pleasing address, handed over to Mr. Blanchard, the giver of the chapel, a handsome inkstand, in acknowledgment of his benevolence to the Church, which was received with feelings of internal joy.

BIERTON, NEAR AYLESBURY.—

"Great things the Lord has done for us, whereof we are glad." The Lord has been pleased to give us another proof of His great love and power, increasing the Church by the baptism of eight believers. How oft have the poor begging family of the Lord besought the throne of grace in the words of the Psalmist, "Wilt Thou not revive us again?" Now we say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy Name, and forget not all His benefits." Our God has been better to us than all our doubts and fears. May this encourage others at the throne of grace. On May 16, we had John Warburton to preach our anniversary sermons. "Did not our hearts burn within us while He opened up the Scripture to us?" There was meat for the fathers, and milk for the babes. The Lord raise up many who will not shun to declare the whole council of God. May we be favoured with that faith of God's elect which shall bear us up above all error. May He bind the truth to our hearts. Out of these eight believers five of them were brought up in our Sunday-school, and the Lord gives us faith to believe that others shall come forth into the Church. The Lord grant the teachers strength to cast the bread upon the waters, and it shall be seen in days to come, and we shall reap if we faint not. In the love of Christ—**A LOVER OF THE BRETHREN.**

WALTHAM ABBEY.—The Church here, under the pastorate of W. Winters, held its fifty-seventh anniversary, April 20. Mr. F. C. Holden preached in afternoon; tea was bountifully supplied. At evening meeting W. Winters presided; W. Beddow prayed; brother C. L. Kemp rendered great help in the service of praise. Brother Edward Casey, pastor of the Church at Walkern, spoke affectionately on brotherly love; Mr. R. Alfrey spoke on the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, Mr. G. J. Baldwin on the question, "Are there few that be saved?" C. W. Banks was most interesting on the work of God among the Jews, and made some telling remarks on the solemn death of the father of our beloved brother Mr. Isaac Levinsohn of Bromley Road Tabernacle. Mr. Banks also described Nazareth, its pleasant surroundings, and its historical associations. Mr. John Sampford of Ware, gave with solemn weightiness the deep unfoldings of God's great salvation, and Mr. Holden cheered us with a brief, but genial speech. The friends separated in love and great joy. We here take the opportunity of heartily thanking our dear friends for the timely help rendered on the occasion, in sending provisions and other necessary things for the tea; and the substantial aid also afforded by the two loving and generous brothers Mr. H. Lee and Mr. J. Lee, deacons of the Church at Bow, and by our hearty and equally loving and generous brethren Mr. G. J. Baldwin, of Commercial-road, and Mr. Edward Casey, of Cheshunt; with all such we wish to live and die, to live again for ever in the presence of the Saviour we all love.—**W. WINTERS.**

SOUTH HACKNEY.—SPELDHURST ROAD. On the first Sunday in May, 1882, we celebrated third anniversary of what may justly be called, "The South Hackney Strict Baptist Sunday School." Sermon in morning was from the words, "Open, Thou, mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Certainly, a poor sermon; but the young people sung with heart-touching harmony in connection with our choir, which, under the leadership of Mr. Samuel Banks, is considered efficient and helpful in the worship. In the afternoon I was honoured to preside, and to give the prizes, which, through the kindness of Mr. David Stanton, Mr. Henry C. Turnpenny, Mrs. Samuel Banks, and Miss Morton, were of no mean order. And to see the pretty, pleasing, and healthy faces of the recipients of the prizes, rendered the task nice and easy. Wm. M'Evelly Tehan, the secretary, told us that during the past year upwards of 100 awards in Bibles, hymn-books, &c., &c., for punctuality, had been made, and that the general attendance was very encouraging. Prayers were offered by brethren George Holt, Thomas Cadell, and H. C. Turnpenny. Suitable appeals to the hearts of the sweet and well-behaved bards were delivered by brethren W. Holt, Mr. Bull, Samuel and J. W. Banks. I was moved in deep, silent gratitude to God for such blessed words of vital importance. In the evening we realised some blessed emotions while preaching; also in receiving in new members; and at the Lord's table, when I retired and reflected upon the goodness of God toward C. W. B. and his family, he could not refrain from singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

NOTTING-HILL-GATE.—BETHESDA CHAPEL, KENSINGTON-PLACE. Sixteenth anniversary was Sunday, May 14. Sermons were delivered by Messrs. H. Brown and W. H. Evans, and the following Tuesday by Mr. J. S. Anderson. At public meeting the pastor presided. Mr. James Dawson spoke on the words, "He is Precious," none of us were born into the world religious, and many could remember when they saw no beauty in the Saviour. In this same condition they would have remained, but what a mercy they were stopped in their mad career, and the eyes of their understanding being enlightened, Christ became precious indeed. Though for forty years he had known the preciousness of Christ, yet in advancing years he felt Him still more precious, and the prayer suited him, "Lord, have mercy upon me." Mr. W. K. Squirell spoke of "SALVATION." This subject interested the mind of JEHOVAH from all eternity. Angelic beings were occupied in looking into this same subject. Men differed as regards their view of the meaning of salvation. What saith the Scripture? It was connected with regeneration, and until we stand in the presence of God, we cannot thoroughly understand the extent of the word. Salvation was a divine bestowment, and that according to the abundance of His mercy. Mr. J. S. Anderson said, he was a

member of the Salvation Army, but did not acknowledge Mr. Booth as his General. How could we know anything about salvation? We owe it all to the Spirit. In opposition to the theories of science, he did not believe God created the universe, set it in motion, and then left it to carry out the doctrine of evolution, turning a monkey into a man; what next change they had not told us. No, the universe had been created, and ever since had been regulated by its Divine Maker. Like a sealed book, such as John saw, so God from time to time had been pleased to reveal, little by little, more and more, and the employment of eternal ages would be the investigation of truth, finding new, and beauteous, and glorious truths for ever. The chairman said, during the past year death had taken some members of the Church. A handsome writing desk and photograph album had been presented to himself and Mrs. Brown from the ladies of the Church during the past year, and he took this public opportunity of thanking the friends. The Sabbath-school was in a satisfactory condition, under the superintendence of Brother Green. The financial condition of the Church was also satisfactory, but there was a mortgage debt of £800. Mr. William Carpenter spoke of a banner given to them that feared God, "that it may be displayed because of the Truth." Why did God give a banner to His Church, but to be displayed? Some say, "Oh! I do not belong to a party." But he did. He was not everyone's man. A banner was for attraction and distinction, and every branch of the living God is distinguished by some banner. This banner was made in heaven entirely. God made it with its inscriptions, colours, and fringes. Abel fought under it. Although old, it was not rent. It was a red banner, and was the same as ever. As standard-bearers they liked the banner unrolled by the breezes, not hanging round the pole. Mr. James Clark on "Salvation" said, none but God could have appointed and bestowed it. Our Christian experience confirmed it. Every instance and circumstance led us to prove this truth. Troubles might come and try the believer, but nothing could take this truth from him. It brought us into close and eternal connection with God. Mr. W. H. Evans said, we were persuaded that God would carry out His work of salvation to the day of Jesus Christ. At bottom of the banner spoken of, he thought would be found inscribed:—

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

Mr. Osmond declared "The Christ of God" was the anointed One, and His people were anointed by Him. The benediction closed the meeting.—W. C. B.

ROCHESTER. — **DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—Respecting our noble Brother Rayner, he never has been either a supply or minister to the Church at Halling. I love Brother Rayner for the truth's sake, and do heartily wish matters were different. Res-

pecting "Young Patterson," your correspondent thinks he is probationer at Halling for the pastorate. It is not so. The young ram's horn has often preached there, for the last five or six years, and the Lord has given him some seals. There are signs of progress and increase, and a growing upwards in the bonds of peace. I know an editor's task is not an easy one, but you have the prayers of many. Wishing you every new covenant blessing, believe me, yours in the bonds of the new covenant,—F. P. PATTERSON, jun., who spent thirty-three years in the service of Satan, but JESUS told him "the wages of sin is death." He snatched him as a brand from the fire, and has fired his soul to proclaim His truth, and now hopes he stands "complete in Him;" and having been taught in Jesu's college that, through grace, sinners are saved, and by grace alone, he is washed in His blood, clothed in His righteousness, upheld by His strength, fed by His Spirit upon the "Bread of Life," justified by His obedience, and brought home to heaven by His hand.

CHATHAM.—"Telephone" tells us, 50 years since, when W. G. Lewis was minister of Zion, Clover-street, there were about 300 members, and from seven to eight hundred people crowding the chapel. Some few years later about 120 left and settled at Eton; now, I fear, Eton and Jireh count not so many. I cannot say the people who love truth multiply in Kent. Brother Christmas, the Jireh pastor, has been ill; but the venerable and valuable brother, William Drake, of Sittingbourne, has been a happy supply at Jireh for the time. I travel down through East Kent, Sittingbourne, Faversham, Sheerness, Deal, Canterbury, Dover, Ashford, and around, where the cry is, "We want ministers filled with the life and power of the HOLY GHOST, by whom the Gospel shall prove to be the power of God unto the salvation of many souls." I have thought a classified register would be useful, distinguishing the "physicians of no value," the "miserable comforters," from the real, sound Gospel men. [It would be of no use, the people like to have the bitters].

WINCHESTER.—The Strict Baptist Church, Silver-hill, in the city of Winchester, still stands steadfast in the faith. Brother John Smith is well received in the ministry, and his co-pastor, J. Eades, recently baptized the son of the late pastor, Mr. Taylor. It was a most solemn and promise-confirming season. We are asked, "Where is Silver-hill?" Anyone wishing to find it should call upon our beloved brother, Mr. John Smith, 1, Connaught-terrace, near the railway-station, in Winchester. Travellers and wayfaring men will find the whole truth proclaimed in Silver-hill Baptist chapel. In Longparish and Whitechurch there are places of truth.

RYARSH, NEAR MAIDSTONE.—Our neat temple, named Jireh, is walled with a wall of fire, and at times we realise His glory

in the midst of us. Our situation is romantic: at the foot of the long range of ancient hills, surrounded by fruit trees in full blossom, which we hope soon to see laden with rich fruit. On Wednesday, May 10, we were favoured with the presence of our late beloved pastor, Mr. John Jull (now feeding the flock at Cambridge); he was enabled to preach two good sermons, giving us a description of the family of God, and what they are taught in the school of Christ, and the precious peace they are the recipients of through atoning blood. In the evening our souls were refreshed again in having Jesus preached to us, and some faith given to us; hence we sang, in conclusion,

"Mount up, my soul, and rise
To view thy home beyond the skies."

—Communicated, with Christian love, by
F. P. PATTERSON.

Notes of the Month.

EXETER.—I was pleased to see some friend wished to know about Mr. Levinsohn's brother. I have been longing to hear about him, hoping he is established in the faith. I cannot boast of anything, only the Lord's mercy to me, a poor sinner, unworthy of the least of His notice. It is because He changes not: His eternal purposes stand fast for ever. Now may

"God your heavenly Father bless you from above,
And Jesus Christ, His only Son, warm your heart with love;
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, still keep you in the way,
Till He shall come and take you home, from this dark world away. J. BROWN.

BOSTON.—The widow of the late valuable, beloved, and Christ-like David Wilson (who was pastor at Hull, at Downham-market, at Clare, and finished his course at Boston) still lives, at the age of 82; Mr. and Mrs. Randle, at very advanced ages; and Mr. Isaac Dixon (of Bromworth), and Mr. Thomas Jones (of Broseley), are yet in the wilderness, and can declare the promise is true, "Hearken to Me, O House of Jacob, and all the remnant of the House of Israel, which are borne by Me from the belly; which are carried from the womb; and 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 you, and will DELIVER YOU!" What comprehensive and precious words! Well do we remember preaching from them one evening in How-street, Plymouth, when the venerable captain walked down the aisle, and said, "That is for me!" This is May 10, 1882; it was my beloved grandfather's birthday. He was born on May 10, 1757; died, March 29, 1820, aged 63. It was the first death I ever knew. I never can forget it. Dear Sharp, we are all soon going to part—the outer man to the grave, the inner man (I hope) to glory. AMEN.—C. W. B.

RIPLEY.—We had solemn funeral service at the old Baptist chapel, Ripley, Surrey, on May 13, 1882, when the mortal part of the late Mr. John Garment was laid to rest. The funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Collins the same evening. The late John Garment was in his 83rd year, and had faithfully followed his Lord a very long time. If his life, observations, and experiences, could be fully written, they would form a book of no small interest.

NEEDHAM MARKET, SUFFOLK.—For the consolation of many friends, we announce the report that has gone the round of the Churches of the sudden death of Mr. Deering, of Needham Market, does NOT refer to the loving Crowfield pastor, as many feared, but to his brother in the flesh, who was called away from time into eternity very suddenly. In the midst of such a conflicting dispensation, we are deeply thankful to Almighty God that our beloved brother, Mr. James Deering, of Needham Market, and pastor of Crowfield Church, is STILL ALIVE, and preaches the Gospel of the grace of God with freedom and power from on high, to the profit and pleasure of many immortal souls, including his own; and that he is in his usual health, although he laments in silence the speedy dissolution of one so near to him in the ties of nature; but can say from the heart, "The Lord reigneth, let Him do what seemeth Him good." This is gratefully, yet feelingly expressed by his friend and brother in Christ.—W. WINTERS.

A NATIONAL CALAMITY.—I remember Sunday morning, May 7, 1882, when, in seeking the Lord in our public prayer, before preaching, I cried out, as though another voice was in me, that the Lord would have mercy upon England in this great crisis. I had not then heard of the sudden destruction of two gentlemen in Dublin, by the hands of assassins; but I had a feeling deep in my soul that something terrible was coming, and a more cruel blow has not been levelled at the Government of the country than was the sudden slaughter of those two gentlemen—both of them alive and well this day week, and both of them now consigned to the grave. What can this mean? It tells us how awfully wicked are those who are left to the suggestions of a deceitful heart, and how full of danger is the life of any man who stands in the front of a nation's affairs. I felt a trembling nervousness for our country, for our Government, for our people. Paul's words came to me, "When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape." There was a persuasion that the sister isle was now to have peace; then, suddenly, destruction came upon two of our chiefs; and having no shield, no defence, they could not escape. Alas! how soon some are cut down; and we know not why. The political world, the atheistical world, and what may be called the professing world, all are in commotion. I felt I wanted some solid rock to set my foot down upon, and these words looked at me, "Be not afraid of sudden fear; neither of the desolation of the wicked when it cometh; for the Lord shall be thy Confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken." Here you see the dangerous state of the wicked; also the nervous fear of the godly, and the consoling exhortation, and the positive promises, "The Lord shall be thy Confidence, and He will keep thy foot from being taken."

PROMISES PAINFUL TO NATURE.—If we know any one thing in the region of divine Providence more certainly true than another, it is that special word, "I will leave in the midst of you an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the Lord." We see this is true every day, in unnumbered instances; but in the case of the widow of the late pastor Plaiice, and her two afflicted daughters, it is exceedingly painful indeed. We are trying our utmost to help them. Not less than a dozen such cases have we; and of aged ministers, once useful and devoted, quite as many. We could point the atheist, the infidel, and all despisers of God's Providence, to many a chamber in which are the fires where faith is tried; but the precious promises are true to the very letter.

"IT IS WELL."

(2 KINGS IV. 26.)

YES, Christian traveller to the promised rest,
Though sore afflictions now thy bosom swell;
Thy covenant God ordains it for the best,
And, midst your sharpest trials, "It is well."
Ere stars were fixed, or earth's foundation laid,
His thoughts of love did on His chosen dwell,
He view'd them all in Christ, their living Head,
And from eternity, with them, 'twas well.
When with the giddy throng you run the race
Which leads to woe, did He not break the spell,
And guide your feet into the way of peace,
While angels joy'd o'er you, and sang, "'Tis well"?

And when you sought to Him in deep distress,
And low before His throne of mercy fell:
Did He not say, "From henceforth I'll thee bless"?

While your ear's'd heart responded, "It is well."
Amidst severest conflicts you have found
His presence near, your rising fears to quell;
And, though unnumbered foes beset you round,
By Him supported, it has yet been well.

How oft, when smarting 'neath His chastening rod,
[cell]

Has some sweet promise cheer'd you in your
And you have proved Him still the faithful God
In your affliction, and have said, "'Tis well"!

When cares for your dear children made you groan

(And, like as Abraham prayed for Ishmael),
You've borne them in your cries before His throne,

And found relief, assured it should be well.
Has He not heard and granted your request,
And caused your child of His rich grace to tell,
While she with you together have confessed
The Saviour's goodness, saying, "It is well" ?
Though much she lov'd, and was by you belov'd,
The Saviour's love to her was greater still;
And though her sickness—death—a trial has proved,

His voice is in it, saying, "It is well!"
And, from the throne of glory could she speak,
Of those bright joys which in God's presence dwell—

What heavenly music on your ears would break,
"Rejoice, dear father, mother, it is well."

Ere long you'll meet her on that happy shore,

No more to part, no more to bid farewell—

And with her join your Jesus to adore,

Singing, through endless ages, "It is well!"

Milton. WILLIAM DRAKE.

Deaths.

That real gentleman and devout Christian, called "Dr. Steane," died at Rickmansworth on May 8, 1882, aged 85. For many years he was the pastor of the Camberwell Baptist Church, where Dr. Charles Stanford now presides.

On Friday, April 14, our sister, Mrs. Jane Hopkins, late of 20, Farm-street, Notting-hill-gate, fell asleep in Jesus, after a short, but severe and painful affliction, borne with great resignation. She has been from the formation of the Church at Bethesda a consistent and faithful member, one who loved the people of God and the house of prayer, and was invariably in her place when the people of God assembled together. Her last hours, though painful, were peaceful, and characterised by steadfast hope in the love of a dear Redeemer. This is the third vacancy death has made in the ranks of Bethesda, Notting-hill-gate, this year. May these losses be made up, and vacant places filled by those destined to eternal life.—H. BROWN, Pastor.

“Behold the Lamb of God.”

“Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat His mercies in your song.”

PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF; THE PILGRIM FATHERS; A NEST OF EAGLES; THE PRISONER BROUGHT OUT OF PRISON INTO THE BANQUETTING HOUSE; CLAPPING HANDS; FLOWING TEARS; THE ESSENTIAL WORK OF THE HOLY GHOST, THE COMFORTER.

IT is Monday morning, June 5, 1882. Last Saturday I read Bonar's paper on the dreams of the ungodly, and the eternal desolation into which death ushers the soul when it wakes up in the blackness and darkness of despair. The reading of this paper in C. H. Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel*, for June, sunk me down in the quagmire of unbelief. Oh, the painful suggestion, “Am I only a dreamer? Have I been deceived? Shall I never wake up until I find myself where Hope never cometh? There was a kind of East wind blowing over my soul. Presently these words came in: “He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him to them gave He power” (the right or privilege) “to become the sons of God, which *were* born,” &c. “Ah,” I said, “I know I have *received* HIM; He came when I was fast in sleep, over fifty years since. He called me. He awakened me. He took possession of me; and He has been with me ever since. In promises, promising me; in commandments, commanding me; in providence, helping me; in troubles, delivering me; in studies, instructing me; in preaching, enlarging and making use of me. Yes, I have gladly received HIM; and closely clinging to Him, earnestly praying to be *satisfied* with HIMSELF, resigned to His will, and patiently waiting for that blissful period when He shall receive me into His kingdom, often wondering however I shall then adore, and honour, and praise Him for saving such a poor, insignificant thing as I often feel myself to be.

Now, it was while thus lost in pondering over these things such an indescribable sensation of elevation of soul lifted me up so gently as it is quite beyond my power to describe; but I silently said, “Oh, what an infinite mercy to be IN CHRIST, and for CHRIST, by His SPIRIT to be in me.” Another whisper, and as soft as the feathers are, said, “What a blessed privilege to be really and truly a *minister* of JESUS CHRIST! Such a man must be always going to GOD; he must be always going to the Word of GOD; he must be always concerned to be useful to the people of GOD; he must be always more or less engaged in the work of GOD.” And so the thoughts ran on, until a warm thrill of gratitude kindled in my soul, and I cried inside, like Paul, saying, “I thank CHRIST JESUS our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful,

“PUTTING ME INTO THE MINISTRY.”

Those four sentences, sirs, were, indeed, more precious than any of the "apples of gold," or the "pictures of silver."

The thrill of gratitude, "I thank CHRIST" (there I saw the Son of God as the *Anointed*, the MESSIAH, in the everlasting covenant; then, He is Christ) "JESUS" (there is the Son of God in our nature, in His incarnation, saving His people from their sins; still further, He is) "OUR LORD" (there the SON of GOD in our hearts). So it went on; but I did not design to write thus of myself; for this Monday morning I came into the study, and from off one table, overloaded with papers, books, &c., I just accidentally (as we poor things talk) took up one packet of *The Witness*, many copies of which (from Sydney, in New South Wales) our Barnabas-like brother Daniel Allen has been kindly sending over to me. I felt inclined to open one, dated April 8, 1882, in which my eyes fell upon the following

EXTRAORDINARY LETTER.

I read it with feelings of soul comfort, of hearty gladness, of most acute sympathy; and believing the Lord would render it a blessing to many of the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, I here give it in full, beseeching you all to read it, and cause your friends to read it as far as possible.

I know you will rejoice with me.

Writing to the editor of *The Witness*, which is a rare journal in the defence of Biblical Protestantism, our friend, Mr. Daniel Allen, says:—

"I must in this letter crave a little Gospel indulgence, as I cannot get from my emotional state of mind at the present time and under my present circumstances in Victoria. Twenty-five years ago I was instrumental in building a house for God in a small village named Preston, seven miles from Melbourne; and twenty-two years ago I went five miles beyond that to preach in a barn. In this service in the barn God awakened a poor young man to a sense of his state as a sinner, and led him to seek earnestly for salvation through the great Redeemer's blood. He has walked all these years godly, in much trembling and fear; hope held him up at times, and fear cast him down at other times. Twenty-two years ago I married him to a worthy young woman in the little chapel at Preston; the result of which has been thirteen young Eagles (this being his name) to be provided for by the hard toil of wood carting, sometimes twenty-four miles. All who have known this son of toil have believed him to be a Christian indeed and in truth, yet he could not so believe for himself; hence he could not take his place in the Church. Ministers and members entreated and besought him to do so, but all in vain. He was afraid he was not the Lord's. I have wrestled with God for him for these twenty-two years—very much at times. I have sometimes been much discouraged because he tarried so long at the place of breaking forth of children. Now mark the way, the mysterious way of God, who 'plants His footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm.'

"Last Wednesday I went to the 'bus-stand to go and preach at this little chapel at Preston. I found I had an hour to wait. As the Museum and Art Gallery were near, I went and asked permission to enter, which I was most courteously permitted to do. I hastened past paintings of monks, nuns, bishops, priests, madonnas, and altars, as

chaff and delusion. I then came to the splendid painting of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' with the 'Mayflower' boat just pushing off shore. I knew all the history before and after their going; I knew the reason why they were going. I gazed at the banner streaming in the breeze, and I saw 'Liberty of Worship;' and it was no use, I sobbed and wept with floods of tears, for I could not restrain myself. The whole thing was too much for me to stand under. I soon saw that I had attracted the attention of some young ladies who were copying from some subjects near where I was standing. This calmed me down a little, and I tried to cease weeping, but I could not. My time was near up, and I was compelled to leave this glorious sight. I hastened away, saying,—

“ Oh, old Rome, what hast thou done ?

O God, what hast Thou permitted her to do ? ”

The names of these Pilgrim Fathers are many and glorious. I could fill this letter with them, but I forbear. I will not mention any lest it should disparage those not named. But, oh, they were noble men. Charles I. and Charles II. might well be ashamed to see their faces, as Cain was ashamed to see the face of Abel, because Abel's works were righteous and Cain's were wicked. As I became a little more calm, the following passage of Scripture came into my heart like a celestial breeze: 'Our fathers trusted in Thee; they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them' (Psa. xxii. 4). This was the sum and substance of it all, and God was glorified in them, and by them, and

“ A NEW GREAT WORLD ”

was thus begun by these dear Pilgrim Fathers in America.

“ Well, by this time I reached the 'bus, and was soon on my way to Preston, with my text for the evening: 'Our fathers trusted in Thee.' I was received by my dear friend, E. Wood, Esq., J.P., who is a reader of the *Witness*. Our intercourse was sweet, profitable, and most pleasant. Our friendship has been lengthened out to thirty-two years, which is a very great mercy, in which mercy, with his godly lady, we mutually rejoiced together. I shall be pardoned for the offence of this unusual detail when I inform my reader that this Christian gentleman was the means of my first speaking in the Lord's name. If I have been of any use to the Church or in the world for the good of men, this gentleman must be viewed as God's means to bring it to pass. After this kind of communication we repaired to the little house of God. And here were the Eagles gathered together. There was the poor male bird and his help-mate, and some young Eagles. This poor male Eagle, as we have said, had been twenty-two years—ever since my service in the barn—in doubts and fears. We proceeded with the text from the Gallery of Art, 'Our fathers trusted in Thee,' &c. I saw the Eagle's waters flowed freely as we noticed Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Aaron, Gideon, David, Isaiah, Simeon, Peter, John, James, Paul, Polycarp, Austin, Waldo, Calvin, Luther, Latimer, Knox, Taylor, and the Pilgrim Fathers. When all was over, this

“ POOR EAGLE IN CHAINS, ”

Chains for twenty-two years, now felt all his bondage over. Oh, how this poor man, with tears like floods, did bless and praise the Lord before all the friends in a friendly home close by. He called the dear Saviour his own dear Lord and God. Like a man beside himself, he

called the people of God present, 'My dear sisters, my dear brothers, O praise the Lord for me, and with me.' He took me by the hand with a mighty grasp, and said, 'O my dear brother, my dear father, praise the Lord for me; let us bless His name together.' Thus he went on for a long time, as if the mantle of one of the Pilgrim Fathers had fallen upon him. The same spirit who was in them had certainly entered into him also, and filled him with joy. He went home, and called his family around him to commence family worship. He opened upon Psa. xlvii., which begins with, 'O clap your hands,' &c. When I passed him with his load of wood the next morning, myself riding on the back seat of the mail coach, not being able to speak to each other, I gave him a sign by clapping my hands and pointing to the heavens, when he at once put his hand to his heart, and clapped his hands together, and pointed to the heavens, from which I understood him to mean that his heart was glad, and that he was still blessing the Lord. This was the import of Psa. xlvii. When he reached Melbourne, he sought to tell his friends, who had so long mourned with him, the joy he had found. He pointed to his Saviour's redeeming blood, and said, 'Behold the way to God.' When I found him doing this in the house of a friend, he would insist upon embracing me, to bless the Lord that He had sent me to Preston once more. Well, I thought it was best to let the dear brother do and say just as he liked. I knew his natural disposition was the very reverse of what he was now doing and saying, therefore, I was sure it was not from excited nature, but from the power of the Holy Spirit. Now he desires to be identified with the people of the Lord, as one of them.

"This wonderful manifestation of the sovereign grace of God has filled me with many thoughts, such as the following:—

"His decree who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him."

The inability of the creature appears in this case. He has done all he could to obtain salvation, but could not. Free grace people have tried hard to give him peace and joy, but they could not do it; free-will people have tried hard to give him peace and joy, but they have tried in vain. I have tried for hours and hours, but neither entreaties, tears, prayers, nor words of comfort could give this poor man peace and joy by a sense of pardon sealed upon his heart. None but the Holy Ghost could do this, and He has done it. He has done it to such a great degree that not one of us who have seen and heard him have ever seen it to the same degree. Fools may tell us that it is the natural senses worked up to this pitch by the force of speech. How is it that it was not done before then? How is it that others are not worked up in the same way, under the same means? We defy all the arts on earth to do it to some we know, who are now as this poor brother was. No; none but the Holy Ghost can perform these things.

"I have held about thirty services in Victoria, all of them being of an interesting character.

"With much love to friends in New South Wales.

"DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

"Melbourne, March 27, 1882."

All one can venture to add here is:—

“ Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To *SAVE* from *sorrows* and *from* *SINS*.
 The work that Wisdom undertakes
 Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.”

May we realise the truth, prays

C. W. BANKS.

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

LED BY THE SPIRIT—II. TRIUMPHANT FAITH.

BY GILBERT HORNSBY.

“ Get thee up into this mountain, Abarim.”

FROM yonder plain where pastoral tents are pitched the man of God comes forth. The leader of the people; he from Egypt's land of bondage brought them forth, under Jehovah's guidance, that they might to Canaan go, where peace and plenty dwelt. But now, debarred from entering in, he is going to the top of yonder mountain high, Nebo's dark height, to see the promised land, and then to lay him down and die. Not like a dying man is he. Though full of years, his eye is not dim; no faltering feebleness his step betrays; none of those outward signs that indicate a nearness to the tomb. Though full of years, he is full of life, and might, to all appearance, live for twenty years or more. Yet still he acts like one that is going to die, and not like those who know not that their time is up.

Why blesses he the people, and why thinks he thus that death is nigh? Is yonder mountain's top so difficult to gain, so studded round with rocks and chasms deep, that fear has filled his breast with gloomy thoughts, and dire forebodings of approaching ill? Not so, for other mountain tops he has climbed unto, without receiving harm. Mountains that higher were and wilder far than this. A mountain climber has he been for eighty years and more, and well acquainted with the desert ways. The parching thirst, the deep fatigue, and burning heat, to him familiar are. For all of these he has undergone and would not fear or be deterred by them. It was God that came and told him he must die, and he believed the word of God, and forthwith goes, obedient to the will of Heaven, to seek the mountain top and die.

Not always thus was he obedient to the will of God. Not always thus did he submit, without enquiring why a sacrifice thus great should be required. There was a time, far in the misty past, when unto God he would have said, This cannot be, I am hearty, and hale, I am gay and strong, and wherefore should I die, or think of death? Like this he acted eighty years before. His creature confidence it then was great, but God had taught him many a lesson in the intervening years. The lessons that we all must learn, if we to God acceptable would be, and do the work that heaven has appointed us.

While yet an honoured son in Pharaoh's house, the thought arose and grew, that he should be the one to lead the chosen forth from brick-yard labour to the promised land. He felt a fitness for the work, and went unto his labour-stricken race, strong in the thought that

they would recognise in him the man that his own consciousness declared he was. He hesitated not to interfere, and with high hand maintain the cause of right, expecting that his brethren all would bow to his decree. But no, the time had not arrived. The time when God His chosen people would send forth; and they beheld in him a violent man, a man of blood, but not the man that should from bondage lead them forth.

He was the man, true prescience guided him; yet all unqualified he was, and learning much required, before all fit and perfect in the sight of God he stood. Forty years of teaching he did need. An education in the desert wild, where God alone the Teacher was. Much there was that must be learned; much, too, that must unlearned be, before the man of meekness he became; that from Egypt's land the chosen led, and acted well the part that God assigned. Faith had he in himself, but that must be replaced by faith in God. For self, however great it may be, can do no good. Talents, however brilliant they may be, yet feeble pillars are, on which to raise a work for God. All fitness and capacity in God must centred be if we would do a work for man or heaven. All other consciousness than this will land us wrong, and we to isolation may be driven, the depths of our own hearts to know. The helplessness of human might to learn, ere we are glad to take the aid of heaven. We need not fear though long the time of training be, that some one will step in and do the work we felt we were destined to do, and without which we shall feel our lives to be a thing that is incomplete. When we have learned to do the will of God, and work when He commands, though all unfit we feel the work to do, He will lead us forth to do the work that He intended us to do, and it will be the very work we longed to do. There is a niche that we must fill, a little bit of work that we must do; that will remain unfilled, and done, till we be ready. If all is surrendered to the will of God, our faith in Him will strengthen every day. In work and out of work it still will grow, till trust in Him becomes the very nature of our souls, and not a plant that weakly is and like to die. And when old age comes on, and death draws nigh, willing we will be to mount the mountain top and rest alone, or cross the current strong that flows in yonder valley dark, where noisome vapours are. No respite shall we crave, no little lingering on below to finish up our wee bit work. Our work will all be done, and we shall know it. It was thus this man of God had learned his work was done, and willing was to climb the mountain high, and die alone; yet not alone, he knew that God was near, and evermore would so remain. And though the silent wastes of space might him surround, and brothers none be nigh to close his drooping eye, he faltered not, nor wished his fate could be reversed; content he was to die where God desired, and leave with Him the issue of it all.

THE grace of God is given to the mind, yet it may influence all the powers of the soul.

WE shall never be satisfied on any doctrine of Scripture if we desire any other argument than "Thus saith the Lord."

A SWEET PERFUME.

BY WILLIAM PRICE.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."—Song of Solomon i. 3.

ONLY those who know the blessed Jesus experimentally can use such an expression as this. This is indeed the voice of the Church, as she cries out with joy and praise. "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." How sweet are the Canticles to those who have been brought into union with Jesus, the Beloved. Surely He is all that He is described to be to His people; yea, infinitely more than heart can realise, or tongue can speak. Three sweet thoughts strike us:—

I.—THE CHURCH'S BOAST OF CHRIST'S NAME. "Thy name."

1. It is a *God-given name*. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sin," was the message from God to Joseph in a dream; so that the name signifies Saviour, "the Redeemer," "the sent One."

2. It is a *simple, easy name*. What child cannot prattle it? How easy to repeat by mother's knee at night!

3. It is a *precious name*, since it is the only name whereby we must be saved, "For there is no other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved. One aged pilgrim lay a-dying. The relatives and friends watched around the bed. One after the other they inquired whether he knew them. But no response. His wife bent over and said, "My dear, do you know me?" No answer. Then one whispered, "Do you know Jesus?" Now his face is lit as with an heavenly radiance. No voice to be heard; but he knew that name which is "above every name."

II.—WHAT THAT NAME IS COMPARED UNTO. "Thy name is as ointment."

1. Because *He is costly*. The alabaster box of ointment with which Mary anointed Him was very costly; but who or what can be compared with Christ? He stands alone matchless; all else is insignificant, compared with Him.

2. Because of *His fragrance*. How sweet was the fragrance from Calvary. Wrath appeased; justice satisfied; the sinner free; death vanquished; Satan conquered. A willing sacrifice; for He has "loved us, and hath given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour." Sinner, have you been brought to Calvary to inhale this sweet perfume, a Saviour's blood? "For without shedding of blood there is no remission."

3. Because of *His healing power*. He is the "Balm of Gilead," and the true Physician for sin-sick souls. Has the law cut you with its piercing sword? Do you say, with one of old, "All my bones are out of joint. I am poured out like water." Take heart, Christ has all power to heal, and will.

III.—THE NAME POURED FORTH. "As ointment poured forth."

1. The blessed Spirit only can do this vitally, but instrumentally *Christ's servants pour Him forth, as it were, by extolling Him*. They extol His power, and His love to redeem; his grace "to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." Ye heralds of the cross, extol Him, "for He is worthy."

2. We may *pour forth His name by conversing about Him*, as we meet together and exchange thoughts one with the other in our pilgrim march, as we talk about Him and the future prospects of bliss, like the two disciples going to Emmaus, "*our hearts will burn within us with holy rapture while He talks to us by the way.*"

3. *Can we not pour forth His name by holy services?* Of one it was said, "*She hath done what she could.*" Surely there is something to do in the vineyard. Little ones to teach; enquiring ones to point out the way; sick ones to visit; pillows to be smoothed. Oh! there is plenty to do for Jesus. Let us do what we can in return for what He has done for us. Soon the night will come. The shadows are lengthening. Jesus is coming. Hark! do you not hear His chariot wheels? Listen, as He cries, "*Behold, I come quickly.*" May we respond, "*Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*"

Bath, June 3, 1882.

"THE TRUE CHRIST OF GOD!"

"**T**HE REVIEW" is coming forth with the overflowing errors of the time. These errors misrepresent both THE PERSON and the substitutionary sacrifice of THE ETERNAL SON OF GOD. In fact, the schools, Churches, halls, and streets are filled with heterodox announcements of every shade. That long and well-known writer, James Johnstone, Esq., of Edinburgh, has published a letter in which he refers to the errors of H. B. Elliott, in the *Evangelical Review*; and from Mr. Johnstone's letter I quote the following lines, which gloriously exalt "**THE CHRIST OF GOD.**" Mr. Johnstone shows how the writer in the *Evangelical Review* perverts Col. i. 15. I will not print the perversion, but give Mr. Johnstone's words. He says:—

"This is a perversion of Col. i. 15, which in the received version reads, 'the first-born of every creature.' But the Greek word really means born before all creation. The text runs thus: 'Who is the image of the invisible God, born before all creation, for by Him all things were created: the things in the heavens, and the things upon the earth, the visible and the invisible, whether thrones, or lordships, or principalities, or authorities, all things by Him and for Him were created, and He is before all, and all things in Him consist' (Col. i. 15—17). The foregoing passage clearly establishes that Christ was born, not created; that He was no part of creation, He was the Author of creation."

In opposition to Mr. Elliott's contention for the doctrine of a universal atonement, Mr. Johnstone writes:—

"The Scriptures contain abundant proof that there was a covenant or agreement between God the Father and His only begotten Son, that the latter would take upon Himself the human form and suffer and die, that He might make atonement for the elect; thereby establishing the sovereignty of the Father in election according to Christ's words: "No man can come unto Me except the Father draw him." It was not as the first of creation, but as a covenant Head that Christ made atonement; hence the atonement was not for all creation, but for those for whom the Father and the Son covenanted. This scriptural doctrine Mr. Elliott denounces as being 'arbitrary,' and hereby Mr. Elliott sets

himself up to be God's judge, and the editor of the *Review* considers such God-dishonouring writings fit for his readers."

Yes! and nearly all the bishops and editors everywhere, almost all the students, supplies, and pastors, now preach as though the *final result* of the Redeemer's sufferings depends upon a man's "*accepting the offered mercy.*" Read the sixth of John right through; read Paul to the Ephesians. Our Lord shews clearly His saving work was for those His Father had given unto Him; they are drawn unto Him by the FATHER, through the grace of the SPIRIT. All these given ones SEE CHRIST by the SPIRIT'S revelation of Him in their souls; they believe ON CHRIST, they believe INTO CHRIST. They come to Him in the faith and feelings of their souls, and CHRIST solemnly declares He never will cast them out; He never will (as one old version reads) "shut the door against them;" but He will raise them up at the last day, and He will present them sound and whole before His Father's face, at the making up of the jewels. This is "*a mystery, made known to some.*" They shall be to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved. All the rest we must leave to the honour of a just and righteous God. In this faith my soul hath lived more than fifty years; in this faith, by grace divine, will fall asleep,—

C. W. B.

"ON EARTH PEACE! GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN!"

"When shall THAT DAY, dear LORD, appear?"

NEVER, since the days of Solomon's supremacy, has there been a general peace on the earth. Surely the days are *not* YET come, of which it is said: "In HIS days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." No! "The Prince of peace" is the last of the letters in Isaiah's prophetic name. The earth has been saturated with the blood of the saints for centuries. Wars and persecutions have been rife on all hands; and even now there are clouds, calamities, and curses, blighting the efforts and the hopes of the real Christian. But "the Prince of Peace" will come, in His own time, then shall there be "Peace on earth, and good will toward men."

WE WAIT FOR HIS COMING.

Meanwhile, it is terrible now and then to see the under-current working of Jesuits, of Nihilists, of the emissaries of the Anti-Christ, who are in league with "the Prince of the power of the air;" "the Spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience," and who are full of enmity against the only "WAY TO GOD:" the only real "TRUTH," who came down from the highest throne, and who alone can give unto us "eternal life." Painful, dangerous, and destructive conspiracies are now everywhere at work. Here is an unmistakable witness.

Mr. Thomas Firminger, of Peckham, sends us the following note:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon me, and not think I am rude; but being a subscriber to the *Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission*, and looking it over, I saw a very excellent and praiseworthy letter, written to Lord Hartington by Robert Steele. Knowing that your publication has a wide circulation, I thought it might be the means, in God's hands, of opening the eyes of some to the awful state of the times in which we live. If you could find room in the VESSEL for it I think it would do some good.

I remain, yours sincerely,

THOS. FIRMIINGER.

Mr. ROBERT STEELE, the honourable Secretary of the "Protestant Evangelical Mission," and the Editor of *The Monthly Record*, we have known for many years, and have strong confidence in all that proceeds from his pen. Therefore, in accordance with Mr. Firminger's solicitude, we quote the following from *The Monthly Record*, for June:—

"LETTER TO LORD HARTINGTON.

"The following letter was delivered by special messenger at the India Office, May 17:—

"May 16, 1882.

"THE MOST HONOURABLE

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, M.P., P.C., ETC.

"MY LORD MARQUIS,—The atrocious assassination of your brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and Mr. Burke, in Dublin, on the 6th inst., has somewhat disturbed the repose of many who were selfishly secure. It has also forced others to more serious anxiety as to what can and ought to be done.

"It is, doubtless, with a view of promoting the ends of justice that a very trustworthy correspondent has favoured me with a statement which he has asked me to forward to your Lordship—but without his name. The substance of his communication is this. He was in Madrid when General Prim was assassinated. The General and Roque Barcia, as friends of freedom and the people, had made themselves obnoxious to the Jesuits. They became marked men, and their death was determined on. The services of four imprisoned criminals were secured for the murder of General Prim. They had large promises made to them; drink, money, and arms were given them. They fell upon their victim in his carriage, in a narrow street near his own house, filled his body with bullets and grape shot, and returned to their prison. No one thought of looking in a prison for the murderers. Roque Barcia was charged with the murder of his friend and fellow patriot, and, accordingly, imprisoned. My friend concludes his narrative by saying, 'Such are Jesuits—children of Cain.'

"With this communication, my Lord, may I be allowed to state one or two circumstances that lead me to fear for the future security of ENGLISH society wherever what is called the *Irish* element, but which I as an Irishman call the *Papal* element, prevails. For though an Irishman unsophisticated is one of the best of men, yet, filled with Popery, he is one of the most deceitful and malignant.

"In 1854 I formed the acquaintance of an Irish Roman Catholic in the North of England. In friendly chat we differed in our views of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, to the belief of which he, though always a Roman Catholic, had only just become a convert. A Priest from a neighbouring town was to lecture on the subject that evening, and my friend asked me to go. I went. But when we got to the place we found the meeting was that of a religious Brotherhood, and was being held with closed doors. My friend asked me to use a sketch-book I had in my hand as a note-book, and he would introduce me as a Reporter for a Roman Catholic paper.

"The Chairman was a Canon of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Salford, the Lecturer a Priest. That night I heard it approvingly suggested by Lecturer and Chairman that the Queen should be dethroned, and Prince Albert treated as an Irish landlord; that Roman Catholic

soldiers should shoot their Generals rather than the enemy, unless the Priests were allowed what they wanted. The conduct of Popes 'whipping Kings into obedience' was loudly applauded, while the conduct of Protestants in praying to God to change the heart of the Sovereign for good was laughed to scorn; and the audience was asked to follow to the lowest hell with their curses the Reformers who interfered with the policy of the Pope.

"This wicked conduct of Canon and Priests I published, giving names and dates. Did the Government prosecute those seditious, wicked men? Far from it! When, some time after, a Protestant lecturer was about to give a course of lectures in the same town, this same Canon swore that if he was allowed to do so, there would be blood shed, and the big works of the town would be burnt. And on this 'information,' by this seditious Canon, the Protestant Lecturer was imprisoned by the Wesleyan Mayor of the town, no crime whatever being alleged against him!

"It is such men as this Canon, I fear, that the advisers of the Queen have taken into their confidence, and their counsel they long appear to have followed.

"Let me relate another circumstance:—An old Catholic Priest, whose friends had done good service to the Government, and whose loyalty subjected him to much persecution by Cardinal Wiseman, so much so that he who was made a Priest 'of the City and of the world' by Gregory XVI. at Rome, was afterwards put under the Ban of the Inquisition in London, told me that Cardinal Wiseman could have any man in England that he liked murdered! I asked him how such a thing *could* be done in England! In explanation he said the Cardinal or his friends would find the agents, and the Government would stand aside to allow the Cardinal's friends to carry out their work. He gave examples.

"This statement has been confirmed by what has since happened in the case of Mr. Wm. Murphy. This good man, against whom no crime was alleged, was murdered under Priestly direction at Whitehaven, in broad daylight, by three hundred men, who marched five miles for the purpose! The forty policemen of the town were kept out of the way, it is said, to allow them to do the terrible deed of blood in peace! As a matter of fact, the Superintendent of Police came upon the scene *at the close of the affair*, unarmed and alone, and not a single man was apprehended for several days after!

"The loyal, patriotic, and, therefore, 'banned' Priest to whom I refer, informed me that in his ministry as a Priest, he had heard the Confessions of several men employed by the Jesuits, whose sole vocation was 'to Murder or drive to Madness' those who hindered 'the Church,' or had rendered themselves obnoxious by aiding those who hindered the executions of their schemes for obtaining absolute control over all.

"An incident connected with the explosion at Clerkenwell may not be without interest. I was informed on good authority that the man who wheeled the barrow of powder up to the walls of 'a great gaol in the heart of the metropolis, to break it open,' so as to set Fenians loose upon society, was at once provided with a home in a 'Religious House,' where he continued until his death. But if such deeds justify legislation involving robbery, treachery, murder, and treason, as Mr. Gladstone appears to consider, what else can we expect than the present confusion?

“The following incident, told by an Irish Priest from several public platforms in London, of a Roman Catholic Bishop who voted for the supervision of the Government over appointments made by the Pope in Ireland, is not without significance. Soon after the vote of Loyalty by the Bishop, the ‘Italian Prisoner’ was sent down from Dublin on his deadly errand, and was only defeated by the Bishop’s brother being informed of the fell purpose of the Italian. He rode by the same conveyance as the ‘Poisoner,’ and reaching the Bishop’s residence first, urged his brother to at once harness his horses and ‘make an inspection of his diocese’ so as to get out of the way of the Pope’s messenger.

“Oh, that England had helped Ireland to repel Jesuit influence instead of rivetting upon her, by means of the Jesuit College of Maynooth, a yoke more terrible than was ever forged for felon or murderer.

“The worst phase of the matter is that all the crimes and atrocities which now disgrace and imperil our country are the natural, and indeed necessary, results of the operation of laws which the Government, with the consent of the masses, have enabled the Papal Hierarchy to set up and enforce. They are also *in perfect harmony* with the promises made by ‘the greatest Englishman living,’ and, in the opinion of some, the most dangerous accomplice of lawless spoilers, as understood by those to whom was promised the boon of being ‘governed according to their own ideas,’ provided they could, by hook or by crook, bring the objects of their lusts ‘within the range of practical politics.’ And I can see no good ground, my Lord, for expecting deliverance from our present evils except by humiliation before the LORD, for our fearful departure from Law and Justice, and by the re-establishment of the authority of God among us, as LORD and LAWGIVER, and under Him, the authority of our gracious Sovereign.

“I send with this homely statement of facts—similar facts having influenced my life in favour of freeing poor Roman Catholics from the galling chains of Popery in its worst form—two pamphlets * by the late Robert James M’Ghee, than whom no kinder or more patriotic Irishman ever lived. They will, my Lord, place before you authorities whose testimony cannot be impugned, showing that the misery peculiar to Ireland is the necessary result of the operation of Papal laws, whose object is to subvert the authority of the Queen in favour of the Pope, and to make the word of a Popish Priest more binding on the consciences of Roman Catholics than the word of the living and true God.

I am, My Lord Marquis,

Your very obedient and faithful servant,

ROBERT STEELE.

THE STARS FROM EVERY PLANET HAVE FALLEN.

IN less than eighteen months, the “chief men” in every department of society have been laid low in death. From the moment when Charles Reed went suddenly from us, down to the fall of Garfield and Garibaldi, there has been a continued sweeping from off the earth of the leading spirits of the nineteenth century. Even our beloved Queen Victoria has not escaped the attempts of some of the fanatics of the

* Letter to the Queen” and “Letters to Electors.” 4d. each.

lower orders; but, we render thanks unto the Lord for His guardian care of England's monarch, who, through many seas of tribulation, anxiety and sorrow, has been preserved and permitted to pass that critical period, her 63rd year. Out of the long list who have lately fallen, we know of none who have been more useful in refining the tastes, in instructing the minds, in giving a beautiful, a moral, a purely edifying tone to millions of the people who dwell on the many shores of the civilized world than was

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

of whom, in a condensed form, it may be written, "He was a healthy youth, an honourable and useful man; reached a venerated old age, and died a hale patriarch, in full possession of all his splendid faculties!"

The saving, the creating, the sanctifying power of the SPIRIT OF GOD is not confined,—not exclusively limited,—to those blessed men who have been called to preach the Gospel, with the HOLY GHOST sent down from heaven. Nay, such magnificent intellects as Martin F. Tupper, as Longfellow, as Cowper, as Frances Ridley Havergal, and many others (whose writings are found in the mansions of some of the nobles, and in the libraries of the higher orders of society), who had in their souls "a deep that coucheth beneath," a profoundly reverential faith in the ETERNAL JEHOVAH, in the ETERNAL CHRIST OF GOD! They dared not so rashly, so vainly, so presumptuously to hurl, hither and thither, their exclamations and declamations, as many of the violent pulpit men of our age hesitate not to do; but, in the rich, river-flowings of their mental powers, there shine forth the fruits of their faith in the Covenant Head of the predestinated family of God. They saw "THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY!" they had visions of "the land of far distances;" and, in the silent seasons of their meditations, their allusions to the "HIGH AND LOFTY ONE, who inhabiteth eternity," were clothed in language bespeaking a godly fear with a SPIRIT wrought faith, which to the pure mind is more precious, more profitable than the violent bellowings of some of the bulls of Bashan. As in the evening-tide of this, our working day, we occasionally take a walk in the garden of these genuine poets, we often wish we could, for ourselves, and for others, inhale a little of that blessed "South wind" which our Saviour sometimes commands to "blow upon HIS garden that the spices might flow forth." Lord! help me, in this way, to be of some use.

THE WORD FOUND,

IN THE CONVICTION AND CONVERSION OF AN OLD MAN'S SOUL,
AFTER BEING SOWN NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

TWO hundred years ago, John Flavel, of Dartmouth, in England, driven out of his pulpit by the persecuting Act of Uniformity, was preaching in an open field. With his wonted earnestness and affectionate fervour of address, he spoke of the dreadful curse resting on all who love not the Lord Jesus Christ. Among the listeners on that day was a youth of fifteen, who heard the solemn words of the preacher, and went away as though he heard them not. Some of noble birth and of high intellectual culture were so deeply affected that they fell sense-

less upon the ground. But that thoughtless young man only listened and looked on as if he were a disinterested spectator. Soon afterwards he began a roving life upon the seas, and finally settled down for a permanent home—a faithless and a prayerless man—in America. Meanwhile, Flavel continued to preach the Gospel which he loved, amid persecutions and many sorrows; and when the last joyful summons came he went home to God in peace.

Eighty-five years passed by, from that day of field-preaching at Dartmouth; and the boy of fifteen was now a man of a hundred years, and still a wanderer from God. The quick susceptibilities of youth had died in his old and guilty heart long ago. No ordinary faith could have believed that the seed-corn of Divine truth planted by John Flavel's preaching eighty-five years before, on the other side of the ocean, still survived, and was destined to spring up and bear fruit into life eternal. But so it was. It chanced on a certain day that he found himself alone in an open field belonging to his own farm, with no weeping multitude around him to awaken his sympathies, and no preacher's solemn voice to tell him of his sin. Moved, he knew not how, that old man, in his hundredth year, passing over all the intervening space of time, felt himself back again in the field at Dartmouth, hearing the fearful words, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed." And the message of heaven, which the thoughtless youth so easily rejected, was mightier when speaking from the remembered past than when heard from the living voice. Then, first the aged sinner found strength to roll the burden of the threatened curse from his heart, through the exercise of penitent and trusting love. He lived to the extraordinary age of a hundred-and-sixteen years, believing and rejoicing in the Saviour, whom for a century he had rejected. And the awakening call of duty, which roused him from the sleep of impenitence and unbelief, came from the remembered words of one who had rested from his labour for more than half a century.

[Communicated by our friend, Mr. W. Turner, of South Hackney.]

HUMAN LIFE.

By J. W. CARTER, Minister of Broadstairs Baptist Chapel.

<p>How strange, how flatt'ring is the life Which man is born to live; [strife, 'Tis vain, 'tis short, 'tis mixed with And many things to grieve. When first the op'ning bud appears, And lovely form assumes, And in a mother's kisses shares, And her fond hope illumines,— 'Tis but a flatt'ring thing she loves, And flatt'ring joys that rise, For soon 'tis gone, for ever gone, From her fond hope it flies. Or should it live on years to come, And to full stature grow; Yet even years find many a storm, And many a tear will flow. For life is fraught with ups and downs, And clouds, and darkness too; Its smiles are flatt'ries, and its frowns Are cold as Winter's snow</p>	<p>But ah! how brief, how soon 'twill end, And all its treach'ries too; [bend, Its charms, and strange designs, must And to destruction bow. But though the body mould'ring lie, And all its work be done; Yet life can never, never die, But it will still live on. Live on, for ages yet to come, In happiness or woe, For sad indeed the sinner's doom:— The righteous is not so. But he with Christ shall live and reign, Where sorrows are unknown; While sinners dwell in endless pain, Eternally undone. My only hope is Christ the Lord, My only Saviour He, And while I trust His sacred Word My life shall happy be.</p>
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THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Handsome and Valuable Selection of Hymns. During the last few years numerous and earnest inquiries have been made for copies of the large-type octavo edition of the late David Denham's "SELECTION," or, *Saints' Melody*—the first edition having been "out of print" for a long time. At a considerable outlay, a most beautiful edition has been printed:—is bound in a variety of styles, and can be now had, without any delay, of Mr. Robert Banks, 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Not only is this edition well adapted for the pulpit, the desk, or for private use, but as a testimonial gift, as a birthday or wedding present, in its extra rich binding, nothing can be more suitable or truly useful. The type is bold and clear, the paper substantial and good, the bindings are all strong, durable, and prepared for constant use. In every way this is decidedly the most superior edition of "Denham's Selection" that has ever been issued.

Mr. C. Cornwell's tract on *Annihilation* will, we hope, be issued in a second edition before long. In our Churches C. Cornwell has a host of true friends who will feel honoured in circulating such a vindication of the solemn verities of revealed truth.

Religious Farmers and their Families will look smilingly on C. H. Spurgeon's new volume, called *Farm Sermons*. It is an elegantly-bound book, and may be called *An Agricultural Commentary*. Some of us get a gentle thrashing over the *Sluggard's Farm*, but, doubtless, we much deserve it. On one of our long journeys we think of taking this volume with us, and, if spared, to have a quiet reading of it. We may have another notice; reviewing is out of the question.

Master John Jenkyn Brown's address on *The Spirit We Need* is in harmony with streams of the like papers, expressive of a deficiency somewhere. He says, "We may engage in the service of God in a godless spirit." That one dread sentence explains the cause of much of the death-like declension which is found in almost all "the circuits" and connections now. Instead of universal complaints in all directions, could we realise again the facts recorded in Acts iv. 31, "When they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness; and the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul."

Here are the powers we need. First, men who can "lift up their voices to God with one accord." Secondly, if in answer to their cries the Spirit comes down there will be "a shaking of the place;" there will be a momentous movement; the Churches will be shaken out of their sluggish laziness; parsons will be shaken out of their dry and dusty platitudes; the members will be shaken out of their pride; their conceits will be driven to the winds; they will feel and know they are lost, and unto "the Hope set before them" they will betake themselves in a passionate and prayerful earnestness; they will be filled with the Holy Ghost; "the Word of God will be spoken with boldness, with the force of a God-given power; a multitude will believe; and all of them (being taught of the "One Spirit") will be of "one heart and of one soul." We do not expect to live to see the day, but in the Lord's time it will come. And then the concerts, the bazaars, the theatrical performers, will be turned out of the worshipping temples; the money-changers, the buyers, the sellers, the incessant beggars, will be ashamed of selling their many counterfeit gospels any longer; the marriage of the Lamb will be near, and His bride will have "made herself ready." The prophecies and promises will be verified; and the ransomed of the Lord will return unto Zion with gladness; everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; the days of mourning will be for ever ended. "Hallelujahs," real and loyal, will fill the heavens for ever and ever. Then will the Lord Himself shew unto us His own salvation. Let us be "looking for, and hastening unto, this coming of the day of God. Amen."

The Gospel Magazine continues on the same lines, conveys the same passengers, carries the same kind of luggage as ever. It sounds an alarm to the nations concerning the coming crisis; but the modern *isms* of these last days blind the eyes and seal up the ears of nearly all the people. We wish to creep close to the Saviour's feet, and listen only to the whispers of His merciful lips. The sound of His voice in our soul goes down deep, and our thoughts of HIM are precious; but to tell them out in public is often a felt difficulty.

Whiter Than Snow is the subject of Mr. Battersby's sermon in London, May 4, 1882. The fifty-first Psalm is one of those portions of the Word of God which

is sacredly designed for the broken, the bruised, the bleeding hearts of such believers as have gone from Jerusalem toward Jericho, and have fallen among thieves. Many may preach from this Psalm:—we think (and this may be a mercy), comparatively few can preach into it; but Mr. Battersby says, as all well-taught believers will unite with him in saying: "The only offering I dare venture to God with for my cleansing is the precious blood of the Lamb, Jehovah Jesus. Let us remember the words of the apostle, 'If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean.' Need we not pray:—

"My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean!
Wash me and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone;
My hands, my head, my heart."

The New Version. We see from *The Sydney Witness*, Pastor Daniel Allen has been on an excursion to the Australian colony of Victoria; and from Melbourne he writes, having learned that the Melbourne Christians literally disdain "the Revised Version" as "a despicable mutilation of the oracles of God. They utterly reject it as such." The following is a strong *Witness*. Mr. Allen says:—"I think this speaks well for the intelligence, wisdom, and scholarship of the editors and teachers of this colony. I have visited Melbourne and its surroundings, Castlemaine, Maryborough, Ballarat, and Geelong, and find just the same abhorrence of and protest against the New Version everywhere. I have not heard one voice nor read one line in its advocacy since I have been in the colony; and I have conversed with different persons from seven in the morning until midnight, for the last three weeks."

"*The Coming Conflict in Europe.*" This subject is calmly (but with much evidence) referred to in the June number of *Israel's Hope and Destiny* (published by R. Banks). This twopenny monthly is ably conducted by Douglas A. Onslow, Esq., and furnishes prophetic, practical, and historical papers, highly appreciated by unprejudiced Bible students.

"HOME HEATHEN" is a descriptive paper of those 140 inhabited islands on the North and West coasts of Ireland, which have a population of about 50,000 souls, whose condition is deplorable and awfully wretched. This paper is in *The Voice of Warning*, the organ of the Protestant Tract Society. English grumblers might read the paper to some advantage.

"THE ESSENTIAL NOBILITY OF OUR MINISTRY" is a leader in *Sword and Trowel* for June. Some of the careless characters who dare to take upon themselves a work so terribly grand and full of the majesty of the Master (when HIS SPIRIT carries men into it, and through it), should read this elevating chapter—after first rubbing the dust out of their eyes; and, more particularly, after asking the Spirit of Christ to give them that wisdom which is from above.

If you can afford to sail out a little way on the sea of periodical literature, you might extend your knowledge of the works and the wonderful efforts of other sections of Christendom by reading *The Church Standard*, *The Fireside*, *Day of Days*, and *Home Words*, all issued at No. 1, Paternoster-buildings, and conducted by Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. We are often instructed by the highly-gifted writers who fill up these mild, moral, amusing, truth-unfolding, grace-defending and charitable productions. We can honestly speak a kind word of these good clergy, although they can never condescend even to look upon us.

Mr. J. S. Anderson's *Silent Messenger* for June has quite an exciting history of "Old Ned," while the page on "Church Affairs" shows that the Strict Baptist Church at New-cross, under Mr. Anderson's pastoral care, is still a prosperous harvest field. The minister, the Church, the congregation, and the schools, all are growing and glowing with renewed strength and joy. What a happy position doth the pastor of New-cross now occupy! Like "A wise traveller he goeth on cheerily, through fair weather or foul; he knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carrieth his sunshine with him." Here is a ray of sunshine from the poetical pen of the editor of the *Silent Messenger*:—

"Oh, tempest-tossed believer,
You have no cause to fear,
Altho' the arch deceiver
May whisper in your ear,
'Ah, you have been mistaken
In Him you left on shore,
And now you are quite forsaken:
'You'll see His face no more.'
Let not the foe beguile you,
Or sink you in despair;
And if the world revile you,
On Jesus cast your care.
Of life He is the fountain,
He's mighty still to save,
And watcheth from the mountain
Your battle with the wave."

Life and Light for June, by R. E. Sears, has a discourse upon "THE GLORY OF CHRIST," by the editor. Send to him, at Ebenezer Villa, Hatherly-road, Sidcup, Kent, for a few copies. Scatter them far and wide.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SURREY TABERNACLE BENEFIT SOCIETY.—SPECIAL SERVICES.

A SKETCH BY WILLIAM WINTERS, OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

Services of a highly interesting and gratifying character, in association with the Benefit Society, were held in that noble edifice, the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road, on Tuesday, June 20. This Society, by its practical use, has now gained considerable importance in the Christian Churches, and may be fairly said to represent the entire Strict Baptist denomination, as it claims for its solid basis the grand fundamental doctrines of the Gospel of Christ, for which no precedent can be found in all the historic annals of the Church.

In the afternoon of the day, a sound and savoury Gospel sermon was preached by Mr. M. Welland, of Lewes, founded upon Psa. c. 3, 4. The preacher, in the course of his sermon, remarked mainly on the place of praise, the class of people who praise the Lord, the relation in which God stands to His people, the emphatic way in which the text is written, and the exhortation to praise. The discourse was well supported throughout with parallel texts which the preacher had at command.

A large gathering of friends partook of a substantial tea, and the excellent deacons were pleasurably engaged in making everybody within their reach comfortable and happy. A noble staff of Christian ministers appeared on the scene, many of whom were dispersed among the congregation. Those noticeable were C. W. Banks, W. Carpenter, J. Mead, C. Cornwell, G. Webb, J. W. Styles, T. Stringer, F. C. Holden, J. Parnell, W. Osmond, J. Hand, H. Hall, W. Hazelton, J. Whitteridge, W. Burbridge, J. E. Elsey, J. A. Lewis, H. Boulton, C. Christmas, W. Winters, M. Welland, Mr. Willis, Mr. Denton, Mr. Hems, Mr. Wise, Mr. Hethrington, and many others.

In the evening many hundreds of persons were assembled in the spacious Tabernacle. Albert Boulden, Esq., presided, and was well supported by his good brother deacons, Messrs. Carr, Crowhurst, Green, King, Mead, and Rundell, and by the Committee of the Society: Messrs. Anderson, Davey, Dorey, Michell, Walter, together with a large number of ministers, and the indefatigable Secretary of the Society, Mr. Robert Banks. Mr. George Webb, of Maidstone, offered very earnest prayer, and the kind and genial chairman introduced the nature of the service of the evening in a few appro-

priate remarks. Mr. Boulden, in the course of his remarks, gave an epitome of the origin and progress of the Benefit Society, in honour of which institution the friends had met that evening. The Society (said the speaker) was established by some twenty-six old members of the Surrey Tabernacle in the year 1843, and one of the number was the late Mr. Barnes. Mr. Boulden remarked that although he was not one of the founders of the Society, he united with it shortly after its establishment, and Mr. James Wells, of whom the speaker made honourable mention with feelings of emotion, was greatly instrumental in supporting it by his earnest co-operation and wide-spread influence. The invested capital of the Society had now reached the grand sum of Ten Thousand Pounds, and no less than one thousand and eighty-seven members were now enrolled on its books. The chairman, in closing the business part of the meeting, spoke in high commendation of the worthy Secretary, Mr. Banks, by whose energy and invincible perseverance the institution mainly owed its present wondrous success, and who he hoped, under the blessing of God, would long be spared to maintain his office, although he regretted his health had been slightly impaired of late.

The chairman then sat down, and many were the hearty expressions of appreciation of what he had so forcibly advanced. Mr. Cornwell then gave out one of the hymns printed for the occasion. Mr. W. Carpenter, with stentorian voice, which well compassed the building, spoke briefly of the Gospel banner, and of other important features of the Word of God. A hymn, by Mr. J. A. Lewis, was followed by a speech from Mr. W. J. Styles, of considerable humour and vitality. Mr. Styles, in the course of his remarks, very kindly pointed out some of the benefits of the Society, and exhorted the young men of the denomination to join it at once. Mr. Jabez Whitteridge announced a portion of a hymn, and Mr. J. Parnell (late of Plymouth) gave a neat and warm address, attributing his union with the institution mainly to the pointed suggestions of his beloved wife, and which he had never regretted in carrying out. Mr. F. C. Holden, of Limehouse, gave out a part of that glorious hymn of Richard Burnham's, ending,—

"Saints who surround the dazzling throne,
Their tuneful voices raise,
Higher than angels bear their songs,
The glorious song of praise."

Mr. W. Hazelton, of College-park, made some calm and faithful remarks on the origin and perpetuity of the Gospel, which glorious Gospel he compared to a light, to a river, and to a feast, and closed with a few words on the sufficiency and power of the Gospel. A hymn by the chairman; and Mr. Charles Waters Banks with gravity and force treated of the blessings of Gospel light to those who sit in darkness. Mr. Banks also spoke of his recent visit into Suffolk, and the blessing attending his labours there, as also of his early connection with the Society, in unison with his much-loved friend, Mr. James Wells, and his ever good wishes were for its prosperity. Mr. Christmas gave forth a hymn. Mr. John Mead, in a very able and pleasant manner, spoke of the real worth of the Benefit Society to young, godly men, and although he himself had been a member of it for thirty years, he had not required help from it at all during that time, but many had been materially helped in illness from its funds, and had found it one of the greatest boons of life. Two-and-sixpence per month entitled members to twenty shillings per week in case of illness, and fifteen pounds at the death of a member, and seven pounds ten shillings at death of a member's wife. Mr. Mead kindly alluded to the labours of Mr. Robert Banks, who, he said, threw his whole heart into the work, and, since his connection with it as secretary, it had greatly prospered.

Mr. Burbridge gave out a hymn, and Mr. C. Cornwell, of Brixton, with his usual good humour and well meaning, enlarged with some ingenuity on the general aspect of society in the world and in the Church, and closed with some remarks on the sociality with Jesus Christ, and that sociality which will never end. Mr. Syms gave out a hymn, which was quickly followed by an address from W. Winters, who spoke of the advantages of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society above those of the Odd-fellows, of which he had long been a member; and induced young men of truth to join the Society, which had for its foundation the truth of God.

Mr. J. E. Elsey, with much heartiness, gave out a hymn; and Mr. Thomas Carr spoke with great warmth of soul and pointedness on the meeting of the evening, which he considered a retrospective one. Mr. Carr narrated, in a most telling manner, the varied difficulties under which the Society laboured in past days,

and how it had recovered every one of those difficulties, and attained to its present happy position. He also made an impression, it is to be hoped, upon the meeting for good in his common-sense advice to young, Christian men, whom he would have join the institution without delay.

Mr. Wise, of Margate, gave out a hymn, and good Mr. Thomas Stringer, whom we were all glad to see on the platform once more after his short illness, addressed the meeting with great faithfulness and power on the doctrines of Christ expressed by Paul in Acts v. 28, and which was much appreciated by many present. Mr. T. Carr announced a hymn, and Mr. J. Hand gave a short address with much force of feeling on experimental topics; after which some intimation of the termination of the meeting was broached by the worthy chairman, who had sustained his office throughout the evening in a most praiseworthy manner. Mr. King speedily rose and proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Boulden, which was seconded by Mr. Mitchell, and unanimously carried. Mr. Boulden briefly responded to the cordial thanks of the meeting awarded him, and the well-known hymn, beginning, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," with the benediction closed one of the happiest and most interesting meetings ever held within that God-honoured temple, the Surrey Tabernacle. To God be everlasting glory and praise, says the writer. Amen and amen.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

NOTES BY W. WINTERS.

The annual gathering of the representatives of the Associated Churches of Suffolk and Norfolk with their friends affords, perhaps, the most delightful season to many of all the year, and as soon as the one meeting is passed the next is eagerly anticipated. On the morning of the first day's meeting we parted with our brother F. S. Reynolds, pastor of Nectingworth, Huntingdonshire, his worthy deacon, Mr. Slater, and Mr. A. B. Hall, of Chatteris, and steamed off alone to Cambridge, Bury, Ipswich, and Woodbridge. On arriving at the last named place there was no conveyance to take us to the far distant village of Charsfield, where the "moving tent" was pitched. However, not to be beat, we hired, to our sore cost! The hasty drive through the green lanes and leafy groves was most delightful; the air was full of song, and all nature appeared in her varied beauty, and at her best. Many

were the homely clad friends wending their weary way towards the tent, where they soon recognised familiar faces, renewed old acquaintances, and gained fresh ones. At the entrance to the field, the word WELCOME formed a small triumphal arch. During the services of the two days there were many ministerial brethren present; amongst them we recognised C. Hill, Stoke Ash; J. Wilkins, Wattisham; W. H. Smith, Beccles; C. Suggate, Halesworth; S. Cozens, Ipswich; W. Brown, Friston; W. Gill, Grundisburgh; E. Marsh, Laxfield; J. Andrews, Waldringfield; E. Haddoch, Somersham; W. Rumsey, Cransford; W. Harris, Occold; J. Cook, Sutton; G. Harris, Rishangles; T. Field, Charsfield; A. Knell, Walsham-le-Willows; C. Broome, Fressingfield; B. J. Northfield, Hadleigh; W. J. Denmee, Hoxne; W. Dixon, Bradfield-St.-George; W. E. Palmer, Norwich; D. Dickerson, Stowmarket; W. Winters, Waltham Abbey; S. K. Bland, W. Houghton, Blakenham; J. Lamb, Willenhall; G. Banks, Willenhall; Bullivant, Tunstall; J. Deering, Crowfield; W. Debnam, Horham; R. E. Sears, P. B. Woodgate, Otley; J. Grimwood, Little Stonham; C. L. Kemp, W. Pooke, W. Large, C. Lockwood, W. Caule, Chelmondston; J. Morling, and many other brethren.

The service of song was exceptionally good, Mrs. King played the harmonium well, and the congregation sang very heartily, the hymns being mostly those of Dr. Watts, which always seem to lay hold of the people. The moderator, Mr. W. H. Smith, in his opening address, gave all who had gathered there a hearty welcome. Certainly the Association displays a most generous spirit in providing food and lodging for ministers of all classes and delegates of associated Churches. Mr. S. K. Bland, secretary, read the articles of the Association, which set forth faith and order of the Churches of the Association. The business of letter reading was next introduced. Mr. Marsh, of Laxfield read the following letters:—

Wattisham.—Nothing startling to report. Though fraught with mercies and characterised by peace, the year had brought no great change. In an age of change, spiritual decline, and doctrinal dejection, they had maintained "the faith once delivered to the saints." The pastor's house had been re-built. There had been no additions of members. The attendance was good on Sunday afternoons and at village stations. The Sunday-school was under fresh management. One Church member had died, in other respects statistics as last year.

Beccles.—Alternate cloud and sunshine during the year. Open-air services by the pastor met encouraging attendance. Frequent absence and want of sympathy in Church affairs on the part of some friends was regretted, but others had proved faithful. Sunday congregations not so

good as could be desired; as to week evening services there was a similar report. Sunday-school falling off through lack of teachers. The Pastor's Bible-class had proved useful. Baptized 4, received 5, dismissed to other Churches 1, separated 2, died 2; present number 159, children in Sunday-school 148, village stations 2.

Halesworth.—Peace and love prevailed, and results had followed preaching. Morning congregations not good, some being but half-day hearers. Afternoon congregations encouraging. Prayer-meetings, especially week-evening, better attended. Sunday-school increasing. Baptized 2, received 6, dismissed 1, died 3; number of members 66, village stations 5 (occasionally).

Rattlesden.—Mr. Huxham, of Chelmsford, supplying pulpit temporarily. Prayer-meetings mostly well attended. Sunday-school fairly progressive. Tracts distributed in Rattlesden and adjoining villages. Dismissed to other Churches 4, separated 2, died 3; present members 85, Sunday scholars 96, village stations 3.

Friston.—"Private murders and public assassinations of great men, which put nations into mourning, confusion, and sorrow," suggested the reflection, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Reference having been made to the fact that all the ministers who first joined the Association had passed away except Mr. Dickerson, of London, the letter mentioned that the Pastor (Mr. W. Brown) would in a few months complete the fifth year of his ministry, which would be celebrated in the Autumn. Dismissed 1, received 1, died 2; present members 43, Sunday scholars 74.

Grundisburgh.—Through many changes the Church was kept in peace. Mr. Gill had become pastor. Sunday congregations on the increase; prayer-meetings largely attended; earnestness prevailed. Village stations regularly supplied. The ex-pastor, Mr. S. Collins, and a valued deacon, Mr. J. Thompson, had died. School prosperous, including adult classes. Mutua Improvement Society, tract distribution and mothers' meetings also sustained. Baptized 12, received 2, restored 1, separated 1, died 6; present members 160, Sunday scholars 180, village stations 6.

Mr. Denmee, of Hoxne, continued the reading:—

Norton.—Preaching blessed to some, and hopeful signs were seen. Congregations increasing; prayer-meetings well attended. Baptized 2, separated 2; present number 34, Sunday scholars 35, village station 1.

Laxfield.—Peace prevailed, and the pastor's labours blessed to the conversion of some, and the bringing in and awakening of others. Village stations regularly supplied and well attended. Sabbath-school still ably superintended. Mr. Marsh had settled as pastor; congregations good; prayer-meetings well attended. Baptized 11, received from other Churches 9, dismissed 2, separated 1, died 3; present members 207, Sunday scholars 175, village stations 6.

Waldringfield.—Not without troubles. Some who ought to strengthen the hands of the Church had weakened it by their conduct. Church meetings and Sunday prayer-meetings thin. Congregations not large; Sabbath-school encouraging. Received 2, dismissed 1, separated 3, died 1; number of members 64, Sunday scholars 77.

Somersham.—Congregations about as last year; many young persons attended Sunday evening services. Prayer-meetings fairly attended. Pastor still preached the Gospel; Sunday-school going on well; village station well attended. Baptized 1, received 1; dismissed 2, died 1; present members 52, Sunday-scholars 60, village station 1.

Cransford.—Both trials and mercies reported

In a day of departure from truth and falling away it was their mercy to have the truths of God's Word still preached, sometimes with a degree of fervour and savour that made them acceptable. Prayer-meetings well attended and refreshing. Some had been lost to them by removals, others had come to them. Sabbath-school increasing. Baptized 1, dismissed 2, separated 2; present members 45, Sunday-scholars 41, village stations 5.

Occold.—Morning congregations thin, afternoon good; prayer-meetings refreshing. The greater part of the Church appeared to be "taking their haps from the willows." Prayer-meetings well attended; Sabbath-school going on well. Baptized 1, died 1; number of members 44, Sunday-scholars 41.

Pulham.—A year of sickness and death, but abundant mercy. Sunday-school progressing and truly encouraging. Village stations flourishing. Reference was made to the death of Mr. S. Collins, with gratitude for his interest in the Church. Baptized 15, restored 2, received 2, dismissed 2, died 2; members 81, Sunday-scholars 45, village stations 4.

Mr. B. J. Northfield, of Hadleigh, then took up the reading:—

Stoke Ash.—Some members afflicted, others had died. Pastor's preaching acceptable. Prayer-meetings and preaching stations well attended. Baptized 5, received 2, dismissed 1, died 4; members 202, Sunday-school 105, village stations 7.

Sutton.—Mr. Cook had become pastor, and there were signs of life amongst them as well as peace. Morning congregations thin, afternoon very good, weekly prayer-meetings cheering, and quarterly meetings refreshing; Sabbath-school not prosperous. Baptized 1, received 1, died 3; present members 46, Sunday-scholars 32.

Rishangles.—Several removals reported, and some luke-warmness, while others had been afflicted, and three had died. Services blessed to many, congregation attentive, but not so large as formerly. Church and prayer-meetings not well attended; school promising. Baptized 2, received 2, restored 1, died 3; present members 117, Sunday-scholars 75.

Bungay.—Congregation rather increasing in spite of four deaths. The pastor ill; weekly meetings thin, quarterly meetings refreshing seasons. School encouraging. Received 4, died 4; present members 71, Sunday-scholars 41.

Charsfield.—Welcome was offered to the Association. Lack of deep spiritual life was lamented, public and social prayer not esteemed as it should be. Two members had been separated for non-attendance, an aged friend, 78, had been baptized. Congregations thin, especially in the morning. Sunday-school fairly prosperous, village preaching well attended. Baptized 1, received 1, dismissed 2, separated 2, died 2; members 57, children 56, village stations 5.

Walstam-le-Wilsons.—Encouraging signs of the Lord's presence seen, as well as reasons for deep humility. General attendance good, Sunday no-day prayer-meetings very encouraging. Open-air services in the summer months successful. Baptized 3, received 5, dismissed 1, died 1; present members 75, Sunday-scholars 38, village stations 1.

Mr. Palmer, of Norwich, then read the remaining letters:—

Hadleigh.—Mr. B. J. Northfield has become pastor, and his ministry blessed. Good congregations and several additions. The chapel was about to be enfranchised, having been copyhold. A revision of the Church roll had reduced the number from 69 to 56, in spite of 10 additions, 9 by baptism and 1 by testimony. The need of a resident pastor felt; week-night service being thin, and village stations not attended to.

Tunstall.—The removal of the pastor, Mr. Gill,

regretted. Sunday-school about the same as last year. Added to the Church 7, dismissed 2, separated 3; present number 119, village stations regularly supplied 2.

Fressingfield.—The Church at peace, but a lack of spiritual-mindedness reported, as well as a need of more regular attendance. Village stations 6, Sunday-school prospering. Added 2, died 2, dismissed 1; present number 72.

Horne.—Success has attended the pastor's labours in comforting saints, restoring backsliders, and gathering in sinners. Ten had confessed Christ in baptism. Prayer-meetings good. Village stations 6, open-air stations 3, pastor's Bible-class 20, Sunday-school prospering, members received 15; present number 70.

Aldringham.—Still without a pastor. Branches at Aldburgh and Leiston well attended at evening services. Sunday-school doing well. Three old members had died.

Bradfield-St.-George.—Trying times reported. Two useful brethren lost by death, but Sabbath days were happy, and peace reigned in the midst of trial. A non-resident pastor was found disadvantageous. Four added, of whom two were baptized, Sunday-school prospered with 80 more scholars.

Orford-hill, Norwich.—Added 8, of whom 5 were by baptism, deaths 5. The auxiliary organisations working successfully. Sunday-school not so flourishing as could be wished.

Stowmarket.—A very sorrowful letter, but amid many trials peace prevailed. The only alteration from last year's report was, separated 5.

The secretary expressed his gratification at the success the Association had realised during the past year, the number of baptisms being larger than for twelve years previously. On comparing the statistics with last year's, says the Moderator, he found that, while last year 62 were received by baptism, this year the baptisms were 94; and while last year 56 were received upon profession, this year 69 were so received. The number of deaths in each year was exactly identical. In the afternoon, Mr. R. E. Sears preached a stirring sermon, based upon John xvii. 9, "I pray for them." Mr. Broome gave out a hymn, and closed with prayer.

The evening service commenced with a hymn; Mr. Knell read a portion of the Word of God; and Mr. Lamb offered the most sweet and appropriate prayer that we have been privileged to enjoy for a long season. Mr. W. J. Styles, of Keppel-street, preached a model sermon founded upon Phil. ii. 16, "Holding forth the Word of life." The preacher noticed (1) the object of the Word of life; also (2) the act of holding it forth. W. Brown, of Friston, closed with prayer.

The early morning prayer-meeting was carried on by the messengers; and the ministers' prayer-meeting at half-past nine was characterised both by animation and solemnity. Prayers were offered by Messrs. Debnam, Northfield, Haddock, Marsh, Knell, and Broome; the latter brother conducted the service. At half-past ten the tent was packed full, and a

large number being unable to get admission, found space outside. Mr. W. H. Smith gave out that soul-stirring hymn of Dr. Watts,—

“Arise, O King of grace, arise!”

Mr. S. K. Bland read solemnly the epistle of Jude, and offered prayer; Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, preached a most splendid sermon, full of choice thoughts and of great savour. His text was Jude 24, 25. Mr. J. Wilkins, of Wattisham, concluded with prayer.

The afternoon service was commenced with the well-known hymn,—

“All hail the power of Jesu’s name;”

after which Mr. W. E. Palmer, of Norwich, read Col. i. and prayed. Mr. S. Cozens, the pastor-elect of Zoar, Ipswich, gave out the hymn of hymns, which has stuck to us ever since,—

“Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man.”

and Mr. Charles Suggate, of Halesworth, preached a sound Gospel sermon from Col. iii. 3, “Your life is hid with Christ in God.”

Mr. S. K. Bland (the secretary) then delivered an address embodying the record of the year in some of its gains and losses, noticing the hopeful sign of a larger number of converts having confessed Christ “in Christ’s own way” during the year than for several years past, and touching on the losses by death of several prominent friends—especially Mr. Samuel Collins, for nearly 50 years pastor at Grundisburgh, and a laborious helper of many Churches, zealous, powerful, and generous; also his stalwart deacon for upwards of half-a-century, Mr. James Thompson, of Culpho; and at an earlier age, more unexpectedly, Mr. Edward B. Day, of Stoke Ash. Mr. Bland observed that these removals—however painful—might not prove even losses, if the example and departure of these deceased friends brought others to the front as those “baptized for the dead.” It was announced that nearly £80 had been distributed in grants to the weaker Churches.

Votes of thanks were then heartily passed to the pastor and people at Charsfield for the hearty welcome accorded, and the unwearied labour expended in rendering comfort to the vast assembly; to the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood for miles round in affording hospitality by day and night; and specially to Messrs. W. Harris & Sons for placing their meadows and orchard, barns and stabling at the free use of the Association and visitors; also to Mr. W. Hunt, of Culpho, and Mr. Youngman, of Chars-

field, for conveyance of tent. Help was also rendered by Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Jackson.

Messrs. Harris and Field acknowledged these votes, and expressed the cordiality with which all had been done. Perhaps no man worked harder than good brother Field in trying to make everybody comfortable and happy. Mr. Field, who is the laborious pastor of the Charsfield Baptist Church, concluded the Association meetings with solemn prayer. The usual grand old hymn,—

“Blest be the tie that binds,”

was sung in right earnest, and the congregation dispersed. Mention was made by the secretary of the absence of Mr. Taylor, of Pulham, and Mr. Brand, of Bungay, both of whom were suffering from the infirmities of old age.

The Association will (D.V.) meet next year at Hoxne, near Eye, and the preachers appointed for the occasion are Mr. J. Wilkins, of Wattisham, and Mr. S. K. Bland, of Ipswich; in case of failure, Mr. W. H. Smith. Our prayers shall not be wanting for the well-being of our good brother Field and his loving people—as also for the associated and non-associated Churches and pastors. Suffolk has yet many prophets who are more than equal in ministerial ability to those of other counties.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

SUFFOLK.—Anniversary of the Church of Christ at Little Stonham, was celebrated May 30. Mr. W. Winters preached in the afternoon. Chapel well filled, and joy of heart prevailed. In the evening, Mr. Woodgate, of Otley, presiding, called upon Mr. Haddock, of Stowmarket, to read and offer prayer. The chairman gave interesting address on words fitly spoken, as also some outlines of the origin of the Stonham Church and its early connection with the Church at Otley. Mr. Hitchcock, a kind Christian gentleman, rendered great service in making friends happy. He read brief report, which showed a small balance against the Church, owing to some necessary repairs of the chapel and the erection of suitable vestry. The humble and loving pastor, Mr. J. Grimwood, was surrounded with many kind friends, and he seemed thoroughly at home. Mr. J. Wilkins gave instructive address on early Nonconformity in Suffolk, and treated also of the fuller dispensation of the Spirit. Mr. Wilkins is well able to give us some important notices of the evangelical nonconformity in Suffolk. Mr. Haddock, of Somersham, and Mr. Grimwood, made excellent speeches. It was our happiness to speak on the aboundings of grace. The season proved a pleasant one. A large number partook of tea, and the pastor and his friends were cheered and helped.—W. WINTERS.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
"EARTHEN VESSEL."

NOTES BY W. WINTERS, PASTOR OF
WALTHAM ABBEY.

No precedent of Charles Waters Banks ever occurred to the writer in consulting the annals of the Press, who, as founder of a magazine of respectable size and character, has lived to see its fortieth anniversary, and an eye and ear witness of much substantial good being effected by it. Had Mr. Banks have done nothing more than edit the EARTHEN VESSEL for forty years, he would have rendered unexampled service to the Strict Baptist denomination, and have been worthy of the highest esteem of every member of that distinctive body. Besides doing the whole work himself of editing his magazine, he has preached the Gospel through the length and breadth of England; written numbers of other works, edited other publications, lectured on current topics, and yet he lives in spite of all his enemies! and lives in the affection of thousands who love the grand old Gospel of the blessed God; and to all human appearance he is likely to live another dozen or even twenty years longer. Can he not say with myriads more:—

"Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road.
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God?"

It is a rare thing, indeed, for one man to originate a serial, and to plod on and on against wind and tide, and to witness its progress for so many years as C. W. Banks has done; surely the voice of God is in it; and the magazine itself is a living voice, and not the echo of dead men's utterances! How many hundreds of magazines have started under a much fairer wind probably than the EARTHEN VESSEL, and have come to premature grief, or have held on a miserable existence until the founders and editors of them have been disgusted with their dwarfishness after repeated changes of type and title, and have eventually fled from them as Moses did from the serpent! The average of magazine life is, at most, of a few years, and full of trouble, and not a few just come into light and pass away infantum for ever, leaving their authors wiser though sadder men.

The interesting services were held in Speldhurst-road Church, South Hackney, of which Mr. Banks is pastor. The subject of several speakers was given under the title, "Forty years ago, and the Pioneer of Cheap Publications in Defence of the Truth," and, "God's Mercy to Men in the Invention and Use of the Printing Press, thereby making known His Salvation by our Saviour." But as the beloved brethren appeared better acquainted with the salvation of their souls than the rise and progress of printing, little, therefore, was said to the point. However, this apparent inadvertency may have been no particular source of regret to the Gospel-loving hearers present on the occasion. It was our happiness to preside at the morning

service, and were gladdened to see the goodly number gathered together, while the world were seeking and enjoying the rustic wilds of nature. Mr. Banks opened with a hymn, and the chairman, W. Winters, read Isaiah xlii. Brother B. Woodrow led us to the throne of grace, as did also our mild and smiling brother Wm. Holt. Brethren Fowler and Stanton gave out hymns. Mr. E. P. Brown, pastor of East-street, Coggeshall (a neighbourhood famous in the history of the life's labours of Dr. John Owen) gave a very soul-stirring speech, which we much enjoyed, and which riveted our soul to the speaker. Mr. Banks introduced Mr. Brown to the meeting in a few hearty words. W. Winters gave a rapid comment on the origin and progress of the press; and our much esteemed brother Thomas Austin concluded with prayer. Several friends afterwards regaled themselves with a substantial dinner ready to hand in the large vestries of the chapel.

We were glad to see once more our cheerful brother, Mr. John Wild, of Hayes, and his honest and blithesome pastor, Mr. R. C. Bardens. Mr. Wild presided, and having read a Psalm, called upon Mr. Brown to offer prayer. The chairman made very many kind allusions to the work Mr. Banks effected by the EARTHEN VESSEL, and wished him hearty success in the name of the Lord. Mr. Bardens treated, in his genial way, of the efficiency and sufficiency of grace in the salvation of souls, which blessed theme was taken up by the following speaker, the venerable and loving John Thomas, of Troedyrhw, near Merthyr Tydvil, Wales; and in truth, his sound, and homely, and fiery address lit our passions to a flame, and many were the interesting incidences shown by him of the special providence and grace of God in his wondrous life. Our good brother Burbridge was led out in his timely speech to mark the divine arrangements of God in his own career, from his youth up. Truly, it was a refreshing season. Many friends partook of tea, after which C. W. Banks, presiding, read a Psalm, and deacon J. J. Fowler was solemnly drawn out in prayer.

Mr. Banks, in his opening address, spoke, as he always has done, very kindly of his friend, Mr. Samuel Cozens, who had come from Ipswich to unite in the celebration of the day, and then called upon him to deliver an address. Mr. Cozens, with good lung power and judgment, read a most interesting paper on the advance of literature, science, and art, since the commencement of the publication of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and many were the well-adjusted remarks made by Mr. Cozens relative to the onerous and faithful labours of his dear old friend, the chairman. It is anticipated that the paper will be published entire.

Mr. Lodge made a warm and telling speech on the firmness and grandeur of the Gospel of Christ, and was followed by our honest and loveable brother E. Beazley, who told us many of the great and good things the Lord had done for Zion. Mr. Copeland discoursed on the Lamb slain, and Mr. Samuel Banks

dwelt with considerable feeling on practical and experimental godliness; and our good brother William Osmond told out of his full soul some of the pleasures and difficulties of the way of salvation, and that he in the highest and best sense belonged to the "Salvation Army," of which Jesus Christ was the great Captain.

Mr. Pardoe, a young and faithful preacher of Christ, spoke in right earnest on the Gospel and its glorious effects. It is pleasing to see here and there young men rising up in the good and great work for which they are prepared of God. Our pleasure is to wish them God speed. Mr. T. Austin spoke with cheerfulness and firmness of Gospel liberty, and Mr. Dehnam said a few words on the use of the VESSEL. Brethren H. Hall, Boulton, Branch, Turner, Ryder, T. King (a deacon of Surrey Tabernacle), and others, were present to mingle with the songs of praise, and contributed their best to make others happy.

The varied speeches of the brethren were quite in harmony, and the ladies did their very best to provide refreshments at dinner and tea, for which they have our warmest thanks. As the meeting drew to a close, the friends, evidently not tired of the work, but tired in the work, gradually withdrew, and the fatherly chairman, in summing up the varied excellent speeches, said that in his view the Strict Baptist denomination did not dissent from the New Testament faith and order, and therefore they were the only section of the one great Church that were not really Dissenters! The first day's meeting broke up without a jarring note, to the praise of our ever-loving and ever-living Saviour.

Tuesday morning, May 30, 1882, service commenced at 10.30. Mr. Noyes read and expounded the Word of the Lord; a choice and useful discourse was delivered by that devout Christian, Mr. E. Hewlett, of Hounslow; Mr. C. Z. Turner, of Ripley, also gave an address on the different works of the law and of the Gospel in the soul; C. W. Banks presided, and prayers were presented by Brother George Holt, and other favourite pleaders. The attendance in the early morning was small, but gradually and steadily the audience increased, until, so far as we could tell, the chapel was well filled; and, if we may believe our feelings, and the testimony of our friends, from the commencement until the close of the services one pure, holy, heavenly spirit pervaded the hearts of the hearers and of the speakers. Ministers from nearly all the different provinces were present; and, in every sense, the three days' services (Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday) were exceedingly encouraging.

In the afternoon of Tuesday, Mr. Benjamin B. Wale, of the city of Lincoln, preached a sermon of great power upon the seven festivals typical of the Person and grace of our highly glorified Redeemer; and in the evening Mr. Isaac Levinsohn addressed a large congregation on the persecution of the Jews in Russia. To us the discourse was a masterly, a discriminating, and a prophetic

answer to the question, "What do these persecutions mean?" The question was searched to its very core, and the answer was no stereotyped or platitudinarian effort; it was full of original thought, and it came forth with a richness of spirit which almost lifted some of us out of the flesh. Messrs. Jas. Hand, Joseph Parnell, Preston Davies, Isaiah Smith, of Great Yeloham, John Thomas, C. Z. Turner, all appeared to be full of holy matter, of energy and of zeal for the glory of God. In the middle of the meeting the elder deacon, Mr. David Stanton, came up to C. W. Banks, and, in a speech expressive of the esteem and affection of the people toward him for his faithful ministrations among them, presented to him a purse of gold, which the ever-working ladies had collected, wishing him many more years of happy service in their midst. It was such a perfectly unexpected feature in the meeting that the receiver was entirely overcome; but he expressed the warmest thanks of his heart for their manifested sympathy toward him.

Mr. John Waters Banks, in a very sensible appeal, asked for the help of the friends to enable the pastor to clear off the debt incurred by the restoration of Speldhurst-road chapel. These anniversary services commenced on Sunday morning, May 28, when C. W. Banks preached from the words in Acts ii. 33, "Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear." The distinct personality of the HOLY GHOST, the way of the SPIRIT, the work of the SPIRIT, the witness of the SPIRIT, the wealth and the worth of the SPIRIT, were briefly referred to.

In the afternoon of the Sunday, Mr. John Thomas, of Wales, gave an address to the classes in the schools; and in the evening another sermon was delivered by C. W. B., from Paul's words to the Hebrews, "We are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." Ministering brethren E. B. Lloyd, D. Smith, of Bilston, and others, came to bid the editor "God speed;" and we closed these Gospel gatherings by heartily singing,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

It is not enough to know that all these nine services were peaceful and enjoyable; we, anxiously, believingly, pray that, from the immense quantity of seed sown, much glory to God may result, in the calling in and in the comforting of the ransomed of the Lord.

At the evening meeting of Tuesday, C. W. Banks begged the speakers not to waste their time in speaking of himself. It was sounded in his heart as though an angel, with his long silver trumpet, spoke in the depths of his soul, crying,—

"PREACH CHRIST!"

Preach CHRIST *backward*, as HE was set up in the everlasting covenant, the "Head over all things unto the Church," and as HE was revealed and made known to the patriarchs and the prophets, wherein some of our Saviour's grandest victories, and His unexampled sufferings, were proclaimed.

Begin to preach CHRIST, where He tells us His Father began to honour Him, as being "set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was, when CHRIST began to rejoice in the habitable part of God's earth, and when His delights were with the sons of men.

Preach CHRIST *downward*, as He came down, down! down to the lowest depths of sorrow, down into the deepest humiliation, down to be made a curse, down to the death of the cross.

Preach CHRIST *upward*, as He is now our FORERUNNER, as He is gone up into the highest heavens, there to appear in the presence of God for us, as our Advocate before His Father's throne.

Preach CHRIST *inward*, as He is formed in the heart of every heaven-born and heaven-bound soul, "the only Hope of glory." We must have a living, saving, pardoning, justifying, preserving, reigning CHRIST inside now—in soul, mind, heart, and conscience, or surely we shall never behold Him, or be with Him, in His glory-kingdom hereafter. Yea, let us preach CHRIST all around, everywhere, at all times, but let us be quite certain it is

"THE ETERNAL CHRIST OF GOD"

we preach, or we shall only be idolaters at best.

[The editor most unfeignedly sendeth his hearty thanks to all the numerous companies of friends who came to express kind sympathies with him and with his people at Speldhurst-road. The Lord have mercy upon us all. Amen.]

DALSTON.—FOREST-ROAD. Anniversary services were held on Tuesday, June 13. Mr. Meeres delivered experimental discourse. Friends were refreshed with substantial tea. At evening meeting Mr. Meeres presided, as usual; he exhibited a large heart and a cheerful countenance. W. Beddow prayed. Mr. Meeres stated two had been baptized; all current expenses had been met, but there was now due to treasurer £16. The school had been resuscitated, a committee formed, Mr. Simmons being secretary. Mr. Dearsly told us he woke up at three in the morning, with his mind crowded with thoughts on the words, "Lord, are there few to be saved? And He answered, Strive," &c. Mr. Dearsly spoke on the question and answer with evident feeling, decision, and faithfulness; his statements were very stirring and solemn. Mr. J. Hall, on the work of the Spirit, as seen in inhabiting the heart and the house of God, was happy. Mr. Langford led us lucidly and logically into the meaning of "Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," showing clearly the vast and vital importance of both. Mr. Moxham made plain the sentence, "What mean ye by these stones?" Mr. Osmond opened up the words, "I will see you again." W. Beddow was heard on the practical aspect of hope and love. Votes of thanks closed the meeting.

LENGTHENING THE CORDS AT NUNHEAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

On Tuesday, May 23, we convened a public meeting for the purpose of bringing before the people a proposition for enlarging the building. Mr. John Mead was in the chair. Messrs. Meeres, King, Firminger, and Wood occupied seats on the platform. After a hymn, Mr. Meeres offered prayer. The chairman stated the object of the meeting; expressed his gratification at finding there was a necessity for the step they were about to take. It was evident to him that the friends had done right in opening the place; if any misgivings were entertained at the commencement as to the propriety of instituting it, the sequel had proved them to be unfounded. He called upon the secretary of the building committee (Mr. Lingley) for his statement of the present position of affairs. [This is in type, but space will not permit us this month to publish it.—Ed.]

The chairman, after complimenting the committee upon the promptness with which they had brought the matter into a practical form, and the clearness with which they had placed it before the people, asked Mr. Meeres to address the meeting. Our good brother, who from the first has evinced a lively interest in us, gave some goodly words of encouragement, and expressed himself very sanguine as to the result, saying he should much like to see, what he thought was probable, that when the opening services were held at the completion of the alterations, the required amount would be in hand; and, as it was at a place some years ago that he knew well, in similar circumstances, *sixpence over*.

Our good brother King (one of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle) then followed with hearty expressions of good feeling for the people at Nunhead, and of attachment to his dear brother then occupying the chair. He reiterated the sentiment of the previous speaker that it was not at all probable there would be any difficulty about raising the fund; and from the secretary's statement it was very clear that the work they had in contemplation was a real necessity. He hoped the Lord would go on to bless them, and the labours of his dear brother Mead amongst them.

The chairman then stated that if any of the friends who wished to shew their interest in the cause here would give in their names and promises for any amounts they felt disposed to give, the secretary would be glad to receive them. Many at once responded, and at this the first meeting £150 was freely promised (nearly half the amount required).

There are many friends who, though they do not worship with us, feel an interest in our welfare, and should they feel disposed to encourage us with donations, any amounts, whether large or small will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the treasurer of the committee, Mr. Firminger, Ebenezer House, Gordon-road, Peckham, S.E.; or by Mr. Lingley, Underhill-road, Dulwich, S.E.

J. C. L.

ORDINATION OF MR. E. MARSH,
AS PASTOR OF THE LAXFIELD
CHURCH, IN SUFFOLK.

We gave the preliminary parts of these services last month. The substance of

MR. MARSH'S TESTIMONY OF HIS CALL
BY GRACE

was as follows. He said:—

Unlike many, yet like many others, I cannot go back to the moment of time, or the place, when and where the Lord first met with me, for I had the privilege of being born of God-fearing parents, and was the subject of many tears and prayers from them from my birth; but I soon gave strong evidence that I was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity. Almost the first thing I can remember was being punished for falsehood, by being made to learn Acts v. My dear mother died when I was very young. After my mother's death I was left much to the care of domestic servants. One of these I shall ever have cause to remember. My father took her, I believe, on the recommendation of a friend out of charity. She had been some little time in his service when she was detected to be one from the streets. This woman tried to fill my mind with all the vice she could. Being found out, she was instantly turned away. Many things she taught me gave great distress. From my childhood I had convictions of sin, and oftentimes was afraid to go to sleep at night, for fear I should never wake again; feeling sure I should be lost if I died. During my sleep I was distracted by dreams about the pit of hell. I attended regularly for about five years the Sunday-school at Zion chapel, New-cross-road, Deptford. Many a time there was I so convinced of my state as a sinner before God that I have come home and cried in secret before the Lord over the things I had heard; and especially on one occasion, under an impressive address by Mr. Anderson on the subject of "Little Willie." Many things he said in that address led me to believe that someone had told him about me. When I found that address was respecting his own youthful exercise of soul, and that the "Little Willie" was John Slate Anderson, I felt overjoyed to think that as he was saved there was perhaps a chance that I might be. Many things he said he felt, I also found I had been the subject of. Many things transpired in that school giving me encouragement to hope; but in the midst of all this I was addicted to swearing, although I tried hard to break myself of it. This was put a stop to in a marked manner. My father had an apprentice to whom I was much attached. One day we had a quarrel, and I set out swearing at him. With tears in his eyes, he begged of me to think of what would become of my soul if I should be then struck dead. This went like a dagger to my heart; although I would not let him see it, it fairly beat me, and from that time I felt unable to swear again. If ever an oath did escape my lips, his tearful eye seemed to cut me to the heart; and in after life the

example that young man set me was made a blessing to me in many ways. The young man's name was Henry Walter, who I believe is a member of G. Webb's Church at Maidstone. About this time I walked nearly seventy miles to see my dear mother's grave. Never shall I forget standing thereon. My soul was in misery on account of sin while I stood on the mound of earth that covered her who had so often prayed for me, and died believing I should be called by God's grace. This incident deepened my convictions, and made me increasingly unhappy.

About this time I went to hear a young man preach at the Lecture-hall, Deptford, and he so worked upon my natural feelings, that I came home and told them I had been converted, and was determined to lead a different life altogether. My Bible was read regularly, and singing and prayer (?) was my continual employment, until I began to look down upon everyone else who was not equally devotional and religious, as being unfit company for me. In reality I said, "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou." This fell away little by little; the Bible was laid aside, or only taken up occasionally, until at last I sank as far beyond hope as ever I was. I left home and went to Paddington; there I found a little chapel in Harrow-road, or rather, an upper room, where a Mr. Munns used to preach. I went as often as possible; and under the preaching of Mr. Munns my hope seemed to revive, for I could not help feeling that, though I seemed to have neither part nor lot in the matter of salvation, yet I was never so happy as when with those I felt to be the children of God.

I used to walk behind them as they went home, listening to all they had to say. At times some of them would speak to me. This terrified me, for I used to fear lest they should think me one of them. After moving about from place to place, sometimes lifted up to hope, at others having no hope, I went to live at Brentford, and attended the ministry of Mr. Parsons. At that time I fully determined to keep my soul matters to myself. I felt I had only been deceiving some of the Lord's people. I determined to give up praying, firmly believing I was only acting the hypocrite. How could I dare to call upon the Lord in prayer? I GAVE IT UP! From that time I began to sink into a most wretched state of mind. Night after night have I walked my room in tears, though I dared not go on my knees for fear I should be struck dead. During the day I envied every dumb animal I saw. "Ah!" I have said many times, as I have looked at a dog in the street, "I wish I was like you, then I should have no soul either to go to heaven or hell."

One Sunday, in the course of the sermon, Mr. Parsons said, "There may be a young person here tempted to leave off praying, because he cannot feel he is one of God's children." He said, "Go to God as your Creator and Provider, and thank Him as His creature for every temporal blessing; and may be He will lead you further."

NEVER SHALL I FORGET THAT SUNDAY. I went home, and poured out my soul before the Lord in prayer; and thanked Him, not only for temporal blessings, but that I was out of hell. I heard Mr. Parsons regularly, and at times felt greatly encouraged to hope. My soul has often been melted within me while witnessing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered, and when I left the body of the chapel to sit in the side (the communicants occupying the centre), Ah! I thought, that will be my lot for ever, to see the feast of the saints, but never to partake with them. Sometimes I felt I must really tell the friends the feelings of my heart, but feared, lest anyone should know it.

At last, first one and then another began to speak to me. I was privileged to enjoy the friendship of several members of the "Jeff's" family, and was greatly encouraged in the ways of the Lord by Mr. T. B. Voysey, of Turnham-green. His brother Alfred was also a choice companion, he being at that time an earnest seeker of the Lord. One Lord's-day evening I had been to a chapel at Richmond; and as I came home, musing on my state, and wondering where the scene would end, all at once the words, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," came with power; such a flood of light and joy filled my soul that I seemed quite beside myself. I felt a new creature. All my past experience, my cries and tears, my anxious wrestlings at the throne of grace, my love for God's children above all others, all now appeared before me as evidences of being a saved soul, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

I then determined to tell the people of God that I wished to cast in my lot with them; but when I had made up my mind to do it, I remembered all the past, and how I had at other times felt I should like to do the same, and after that fell back into coldness, so that I gave up thinking of doing so, for fear I should ever bring disgrace on the cause of Christ. Soon after this I left Brentford, and after about two years' roaming about,

SETTLED DOWN AT YARMOUTH.

Here I was much exercised in mind respecting the doctrines of grace, fearing lest I only loved them because I had been brought up in them. I was determined to search for myself. The ministry of Mr. F. S. Reynolds was a great blessing to me in the enlightening of my mind in doctrine. I was then led to see the doctrines of grace with a clearness I had never seen before. Several members of the Church asked me to unite with them. Though I greatly desired it, fear kept me back for a long time. At last I felt I could keep away no longer, and was baptized by Mr. Reynolds, and added to the Church, in May, 1875.

After standing some time in membership, my mind was greatly tried about certain points of doctrine, and what was Scriptural fellowship, when a friend, putting into my hand some *Gospel Herald*, with correspondence by Mr. Shepherd on "Sense, Faith,

and Order," and also his work on "The Distinguishing Doctrines of the Strict and Particular Baptists," my soul was completely set at liberty, both with regard to my own position in the Church, and the position of the Church with the Word of God. My happiest hours at Yarmouth were spent with the young in the Sabbath-school, which I had commenced after joining the Church, which school, I am thankful to say, is still going on, under the superintendance of a dear sister, who ever sought to encourage me in all the ways of the Lord. Thus have I told forth a few of the many circumstances in connection with my call by God's grace, and through that grace am still upheld.

"Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free,
That poor sinner, Lord, was me."

To the name of a Triune God be all the glory, for it is by His grace alone I am where and what I am.

[Call to the ministry next month.]

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. JOHN INWARD.

He was born at Crayford, in Kent, and early in life was brought to know the Lord; he was baptized at a chapel in Crayford, but he could not find food for his soul, and in the order of Providence was led to Bexley Heath, to sit under the ministry of Mr. Cornelius Slim. His pathway was tribulative, and he removed to Woolwich. Under Mr. Hanks his soul was much blest; during this time the Lord called him to the ministry; he served many Churches in Kent, Surrey, and other counties. His first sermon was preached in a room at Erith, and his last sermon was preached in his own hired house, at Homerton, from Rev. xvii. 14, last clause. Between his first and last sermons he was pastor of five Churches, and after thirty-six years' labour in the ministry, which was crowned with success, his end was peace. He was instrumental in turning many from darkness to light. He has laid down his sword, and is gone home to receive his promised crown of life. The great theme of his ministry was the exaltation of Jesus; his aim to bring poor sinners to know and love the Saviour's name, and to follow Him in an experimental and practical pathway. The distinguishing doctrines of divine grace, as he preached them, fed the souls of many of God's chosen ones with the bread of life; numbers confessed their faith in the Lord, and he baptized them in the name of a Triune Jehovah. Many witnesses are left to testify of the faithfulness of his ministry; he had many kind friends. He has left a widow and family in trying circumstances; he committed them into the hands of the Lord, knowing He can move the hearts of the people toward their temporal good. We shall see his prayers are answered by the good hand of our God.

An appeal has been made; we feel assured many will cheerfully and willingly respond.

F. HITCHCOCK.

197, Casland-road, South Hackney.

LITTLE ALIE-STREET—PASTOR'S
RESIGNATION.

Mr. C. Masterson, having accepted a call from the Church at Bond-street, Brighton, has resigned the pastorate over the Church at Little Alie-street, after ministering to us in holy things for the period of eleven-and-a-half years, preaching his farewell sermons on Sunday, May 14; and, although we would gladly have retained him amongst us, yet, believing that the Lord's hand is in it, we would not complain, trusting that He who knoweth what is best for His people, and in whose gracious hand is the direction of all things concerning His Church, will, in His own good time, send us another under-shepherd who shall go in and out amongst us, feeding the flock with the finest of the wheat, and preaching the Gospel of salvation as faithfully and lovingly as did our late pastor.

We rejoice to be able to say that his ministry has not been without seals thereto; many have come forward for baptism, and have thus been joined to the visible Church, while others have cast in their lot with us from other Churches, showing that the blessing of the Lord has accompanied the Word.

At the regular Church-meeting in April, our pastor's letter having been read, and received with many expressions of regret, it was unanimously resolved that a testimonial be presented to him as an acknowledgment of our appreciation of his work in our midst, and of the love and esteem in which he was held by both the Church and congregation. A committee was then appointed to carry the resolution into effect; the result being made known at the usual week evening service on Thursday, May 25. On this occasion the venerable Philip Dickerson, our former pastor, who still remains with us, took the service. After singing and prayer, as usual, Mr. Dickerson, as chairman, opened the business of the presentation by a few kindly remarks, saying that, although Solomon had said that there was nothing new under the sun, this was something new to him; that, whereas he had often been called upon to attend meetings for the settlement of pastors, he had never before been at a meeting of this kind. He then called upon the secretary to read the contents of the beautifully illuminated address to be presented to the pastor; which, having been done, together with a statement of the amounts received by the collectors, Mr. Dickerson, in his kindest manner, presented the address, and also the purse containing £24, to Mr. Masterson, who, in accepting the same, appeared much overcome, and spoke in feeling terms of the kindness he had always received, and which had culminated in the handsome testimonial before him; he should prize it as amongst his greatest earthly treasures, and give it the best place in his best room. As to the purse of gold, it would be very useful, and he thanked them heartily for the kind feeling which had prompted this very kind act.

The testimonial having been handed round for the inspection of the friends, the meeting closed by singing and prayer. S. J. W.

(Copy of Address.)

To Mr. Charles Masterson, pastor of the baptised Church of Christ meeting for worship at Little Alie-street, Whitechapel, London.

DEAR PASTOR,—As in the providence of God you are about to be removed to another sphere of labour in the Lord's vineyard, having been made faithful in the proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus during the past eleven years and a-half in this place, and favoured to be the humble instrument in the Lord's gracious hand to the ingathering of many precious souls, and to the building up of His saints in the faith of the everlasting Gospel—we, the members of the Church and congregation worshipping at Little Alie-street, desire to acknowledge the goodness of God in sending you amongst us, and to express our unfeigned love and esteem toward you and your dear partner in life, and our deep regret at being so soon called upon to part with you as our minister; but, although thus removed to a distance, we shall ever remember your earnest endeavours to win souls to Jesus, and we pray that He who has hitherto been your gracious Helper may still bless, strengthen, and support you, and make you increasingly useful in the work He has appointed for you, and we trust that the change may prove beneficial, both to yourself and family.

Signed, on behalf of the Church and congregation,—

PHILIP DICKERSON,	THOMAS LANSLEY,
JAMES INCE,	JOSEPH VESTBY,
WILLIAM HIDER,	SAMUEL GEO. INCE,
	<i>Deacons.</i>

CANNING TOWN. — Whit Monday was the fourth anniversary of Providence, Shirley-street. Mr. Holden preached in afternoon. We enjoyed a comfortable tea. At evening meeting, Mr. W. Symonds (chairman) called brother Norman to prayer. Brother Symonds gave good words on God's faithfulness. Brother Hitchcock discoursed upon the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. F. C. Holden, upon the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was edifying. W. Joiner gave a faithful testimony on the words, "For from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles," beautifully illustrating our Lord's condescension to poor sinners. Our minister, brother W. Wheeler, said, "His name shall be great in Israel." Mr. Wheeler has chiefly ministered to the cause here for the last fifteen months. We have cause to be thankful, to take courage, and go forward in the strength of the Lord. Mr. W. Symonds' final address and hymn brought the meeting to a close. A time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. C. C.

WILLINGHAM. — OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL. On Whit Monday, May 29, 1882, two earnest and very able sermons were preached by Mr. I. Levinsohn. The attention of the people was profoundly silent. Our dear brother has preached for several years, but his sermons were still as full of power and freshness as when he first paid us a visit. A public tea was provided, when a large number sat down to partake of it. The old chapel was crowded in the evening. The proceeds amounted to just £30. We were honoured by many of the friends of truth from the sister Churches.—J. B. LAMB.

A MINISTER'S NOTES TO ONE IN MUCH DARKNESS AND DISTRESS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I must write a few lines to correct a great mistake you have made. You have mis-read the signboard over the storehouse of grace; I read it most distinctly: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price; come, for all things are ready, come to the marriage; him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." I am very much distressed at your unhappy state of mind, and I trust soon a word from the King will turn your captivity. You surely do not mean to refuse to do anything for Jesus! even if you are the subject of eternal despair, it will be one glad thing to know that you tried to help on the kingdom of Christ; but I am persuaded better things than this of you, those Gospel provisions are for your poor troubled heart, and I feel satisfied that ere long I shall hear that you are clothed, and seated at the feet of Jesus, and in your right mind. I hope you will not take offence at anything I may say to you, for, believe me, I have but one desire, and that is your spiritual good. I thank you for your kindly assurance of continued friendship. May God, the Holy Ghost, bear such overcoming testimony with your spirit, that no power, human or devilish, shall be able to gainsay.

Your faithful Pastor, T.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been very much troubled by your letter of Monday night; I had not the slightest idea that you were the subject of such dreadful doubts and fears, and I am very sorry that the accuser of the brethren is allowed so to assault you, but I feel sure that it is only to drive you to the bosom of your Lord. I ask myself, Can these bitter things she has written of herself be true? and I answer, No, they cannot; for without going back to the many precious things you have written to me in days past, but only referring to your last letter, I find evidence of your interest in a precious Christ, that you are led to choose Him before the world, or the pleasures of sin, and the counter-part to that is, *you were chosen in Him before the foundation of the world*. I am not prepared to withdraw anything I said last Lord's-day, for I trust I spoke as the Holy Spirit gave me utterance. It appears to me, that what should have confirmed your joy and peace, was by the power of the enemy used to distress and unsettle you. I am thinking of dear Bunyan's figure, the dreadful conflict, when the enemy shouted, "Here will I spill thy soul," but was not able no more than he is to destroy thee. I am sure, you don't yet know the strength of the love of thy soul's Husband; I would always be kind to any of my Lord's dear people, who are troubled by doubts and fears, at the same time I can plainly see they belong to the flesh, while faith (trust) is the grace of

the Spirit. Oh, cry unto thy Father for the gift of the Holy Spirit. He has said, "It shall be given to them that ask Him." You ask my poor prayers, you shall have them; I feel as if I should like to come between you and the tempter, and fight for you the battle to the gate. With great anxiety for your soul's welfare,
T.

THE LONGING OF A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

[We do pray the writer of this note may realise the full meaning of Job's words, "HE knoweth the way that I take: when HE hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am still trusting for the rise of the Sun of Righteousness with *healing* in His wings.

"How happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their *heart* the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there."

Dear Mr. Banks, in your prayers at a throne of grace remember me. Some may fear my sincerity as they did that of Saul of Tarsus. But God knows, my *heart* loves the old, old story far better than the sensational dreams I have forsaken. *Do not shun me*, I pray you; do not crush the sighs of a longing one, feeling the burden of sin in its intensity. Do help a poor sorrowing one, whose harp is hung upon the willows, for,—

"I suffer fruitless anguish day by day,
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain;
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
And see no end of all that I sustain."

Oh, if ever the Lord *permits* me to tell of His blessed mercy, weeping, I will speak of His love, though,—

"He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure;
Exhausts my powers, and leaves me sick and faint."

I pray for His mercy. May He bless you abundantly. Wishing you every conceivable happiness in close communion with the eternal Majesty, BELIEVE me, yours sincerely in *hope* of eternal life, T. C. N.

WEST KINGTON.—The foundation, or corner-stone, of a new Baptist chapel was laid here June 6, by Mr. R. Varder, of Yeovil. West Kingston Church pulpit is the place from which Latimer was dragged and burnt at the stake. "I saw the old pulpit, some time since, in the Church, from which he preached" (W. Price, Bath). Bishop Hugh Latimer, one of the English reformers of the sixteenth century, was one of the first victims of Mary's reign. He was burnt, in company with Ridley, in 1555, when about 73 years of age. Ah! Christian men, the end is not yet. We have reason to fear there is a deep, Satanic conspiracy, even at this time; and if the determined Ritualists and Romanists can once more get the faithful Protestants into their hands, woe be unto all of us. All the Saviour's first ambassadors were slain, and there is a slaying yet to come.

THE SOLDIER'S LECTURE AT CHATHAM.

BY ISAAC CHARLES JOHNSON, ESQ., J.P.

Interesting services were held Tuesday, May 30, at New Enon, Chatham, having for their object friendly Christian intercourse, the diffusion of Gospel truth, and the obtaining of some money towards the reduction of chapel debt.

It was arranged that our Christian brother, Mr. Arthur Baker, should preach a sermon in the afternoon, that there should be a public tea afterwards, and that Mr. Baker should deliver a lecture in the evening on his life as a soldier in a Highland regiment. The text of sermon was, "And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." Our brother preached *Jesus* and His salvation with that zeal and vigour that I believe are peculiar to him. The congregation was evidently edified by the discourse; and there can be no doubt that the Lord sent him there to preach, for in addition to general edification there was special application of the Word, fulfilling the scripture, "Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come."

There was present a sister who for years had possessed the faith of *adherence*, but had not attained to the faith of *assurance*. This sister, who had come to the service from a distance, received the Word with such power as to be able to realise her interest in Christ.

After having enjoyed a good tea, nicely arranged and prepared by one of the Marthas, who possesses no less the spirit of Mary, we adjourned to the chapel, when it fell to my lot to preside. We commenced by singing a suitable hymn, and reading a portion of God's Word. Brother Webb sought by prayer the Lord's blessing on the meeting.

Brother Baker kept us two hours, within a few minutes, describing the dealings of the Lord with him from his boyhood until he was called to the work of the ministry. His leaving the parental roof, enlisting as a soldier, joining a Highland regiment, being sent off to India, his engagement in battle against the Shah of Persia, danger at the siege of Lucknow, his many hair-breadth escapes, a comrade by his side having been cut in two by a cannon-ball, himself unharmed, his preservation in fourteen engagements; how God in infinite mercy convinced him in Arabia of his sinnership, his soul trouble in consequence, his subsequent deliverance, &c., all came out solemnly, so that the lecture was listened to with unflagging attention, and was truly edifying to all present, as it was an exhibition of the sovereignty, mercy, goodness, and faithfulness of our covenant God.

Before the lecture commenced I walked with our brother Baker to the Chatham barracks, to which place many years ago he was sent, on first joining the army. He pointed out the spots familiar to him, and vividly remembered by him.

We have at Gravesend a God-fearing man,

who is barrack master there; he remembers Arthur Baker Bell. They were together at the siege of Lucknow. This good man has great influence for good amongst the soldiers stationed from time to time at Gravesend. He sometimes enlists the writer to address them at the barracks, on the temperance question, the commanding officer favouring these meetings, as being calculated to do the soldiers some good.

Well, the day at Enon passed pleasantly, and, I believe, profitably. We had a *good* sermon in the afternoon, a *good* tea meeting, a *good* lecture, and, I believe, there was a *good* collection. I hope the friends there will soon have occasion to be thankful at seeing the chapel entirely free from debt.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours sincerely,

I. C. J.

Gravesend, June 9, 1882.

[Mr. Arthur Baker will, if God permit, leave his present pastorate at Glensford in a few months. He will be at liberty to supply or take the oversight of any Strict Baptist Church where a merciful providence may open "a fresh door and effectual" for him, and where, if there are not many adversaries, it will be so much the better. Arthur Baker shews in his lecture that he has been a favoured soldier in the wars of the world; and his many years' service in the Churches witness he has been a useful soldier of the cross. Now in his ripe ministerial manhood may our God bless him more than ever. So prays his friend the Editor.]

BATH. — BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL, WIDCOMBE. Our thirty-third anniversary was May 21. Our pastor, Mr. J. Huntley, preached in the morning and evening; in the afternoon R. O. Heywood, Esq., gave an address to the parents and scholars. The singing by the scholars was highly creditable. Our brother, Mr. W. H. Curtis, is to be commended for the efficient manner in which the praise was rendered. The pastor was excellent; many listened attentively to the Gospel of the grace of God. On Monday about 200 sat down to tea. Public meeting was presided over by our worthy pastor; prayer was offered by our Brother Seaman; Mr. Curtis, the secretary, read report; it showed us having 150 scholars and 14 teachers. The school had raised £6 towards the missionary cause, and £7 towards the new schoolroom; the Lord has blessed us! Scholars have come forward desiring to be led in the way to Zion. We rejoice to hear that the Lord's work is going on in the Sunday-school. O, that many may come forward, constrained by love divine! Mr. Vincent exhorted the teachers earnestly to "search the Scriptures;" Mr. Baillie spoke encouragingly; superintendent J. R. Huntley brought a pleasant evening to a close. We should like to say that the chapel was prettily decorated with flowers and plants. The collections for both days amounted to over £9. To our Father, through Christ, we would ascribe all the praise.—W. P., Bath, June 3, 1882.

THE BAPTISTS IN AYLESBURY.

A TALK TO MYSELF.

Monday morning, June 12, 1882.—Pouring rain. 'Tis but a passing watering-pot, emptying itself down here; but Nature shews herself now very playful, she shines forth in brilliancy; then again she robes herself in clouds of darkness, and says, "How quickly I could baptize the whole nation in rivers deeper than ever Jordan was." But there is ONE who holds the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hand, who giveth us mercifully sunshine and shower, as it pleaseth Him.

Yesterday morning Mr. Deacon North asked me if I would speak to the little ladies and gentlemen of Sunday school? I had nothing in pocket, nor bag, nor memory, for the dear juveniles; but I have not learned to say, "No" to any little service, so I ventured to say, "Yes;" and as soon as morning service was over I began to send a sigh upwards, and a plummet downwards into the little mine for some message to carry to the tender plants which they are nursing in the Walton-street Sunday school, in the aristocratic town of Aylesbury, standing in the fertile valleys of Buckinghamshire. Surely the Lord God is "a Father to the fatherless;" and whatever others may think, say, or do, against this poor little orphan boy, as I have ever been, in some sense, yet he can say, in the fear of the Lord, that whenever I have gone to Him, in secret, with a special request, He has never failed me.

When we gathered round the family altar in Mr. E. North's mansion yesterday morning, and he read, "This poor man cried unto the Lord, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his fears," my soul could respond to it a hearty "AMEN." So even now when I sought then I found; and the words which

THE AMAZED PEOPLE

cried out concerning the Saviour, "HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL," came up in my thoughts, and with them I ventured to face the pretty Sunday school congregation, and a pleasant little service we enjoyed. Both morning and evening I was permitted to go through the services; but in prayer my soul could not get her wings out; I could not climb up Jacob's ladder, so I lay at the foot of the ladder, striving hard to send up some heart-felt desire; but something held me down.

The singing at Aylesbury was full of sweetness to me. In preaching I was like one walking on the banks of the river, but could not get in to swim. In the evening I had an earnest of something good. I did not realise it. I was like a bow in the hands of another. Arrows were put into this bow, and I shot them off. It did not appear to be myself preaching at all; I was only an instrument in the hands of another. It was sharp-shooting, where the arrows went or what they did I know not. Then, all of a sudden, I was like a miner, going down

into the city of Mansoul. I found in the inner man several platforms. The first platform was "THE HEART." I asked, "Does TRUE LOVE TO CHRIST dwell here?" "Yes," was the reply; but I have sometimes found the PRACTICE of the possessor proved that love to CHRIST was not a reigning power. The life of the man gave the lie to the heart's pretension. So I went down deeper to another platform, called "THE MIND." And I asked the *Mind* if "the knowledge of God was there?" "whom to know is life eternal." "Yes," answered the *Mind*; "I know the *Father* hath chosen the Church in His Son. I know the *Christ* has done, as is said of Boaz. He first purchased the inheritance, and then he married her. So the Son of God cometh from the heavens twice; first, to redeem; secondly, to marry." Good, so far as doctrinal knowledge is concerned. But if knowledge in the mind doth not shine forth in the conversation and character of the man, it is a serious question whether it is not simply the intellect of the brain, but not the inspiration of the *Spirit*.

Down to a third platform I tried to grope my way. That is, into the *Conscience*. Now this descent was so clumsily done that I imagined the people thought I had lost myself. Well, all this descent into Mansoul was so spontaneous, so unthought of, so unpremeditated by me, that I wondered where I was going to. The fact is, I have feared there is so much of surface-talk in the pulpit now, so much of the schoolmen and the lettermen, that I was driven to a kind of diving into "the deep that coucheth beneath," in the secret chambers of Mansoul, to find out, if possible, the witness of the *Spirit* in the whole of the innerman. So on the platform of the *Conscience* I asked, "Has the precious blood of the Lamb purged thee from dead works to serve the living and the true God?" But, as Joshua Prusol says, in his "Dreams of My Solitude," his talent not having been fully and constantly used, "had become rusty and feeble," so this *conscience* having been much blunted and cramped, could not answer.

I made another plunge downward into the *Soul*, the fountain of all real life, yea, the life itself; and I aimed to find out if that soul had been born again, not of corruptible but of incorruptible seed. But doubts and fears did so pester the poor soul it could not come up into the affirmative. Hence, I know not if any good was done.

When I came up out of the mining work I was led to commence a brief review of the two distinct classes of the ministry, as they are set in contrast in Ezek. xlv. 9—16; but the express steam-engine, *Time*, had fled, and I was compelled to pull up, and give it up, sitting down ashamed of the poor piece of preaching I had flung out. Oh, all ye ministers who are, as ye think, called to this most awful work, will ye, with me, examine this vital question, Are we only ministers of the gates, ministering to them of the Israelites who are gone astray "after their idols," or are we of the sons of Zadok, who

have kept the charge of the sanctuary, when the hosts of Israel went astray from the Lord?

Let us, with prayer and without prejudice (if ye can get rid of that destructive little yellow-eyed, sour monster, let us), try ourselves by the plain distinctive features the Lord Himself has given us.

Of the ancient and only Baptist Church in Aylesbury, and the numerous desolate Churches in Bucks, I wish to talk over a few things presently. In the mean time I thank the Aylesbury Baptists for their kindness to their somewhat sorrowful servant,

C. W. BANKS.

Sorrowful, because out of about seventy Baptist Churches in that snug and fruitful county there are nearly fifty of them without settled pastors. The "Hand-Book," for 1882, says that Aylesbury population is nearly 29,000. Is not that a false stretch of about 20,000 souls? Sorrowful, too, because such a good old Church in Walton-street has ever been, that it should be without a sterling, a loving, a working pastor. Has the promise failed, "I will give them pastors," &c.? or has the faith and patient perseverance of the people in prayer failed? Wait until I can come to you again.

DEVON.—CORPUS CHRISTI STONEHOUSE. Our anniversary (the third since I have been here) took place Sunday, May 28, and Wednesday, 31. Mr. J. Vaughan preached Sunday evening to a large congregation. On Wednesday the smaller St. George's Hall was filled with about 230 friends, who sat down to tea. In the evening every seat was occupied, and an interesting meeting was held under the presidency of the pastor. Eighteen tables were given by the friends: collection satisfactory. The presence of the Master was realised. Three of the Howe-street deacons, and a few of the friends, have sittings with us. Howe-street Church is dissolved.—W. S.

COBHAM, SURREY.—On June 13 we journeyed to this beautiful suburban field; saw Mr. Lewes, the pastor. Mr. Hall, of Clapham, preached in the morning; in the afternoon Mr. Beach, of Surrey Tabernacle, conducted public meeting. Our friend Taylor called upon the Lord to bless us. Mr. Hall again spoke to us. Mr. Carr, of Surrey Tabernacle; Mr. Wood, of Claygate; Mr. C. Z. Turner, of Ripley; and others, also spoke. It was a comfortable afternoon. Many precious things were brought forth by the servants of the Lord. In the evening, Mr. Stephens, of Leatherhead, preached a nice experimental sermon.

WALWORTH.—At Excelsior Band of Hope, on June 6, nearly 200 children were helped to a bountiful tea, with singing and reciting. W. Beddow gave an address. Mr. Thomas still works efficiently; Mr. Dobson looks well in his labour of love; but funds are needed to secure a larger building. Brethren, come and help us.—W. B.

JUBILEE OF MR. DANIEL SMART'S MINISTRY.

"An Old Cranbrook Lad" says:—In Isaac Beeman's chapel, called "*Providence*," where, for many years, no other sound was much heard or needed but the saintly and serious preacher, Isaac Beeman, and the clerk, Mr. Siggs—in this heavenly, consecrated place, there is expected to be special service celebrated in August next, when a public testimonial is to be presented to Mr. Smart. Few men are now living who have enjoyed a more steady and successful course in the ministry than has good Daniel Smart. We never heard that any of the demons or dogs of Egypt ever dared to bark at a man so decided, so demonstrative, so terrible against sinners, and sometimes so tender to saints, as the present minister of Providence chapel, Cranbrook, in Kent. No doubt, there will be a large assembly of the godly on the occasion referred to, and a noble presentation will be made. We may be able to furnish a few particulars, if we all live until the autumn of the present year; and if we are called hence before *this* jubilee comes to pass, most intensely do we pray that we may be found where all the ransomed crown a glorious Saviour—their own—"LORD OF ALL!"

Notes of the Month.

"WORSE THAN AN INFIDEL!" WHO CAN HE BE?

"Ah! It is an evil thing, and bitter,
When the cheerful face of charity
Goeth forth gaily in the morning
To woo the world with smiles,
To be met by those wayfaring men
With coldness, suspicion, and repulse."

"As for those persons," saith the venerable commentator, "who cast their poor widows (and fatherless children) upon the Church (or, worse still, upon the slender mercies of the rusty, seared consciences of the Poor Law Grid-irons), such persons (if persons they may be called) who will not provide, when they are able, for those to whom they have pledged themselves to nourish, to cherish, and faithfully to care for; but who, neglecting to make provision for them, when sudden death, or lingering disease, hath shut the doors of provision-making, such persons are to be looked upon (whatever their professions or intentions may be, they are to be viewed), as deniers of the faith, and as even worse than the heathen."

The Bible is a comprehensive and a condescending Book. It not only carries you up to the high heavens, revealing to you the great and grand provisions which the Lord God has made for man's dire necessities; but the Bible comes down into your houses, into your families, into your circumstances, and declares unto you your solemn duties to make all the provision in your power for those whose natural existence depends mainly and instrumentally upon you young men, you husbands, you fathers, and all who stand in a responsible relationship in this, to us, uncertain world.

When the Report read at the Twenty-seventh Annual General Meeting of the

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY

fell into my hands, the strong words of Paul to Timothy forced themselves distinctly upon my mind: "If any provide not for his own, and

specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith,

"And is worse than an infidel."

The Syriac Version renders it more extensively, declaring that the Holy Ghost spake not simply of making provision for the different branches of our relatives, but it says, "and specially for those who are the children of the house of faith." It is one of the laws of heaven that those who are entrusted with the wealth of this world should make it their business to see that the poor and the destitute children of the faith be fed and clothed to the utmost extent of their power.

"Worse than an infidel."

for the heathens are taught and directed by the light of Nature to take care of their poor and aged parents, as well as of their partners, and of their offspring.

GOD'S PREDESTINATION

never renders null and void man's responsibility to use all the power with which he is entrusted, and all the means honourably available to lay up against the time to come.

The man who allows the days of his youth and of his health to pass away without a practical care-taking for his own, is "worse than the brute creatures, and may be said to be without natural affections. The Jews have a law which condemns the unproviding man as "a cruel creature," and scorneth his society. We should hail with lively sympathy every organisation which aims to recover our fallen fellows from reckless and careless living, reducing themselves and their households to misery, poverty, and untiring ends.

I have no personal interest in the "British Equitable Assurance Company;" but I have known its originators, its officers, and directors, as being gentlemen of Christian principles, and of most honourable bearings. I have watched its steady growth, its increasing strength, its substantial wealth, and the amazing benefits flowing to the bereaved families whose heads were among its policy-holders; and in this, my first notice, I simply, but confidently, recommend all uninsured persons to obtain a copy of the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the "British Equitable," from the Managing Director, WILLIAM SUTTON GOVER, Esq., at the Company's offices, 4, Queen-street-place, London, E.C.

"Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death,
For to-morrow he lies to the grave."

C. W. BANKS.

South Hackney, June 14, 1882.

"ONE MORE DAY ON EARTH, AND THEN IN GLORY FOR EVER."

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send you a few particulars respecting my dear wife, Mary Ann Carpenter, who fell asleep in Jesus, April 10, 1882. She was born in Lower Sloane-street, Chelsea, in 1826. Her parents were goodly people; members of the Church at Salem, Meard's-court, when Mr. John Stevens was pastor. Early in life she lost her dear mother, and, by reason of her loneliness, was led to look up to her Father in heaven, and she has told me that at a very early age she felt deep sorrow on account of sin. Her conversion was very gradual. Brought up under the sound of the Gospel, never suffered to fall into great sin. She was baptized in 1851 by the late Mr. George Wyard, then pastor of the Church at Soho. She was a teacher in the Sunday-school for some long time.

We were married in 1857, and on November 1, in that year you received her into full communion at Ulicorn-yard chapel, where I was a member, and she then had the senior girls' class. We had many blessed seasons there, and remained until you were removed in Providence

to Old Ford; the distance was too great for us to go. In July, 1862, we joined the Church at East-street, Walworth, where she continued an honoured member till her death, being for many years treasurer of the Dorcas Society, as well as filling up her position as a deacon's wife.

In 1880, in consequence of severe illness, she had to go into the hospital, and early in 1881 went under an operation there. She came out, and we hoped her life might be spared for some years to come; but in March she was confined to her bed. Her sufferings were intense; the Lord in His mercy caused her to be unconscious, so that she was insensible to her great pain. When we spoke to her of heaven, and the best things, her face lit up with joy, and she was conscious her end was approaching. About a week before she passed away she requested me to read to her the hymn, "Abide with me," and on the day before she died frequently said, "One more day on earth, and then in glory for ever." Thus she passed away, and although she did not, as many thought, come to herself, her life was a living testimony of the grace of God being in her heart.

We committed her body to the grave, at Nunhead Cemetery, on April 15, in the presence of a large number of friends, and our pastor preached a funeral sermon on the following evening. In conclusion, I trust, my dear brother, that God will still bless you abundantly; and as it will not be long before we shall pass over Jordan, may you then see many in that brighter and better world whom you were the means, in God's hands, of bringing to Christ. So prayers,
Yours in Jesus, J. S. CARPENTER.

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GONE IN A MOMENT.—John Bell, of Clare, Armagh, was attending a meeting of the Dro-more Presbytery, where he had been asked to sit and deliberate, when he bowed his head in a pew and expired, in the eighty-second year of his age. At an early age he entered the old college at Belfast, where he distinguished himself as a prizeman in mathematics and other subjects. In the ordinary course of time he was licensed by the Presbytery of Dro-more to preach the Gospel; and, having received a call at the age of twenty-four, was ordained by the Presbytery of Armagh to the pastorate of the congregation of Clare, whose minister he remained till the end of his life.

We have commenced reading Mrs. Booth's book on "Godliness." She is a bold woman, and the whole enterprise is astonishing; but we cannot yet enter upon any criticism.

Deaths.

Mr. George Scott, the evangelist of High Wycombe, has been called to bury the remains of his long-afflicted wife, at Prestwood, on May 30, 1882, at the age of 81.—The pious and patiently-persevering preacher, Mr. Delf, of Coventry, almost suddenly fell asleep, on Saturday, May 20, 1882, aged 63. He was a fine young man in 1843, when he commenced his ministry in Coventry, and in that town he continued until paralysis quickly summoned him to retire from his ministerial labours on earth.—Dr. Hannay, at 73, has also been called home.

Miss Marshall, for over sixty years a member of the Baptist Church in Aylesbury (the sister of the late long-renowned deacon Marshall, who was for an extended period a pillar in the Walton-street fraternity), has recently fallen asleep, aged 92, at her residence in Kingsbury-square, Aylesbury. The loss of those and other faithful friends causes anxious prayers to ascend unto the Lord our God that He would raise up many grace-saved and truthful young ones to fill up the vacancies death is ever making.

“With Him in Glory.”

“When deep sleep falleth upon men.”

THAT old men should dream dreams is quite in accordance with the prophet's instruction; therefore, fearless of all sneers, I will describe one season wherein waking-thoughts, semi-dreaming, visions and pleasing meditations, all mingled in harmony to lead me to listen to the whisper which said,

“*Thou shalt be called by a NEW NAME, which the mouth of THE LORD shall name.*”

It came this way: a young man was on his bed sinking into death. He was in trouble about his soul's salvation. He urged his wife to go and hear some preaching, and then to come and tell him what they said of the way whereby a sinner could be saved. It appeared I was the preacher, and the two texts I had were these:—

“In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely; and this is the name wherewith she shall be called,

“THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

Strong emphasis must be put upon that descriptive term, “*Wherewith.*” While the Church is sunken in the fall she is “ALONE in her sin;” but when her LORD passes by in His time of love; when He commands spiritual life to enter into her; when He thoroughly washes away all her iniquity; when He anoints and clothes her; when He spreads His skirt over her, then He adds, “Yea, I swear unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, and

“THOU BECAMEST MINE.”

Then followed the blest assurance, “Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.”

Leaving national, literal, and typical names, let us look at the grace of God contained in the promise as applied to the Church of Jesus Christ. There is her *old* name, her prospective name, and her NEW name. Her old name was plainly expressed by the publican, “God be merciful unto me a *sinner!*” Nothing but a *sinner*. Those two men stand upon totally different grounds. The Pharisee stands upon his own superiority over the publican, while the publican stands on the sheer *mercy of God* only. If the Pharisee's ground had been tenable and sound, our Lord need not to have come down to such great suffering and death; but the chosen family had become the children of wrath even as others, and the Saviour comes to bear that wrath away, and to lift her up into His own righteousness and glory.

The Christian's prospective name is that of “*Believer.*” A SPIRIT-made believer has a God-given faith in the persons, purposes, and promises of the whole TRINITY IN UNITY, the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST. Faith, true FAITH, is the pledge, and the promissory note of a future glorious inheritance. Oh, if I have the faith of God's

elect, what, indeed, do I believe? What do I anticipate? What am I? What shall I be? Why, I shall be called by "A NEW NAME."

As we look upon the Church here we only see her imperfect worship, her imperfect character, and the passing away of her people. But that most comprehensive writer, the apostle Paul, tells you the truth in Colossians. Pointing the Church to Christ, Paul says, "*Ye are COMPLETE IN HIM.*" Ye have nothing saving without Him. "For your LIFE is *hid* with CHRIST in GOD." What a voluminous expression! If hidden there, what can we know of it? We do not know much; but—

"When CHRIST, *who is our Life*, SHALL APPEAR, then shall we also appear with Him in glory."

CHRIST does not APPEAR now. We cannot make any appearance now. But, "when He appears, then shall we appear WITH HIM IN GLORY." When will "the mouth of the Lord call the Church by her new name?" At the marriage of the Lamb. What will that "new name" be? The new name is twice expressed. First, the *main-spring* of it. He says, "Thou shalt be called *Hephzibah*, for the Lord delighteth in thee." Secondly, the Lord declares the blessedness of His delight in her. She shall be called, "The Lord our righteousness." When the Church has this new name she will be the subject of a thorough change. Her condition, her character, her country, her company, all will be changed entirely, and for ever. See it typically in Ruth and others. Oh, may we see it for ourselves.

The new creation, which our Jesus called being "born again," is the earnest of being called by a NEW name. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation," his new heart, new spirit, new soul, is a new creation. Not the old material transformed; no! it is a new creation. "Created in CHRIST JESUS unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them." If I have a life in my soul that I had not before; if that new life pines after GOD; if that new life walks in the "good works" of divine knowledge, of holy faith, of spiritual love, of wrestling prayers, of waiting upon the Lord, of committing all into the hands of the Lord, of following hard after Him in secret and in public ordinances, *then*, when our great Redeemer shall come to

"*Make ALL THINGS NEW,*"

His mouth will name that new name to me, and to all His ransomed and sanctified ones; then in resurrection blessedness WE shall be known, even as we are known. Like Joshua, with his change of raiment, in Zechariah's prophecy, and like the prodigal, when his shoes were new, and the best robe was put upon him, so shall the chosen and espoused Church of the Son of God realise the perfectly new condition, the eternal and entire oneness with, and likeness unto HIM who will gloriously appear as the Head over all things unto the "Fair One," the Hephzibah, in which His soul delighteth.

Now, "for a small moment she seems forsaken." I—or you, my reader—may sink so low as to say, "Surely the Lord hath forsaken me;" or, "I have been deceived." The new life in the soul may be hidden under a cloud, and much depression, severe distress, may be thy lot for a time; but even then, as MacRitchie says in *The Christian*, even then, the heavenly Refiner saith (if the ear of thy faith can catch the soft whisper of His mouth), then it saith—

“ Every throb of the quivering pain
That burns like a furnace through heart and brain ;
Every pulse of the long unrest,
Day by day in the weary breast ;
Every breath of the keen, cold blast
That scatters the treasures once held so fast.
I know My chosen—I count—I see ;
Think not thy God hath forgotten thee.”

Ah! you say, “ Poetic words will not relieve me of my heavy trial ! ”
No; still, let patience have her perfect work; for again He speaks:—

“ Every pressure of this thy cross,
Every touch of its bitter force,
All the sorrow unmarked, unguessed,
All the tears from the world repressed,
All the anguish that pleading cried,
And the heart-sick sense of a prayer denied.
I know My chosen—I count—I see ;
Think not thy God hath forgotten thee.”

“ Mine is such a case of long trial, of deep hidden sorrow, such *deserved* misery, as seem not to be known to any other.” Ah! now, have you not seen in those

FOUR INSIDE MYSTERIES

which are placed in the middle of the Bible—has it never been discovered unto thee, that the Church of Christ has to pass through overwhelming trials before she comes into the banqueting house?

The Book of Job is the birth-chamber of FAITH, and its birth-pangs were dreadful; but the more it suffered the stronger it grew, and when it came forth into the vision of the Deity, how clearly and distinctly its confession was made! “ I have heard of Thee, but now mine eye SEETH THEE; wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes.” FAITH sheweth the soul all creature things must be burnt to ashes; but it also discovers unto the soul that its hope, its help, its heaven, its all, is in GOD. Referring to all that was said and done to Job by his three friends, Faith talketh like this:—

“ All the pride that refused thy fate,
All the years thou hast had to wait,
All the patience and all the love
Lifted humbly to heaven above,
All the tempting to blame My will,
All the yearning that trusts Me still.
I know My chosen—I count—I see ;
Think not thy God hath forgotten thee.”

When faith giveth the soul the knowledge of God, it has to pass through the one hundred and fifty rivers of supplication and adoration set forth in the Psalms. The wind and waves of these rivers often toss the soul up and down most fearfully. Down in the deeps of the billows, as there the soul is sunken, the voice crieth:—

“ Can a mother's breast the child forswear
That once like a lily lay cradled there?
E'en though the mother her babe deny,
And the love of thy dearest may change and die,
One heart there remaineth that opens wide
To take thee within, O tired and tried.
I know thy sorrows—I count—I see ;
Think not thy God hath forgotten thee.”

Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are the two moral wardrobes. Here the old man is to some extent put off and the new man aims to clothe the believer in the raiment of a visible justification, and as he is coming into the guest chamber of Solomon's song, the cheerful notes of Faith are heard; in triumphant strains she sings:—

“Forgotten! nay, for thine eyes shall wake
Where never a throbbing heart may break;
Sorrow and sighing shall flee away,
Tears shall be over for aye, for aye:
In the Father's kingdom of light and grace
Weary feet have a resting place.
There, My chosen, thy soul shall see
God hath never forgotten thee.”

Then “thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name!” Thy old name shall be forgotten, and all belonging to it shall be left in the dust of the grave; while the sanctified Spirit from heaven, and the justified body from the earth shall unite, and be fashioned like unto its Lord's, our Saviour's, body, and “with Him appearing in glory!” Then will He SHEW me His salvation!

Kind reader, help me a little longer to send abroad this my EARTHEN VESSEL laden with some useful treasure, and may God be merciful unto us, prays your servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Under the flourishing Elders, Banbury-road, South Hackney, July, 1882.

CONFUSION AND LAW.

BY W. WHEELER.

WE are sometimes astonished and bewildered at the many various and conflicting statements made, and views held by the people, and given expression to in the daily papers, respecting home and foreign political questions. So in the religious world are many astonished and bewildered by its ever-changing and conflicting teachings, the name of such being legion, for they are many—a perfect confusion of tongues. The various Governments may observe and take notice of all that is said and written; but they are guided and take action on *that only* which passes into *actual law*.

So the astonished and bewildered in the religious world (and out of it as well) cannot do better than study that which is *actual law*. “To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them” (Isa. viii. 20). “Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me” (John v. 39). “These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so” (Acts xvii. 11). “For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this Book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this Book; and 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” (Rev. xxii. 18, 19).

"TRUE LOVE IS LIFE."

A MEDITATION.

BY JOHN SMITH, MINISTER OF SILVER HILL CHAPEL, WINCHESTER.

ONE of the grandest names which Deity bears is love: "God is love;" and one of the most beautiful marks of a Christian is love: "Let brotherly love continue;" and this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

Some tell us that love is a sentiment, and nothing else. 'Tis a mistake. Such a definition is like the casting of a veil over a beautiful picture, or like the mist which envelops a delightful landscape. Love, true love, is life, and that is saying as much as we can. Without love there is no life in the soul (where hatred reigns there is spiritual death); but to use a paradox, when the soul is made to love then it does begin to live. "God is love;" and when He breathes life into the soul He imparts to us a certain measure of His own character and spirit. "We love Him because He first loved us." Grand logic are these inspired words! Further, without life and love the soul has no impulse, desire, prayer, or action.

The *love of God* is a profound deep: who shall fathom it? A lunatic is said to have written:—

{ " Could I with ink the ocean fill,
 Were all the sky of parchment made,
 Were every stalk on earth a quill,
 And every man a scribe by trade—
 To tell the love of God above
 Would drain the ocean dry:
 Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
 Though stretched from sky to sky."



True; and we have need to approach with reverence so large a subject, which even an inspired apostle spoke of as passing knowledge.

The manifestations which love makes of itself are many; but to follow it in only four of its characters will be enough for a meditation.

In each place we have it manifesting the character of the Giver, and maintaining the character, more or less, in the receiver. It is not here maintained that the believer does not at times consider his love to be cold when he compares it to the love shown him; but that does not prove that it is dead, far from it; for often the more we realise an apparent coldness, the greater are our desires to love as only true love can.

The characters, or marks, following will give the title of our subject. Love is

Liberal and lowly; it is
 Obedient; 'tis
 Valiant; and, to crown it all, it is
 Everlasting.

Love, then, is liberal; it holds back nothing. It is not churlish or niggardly. Behold its brightest manifestation: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Love is strong as death;" and so it was; for our Saviour counted not His life dear unto Him, but went to the death, that He might redeem His bride; and if God has so liberally or freely given us His Son, shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? Unbelief asks, Can God furnish a table

in the wilderness? but love feels, and faith knows, that a faithful Father's hand shall supply all needed good. "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." Yea, in answer to our prayers He giveth "far exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. All this, and more, is God to the sinner.

O believing one, freely ye have received, freely give. What can I give? Someone has said, "Nothing but sin I Thee can give." That's wrong. He has taken it, and buried it in oblivion by precious blood. Give freely of praise to Him who hast blessed thee. "Forget not all His benefits." Give God the glory due unto His name. "Bring an offering, and come into His courts." Not the farthing in the corner of the pocket (unless that is all thou hast to give); not the three-penny piece that rolls in the purse, but as God has prospered thee give without grudging, give liberally. Be liberal with cheering and comforting words; if thou canst speak, be not slow to speak "a word in season to him that is weary." Minister to the wants of the saints, and that is giving to God (see Matt. xxv. 44, 45). "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits? I will take the cup of salvation, and will call on the name of the Lord."

Love is lowly, meek, it is not puffed up. The royal Prince of peace had a manger for a bed, fishermen for companions. A Mary saved by grace, and a Matthew too, are better companions than unscrupulous lords, or haughty princes. Washing one another's feet is better employ than wielding a Cæsar's sword.

Love is obedient. Of Christ we truly may say, "How great is His beauty;" and herein does it shine most radiant, He rendered a full obedience to the Father: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" This was all His concern, to do the work the Father had given Him to do. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished;" yearning to complete it, yea, obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Is no obedience demanded of the redeemed? Yea. They shall be willing in the day of His power, however great their resistance may seem, they bow and obey the effectual call, "Come, follow Me." "All the Father hath given Me shall come to Me."

"I wandered from Him while I could,
Till 'shall come' stopped my feet,
And now, through Jesu's precious blood,
I shall come to His seat."

Jesus was further obedient, for He drew nigh to John to be baptized of him, saying, "For *thus* it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness:" and if obedience to Him was so pleasant a thing, ought it to be so different with us, who are children of the Most High? What can we withhold from Him who has done so much for us? Blush, ye halting, blush, when you remember the Lord of life was baptized, and you think it too menial or unnecessary. One of the mysteries of the day is the indifference paid to the matter of obedience as shewn in baptism. It is not altogether the lack of love, but the excess of foolish pride that holds back from such a lowly act as "the obedience of faith." If ye don't love, then do not attempt it; but "if ye love Me keep My commandments." "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is." Obey, child, thy Father's request of meeting at

His feet, within His house as a family circle, to receive the prepared blessing from His hands.

A large subject is obedience. Who shall enumerate all love's acts? What more lovely than when a child is called he comes; or when told to do this or that to see it done, because he loves the father. An obedient child is a lovely sight. Think of it.

Love is valiant and bold. Alone stood the great Captain of our salvation when He came forth to the conflict, that He might take the prey from the mighty, and lead forth the lawful captive. Was there nothing of loving obedience and valour, think ye, as He confronted His accusers at Pilate's bar? When He in mighty contest overcame our tremendous foes, and the very earth convulsed in the struggle, was He not bold, valiant, and strong? Conscious of the law's demands, the sinner's needs, and the triumph to be won,

"Alone He stood, alone He fell,
Alone the Conqueror rose."

The followers of the meek and lowly Jesus should be valiant too. By grace we are enabled to stand in the evil day, and, "having done all, to stand." God has given the Christian an armour in which he is to fight. Resisting the devil by the Spirit's help is our daily employ. "Quit you like men, be strong." O ye servants of the Most High God, how much we need to-day the valour given to the apostle that made a Felix tremble! Some of us, now-a-days, shrink into our little corner, and hide from the fierce gaze of the detractors of truth, and fear to face the foe. "Be very courageous" is a needed exhortation; but how many such are there? Some of us are told to hush, and not to sing,—

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry,
His army doth He lead,
Till every foe be vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

~~Stand in His strength alone;~~

The arm of flesh will fail you,

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the Gospel armour,

And watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there."

But the words, "And it shall turn to you for a testimony," as spoken by Christ to His disciples, when He told them of coming troubles, is as true and necessary for us to remember to-day as then. Amidst the "lo! here, and lo! there," and the bewilderment into which some poor souls are brought, it is necessary that our trumpet should not give an uncertain sound, but fearlessly and lovingly proclaim a Saviour's love and purpose, whether men will hear or forbear, love or persecute us.

Love is everlasting. A grand and blessed fact! This is a deep too much for human reason even to expect to peer in the present time-state. The "I AM" hath spoken it, the Spirit writes it within, "I have loved thee. O sinner, what cheering words are these to you, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness will I draw

thee." "I will joy over thee with joy and singing, I will rest in My love." O love divine, how sweet thou art! Before all worlds were made the Father loved the Son. In time the Son prayed the Father "that the world may know that Thou hast loved them (the chosen and redeemed) as Thou hast loved Me." What a love, that poor, wretched, sin-stinking I should be loved with such a measure of love, that I, ragged, hungry wanderer, should be led into love's secret chamber, and there be filled with love—with God.

But do I love? Is there any love in my soul to Him who has so loved me? "Lovest thou Me?" the Saviour said. Not only Peter, however, but many a trembling one now can say, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." But is my love to last? Sometimes I feel cold, and listless, and indifferent; can I really love, or will it cease? Soul, if thou hast ever loved, and thou knowest thou hast, that love is from Him, for He loveth first, and it will, it must continue; He will never let it die; it shall last to the end, and brighter shine, until you, the loved one, shall be taken in love's embrace, and carried home

" ————— to behold His face,
And never, never sin,
There from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

Winchester, June 19, 1882.

NOTES OF MR. KERN'S SERMON AT LAXFIELD.

"The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him."—Ezra viii. 22.

1. **W**HOSE hand is it? "The hand of God"—our covenant God in Christ, God manifest in the flesh.

Note some distinguishing features in this hand.

(a) It is a *powerful hand*. It has omnipotence in it; not puny, like man's; hence,—

"Held by Jehovah's omnipotent hand
The righteous shall hold on his way."

(b) A *perfect hand*—no weakness in it. Sin causes weakness; but as there is no sin in our God, there can be no weakness; perfect in all He does by it, and that wrought by it too.

(c) A *precious hand*. It has a scar in it: it was pierced for me.

"The palms of My hand, when I look on I see
The wounds I endured when suffering for thee."

What makes it so precious?

(d) It is a *Brother's hand*—who was born for adversity; a *Friend's*, which never injured anyone, but which ever did good, even to the worst of foes, *even to me*.

(e) A *permanent hand*: it will always retain its power. The hand of a husband or father may become paralysed; but not *His*. *Ever the same* is the hand of our God.

(f) A *fond hand*. As the head moves the hand, so His hand is full of His head in tenderness and love. He holds all the family in the hollow of it.

(g) *A firm hand.* It grasps the sceptre, and skilfully wields it. All power is His; hence:—

“If I am found in Jesu’s hand
My soul can ne’er be lost.”

2. **WHERE IS IT?** “On all them that seek Him.” It takes in *all the family*, for they are all there. It is a grand sight to see a sinner seeking Christ. *God has been there, the Spirit there.* In these seekers we have *babes, young men, and fathers.* Seeking proves divine life, the outcome of divine teaching. Seek to find Him, feel Him, know Him, &c.

3. **WHAT IS THE HAND THERE FOR?** For good.

(a) *To claim them.* They are His; all other hands off; they are Mine, My blood-bought ones.

(b) *To comfort them,* by drawing them to His heart. To satisfy their longings, to overturn mountains; cover them in the day of battle, &c.

(c) *To conduct them.* He led them of old; He knows the way.

(d) *To confirm them.* He will put His hand a second time to the work, and so confirm it.

(e) *To crown them.* The traveller and pilgrim He helps home; then crowns them with a crown of righteousness; hence it is on them for good. A terrible hand to the ungodly and impenitent, living and dying as such. How will it be with us?

THE ONLY CURE FOR SIN’S BITTER SORROWS.

[The *Fireside*—a splendid and spiritual monthly, conducted by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.—contains the following precious verses:—]

“’Tis Marah, ’tis bitter!” did Israel cry,

“Who e’er could this bitterness drink?

So near to the stream, must we lie down
and die

Of thirst, and of want, at the brink?”

But Moses, their leader, cried out to the
Lord,

Who showed him a branch of a tree,
Which he cast in the waters, obeying His
word,

Causing bitterness sweetness to be.

’Tis Marah, ’tis bitter! my soul often
cries,

When the briny dark waves overflow;
And my heart, for the taste of the bitter-
ness, sighs,

And refuses to drink of the woe.

I cried to my God, and He showed me a
tree,

And Marah, to them that believe,
Though salt as the depths of the bitterest
sea,

The thirsty can drink it and live.

Thou knowest, my soul, that a splint of
the wood,

The cross of the Saviour that died,
A pang of His sorrow, a drop of His
blood, [side—
That poured from His hands and His

Can fully assuage all the bitterest ills
That blend in our life’s troubled sea,
Imparting a sweetness that fathoms and
The ocean of mercy for me. [fills

Go, think on the Christ who is mighty to
save;

Go, think of the Saviour’s bright crown:
Obedient to death, He went down to the
grave,
And now He ascends to the throne.

Sure, this is the way—tribulation and
woe,

Through bitters appointed in love;
Who suffering now with the Saviour
below,
Shall reign with the Saviour above!

It is only the grace of charity or love that will remain for ever. The moment a soul enters heaven faith and hope are swallowed up in fruition, but love enters in, receives the finishing hand of Him who implanted it.

MR. JOHN BENNETT'S WELCOME MEETING AT
HOMERTON ROW.

IMMEDIATELY after his conversion, Augustine heard that the question which the Senate of Rome had to decide was, whether the religion of Jupiter or the true Gospel of Christ was to be the reigning religion of the time. Poor Augustine had but newly come to the faith, and he trembled for the ark of God. We have for years watched the rising and rolling tides of free-will, free and open communion, and the extraordinary movements of the new races of professors, and have heard it declared that the New Testament order, and the Heaven-revealed doctrines of grace, must soon become extinct. Now and then we behold goodly gatherings of the faithful in Christ, who know what they believe, and who are determined, by the mercy of the Lord, earnestly to contend for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints.

Such an assembly was witnessed in Homerton-row on Tuesday, July 11, 1882, when Mr. John Bennett received a hearty welcome to the pastorate of the Church, which, for about sixty years, has worshipped God in that place. Homerton-row chapel stands in the centre of immense multitudes of souls, both of the lower and higher classes; and Mr. John Bennett has been, we hope, directed by the glorious Head of the Church to enter upon a field of labour here which shall prove a gracious dispensation to the Church and to many of the redeemed yet to be gathered in. I was invited to take a small part in the said welcome meeting, and, in every sense, it appeared to illustrate the Psalmist's exclamation: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The gentleman who occupied the chair directed the proceedings of the evening with Christian feeling and well-sustained propriety. Mr. J. L. Meeres gave an intelligent exposition of "the Church" as

"THE PILLAR AND GROUND OF THE TRUTH."

Whenever Mr. Meeres comes to the front, the people are prepared to receive him affectionately, and listen to his bold expositions with joy and gladness. Mr. Burrell, of Watford (one of the descendants of John the beloved), entered upon a description of the Church's warfare. His soft and quiet manner is a striking contrast to the thunder and theatrical attitudes of some who, "like Belus, strive to climb up to the rugged summit;" yea, to the heavens of eloquence; but, with a terrible hiss through the foaming, wild Atlantic, they tumble down, to the amazement of not a few.

Mr. R. A. Lawrence was not strong enough to take his part, which was a source of sorrow to us all: for wherever he appears he is sure to fling a happy spirit into the meeting, and make the most melancholy joyful for the moment. Dear Lawrence! we trust the Lord will soon bring thee out of the furnace, shining as the gold when well refined. James Griffith, the esteemed pastor of Bethnal-green "Hope," spoke on the work of the pastor. His manly and pleasing mood prove clearly the pastoral office, even in Bethnal-green, has done him no injury; although he is a most earnest and incessant worker, being of a kind, cheerful, mild temperament, nothing harms him. The chairman announced me to speak on

"THE CHURCH'S PRAYER."

My thoughts during the evening had carried me back over sixty years, before this Homerton-row chapel had any existence, when my uncle, George Waters, was with the Homerton Unitarian printers, the "Greens." I thought of old Thomas Easton, one of the first Homerton-row pastors, who fell asleep in 1851. I thought of good Daniel Curtis, who helped to build John Foreman's "Mount Zion;" and who, forty-five years ago came August 8, was ordained pastor of this Homerton-row "kirk;" and who was, instrumentally, a blessing to the soul of my much-loved brother in Christ, Mr. John Mumford, and very many others. Mr. Daniel Curtis only lived to feed the flock here for sixteen years. On June 26, 1853, he was called to rest, when only in the fifty-fourth year of his age. A son of the late Mr. Daniel Curtis is now pastor of the Zoar Baptist Church, in Hounslow. The thought of how rapidly ministers had been raised up, and then taken away, caused me feelings of deep solemnity. I said, Let us not make too much of these little events, of *settlements*, for in many cases they are brittle, slender, short-lived. We are but the creatures of a day; we live, we die, we are soon forgotten; but,—

" Rise, rise, my soul ! and leave the ground ;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad ;
Come ! raise up every trumpet sound
To praise THE ETERNAL GOD."

My text was in Psa. cxviii., "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity." Here is a man face to face with His God. To this we all must come. Let us see well to it, that we are with God in Christ *now*, then we are prepared to live, prepared to die, prepared for glory. I had four thoughts. Prayer—What is it? The Church's prayer—Whose is it? The object, Prosperity—What does that mean? The **TIME**—"Now." "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send **NOW PROSPERITY.**" *Prayer.* There is confessional prayer, adoring prayer; there is supplicating prayer. All *vital* prayer is the *echo* in the living soul on earth of the Saviour's intercession for that soul in the highest heavens. One of the greatest mysteries in our experience is that most wonderful privilege called prayer. Our great High Priest in glory now appears in the presence of God for us. Who are the us? Paul tells you, "Christ is able to save **THEM** to the uttermost that **COME UNTO GOD BY HIM**, seeing **HE** ever liveth to **MAKE INTERCESSION FOR THEM.**"

This is the secret of all true godliness; this is the soul's safety while on earth; this is the surest evidence of being in the election of grace. Christ ever liveth and ever maketh intercession for them in the high heavens, and, consequently, they come unto God by Christ *now*, the **SPIRIT** Himself helping their infirmities. This intercession of the great High Priest in heaven being echoed in the soul on earth by the gracious work of the **HOLY GHOST**, explains that prophetic promise, "It shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The Father answers to the Son's intercession before the echo reverberates in the soul in this valley of tears. Oh, what a sacred conjunction of mercy is in the diverse actings of the saving grace of God! Let us not trust in gifts merely, nor in any position we may be permitted to occupy, nor in any external privileges. The one essential question is, "Are we through Christ in heaven and through the Holy Ghost in our souls, **COMING TO GOD**"

now?" See how emphatic Daniel is (chap. ix. 20), "And while I was speaking and praying, yea, while I was speaking in prayer (while I was on my knees in supplication), the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly—touched me, and informed me, and talked with me, and said, At the *beginning* of thy supplication the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee; for

"THOU ART GREATLY BELOVED."

Talk of telegraphic dispatches—well, they are very quick in their course, but what are they compared with the intercourse of Christ in heaven with His people on the earth? Sometimes in prayer, sometimes in preaching, such electric flashes of thought fly through the soul as nothing in nature can produce. Vital soul-breathings after God here indicate our relationship to HIM, and our dwelling in His kingdom when we are called to quit this garden of His on the earth.

It is the Church's prayer, yet spoken in the singular, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity." The Church here in Homerton-row, is composed of pastor, deacons, and members. But each one in the singular must use that prayer; I am sure the pastor will. If CHRIST pleads for him in heaven, then John Bennett's soul will often heave out the sigh, "O LORD, I beseech Thee, now send prosperity." Each of the deacons will surely be constrained to send up this cry, with some slight reference to financial as well as to spiritual matters. Deacons have responsibilities. People must come; purses must be open, or payments cannot long be honourably met. I know how some treasurers get anxious when the time comes to pay up all demands, yet the funds have not come in. I see, I get with poor tried pastors who cannot "pay their way," because the deacons cannot meet their engagements. All you pastors who are well provided for, praise God, and do not cease to pray for your poorer brethren. We have many rich pastors who invest their capital in building and in buying land, and so on, but have no bowels of compassion for their half-starving brethren. John asketh—

"How dwelleth the love of God in them?"

It is the Church's prayer for prosperity. What is prosperity? The lexicon says, it is advancing to a special object; it is succeeding; it is flourishing. I ask, what prosperity does the honest, the holy man of God, the Christ-sent, the Christ-loving, the Christ-extolling minister of the Gospel pray for? It is a four-fold power: the power of the Holy Ghost in preparing him for his ministerial work. Ram's-horns are occasionally employed; but some of our raw, rough, rash, and presuming men often do much mischief. A Suffolk pulpiteer said some harsh things the other Sunday morning, and finished up by flinging at his audience this saucy speech—"If ye don't like it, don't come any more." Our Lord never spake like that, nor will He sanction such wild (if not wicked) denouncers.

In the study we must have—and if we seek we shall have—the unction of the SPIRIT preparing us for our work in the ministry. Secondly, We desire to see that there is a GATHERING power in the ministry. "Gather My saints together unto Me," is heaven's high mandate. Thirdly, We must have the power of

"THE SPIRIT'S VITAL BREATH."

We may gather bones into the congregation; but, unless the God of all grace enable us effectually to cry out, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live," unless the vital breath enters in, the dry bones will be driven or drawn away. Then the uniting power of love to Christ, and His people, and His ways, will ultimately give prosperity.

The time is "Now." This is David's "now," when he was established on his throne. It is Christ's "Now," when exalted to carry on His Mediatorial office; and this prayer of Christ's has continued prosperity to His people, and will do so until all are gathered in. It is Mr. John Bennett's "Now." He has been exercised and trained in several Churches; "Now," as pastor of the good old and much honoured Church at Homerton-row, with all his soul he cries, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity." Amen.

Mr. W. H. Lee, Mr. Samuel Cozens, and Mr. Bennett, severally gave us words of kindness, and the chairman closed the meeting.

C. W. BANKS.

DIVINE HELP IN PRAYER.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT LITTLE ALIE STREET CHAPEL
ON THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1879, BY C. MASTERSON.

"Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered."—Rom. viii. 26.

THIS very precious passage is evermore precious in the experience of everyone who has to do business at the throne of grace; there is no experience of the Spirit's producing if we can live without prayer; it proves that those who thus live are destitute of the *one thing needful*. Prayer is an evidence of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, that we have been born again; the Spirit comes and gives light and life, and slays the enmity of our nature. He does not *eradicate* sin, but *subdues* it; the soul is brought nigh unto God by the blood of Christ. Man by nature is not only at enmity against God, but is averse to *all* that is good. The Spirit imparts love, and every new covenant blessing to the soul. Old things pass away, all things become new. The Christian possesses new principles, new desires, new expectations, and new enjoyments; among these enjoyments he finds the exercise of prayer one of the *chief*. He has grace here, and glory in prospect. If we have grace here we *shall have* glory hereafter; grace prepares for glory. Faith in Christ is one of those things which accompany salvation.

We shall notice first that *God's people are not without their infirmities*. The apostle had his infirmities. Besides bad afflictions, he had to experience the persecution of men and the temptations of Satan. The possession of internal corruptions and weaknesses prove serious hindrances to the exercise of grace and the performance of the privilege of prayer. Everyone finds himself in the possession of some besetting sin. These things prove a great burden, and we are ready to exclaim, "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth" (Psa. lxxxviii. 8); and again, "I was as a beast before Thee" (Psa. lxxiii. 22). These things would unfit us for the service of God, had not God made provision in His Son

Jesus Christ. God *hath* made provision: "Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." The expression means this: He helps together with us; so to speak, puts His shoulder with ours, and lifts the same burden. The secret of success appears from the fact that the Spirit helps our infirmities, but for which we should sink beneath them all.

How, then, does the Spirit help? We know not what we should pray for as we ought; therefore the Spirit helps, with groanings which cannot be uttered. God's people are under the influence of the Spirit; we have it in measure, but it is sufficient for all our needs. How does He help? By working within us a deep sense of our spiritual wants. We should never be conscious of these, but by the Holy Ghost implanting a feeling sense of them in our hearts. He gives an insight to those exceeding great and precious promises that are to be found in God's Word; and He enables us to plead those promises at the throne of grace. He enables us to come to God with holy, childlike confidence. He helps by calling into exercise those very graces which He Himself has implanted. Grace is not a self-acting principle. We need *daily* supplies of the influence of the Spirit, by which we are enabled to maintain fellowship with God.

He not only helpeth in the way hinted, but makes intercession for us. Where sin abounds grace doth much more abound. But some may say, Christ is spoken of as our Intercessor. True; He intercedes *on high*; the Holy Spirit intercedes *in us*. Every petition of the Spirit's production shall surely be answered. Thousands of prayers have gone up to God's throne, and appear to be unanswered. But these *shall* be answered in God's good time and in God's own way. By virtue of the Saviour's complete atonement He is our Advocate and Intercessor before the throne of God. The Holy Spirit is down here as the Glorifier of Christ—by inflaming our affections, enlarging our desires, and leading out our souls in prayer before God. God knows what the groanings of the spirit are, and there is music in a tear. *It is better to pray without words than without the heart.* Let us, then, be encouraged to continue our pleadings, both in private as well as in public, in humble dependence upon the Holy Spirit's aid, and we may rest assured that they will find acceptance with God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

May the Lord add His blessing to these few remarks for His name's sake.

LED BY THE SPIRIT—III. CONVERSION.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

THIS is a question that bothered me more or less for years. While yet young, somewhere about 12 or 13 years of age, I was led to believe a saving change had taken place. I came out and professed to have found peace, and began there and then to try and do some good in the world; but after a time doubts began to crowd in upon my mind, and I was sometimes almost upon the point of despair. This went on for several years, during which I gradually went on from bad to worse, until getting thoroughly wearied with the struggle, I pitched it all up, and began to try and occupy my mind with other things. I was disgusted with myself, and disgusted with the religious world in which

I had moved; and at that time I would have preferred to have been an infidel than remain as I was, or as religious men were around me. I lost all faith and confidence in professions of men; thought they were Christians because it was fashionable to be so, and might possibly advance their worldly interests. I began to call in question the existence of God, and had some doubts as to whether such a Person as Jesus of Nazareth ever really existed.

For three or four years I scarcely ever went to a place of worship; but all the time I was leading a good moral life, or rather, I was trying to lead such a life. But the success must have been small that attended such efforts, as my wife frequently upbraided me with being nothing like so good and well-behaved as I had formerly been. During this period I made no pretence to being a Christian, but tried hard to lead a better moral life than I had ever done while making such pretensions. For nearly two years this seemed to answer very well, but after that time I began to be troubled with conscientious qualms, and took to reading works on moral philosophy and Christian evidences. All and everything that came in my way relating to the other religions of the world, I read with avidity. I was quite fascinated with the character of Mahomet, and not much less with that of Buddha; they both seemed to me sterling men, men of worth and integrity, but I found the religions they had taught were not adapted for me. The ever recurring prickings of conscience led me to desire, if I ever accepted a religion again, a one which would entirely lift me out of myself. I felt it would be no use turning over a new leaf, or turning directly round about, leaving off one set of duties and taking up another. What was needed was an entirely new position, a distinct and separate footing to what I had. Now, it struck me as rather singular that there should be something unique in Christianity in this respect. Christ says, "Believe in Me and thou shalt have everlasting life." All other religious teachers say, "Do this and that and thou shalt have everlasting life." None of them, that I know of, gives such an invitation as Jesus does, and none of them, excepting Christ, seemed to meet my case. In the whole world I found there was but one Saviour for me, and that was the God-Man, Christ Jesus.

I was by no means certain that such an individual as Jesus had ever existed, and at the time did not much care whether He had or not. I had no intention of giving up my efforts to lead as good a life as I possibly could; only, as they had turned out such a poor and unsatisfactory saviour, I was going to place trust and confidence in them no longer. Things came to a crisis one day, as I was passing through the streets; and I said to myself, Here goes, slap bang, Christ for me, and Christ only; Christ now and for ever, unless someone better than He is shown to exist. It is not sufficient to say to me now, You are building on a bad foundation. It is the best I know of in the world, and I have no intention of shifting until convinced a better is in existence, and that it is available for me.

When I went to Christ for salvation, I did not take a prayer in my mouth, and ask Him to save. I seemed to look upon it as a thing that was held out to me, and I went and thankfully received it. This salvation is a perfected salvation—a salvation that we may preach to every man and woman in existence, good and bad, gentle and simple.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,” is the divine command. Had I thought that this salvation was not a complete salvation, that Christ did not die for the sins of the whole family, I could not, would not, and, humanly speaking, never should have believed that He died for me. But believing that it was as free as the air we breathe, or the water we drink, I drew nigh with boldness, and received the gift.

There are lots of men who tell us they are saved, but they do not know exactly when the change took place. Now, I do not understand these men. The sinner saved and the sinner unsaved, is as wide apart as the poles, and the contrast is as great as it is between day and night, or light and darkness. Surely, then, a man ought to know the day and hour when the translation took place. It is rather a queerish position this to be in, and I would urge every man thus situated to take it to the Lord, tell Him all about it, and that now, henceforth, and for ever, you are going to Christ as your Saviour, and Christ only.

GILBERT HORNSBY.

THE CURSE IN THE CONSCIENCE:—SALVATION IN THE SOUL.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MR. PHILIP WEAVER,
Of Hatherley, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

By J. FLORY.

“Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine!
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
JESUS IS MINE!”

THE above lines are true of my esteemed brother in the Lord, with whom, for more than eleven years, it was the privilege of the writer to have spiritual fellowship in the love of God, electing to life eternal, by the redemption of Christ Jesus, in the effectual work of God the Holy Ghost, in regenerating power—leading his soul into the knowledge of his sinnership, and into the sacred revelation of salvation in his heart by the power of the Spirit, giving him peace and joy here below, with many foretastes of glory everlasting. Our departed brother in the Lord was called somewhat early in life, and, with evident emotions, more than once he told me of his deep convictions of his lost and ruined state; how, for a long period, he was in his feelings under the curse of the righteous law of God. The words, “Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them;” and also, “The soul that sinneth shall die,” deeply entered his conscience. On more than one occasion, being in a field, he felt himself such a sinner that he thought God could not, and would not, let him live; but that He would command, as the earth opened and swallowed Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, so it would open and swallow up alive such a vile sinner as he felt he must be in the sight of a heart-searching Jehovah. He was spared, to his astonishment; and those words were applied (after a terrible soul-shaking), “*Deliver him from going down to the pit. I have found a ransom.*” Hope sprung up that the Lord would be gracious to him; but how could Jehovah spare such a sinner as he was! above all, how could He save him, and be a holy God! He could not understand this; he tried now all he could to be holy, and keep from sin. He became an altered man, began to read the Bible, to attend the means of grace, tried to pray; and, although the above passage of Holy Writ, with others, gave him some little hope against despair, yet he failed to obtain peace.

In the providence of God he was brought under the ministry of the late James Smith, then of Cheltenham, who, by the Holy Spirit, was made in his preaching a blessing to him, to lead him to see

"SALVATION TO BE OF GRACE FROM FIRST TO THE LAST,"

therefore, not by the "deeds of the law," not of works. At length he received full pardon of sin, justification by Jesus Christ, as the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth. He saw the Son of God was "made unto him wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" and was brought for many long years, more or less, in his soul, in his preaching, and in his life, to manifest "That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." He declared that Jesus "was wounded for his transgressions, He was bruised for his iniquities, the chastisement of his peace was upon Him, and with His stripes he was healed." He understood, in soul-blessed experience, what the voice of God had said in him, "Deliver him from going down to the pit. I have found a ransom." He saw and felt it was Jesus whom the Father gave, of whom the Holy Ghost witnessed to his soul; and that "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." His peace of mind was great, his heart was full of love to the Lord, to His people, to His ordinances; He soon walked in the divinely-instituted ordinance of believer's baptism, was baptized by Mr. J. Smith, and for nearly fifty years was a firm Baptist, holding and "speaking the truth in love;" full of the love of Christ and all who love Christ, yet firm in the maintenance of the doctrines of distinguishing grace.

After being in fellowship for some time with the Church at "Bethel," in Cheltenham, he left with others, joined the Church at Cubberly, where he first began to speak of the great salvation, now more than forty years' since; there one of my deacons heard him, soon after that time, from those words, "He was wounded for our transgressions," &c.; who also heard him four or five years ago from those blessed words, "They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and shall sing of Thy righteousness." This was on the ordinance day for the Lord's Supper. These times were seasons of blessing to my deacon, and to the speaker and hearers. Our brother was a good preacher; there was a fair amount of originality, sound in doctrine, experimental and practical. He contended for the practice of godliness in the professors of the religion of Jesus. For many years Mr. Weaver preached without pecuniary reward, never receiving a penny. He was a farmer, and for many years agent for the late Mr. Winterbotham, and though his farm was small, yet with wonderful attention ("Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord") he was favoured to bring up a large family, and was possessed of some considerable property, of which many shared the benefit in his life and labours. At Cubberly, Elkstone, Bruckhampton, Shipton, Birdlip, &c., for many years, he preached "Christ crucified" with spiritual profit to saints and sinners. Hundreds have been comforted and led on in the divine life, and some born again, by the energy of the Holy Ghost, who lived and fell asleep in Jesus to the glory of God.

Our departed friend was a sort of "rural dean" of the above places. Cubberly was one of the largest country village Churches, having over one hundred members, and still numbers some seventy or eighty. It must not be concluded our departed friend had not his trying and dark days. He had many trials, a large family—some of whom are following Christ Jesus, some in distant lands. May they who have not acknowledged nor sought the Lord, be, by omnipotent grace, led to follow their father's and their mother's God. The departed was called to sustain a great loss in that of the departure to glory of his beloved wife, only two or three months before his demise. Although deeply afflicted he followed her to the grave, to which dispensation he was enabled to bow with wonderful resignation; acknowledging it was all according to the loving will of Him who hath said, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." For three months after the death of his beloved companion, our brother was confined to his homestead with abscess; he had his conflicts of soul, but generally indulged, resting on the "Rock of Ages," "showing in whom he had believed," loved, and preached. To myself, to my beloved and esteemed friends, Mr. Wilkins, G. Townshend, J. Smith, Mrs. J. Broom, and others, he gave testimony that the old Gospel, "Christ all and in all," were his support and joy; and amidst the greatest suffering demonstrated that "the joy of the Lord" was his strength. The departed was buried at Cheltenham cemetery by pastor H. Wilkins (Salem).

The cause at Cubberly is not left without tokens of the divine favour. On Whit-Monday services were holden; Mr. Jones, pastor, preached two Gospel sermons, in which I took part. Good attendance, and the Lord's presence was manifest. At the ripe age of seventy-two years, in labours not a few in the religious and social world, our friend Weaver fell asleep in Jesus. To God Trinne be all the glory. This was the intense, devout aspiration of his redeemed soul in life, now enjoyed by his fully emancipated soul in glory.

THE PLANT OF RENOWN.

ON seeking a subject for last Lord's-day,
Was groaning and sighing about what to say;
Then all of a sudden my heart melted down,
With a whisper within, "Take the Plant of Renown."

All flowers are admired and sweet to the eye;
The works of Jehovah, who built earth and sky;
In pursuit of choice flowers great numbers are known,
And yet they reject "The Plant of Renown."

No bouquet of flowers will satisfy me,
No! nothing but Jesus who died on the tree;
Who said, "It is finished," and bowed His head down,
And now reigns in glory, "The Plant of Renown."

A black and vile sinner I am—yes, indeed,
And feel to my sorrow what cleansing I need;
But cleansing and healing, made fit for the crown,
Is the work of Immanuel, "The Plant of Renown."

I am lost in amazement, deep wonder, and thought,
And oft' stand astonished at what God has wrought,
In sparing a rebel, and not cutting down
E'en me, who desireth "The Plant of Renown."

O! Jesus, dear Jesus, from sin and from pride,
Now wean me and bring to Thy wounded side;
For there I would shelter from the law's killing frown,
And hide myself in Thee, "The Plant of Renown."

This Plant of Renown all diseases can cure,
Is an excellent cordial, is food for the poor;
Poor sinners dejected and by sin bowed down
Feel nothing will do but "The Plant of Renown."

When groaning in Mesech, the subject of sin,
Sharp fighting without, dread conflict within;
At times much beclouded, but I never have known
Aught but love and compassion from "The Plant of Renown."

Blessed Spirit eternal, I languish and pine,
Come, warm with Thy love this cold heart of mine,
Nor spurn from Thy presence, nor look with a frown
On a sinner who values "The Plant of Renown."

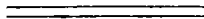
Come sorrow, come sickness, temptation or pain,
If sent by my Jesus they will not be in vain;
I will welcome them all without e'en a moan,
If Thou give me submission, "Thou Plant of Renown."

When death is commissioned to bear me away
From regions of night to worlds of bright day,
Though a sinner deserving Thy wrath and Thy frown,
Reveal Thyself to me, "The Plant of Renown."

And should'st Thou in infinite mercy see fit
To welcome a rebel to yon heavenly seat,
I will kneel at Thy footstool and there cast my crown,
For ever extolling "The Plant of Renown."

JOHN HUNTLEY.

Widcombe Chapel, Bath, July, 1882.



THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

WHAT A DANGEROUS POSITION WE
APPEAR TO BE IN!

I saw the Prime Minister represented having an Irish murderer in one hand, and an Egyptian fiend in the other; it said, "Both hands full!" Ah, full of trouble. Verily, the European nations have been convulsed. But I saw in the heavens last evening, above the golden-tinted clouds, an angel-like figure flying with the flag of victory in his hand, and I said, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through

"OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Then I read Edward Irving's apostrophe. "Our victory," he says, "over the world and the flesh, over Satan and sin, over evil angels and wicked men, over death and the grave, can only be accomplished by the Saviour, our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and by a living faith and fervent prayer to Him." We cannot of ourselves any more overcome Satan than we can raise the dead, or create a world.

WHAT A DANGEROUS POSITION WE
APPEAR TO BE IN!

As poor individual sinners, if Satan is let loose upon us, what can we do? As a nation, if the Turks and other Powers combined against us, as a nation, where should we be? The Egyptians erected their forts and fortresses against us; but in a few hours they were shattered, and hundreds of poor wretches were sent into eternity. Should we not lift up our souls to the Almighty God in praise for our mercies, and fall before Him in earnest cries that we may still be preserved in peace and in some prosperity? The wars, the weather, and the woes of the heathen nations, all call us to consider the divine command, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify Me." I had in my hand the testimony of nearly thirty prophetic writers on *The Coming Wars* and *The Second Advent of our Glorious Lord Jesus Christ*. But while full of thoughts on these the words came up in my mind, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." This requires thought.

The Mediatorial Throne. R. Banks, London. This is a poetic paraphrase, with notes, on chapters iv. and v. of the divine revelation of Jesus Christ. By the author of "The False Prophet of the Latter Days." We wonder *who he is?* There are in all parts of this kingdom now spirits in the ministry which, in

some form or other, are "taking the sceptre out of the hands of heaven's high and glorious Sovereign and are pretending to put it into the hands of the creature." They will never do it. The Almighty has set His King upon the throne of His holiness, and the twelve lions which Solomon placed on the sides of the ascending steps figuratively express the impossibility of any invading foe climbing up to shake either the throne or the King which God hath righteously placed thereon. In His hands, and under His government, the truth is always maintained, the Church of the First-born is ever safe, although mischievous spirits do abound. The author of this superior little volume is a keen-eyed, a clever, and a pious student of "the BOOK," who believes that Rev. iv. and v. "describe the present Gospel dispensation (as) in the hands of our blessed Mediator." We can commend this sweet little nosegay of mystical unfoldings, believing the children who have "learned of their Father" will enjoy the feast here prepared with so much of that beautiful talent and poetic tact, which pleaseth the soul that delighteth in every effort to render the way home through the exalted Advocate plain and undisputed.

CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD

is the "open Door" which the Gospel, by the power of the Spirit Himself, is designed to lead the redeemed up into

"A door in heaven, are not its portals open.

Its blood-besprinkled lintels clearly shown?

Why then, with fading hopes, and conscience-stricken,

Dream we of heaven as of a land unknown?"

Why, indeed? What bitter pangs we often have from constantly hearing of the ignorant rantings, the pulpit condemnings, and the twaddle revilings of many who, in certain quarters, are licensed, patronized, and rewarded for dealing out their dismal details, instead of lovingly, agonizingly, and spiritually exalting the Lamb of God, "the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father," and who came from the Father to declare that purpose which tells us it is the will of our God that "Not one of the little ones shall perish." We are compelled to believe that until the pulpits of certain sections are purged clean out of those cruel, cutting, unwise condemners of people they never knew—until a pulpit-purifying has been effected—the chaste and earnest seekers after Jesus, God-Man, will turn away,

and the weakening of those Churches who have for many generations faithfully followed their Master and their Lord will be seen. Happy must be the people who with our author can sing,—

"In heavenly places, seated with CHRIST JESUS,
A Christian ministry attracts our sight!"

Our sighs do ascend for a more successful body of the heaven-ordained messengers of the Church than are yet to be found.

Words of Warning; or, Ten Years with the Christadelphians. By Thomas C. Nicholls, formerly editor of *Zion's Trumpet*. To be had of the author, 41, Burn's-street, Nottingham. We do not feel happy in even mentioning the sect from whom Mr. Nicholls has suffered so much; but we desire the honest friends of truth to read the pamphlet for themselves, with the hope that they may be enabled to plead with the blessed Advocate on high, beseeching him to bring the writer clearly and fully to a saving deliverance out of all his troubles. At present we cannot say more.

"*Shall the Waves of Persecution Destroy it?*" Mr. Battersby's sermon for June was from the words, "Be of good cheer." The Church, like the boat and crew, is sinking in the sea; but Jesus speaks, and all is well. Ah! this is one of the best experimental sermons of Mr. Battersby's we have yet seen.

In the deep seas we once did cry,
"Lost! Lost! for aye," said a painful sigh.
But Jesus did deliverance send—
O what a soul-uplifting Friend.

"Mr. Battersby," said a parson, "ought to come out of the Church." We said, "No; let him remain. The Lord will guide him, and bless him, where and as He pleases." Get this "Good Cheer" sermon of C. W. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street.

Dr. Edward Steane's Memorial. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Dr. Charles Stanford has compiled a sacred literary monument, in memory of that true Christian gentleman, the late Dr. Steane, once, and for a long period, the pastor of Camberwell Baptist Church, who fell asleep on May 8, 1882, aged 84. The addresses by Drs. Stanford and Angus at the funeral, and the memorial sermons, are here given entire. One sentence from the lips of Dr. Angus expressed all that could be said: "He truthed it in love; he spoke the truth, lived the truth, sought to extend the truth, faithful and loving, from the beginning of his work (more than fifty years ago) even to its close." Joseph Irons and Edward Steane jostled on as neighbours in Camberwell for many years. Mr. Irons was a lion-like Gideon;

Edward Steane a kind of compound of Luke and John. Now, we hope around the higher throne they bow to that one Lord, whom here they preached as well as they could.

True Sayings of God. Dr. Owen Jones, of Docking, Norfolk, has translated into the English language (and published in a neat, small octavo), *The Judgment of the National Synod of the Belgic Reformed Churches, Concerning the Five Points of Christian Doctrine, &c.* Mr. Owen Jones has again produced a rich feast for the souls of God's saints who have a strong faith in the salvation of the bride of Christ. Not a few of the blessed sons and daughters of Zion have praised God for the works issued by this venerable translator, who, like ourselves, has suffered temporal losses in endeavouring to sound out the trumpet of truth. Surely, the soul that doth so love Christ and His Gospel as to be willing to make any sacrifice for the extension of this holy knowledge will not be a cast-away, although persecution and poverty assail it here. Encourage Owen Jones.

The Ancient Mile-stone. A gentleman in the city was in the "Gallery of Reflection on the Past," and he is well-up in the history of the most wonderful family. We have, also, Dr. Macrae's paper, wherein the Dundee doctor would represent S. as in error in some points, although thoroughly honest. Such things as some of the ex-collegians reveal are astounding; but what school can be found in the world that has in it none but such good little boys as the head master was? Read Martin Tupper's *Philosophy on "Good in Things Evil."* "The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it refineth thy soul," why will ye murmur?

The Beatitudes; or, Nothing but Blessings for the Children of God, &c. By Benjamin Taylor, minister of the Gospel, Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk. To be had of the author, neatly bound in cloth, post free for 13 penny stamps. Some short time back, this well-known writer, preacher, and beloved pastor, was favoured to ascend up into a mountain; and the skies being clear and the air very pure, he sat him down (mentally and studiously), inhaling precious draughts of the soft, South breezes, giving him many delightful thoughts, in the midst of which he found "some choice marks, by which weak believers may know themselves to be in the pathway to heaven." These fruits of his mountainous meditation good Benjamin brought down, and shewed

them unto his dear people; and they being delighted with them, he has now packed them up in a pretty and portable volume, which anyone can carry in his pocket, and may easily turn to it whenever a fit of unbelief makes them to stagger about; fearing, after all, they shall never receive a hearty welcome into the merciful Saviour's home at the last. Benjamin Taylor is not a sledgehammer preacher, nor is he a bombastic writer; he is "a son of consolation;" and being preserved in that character and spirit, the Lord has made him useful to souls for over forty years; and this little alabaster box of precious ointment will be in great demand, we have no doubt. The Lord gave His Benjamin this portion, and He will bless it, go wherever it may.

The Scale of Nations. London: Published by W. H. Guest, 20, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row. Shewing the sizes, areas, population, exports, imports, revenues, national debts, &c. Here you have, on one strong cartridge sheet, the world in one view. A useful ornament for any gentleman's study, office, or parlour. It is executed in first-class style.

SERIALS—*The Shield of Faith* for July. London: Wade & Co., 11, Ludgate-arcade. Dr. Sexton and Dr. Young, the editors, are skilful scholars, and in their defence of Christianity they have a work to do. We thank God for any man who can consistently meet the atheist, the infidel, and the doubter of any size.—*The Gospel Magazine* for July exhibits some fearful signs of the Jesuitical, the Popish, and the atheist progression in our dear old England. The Gospel army of professed believers are much divided—in some cases very bitter—the one against the other. We have mourned over these cruel and proud jealousies more than forty years. Protestant prejudices, and Popish powers of money and of men are untying England's cords. Will the Lord forsake us?—Mr. Robert Steele's *Monthly Record* for July opens with a heavy fire upon the vacillations of the Government and other powers who still support and uphold the Papacy; but the wisdom of this world, which great statesmen have, is foolishness with God; and these worldly-wise ones have been driving our

Protestant ship upon the rocks, and into quagmires, now for some years.—*Our Coming Wars* is a pamphlet by M. Baxter all should read.—*The Protestant Echo*, a penny monthly, published by Thomas Tourle, 19, Trafalgar-street, Brighton, and W. Wileman, London, will be found a cheap instructor in the history of past persecutions, and the present slow poison which the different members of the anti-Christian family are pouring into the minds of the English foolish people. It is a mercy there are here and there some stirred up to cry aloud, endeavouring to show the people their delusions, their transgressions, and their dangers. Other pamphlets, books, &c., wait for room and time.

Will ye care for poor Indian women? The Zenana Mission demands the deepest sympathy of all our females, whose condition in England is so immensely superior to the *Hindu women*, whose miseries are gently revealed in a book now published by Nisbetts. The poor wretched women are the most degraded, down-trodden, and awful of any creatures on God's earth. "Often I say to myself, with a choking feeling," writes a lady medical missionary, "Alas! what has sin wrought? Here is a poor miserable child of three years, starved and ill. I order her cod-liver oil, to be rubbed into its body, and the mother says, 'I don't think I'll take the trouble; for if she dies I shall have one less to care for!'" And another missionary adds, "In one of my houses I found a poor little girl of not more than three months old, lying, wholly neglected and uncared for, on the floor, crying very bitterly, and apparently in much pain; but nobody came to render her any help. At last the grandmother appeared; but instead of taking her up and comforting the child, she showered anathemas upon the poor little thing, which greatly distressed me. So I asked the old woman to try and pacify the child; but imagine my horror when she exclaimed, 'Who cares for a girl? If God could take away the boy, let Him take the girl also. I am not going to touch her. *I would rather she died!*'" Happily a change is coming to those dreary houses, as we will soon seek to show.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

RAILWAY REMEMBRANCES.

[Through different parts of several counties have passed, and to amuse myself in travelling long journies, like a recluse, I press into a corner and pencil down a note or two. Men of great minds, and of lofty aspirations, can pass me by. My notes are as simple as the writer, but many of our readers feel interested in learning a little of the Churches in our villages and towns.]

June 24, 1882. For Pulham-Mary-Warm, well-packed, and shaken, or rocked as in a cradle. Thinking of three sermons to-morrow for schools in the venerable Dr. Benjamin Taylor's Pulham Tabernacle. One text came to me, "He shall deliver

"THE ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT,"
"and it is delivered by the pureness of thine hand."

In this book of Job there are seven prominent characters—God, Satan, Job, his three "friends," and Elihu. There are deep mysteries somewhat opened up here. The permitted existence of Satan. This has been to me a mystery, but he appears to be employed to try and to test the faith of God's people. Hence, he gets divine permission to touch Job in the sorest places. So Satan did tempt our Saviour, and Peter, and Paul, with the thorn in the flesh; and still the great adversary is called, "The prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the child of disobedience." He is Zion's enemy, but he is chained. Another mystery is, that as

FAITH IS TRIED,

so much stronger she becomes. Sin only can stop the mouth of faith. When Peter denied Christ, he said no good thing until the Saviour sent a message unto him on the resurrection morning, then away Peter ran to see Jesus. Job came out with strong faith as his trials went on. "My witness is in heaven," &c. "He knows the way I take: though he slay me." "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c.

In the midst of the dreadful controversy between Job and his friends, there gushed out now and then expressions of new covenant truth. My text must be one of these sparks. Here is a *present positive*. In the eye of the eternal God the Church of Christ stands as "the island of the innocent." It is also expressive of a prospective future, when all the angels of glory shall behold the Redeemer's kingdom as a distinct inheritance, an island wherein *innocence*, in its most beautiful and superlative perfection shall be seen, and shall shine for ever and ever. Here is also the agency, the essential and instrumental agency, "it is delivered by the *pureness of thine hands*."

Here at Ipswich we wait. This town is rapidly rising into much commercial power. Mr. Kern and Mr. Samuel Cozens are the two Strict Baptist ministers. They are great

men. It is expected the Churches will be much increased. There are many good Christians in Ipswich.

Pulham-St.-Mary-the-Virgin. Such is the rather Romish and romantic name of the parish in which stands the rural deanery, the tabernacle, and rectory of the devoted and devout Benjamin Taylor, who is (without undue eulogy) one of the very best Strict Baptist pastors and preachers in the Eastern part of this British island. Nearly fifty years have been left behind since this beloved Benjamin was a printer and a bookbinder in the town of Harleston, in Norfolk; and it is more than forty years since he walked from Harleston to "Pulham-Mary" (as the railway company now designate the place, for they have been wicked enough to shut the "saint" out). What led him to this place? Subsequent events would answer, "The purpose, the providence, the prophetic Spirit of the great and glorious Head of the Church; for here, in a cottage, then in a barn, and ultimately in a substantial brick-built chapel, good Benjamin Taylor began, and has continued for more than forty years, to pray for, to study for, to minister unto, the people committed to his care. How many thousands of prayers has our blessed Benjamin poured out and sent to heaven for the salvation of sinners!

But I must not give way to my thoughts. I cannot tell how, nor why, but I was announced to preach three anniversary sermons for Pulham-Mary Sunday schools, June 25, 1882. Reached the station Saturday evening previous; walked up the wrong way, as usual. There I stood still, wondered which was right; saw two gentlemen coming down the road. "Do ye know where Mr. Benjamin Taylor lives?" "Up the other road." Turned back; walked up the right road; found the house of God looking quite innocent and patient; found also the pastor's garden, house, and family; and there in a comfortable lodging I rested for the night, although in the heavens above there were loud peals of thunder, lightning flashes, and torrents of rain came pouring down.

When I reached the pulpit in the morning, I saw long rows of young people standing on temporary platforms, in front of the pulpit, and they were singing in the strongest and sweetest harmony, proving their training and exercises had been well conducted. They sung fifteen pieces during the three services of the day, and I was permitted to read, pray, and preach to increasingly large companies of people, who came travelling in different conveyances from the country all around. Will it please the Lord to bless those services! Amen.

I was favoured to hold brief converse with several old friends, and many were there who are steadfast in their faith in the Gospel of the ever-blessed God, and who speak

lovingly and gratefully of their pastor, the blessed Benjamin, of Pulham-Mary.

Many years ago we had a little Church in Harlestone, but the ministers, Langham, Mason, Futter, and others died, or became incapable; hence, the poor little cause gave up the ghost.

* *Tivetshall*. Monday morning, June 26, 1882. How full of deep praise ought I to be! Yet all day yesterday in reading, praying, or preaching, my soul could not get a swim in the sea of love. Old William Day prayed before I preached, when Mr. Collis was ordained at Coggeshall; and in Mr. Day's prayer he uttered a sentence I have never quite forgotten. He said, "O Lord, let our brother's heart come out of his mouth to-day." Now, that is the secret of all free and happy preaching. When all the affections of the heart are inflamed with love to God, to Christ, to the Spirit, to the souls of the people; when these affectionate take up the soul and melt her into deep contrition, and pour her into the mind, then the mind being like the engine, and the heart and soul acting like steam-power to carry the mind through the tunnel of the mouth with express velocity and freedom, then, ah! then I love preaching, when the love of God is *shed abroad in the heart* by the Holy Ghost, given unto us at such times and with such blessings, the pulpit seems to stand at Heaven's gate, and *salvation* in Christ, the Fountain; salvation in the Gospel, the Revealer; salvation in the soul, the Receiver; salvation in heaven, the Satisfier, yea, in every way *salvation for sinners* is

A JOYFUL SOUND.

Away from home I so seldom realise sweet spiritual liberty, which is a mortification to my spirit, and perhaps it serves me right. I said yesterday, there is random preaching, brain preaching, hook preaching, and there is sometimes special preaching; and when I was led for a moment or two to shew what "*pureness of hands*" Christ had; how, by His working with Joseph and James He purged away the curse of a broken law; how, by His baptism, He indicated His swallowing up death; how by His enduring Satan's temptation He purged away the fatal poison and killing power of temptation; how by His miracles and ministry He purged away the soul's maladies; how in the bloody sweat in the garden He purged away the wrath of offended justice; how by His agonies on the cross He purged away the pangs, and took out the sting of *death*. Just then for a few moments my poor soul almost got her wings ready to fly out a little. But how soon were they clipped!

Passing Diss and Melles. At Haighly station we pause, and reviewing yesterday I command my soul to thank God for all the goodness He caused to pass before me.

In the Pulham rectory I had a beautiful bedroom and a comfortable bed. Although the rain kept some away, there came many people, and three times I went through the services, and some friends spoke kindly.

At Stowmarket I saw Mr. Whorlow. We

conversed for a moment, and parted, perhaps for ever.

Norfolk has about 500,000 people; about fifty Baptist Churches. At Claxton, Henry Pawson lays paralysed, and the Church is low indeed. The late Mr. George Wyard's son John stands as pastor over the Swaffham Church since 1862, and his roll of Church members is 286, the highest in the county.

SUFFOLK.—On a leisure trip, brother Lelle, and self, looked into Mr. Kerr's chapel, Ipswich, where Isaac Levinsohn was preaching Sunday-school sermons. Happy seasons; good prospect of future blessings. At Otley (the Baptist Church there being more than eighty years old) we saw the now popular Grundisburgh pastor, Wm. Gill, giving addresses to Sunday-school. He is welcomed in these Eastern climes. The air is more congenial than the Black Country, where William struggled under discouraging circumstances. We returned from several little tours the other day, and spent a few hours in Braintree, when their anniversary services were celebrated. The present Dunmow bishop, John Hanger, poured out streams of exposition, and unloaded an immense amount of Gospel ammunition in three consecutive discourses. He is a powerful man indeed. Then came Isaiah Smith, of Great Yeldham, who has the triple power of fire, wind, and still small voice, all in interchanging tones. Mr. Foster thought he never heard such a vehement pulpiteer before. Our old friend, C. W. Banks, came from London with two mellow messages, and that kind embodiment of pure Christian charity, William Beach, E-q., concluded these sacred services by a couple of free-grace ministrations. I and my friend admired the zeal of deacon Wheeler, who is one of the most persevering elders in the field. We ask, is there no able evangelist, who could come into this Braintree Strict Baptist Church, and work in the spirit and strength of love to GOD'S CHRIST, to CHRIST'S Church, and to the thousands of sinners around, and instrumentally gather in the redeemed, and fill this new and comfortable house of prayer? We do not wish to induce any money-grasping idlers to send their cards of self-invitation, but such decided disciples as J. D. Fountain of Little Ilford, are like the streams in the South, exceedingly refreshing. O, for the Churches in Braintree, in Maldon, in Witham, in Chelmsford, in Brentwood, in Mendelsham, and all around the Eastern pastures, may the Lord arise, and shine, and send some out of His own college of life and truth, who, like Paul, shall be able to exclaim, "I thank CHRIST JESUS, our LORD, who hath enabled me, counting me faithful, putting me (Himself) into the ministry." Mr. Editor, we were solemnized with the fact, that the dear and aged evangelist, brother Dennison, still travels, and is a help to some of the pastorless Churches. He is between eighty and ninety, but hale and strong in the Lord. Help him again, when you can, and pray for us POOR SEEKERS AFTER HEALTH, AND THE HEAVENLY REST.

BOTH MOTHER AND FATHER ARE GONE.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The Church meeting for divine worship at Coverdale rooms, Limehouse, has sustained another loss by death, in the person of Mr. J. W. Beckett, one of the oldest deacons, and precentor, which duties he has fulfilled since the opening of this place, and previously to this at Cave Adullam, Stepney, for a long time. He was well-known to you for many years. His illness was short at last. About six weeks ago he buried his wife at Ilford, and the week following took to his bed, never to leave it again. On one occasion, on his death-bed, he said to me, "Here I am, like Paul, ready to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better," and on Wednesday, June 28, 1882, his happy spirit took its flight to Canaan's fair and happy land, where his possessions lie.

Referring to the 88th hymn, in the supplement of "Denham's Selection," on "Cast down but not destroyed," our brother did not think it properly finished, so he wrote the following verse some years ago at the Cave:—

"Soon we shall reach our home on high,
Where Christ has gone before;
Join the sweet anthems of the sky,
And be cast down no more."

On Wednesday, July 5, a number of friends assembled at Ilford cemetery, to pay the last tribute of respect to our dear departed brother. In the cemetery chapel, Mr. F. C. Holden, the pastor of the Church, read a portion of Scripture, and offered prayer. At the grave he addressed the family and friends assembled, and in his remarks said they had lost a dear and loving father, and the Church a useful and much-beloved brother. We are not met here to eulogise the dead, but to speak to the living. Looking down into the grave, Mr. Holden said, at the close of his address, "Farewell, farewell, dear brother Beckett, until that glorious resurrection morn, when we shall meet to part no more." After singing, "Why do we mourn, departing friends?" &c., we dispersed to our homes, with the thought, who amongst us will be the next?

On Lord's-day evening, Mr. F. C. Holden improved the event to a crowded congregation. The text was, "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; from henceforth, Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." This is a voice that John heard in the Isle of Patmos; it was a voice from heaven; it was a voice of consolation; it was a voice of power. Dr. Watts says rightly:—

"The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises."

Again:—

"While His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice."

Some careless sinners here may say, We do neither tremble nor rejoice. Then your

position is a solemn one indeed, for whilst "Blessed are they that die in the Lord," cursed are they that die out of the Lord. What a solemn time it will be for the sinner when He appears before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Mr. H. noticed (1) the character spoken of, "Blessed are the dead;" (2) what their blessedness consists of; (3) the confirmation. Death, in and of itself, cannot be a blessing. Death, in itself, is dissolution, or separation; death, in itself, is repugnant to the natural feelings; it is a dissolution of soul and body; the one goes to heaven, the other down into the dust. Those that are found in Christ are those that are new-created in Him.

"Other Refuge have I none," &c.,

that was the sum and substance of our dear brother's hope; he was one who felt he had no other refuge. Those who are found in Christ are those only who are saved by sovereign grace. Our dear brother knew well that salvation was of the Lord; almost the last time I visited him I asked him if he had any portion of God's Word he would like to mention to me, and after a time he said there was one, "God be merciful to me a sinner." We know it was well with our brother—HE DIED IN THE LORD.

Referring to his years, back at the old Cave, I asked him if he did not feel a pleasure in the hymns he gave out, and he said he did, also the hymns he gave out here. There was always a beautiful savour in them; he said he had never given out a hymn that had a line in it that would clash with God's Word, and were he to do so again he would do the same. Death, to the believer, is a time of deliverance. Now he is relieved from all pain and suffering. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Blessedness they enter into—they enter into rest, he has gone into the presence of God,

"Where pleasures undecaying rise,
And every wish has full supplies."

The days of his mourning are ended, now at rest, and in perfect peace. See the confirmation! Henceforth the joys of heaven are for ever; the Holy Spirit confirms it: "Yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours." He laboured here hard, but he has no labour now; where they serve Him in His holy temple they serve him day and night. His days of mourning are ended. Children, you have lost a dear and loving father, and a sincere friend. As a member of this Christian Church, he was a peacemaker; thus he gained esteem from every member, and where he now is we shall one day be.

On a recent visit I asked him if there was any hymn he would like to select more than another, and he selected this, which we will now sing—(227, Denham's) "Rock of ages, cleft for me," &c.; then prayer closed another solemn service at Coverdale Rooms, Limehouse.

T. E. MOORE.

17, Salmon's-lane, Limehouse, E.,

July 11, 1882.

SUTTON COURTNEY.—For many years a Baptist Church has been maintained in this long, large, and once-flourishing paper-mill village. Mr. Richard Randle has always been the faithful and honourable minister. He is now between 80 and 90 years of age. The chapel requires complete renovation; to help to raise the funds for it, special services were held on July 2, 3, and 4. Sermons were preached by Mr. Sadler and C. W. Banks. The following notice is from a correspondent:—On Tuesday and Wednesday, July 4 and 5, C. W. Banks favoured our Baptist chapel with a visit. The first day was exceedingly wet; but those who heard the "Village Preacher" Tuesday evening were found again on Wednesday afternoon to hear the Gospel of peace, and those who listened to his voice were greatly comforted and refreshed. Our friends then partook of a quiet and bountiful repast, which, under the direction of the noble Mrs. Tinson and other earnest friends, was beautifully served up. The doxology was sung as a thank-offering for what had been received, and then the public meeting was introduced by Mr. Lewis, Baptist pastor, Drayton, who called upon Mr. Argyle to speak to the friends, which he did cheerfully; then followed Mr. Clinch, who received light and life some years ago under the ministry of Mr. Randle, the old Baptist pastor of this Church, and for whose benefit Mr. Banks came down to help in renovating the chapel. After Mr. Clinch, the chairman, called Mr. H. E. Sadler, who spoke from the words, "Them that honour Me I will honour." Then came Mr. Croker, of Abingdon. Last of all, Mr. Randle's kind, sympathising, and gracious friend, C. W. Banks, gave us a closing address. It proved a comfort to God's afflicted ones, a reviving season to his two old fellow-pilgrims, the pastor and his wife. Through the poverty of the people, but little was given to the object for which the Village Preacher came to plead—namely, the cleansing of this house of prayer. However, Mr. Banks assured Mr. Randle not to fear, for the chapel should not be forgotten. [We have Mr. Randle's will and the deeds, as Mr. Randle will leave the freehold chapel in trust for the Strict Baptist Church unencumbered, we are bound to see it put in thorough repair. Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., and Wm. Turner, Esq., have contributed towards the object, and before long, we believe, the good hand of God will enable us to announce it all done and paid for.—C. W. BANKS].

HADLEIGH.—On Sunday, July 2, we were exceedingly cheered to behold two friends descend the baptismal waters, after a discourse by our pastor from John i. 25, "Why baptizest thou?" The service was an affecting one, and the Lord's presence was realised by many. Our two friends, who were exceedingly cheerful in yielding obedience to their Lord and Master's sacred command, were received into Church fellowship at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in the afternoon.

SUFFOLK.—June was a month of months in Suffolk, as far as anniversaries are concerned. On the 11th at Wattisham, large congregations assembled to hear Mr. R. E. Sears (late of Foot's Cray) preach anniversary sermons in connection with Sabbath-schools; collections realised the excellent sum of £27. On the same day, a pleasing sight was witnessed in the beautiful and cheering rural district of Stoke-Ash. The people for miles round were wending their way to that well-built and pleasantly situated chapel (the scene of Mr. C. Hill's much-appreciated labours), to spend the day on the occasion of the Sunday-school anniversary, Mr. B. J. Northfield (of Hadleigh) being the preacher. The morning service was attended by a full house, and the discourse, founded on the words of the Psalmist, "Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me," was listened to with manifest interest and attention. In the afternoon an overflowing congregation was present, when the children were addressed, the subject being the history of "Joseph," in which Joseph was set forward as a good exemplar worthy of copying, and also as a type of Christ. Great praise is due to the children for the way in which they answered the questions put to them, which showed they were not backward in Scripture knowledge, also reflecting credit upon their teachers. In the evening the place was again crammed to listen to a sermon from the beautiful words of Paul, "That I may know Him." Special hymns were admirably sung by the children. Happy faces betokened cheerful hearts, and we trust many had to thank the Lord that their visit had not been in vain. Collections amounted to about £14. On the 18th, at Chelmondiston, Mr. Samuel Cozens, of Ipswich, preached the Sabbath-school anniversary sermons. On same day at New Baptist Chapel, Stowmarket, the anniversary of the school was celebrated, when the new Grundisburgh pastor, Mr. W. Gill, preached three suitable sermons.—A. RAMBLER.

SAXLINGHAM.—We held anniversary services Whit Monday, May 29, 1882. Sermons were preached by Mr. C. Suggate, of Halesworth. He preached with power and great liberty. The Lord's people were built up in their most holy faith. I have visited Saxlingham many times. Never saw so many people. They came from Norwich, Claxton, Pulham, Carlton Rode, &c. After tea, provided by the ladies, a public meeting, addressed by Messrs. Muskit (Yarmouth), Suggate, E. Debnam, and the pastor.

FRAMLINGHAM, SUFFOLK.—I regret that, although the Church of England, Congregationalists, Free Methodists, and Unitarians are each represented in this ancient market town, the Baptists have no place of meeting. Surely those who love the truth here might commence praying services, and possibly meetings for preaching.

MR. OSMOND'S RESIGNATION.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—The notice in last month's *EARTHEN VESSEL* having caused surprise to many of our friends, far and near, we desire that you will insert the following letters of resignation from our pastor:

To the Deacons and Members of the Church of Christ Meeting at "Beihel," Newton-street, Hoxton.

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you through Jesus Christ our Lord.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—After much discouragement, perplexity, and earnest prayer, with mingled feelings of gratitude and sorrow, I have come to the conclusion to give notice of resigning my pastoral office within two months of this date.

I feel that I am not able to continue my labours in your midst as I have hitherto done, many have been my discouragements during the past year, so little spiritual prosperity, such an amount of lukewarmness and indifference to the cause and interest of Christ, some, as you know, only visiting the house of God one service in the week, including the Lord's-day, others only once a month, and some have not attended our Monday evening prayer meetings for a year or two, how can we expect the Lord's blessing to rest upon our labours? He hath said, They that honour Me, I will honour.

I feel that after fourteen years of hard labour and toil, it is the Lord's will that I must now resign, and pray that the Lord may soon direct you to the choice of another of His servants that may be better qualified by the power and grace of God to fulfil the same.

I am very thankful to see the prosperity of our Sunday-school, and may the Lord still continue the best of His blessings upon all engaged in so good a work as bringing the little ones to Christ.

I feel that I am leaving many of my dearest friends; but we are led about in the wilderness by the good hand of God, and we must submit to His Fatherly hand and guidance. I am leaving the Church in a far better condition in every respect than I found it. I am thankful for all the benefits, blessings, and friends the Lord hath given me, because unworthy of the least of any of them. And now I go, trusting in His divine Word, and this gracious promise. The Lord bless you all, for His mercy's sake.

Yours in Jesus,
W. OSMOND.

The foregoing letter was read to the Church, when it was unanimously resolved that the pastor be asked to re-consider the question. At the expiration of a week the following letter was received:—

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN CHRIST,—I have not been led to alter my decision since your last meeting. With many and unfeigned thanks to the God of all goodness, and to all my beloved friends in the Gospel for all that has been bestowed, I would commit my way unto the Lord, and you all into His gracious hand, who is able

to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. To Him be all the glory, now and ever. Amen.

Yours in Jesus,
W. OSMOND.

P.S.—I hope to retain my presidency of the school, and membership, fellowship, and friendship with the Church; and if any counsel or advice, or help be needed, and I be requested, I trust I may ever be ready to afford the same (D.V.).

Yours, in covenant bonds,

W. HOWLETT, }
J. JOLLY, } Deacons.
H. MILLER, }

July 17, 1882.

CLAPHAM. — The Church of Christ in Wirtemberg-street, under the pastoral care of Mr. Henry Hall, held its twenty-second anniversary July 11. F. W. Simms, Esq., presided over afternoon meeting; Mr. Thos. Bradbury spoke with considerable power on God's care of His people; Mr. James Clark spoke on God's unchangeableness, and His never-failing supplies of grace, which could not fail to meet with a hearty welcome by many; Mr. C. Cornwell spoke of Bethany, and expressed many very cheering passages in the varied lives of Mary and Martha which did us good; W. J. Styles followed with weighty sentences based upon 2 Cor. xiii. 8, "For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth." Mr. Styles is always appreciated, as his testimony is generally very mature and weighty. W. Hazelton spoke on faith, hope, and love; and W. Winters on the love of God. Mr. Hall expressed pleasant feelings of gratitude for the goodness of the Lord in sustaining him in his pastoral work for the past twenty-two years. After tea, Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, preached a remarkable sermon, every sentence of which was full of thoughts well freighted with deep meaning, and sparkling with spiritual light and glory. The preacher based his sermon upon Col. iii. 4, and observed that it had been said that the greatest of men were always the most humble, and the apostle himself was very humble. The preacher, in treating of the life expressed in the text, noted that it was the grand subject of Christianity, a creed prepared in heaven for God's Church on earth; but not a creed alone, it was a life distinguished by God, denied to angels, yet given to His children that they might be filled with all the fulness of God. All life, remarked the preacher, was not the same life, and which remark he confirmed by passages from 1 Cor. xv. There was the life of nature, animal and vegetable; but the life of the soul was a life that shall consummate in all the glory of life. Christian life was the new life. Earth, said the speaker, had no power to maintain Christianity; it was spiritual in all its forms; it was God's life, it was a divine life, as says the apostle, "For me to live is Christ," &c. Mr. Hill also treated of the new birth, and the internal evidence of it in the soul. The sermon, as a whole, was grand in the extreme. So says—W. WINTERS.

ESSEX IN THE CENTRE.—At Halstead (the town where Mr. Thurston came from) we had anniversary services, Sunday, July, 23, when discourses were given to us by Mr. Crown, the Keddington pastor. He proclaims the good news with distinctness and warmth. Our minister, Mr. E. Willis, is a kind gentleman, who comes from Colchester to feed the flock in Head-street; he is favoured to "dwell on high; his place of defence is the munitions of rocks," and upward he aims to lead the flock. Mr. Rayner's anniversary at Mount Bures was a season of binding the sheaves together, by Walter Brown, who came from Colchester with a number of his friends. It is said, the Lord has used Mr. Rayner most manifestly in turning sinners from darkness to light; yea, from the power of Satan unto God. There are witnesses of this. It is seen, it is known to be a work that wears. At Mr. Isaiiah Smith's anniversary at Yeldham, Mr. J. Parnell brought forth things new and old. At Maldon anniversary, on July 17, Mr. Rayner read, expounded, and sought the Lord. Our venerable father in the Gospel, John Dennison (who is between eighty and ninety), Mr. Ellistone, of Braintree, and Mr. Feast of Burnham, helped us; and C. W. Banks preached the sermons. We had no crowd, but we increased in strength as we went on, and made a collection toward repairing our chapel. This must be done. Friends of truth, we implore your help. The late Mr. Collins, and the now deceased Mr. Warren, were Gideon-like men for saving the Israelites out of the hands of the Midianites; and Mr. House, Mr. Debnam, Messrs. Dennison, Ellistone, Feast, and others, keep the Gospel still in Maldon, and our Essex is a good corn-growing county. We lay on the German Ocean, our rivers, the Thames, the Stour, the Lea, the Chelmore, the Blackwater, and the Colne, give us abundantly of nature's moisture, but we do cry for the savings showers of heaven's quickening and cheering rain. O, true friends of God's eternal Son, plead for us in Maldon. Witham Church has called Mr. Hanson for a time; the Heybridge Church is sustained; the venerable R. Powell and the valiant E. P. Brown divide the spoil at Coggeshall. Billericay and South Green causes are alive. Mr. Huxham has left Chelmsford; Walter Brown, at Colchester, is a loving and happy labourer, but all the Churches of the Strict Baptist order require more Christ-wrought union, more of the Spirit's power. We know nothing else that can increase them, with men like a block?

LAXFIELD.—The fifty-second anniversary of the Particular Baptist Sunday-school was held on Thursday, June 15. A large gathering of friends assembled to encourage us. Service commenced in afternoon by Brother Broom reading the Word, and prayer. The children recited interesting pieces, gave descriptive Scriptural dialogues, and sang some well-selected hymns. Mr. Denmea, of Hoxne, gave an address to the children full of life and interest. Then

followed our esteemed brother, J. R. Debnam, of Horham, with words of encouragement and Scriptural exhortation to parents and teachers. The recitations and singing of the children deservedly elicited hearty votes of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Seace, and to Mr. E. Goldspink, jun., for the able manner in which they had trained the children, and taught them their interesting pieces, a work of anxiety only known to those who are engaged in it. The chapel was decorated with Scriptural texts suitable for the occasion, breathing the sincere desires of the loving hearts that had been engaged in working them. After the juveniles, numbering about two hundred, had partaken of a well-spread tea, they adjourned to the meadow of Mr. Seaman (brother of our beloved deacon, Benjamin), kindly lent for their use. The teachers and friends, to the number of about 350, took their turn at the social meal, which passed off in a manner characterising it as a "Laxfield tea-meeting." At 6.30 the chapel was well filled to hear the Gospel trumpet blown by Brother Kern, of Ipswich, the notes of whose sermon are given elsewhere, and although brother Kern commenced by saying that his was the last course, and the last course was generally bread and cheese, we felt, while feeding on the bread of heaven, constrained to say, "Thou hast left the good wine until now." The singing of Joseph Hart's well-known hymn, "Come ye sinners, poor and wretched," brought to a close another happy and soul-reviving season spent in the earthly courts of our God, causing us to leave with the prayer in our heart:

"God bless our young and rising race,
And bring them in their youthful days
To know the riches of that grace
That turns the feet to Zion's ways."

BURGH-LE-MARSH, MONKSTHORPE, SKEGNESS, AND LINCOLN-SHIRE.— "A Wandering Workman" looks on and listens. "People who seek for a pure, clear, beautiful sandy shore and seaside watering place, need not let their souls starve, while inhaling invigorating draughts at Skegness, or Burgh. Mr. Bullen, the pastor of the Burgh-le-Marsh Strict Baptist Church (from Mr. Forman's, of March, in Ely), is a right-divider of the true Word of God. He is a good-tempered, solid Christian man, and all round here he will sound forth the Gospel."

WOODBIDGE, SUFFOLK.—It is a painful fact that in this thriving town of 5,000 people there is found no place of worship for Strict Baptists. If only a few devoted brethren could get together and pray over the matter much good might result. The work of establishing new causes where none exist appears to be the legitimate work of the Norfolk and Suffolk Baptist Association. How can an aggressive work be carried on if no active efforts are put forth?

THE LAST DAYS OF THE LATE MR.
JOSEPH PALMER.

[From a lengthened memorial by his daughter we quote the following most essential features in the dying experience of a tried and singular man.—ED.]

DEAR MR. BANKS.—We send account of my beloved father's illness and death. Our loss is great; he was a most loving husband and affectionate father. We know there is a reason for every stroke, how painful soever it may be, and if we hope to form part of that one great spiritual temple, of which Christ Himself is the chief Corner-stone, we must strive not to murmur at the preparations for that kingdom where Jesus has gone to prepare a place for His own people. My father was the youngest son of the late Mr. E. Palmer, of Paternoster-row, and he has been a Baptist minister over thirty years. His last engagement was at Mount Zion chapel, Devonport. He lectured on "The Pilgrim's Progress," which compelled him to travel from one town to another. He went to Buxton, in Derbyshire, a month ago; upon reaching the station he was taken very ill, and feared he would not survive even to reach his lodgings. He was mercifully restored for a time, and he lectured with great feeling, dwelling on the part where the pilgrims were just about to enter the gates of the celestial city. My dear mother felt it would be his last lecture; so it proved. He awoke one night, and said to her, "I don't mean to frighten you, but I have seen a letter tied with a silver cord, held by a hand; it seemed to come in at the window, and go all over the room; it was like a meteor, bright as the sun, and I have seen it a dozen times, but I could not see the address."

He continued ill; a doctor was called in, who sent a strong tonic, and gave us hope. Dr. Demer, of St. James's-terrace, Buxton, was the medical gentleman who attended him. He behaved most kindly. Should anyone visiting Buxton require medical attendance, they would do well to consult him. He proved a real friend in our distress. Our dear father was so loving, so patient, so kind to all, it was quite a pleasure to be with him. He remarked that it was not natural for him to be patient. He hoped at first to be spared for a time, for the sake of our dear mother and his children; but he became weaker, and said, "I do not think I shall recover." He said those words long since were so impressed upon his mind, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," adding, "I have tried to do it; I have made a conscience of my preaching." He bade the doctor good night, saying it would be a long night, but a bright morning, and afterwards left a message for him, hoping God would bless his efforts, and we were to tell him that he was going where there was no more sorrow.

On one occasion, after sending for his son, he said, "I have nothing more to say; thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He said to our dear mother, "Is there anything you wish to say to me?" She replied, "May the Lord

give you an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God." He said, "May the Lord support you; good-bye, my darling, till we meet again." He said he was perfectly happy, and wondered that the chariot wheels should so tarry. He bade us good-bye over and over again, which made it so painful. It seemed like parting with him so many times.

After expressing great confidence one morning, he said it was "dark, dark," and "Is it all delusion?" My dear mother said, "When the enemy comes in like a flood, then the Lord will lift up His standard against him." He seemed to dread being put under the ground, but she reminded him that it was only his wardrobe, his cast-off dress, that was going to be put there. Afterwards he became so happy, and rejoiced in the Lord, saying, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" When unable to speak, his hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer; several times we heard him say, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." He asked my dear mother, C. W. B., to bid you good-bye; he said he died in the full persuasion of the Baptist faith, that we were not to speak of him as either high or low, but simply a believer in the Lord Jesus. At one time he said, "It is a solemn thing to die." He seemed to have the feeling that he had passed the swellings of Jordan, and longed for the gates to open to receive him. He said that he was quite prepared when the summons should come, and that he could now read the address of the letter, and said, "I am dying without a fear or a shadow of a doubt; there is death, then the grave, then the judgment; but there is no judgment for us."

The last time he was at chapel the text was: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." While walking home, he said, "If the Master call for me to-night, I am quite ready." He said to his eldest daughter, a few days before he went to glory, "Am I going to die?" She replied, "You may go to-night, but you are not afraid!" He said, "Oh, no! I always knew I was right, if the Bible was true, and it is true. I am on the Rock of Ages, as poor Joe said (alluding to our dear brother, who died about 11 months ago of heart disease. He was 29 years of age, and had been so much with our beloved father that he seemed like part of himself. When he was dangerously ill our dear parents were sent for, but he died an hour and a-half before they saw him. His death caused our beloved father so much grief that he said he felt that he should not live to the anniversary of our dear brother's death, which was May 15, 1881).

He said to our brother Morris, "Look after your mamma and the girls." To our dear mother, "My precious one! my darling! the Lord will support you." She said, "I hope so." He added, "I am sure He will." He loved to take her hand, and she often read some of his favourite texts and hymns to him, when able to hear it. His face shone full of the glory he was so soon to enjoy; he loved to hear Swaine's beautiful words,—

"For ever to behold Him shine."

To Nellie he said, "You will see I shall die as quietly as an infant," and so it was; we did not know his happy spirit had fled, he died so peacefully.

"In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glory that surrounds the saint
When yielding up his breath."

He repeated at one time,—

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through Christ I am
From sin's eternal curse and shame."

Also the hymn beginning,—

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord—
'Tis thy Saviour! hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'"

At one time he said, "The end of all things is come. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,'" repeating over and over, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Once he said,—

"I must be a lover of the Lord
If I want to go to heaven when I die."

He was patient, but longed for the gates to be opened that he might enter into the joy of the Lord. He died Saturday, April 8, 1882, and was interred at Fairfield churchyard on Thursday, April 13. We may say he died in a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. M. P.

16, Bridge-street, Buxton,
April 13, 1882.

STREATHAM COMMON.—BAKER'S LANE. On July 13 the anniversary of this growing cause was celebrated. A tent was fixed on the ground opposite the meeting-room door, and at three o'clock the service commenced by singing that beautiful hymn, beginning, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing." The afternoon service was conducted by Mr. Thomas Bradbury, of Grove chapel, who preached one of his best sermons from Heb. ix. 14, which was listened to with both pleasure and profit. After an excellent tea the friends again returned to the tent, which was well filled, and the sermon was preached by Mr. C. Cornwell, of Brixton Tabernacle, from the words, "He shall be great" (Luke i. 32); the text was dwelt upon for an hour under the following heads: (1) His greatness among the prophets; (2) His greatness as a man; (3) His greatness as a God; (4) His greatness as a God-man. This was also the second anniversary of Mr. S. Ponsford, who, after many years' labour at Clapham, and who, though over eighty years of age, is able to break the bread of life among God's children. He has been instrumental in forming a Church here, and gathering in some of the sons and daughters of Zion. May God yet spare him, for we felt while there, "Surely God is in this place!" for when we retired, after the services were ended, we felt God's presence had made the spot sacred, and our only regret was that the day had ended.—C.

POPLAR.—The Church at Bethel, High-street, although extremely weak, is not extinct. Our brother, Mr. H. F. Noyes, who has been indirectly associated with Bethel for many years, has now come to its help in time of need, and, in connection with the Church and its officers, called a public meeting with the object of pointing out its present position, and of showing the integrity of its movements, which reflects very great credit on our brother Noyes and his honest colleagues. Mr. James Lee, who was expected to preside, was prevented; but sent a donation instead. Mr. Stanley occupied the chair; Mr. W. Hazleton offered prayer; and Mr. Noyes read a brief report, expressive of the purport and nature of the meeting. Mr. J. Box gave an excellent address on the Person of Christ; Mr. F. C. Holden spoke well on the atonement; W. Winters on the righteousness; Mr. J. Griffith on the intercession; and Mr. J. Brittain on the reign of Christ. Mr. Clinch also addressed the meeting, and the service terminated happily. The chapel requires renovating, and for a few pounds might be made clean and comfortable. There certainly appears to be a good opening for a sound, honest, and energetic preacher of Christ. May the Lord send one after His own heart, prays—W. WINTERS

PECKHAM RYE. — HEATON-ROAD. Re-opening services were held in this beautiful Zion on July 6; it has been well cleaned and neatly renovated, at the cost of £75. It is gratifying to learn that £57 has already been collected. Mr. William Beech, of Chelmsford (on whose path may the sunlight of glory ever shine), has been one of many helpers. In the afternoon Mr. Joseph Willis read and offered to the Lord fervent prayer; Mr. J. W. Wren preached a savoury sermon, full of godly thought, based upon Matt. xi. 29; he treated mainly of the three cardinal points of the text—namely, the yoke, what we are to learn of Jesus Christ, and the comforting promise resulting therefrom, "Ye shall find rest." Excellent tea was provided. In the evening Mr. Golding occupied the chair, which he maintained in a very creditable manner; Messrs. F. C. Holden, P. Reynolds, W. Kempstoue, W. Winters, and J. Wren spoke faithfully. We were refreshed and cheered by the meeting.—W. WINTERS.

LIMEHOUSE.—On Tuesday, July 4, special services were held at Coverdale-rooms, Waterloo-street. In the afternoon several ministerial brethren met at Mr. G. Baldwin's and were entertained with a substantial dinner, after which they conversed as to the best means of circulating the Gospel. Tea at the rooms at 5.30. At 6.45 Mr. Holden filled the chair. Worship began by singing part of that well-known and much-loved hymn:

"Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known."

Mr. Noyes prayed; Mr. Holden informed us the members were dwelling together in unity, peace, and love. They had cause for thankfulness, the Word had been so blessed,

the Lord's people had been strengthened and encouraged; some also had been added to them since the meeting in March; four had been baptized, two were now waiting for it, and three had been received by a relation of their experience, making a total of nine in the four months. Mr. Lawrence was absent through affliction. Mr. G. Baldwin discoursed on the sentence, "A faithful man, who can find?" The "MAN CHRIST JESUS" was spoken of as being faithful in sympathy, that splendid poem of Watts' being used as illustrative—namely,—

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above."

He was faithful in the care of His people, and in the perpetuity of His grace. Mr. Cornwell came with a thoughtful and comprehensive speech on the "Lamb of God." He showed there were seven senses in which the expression, "Lamb," was used in the Scriptures. Mr. Thomas Carr (from Surrey Tabernacle) made kind remarks, with a reference to the words, "Like as a father pitieth his children." Mr. Kemp showed the provisions of the Gospel were strengthening to the souls of the saints, for which they had an appetite. Mr. W. H. Lee gave an experimental address on "All the promises of God in Christ are yea and amen," &c. Mr. Stringer stated he had been in the ministry since 1834. He entered into the sentence, "I will send you corn, wine, and oil." Mr. W. Winters closed with a comprehensive speech on 1 Kings xv. 22.—W. B.

MENDELSHAM.—Sunday, July 9, 1882, was a holy day in Mendelsham Green chapel. Mr. Knell preached with joy and liberty; he also baptized, and received the new friends into the Church. Some of our old friends were made to rejoice in the Lord, and all hopefully sang, "Praise unto a merciful God." Some ask, "How is it the Antique and Strict Baptist Churches are more numerous and powerful in the Eastern counties than in other parts?" The answer is: When the persecuted Baptists were compelled to fly from the Netherlands, the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk received and sheltered them, and the tears, the prayers, the preaching of these refugees became the seed from whence have sprung thousands of strong, sturdy, and faithful followers of our Lord and of His apostles.

LOCKWOOD.—In the late Mr. Crowther's "*Rehoboth*," Sunday-school sermons were preached by Pastor John Slate Anderson, on June 25. The singing and preaching are reported to have been excellent. Some additions to the Church are being made, and the cause is sustained. Jas. Fielding need not fear that we shall publish any of Mr. Crowther's letters, which he so kindly sent us; except Mr. Crowther's review of Mr. Aikman's work, which is our own property. We knew well enough that our faith in the ETERNITY of our IMMANUEL'S Sonship would exclude us; but, if every pulpit in the kingdom was shut against us,

because we have ever believed it with all our heart, and mind, and soul, we could not be moved. The eternity of the Son of God was revealed in our soul more than fifty years since; our faith in the ever-adorable, and all-glorious Trinity was given us at first. The late Mr. William Crowther was a man of honour and of power. Our Churches sorrowfully mourn over the loss of him.

CHATTERIS.—Zion chapel Sunday-school held its anniversary June 25. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, preached three sermons. The chapel, which is very large, was crowded to excess; many, in the evening, being unable to gain admission. The children sang appropriate hymns during the services, and the hearts of the people were made glad. The collections also were very encouraging, larger than on previous occasions. On the following Wednesday, the teachers and scholars enjoyed their annual festival, which was held in the field kindly lent by Mr. Smith. Tea was provided in the Corn Hall. The Lord is greatly blessing the labours of the pastor, Mr. A. B. Hall, several additions to the Church by baptism have been recently made, and more are coming forward. This is specially cheering. Dissent mightily predominates in Chatteris, as in other parts of Cambridgeshire and Suffolk. We heartily wish the sterling friends of Zion all the success their loving souls crave, and that both pastor and people may long live in Gospel peace, prays—W. WINTERS.

A NOTE FROM MR. B. TAYLOR—

MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—I have heard from home, and am pleased to inform you that your visit to Pulham-St.-Mary, on the 25th of the last month, was attended with the divine blessing; for the friends, I understand, heard you with profit; while I am sure I may say they were thankful for your kind and earnest services. The teachers of the Sunday-school have cause to rejoice that they are blessed with such success (the collections being for that object) more than they ever were before, to the best of my recollection. On the same day as above mentioned, I tried to preach for you, as well as I could, but made poor work of it, as I felt I had but little power, both bodily and mentally. May the Lord pardon my poor efforts, and bless His people, though I be not worthy to appear among them.

I have been to see our kind friend, Mr. Turner; also Mrs. B., of Hampton, who, during my stay there, made me in every way as happy as she could, together with her sister, who are both lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus. We went to see our afflicted friend and brother, Mr. Gooding, of Richmond. I think he cannot continue but a short time, and I hope the friends of Jesus will still help him and his, as they seem to need it. I went yesterday to see a dear aged friend at Brixton, in Surrey, with whom I drank a cup of tea. I much enjoyed her spiritual conversation, and the account she gave me of her departed husband, who once

preached the glorious Gospel at Saffron Walden, in Essex. Our sister is eighty years of age, strong in faith, giving glory to God. She paid me for a number of my forthcoming books, to be sent to her directly they are out, which will be next week. Will you kindly announce this in the *VESSEL* for August? Please say my book can be had, post free, for thirteen stamps; also, with life-like portrait, for eighteen stamps, to be had of the author only, Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk. The title of the book is as follows: "The Beatitudes; or, Nothing but Blessings for the Children of God; being some choice marks by which weak believers may know themselves to be in the pathway to heaven; the whole asset forth in a commentary on the first ten verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel."

I still feel poorly, and am greatly reckoning on my return to my household and friends, and trust, with the Lord's blessing, to be able to resume my labours again. I have met with great kindness and sympathy since I have been up here, among your friends and others, while I feel thankful to them, to you, and also the other kind brethren who engaged to help me during my absence from home. May grace and peace be with you, and all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Yours affectionately in Him,
London, July 6, 1882. B. TAYLOR.

NORWICH.—Considering the size of this great city (the capital of the Eastern counties), the Baptists, who adhere to the Apostolic order and doctrine, are indeed very few. Mr. W. E. Palmer, of Orford-hill, perseveringly and lovingly preaches the good old Gospel of the grace of God. His advent into Norwich has borne good and lasting fruit through the blessing of the Lord. Then at Gildencroft, Mr. Bullimore labours in an honourable appointment in the city during the week, and preaches on Sunday, where once Mr. Jackson stood. How far Mr. Bullimore is identical with our section of the Church militant I cannot say, but am assured by some who know that he is earnestly working to draw in the people. At Providence, Pitt-street, where good old Mr. Gowen once preached, desertion has almost taken place. I shall very shortly visit this ancient cathedral city again, and hope to report great blessing and prosperity attending our Churches.

RUSHDEN.—Our good brother, Mr. Thomas Stringer, preached some glorious sermons in the new hall, Rushden, June 25, 1882. A good number of attentive hearers listened with feelings of astonishment; indeed, it was a time of refreshing from the presence of our blessed Lord. Our brother Stringer expressed himself quite happy in his work, and the people looked happy. It was a high and blessed day in the Lord's house. Hallelujah. — **OLD MICAH.** [What does this mean? We are thankful to find brother Thomas is going forth in power again; but he always preached in the Drawbridge Tabernacle; is that out of repair? Rushden, where art thou?]

BUCKHURST HILL.—PRESENTATION. Twenty-first anniversary of the establishment of a Baptist cause here was celebrated Wednesday, June 21. Tea was supplied. Public meeting was presided over by Mr. Cousens, the pastor. He was supported by Messrs. J. Vivian (of Loughton), J. H. Dearsly, W. Winters (Waltham Abbey), and N. Heath (Gravesend). After singing and prayer, Mr. Dearsly presented Mr. Cousens with a beautiful silver Queen Anne's tea service, and a purse containing a quantity of gold. In making the presentation on behalf of the members of the Church, he said that Mr. Cousens had for many years past given his services gratuitously. His labouring in the Lord's vineyard had been for their benefit. The present was by no means a full appreciation of the esteem they had for him, but it was a token of it. He wished him to receive it as such, and at the same time assured him that the Church had much affection for him. Mr. Cousens heartily thanked all who had subscribed towards the testimonial, and expressed himself very well pleased with the handsome present they had given him. He spoke of the progress of the Church during the past twenty-one years, and said that though it had not been rapid, yet it was steadily improving year by year, and he hoped it would continue to do so. Other gentlemen addressed the meeting. The collection was on behalf of the Church.

CROYDON.—**DERBY-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—Our sixth anniversary was June 20. Mr. R. E. Sears, and Mr. J. S. Anderson gave us sermons, much to the edification and consolation of the tried family of God. The friends from Tamworth-road and other Churches joined in with us; it was a day of rejoicing; the ladies provided a splendid tea. It was a refreshing time. It is pleasant to see brethren agree; one of the Christian's greatest delights is to live in harmony and love. I wish we could see and hear more of it in the Churches. Collections for the reduction of debt on the building of Sunday-school house amounted to £22 10s. 7d. We have much, indeed, to be thankful for to the great Giver of all good.—J. NO. E. ROWE, *Secretary*.

WILLINGHAM, CAMBS.—On Whit-Monday, May 29, once more we had our esteemed friend, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, preaching to us the God-given, the Christ-revealing, the Spirit-testifying Gospel of Zion's salvation. Many heard the golden bells ringing in their souls with sounds of peace and pardon. May the Lord spare and bless him to thousands of souls for many years to come. Christians, pray for this earnest and devoted young disciple of JESUS, our Saviour and our exalted Immanuel. Amen.

ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON.—I have been here a week and find no Gospel here. It is a beautiful place. We expect to be here about a month longer.

THE TWO BLESSED JOHNS AT NUN-
HEAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

[We have painfully seen that in some parts our ministers are nearly worn up, and our Churches are neither healthy nor happy. Nevertheless, the reports which are sent us speak continually of the evident blessings which attend the preachings of Mr. John Warburton on the one side, and Mr. John Hazelton on the other. Mr. Warburton is all over the country, speaking to large gatherings of anxious seekers, while Mr. John Hazelton is powerfully exalting the Christ of God to numerous flocks in all the various Churches in London. Mr. John Slato Anderson, too, is become quite a bishop, ordaining and charging nearly all the newly-settled pastors in any of the first-class Churches, and Mr. G. W. Shepherd is a young man of promise to come up as one of the leaders of the rising generation. Praise the Lord! He has not left the New Testament Churches without His witnesses; if 'the sons of oil' are gone, faithful ambassadors are risen up in their stead, by whom the glorious Gospel of the blessed God is heartily proclaimed. We admit the party spirits are strongly on the increase, as Maldon declares. The Lord alone can conquer them. Offences must come; God forbid that the "woe" should fall on us.—Ed.]

NUNHEAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

On Tuesday, June 27, we held our anniversary services. In the afternoon Mr. John Warburton preached to a full house; brother Meeres read the hymns. The preacher delivered a sound and experimental discourse from Judges xiii. 19, "The angel did wondrously, and Manoah and his wife looked on." A large number then took tea. At seven o'clock every available space was occupied; many were standing. Our well-beloved brother, Mr. John Mead, gave the hymns.

Mr. Hazelton's text was John iv. 10, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." Mr. Hazelton said we are assured that Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Salvation is, therefore, divine and certain. We may be damned anyhow, anywhere; but we cannot be saved anyhow, only in connection with THE CHRIST OF GOD. We know not what a day may bring forth. This woman little knew what was in store for her when she set out to fetch her water in the morning. The preacher noticed the text in the following order:—

First, as a divine testimony. The Saviour testified concerning the liberality of His Father. The liberality of heaven is infinite. The value of a gift is estimated (a) intrinsically. What is the intrinsic value of the Son of God? Countless millions have been receiving from Christ, and He is as full as ever. God has equalled Himself in this gift. It was impossible for Deity to do more. (b) By its importance to the giver. If the receiver of a gift knows it is not of importance in the eyes of the giver, he does not think much of it. What are God's feelings concerning this gift? Is it not His dear and darling Son? The whole of salvation rests upon Him; God's glory depends upon Him; He is unspeakably precious to the Father, yet He has given Him. (c) By its importance to the receiver: all gifts are not necessary; is this gift necessary to you? You have wife, or husband, and friends, but they are not essential to your salvation; no gift really essential but this; with it I am as rich as God can make me. (d) By the spirit or manner in which it is given; here is the Father's darling Son, He is unique; the Father was not human, the Holy Spirit was not human, only the Son was human. God brought Him out of His very

heart, He has given all things with Him. This gift fulfils the great purpose for which it was given. According to the teaching of the day, God is getting worse and worse, and salvation less reliable—nothing certain anywhere. "But (said the preacher) my God is a Rock, His work is perfect. Does the Father OFFER Him? then Christ will never be received by a son or daughter of Adam." This gift is followed by all other good gifts.

Second, the text contains an argument. Every one that knows the gift of God is a petitioner. Have you been to Him again and again in secret prayer, with the feeling, "Oh, that I may know Him"? Then your prayers have been received, and the doctrines being applied to your heart will produce the feelings expressed by the hymn we often sing,—

"Here I'd sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Make and claim my peace with God."

Third, the text indicates the mystery of Christ's Person. Was He a GOD then? Was He JEHOVAH? Yes—His words imply that. Was that weary individual GOD? Yes! Jehovah sat on the well; the Creator was before the creature. Great is the mystery; the whole of God's nature in us, the whole of our nature in GOD. Our salvation rendered it necessary; Christ unites heaven and earth—He is in contact with God and man.

Fourth, the text indicates the nature of the blessings He gives—living, springing water. This water quenches thirst, cools, cleanses, is useful for every spiritual purpose. Divine wrath? this water puts it out. Unquenchable fire? the only thing that could quench it was this water. Guilt is a sting which angels cannot extract. This water washes it away; it cools the heated conscience. Water is essential to every other blessing; you cannot have bread without water.

Fifth, and last, the text shews the order of salvation. The Father gives the Son, the Son gives the water, the recipient of both is the sinner. In the water is included the grace and power of the eternal Spirit. God appears here in His Trinity of persons. How beautifully providence and grace unite in salvation! "He must needs go through Samaria." Was it a geographical necessity? It was more; it was His eternal will to meet this woman at this well at this time. Providence is the handmaid of grace—to bring about God's eternal purposes.

May the Lord preserve our dear brother Hazelton to the Churches for many years.

The collections at each service were good, and everything tended to cause us to bless our God for what He has done for us as a Church and congregation. The proceeds of the day were placed in the hands of the treasurer of the building committee.

BOW.—Anniversary of laying first stone of Mount Zion chapel was held on Sunday and Tuesday, July 16 and 18. On the Lord's-day, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. F. C. Holden, and Mr. W. H. Lee (the pastor) preached. A sermon was preached on the following Tuesday by Mr. W. Carpenter. In evening, pastor W. H. Lee presided; brother Noyes prayed; Mr. J. Bennett spoke freely on the lively stones of the spiritual house; W. Winters on the house itself—"I went with them to the house of God;" Mr. C. Cornwell gave animating words, full of history and experience, on the white stone—"I will give him a white stone;" and Mr. F. C. Holden finished with an outline of the grandest of all subjects, the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Messrs. J. Lee, W. Lee, Lovelock, Noyes, and Hitchcock assisted in the services.

What Shall be the End of These Things ?

“O ADVOCATE on high, Thyself make known,
I mix the tears of Sion with my own ;
Preserve all those who have true hearts to Zion,
We are Thy lambs, O be Thou still our Lion.”

LIKE Daniel, we in silence sit, and say, “I heard, but I understood not.” The anxious soul who looks, listens, and is perplexed; he who hath heard the bold bravados of half-naked minds; the soul who has received the soft, the solemn, the certain whispers of the SPIRIT; that timid mind who reads of the sending forth of such an immense army to Egypt; the poor heart who hears of the thousands of persons, and the thousands of pounds now pouring forth to *save the world*; the oft-distressed pilgrim who reads the diverse verdicts upon what one designates

“A NEW PAPACY,”

and others call it “*The Latest Revival* ;” I say, sirs, while all this tumult, all this gathering together of slaughter weapons on the one hand, and of hallelujahs, of marchings and shoutings on the other, with inward trembling, I ask, “O, my Lord, what shall be THE END of these things?” And there comes a commanding yet consoling voice, “Go thou thy way” (mind thine own business; look well after thine own soul), “for thou shalt rest” (and of that, in reality, we have known but little for more than seventy years; but “thou shalt REST”), “and stand in thy lot

“AT THE END OF THE DAYS.”

Hence, one is disposed not to sail out among the criticisms of the present time; but as “they have chosen new goods,” as “there is war in the gates”; as the stars are fighting in their courses; as a new phase of natural eruption has sprung a leak; as thousands have been caught by the skirts; and as some of wealth have run in with their bags of gold to make the fire burn the stronger; as it is so, stand thou, O my soul, upon thy tower, and watch, and wait, and worship thou the Lord God only; for while, during the last century or two, many “NAMES” have been the subjects of admiration with the people, it still is, and will be, true that

“THERE IS SALVATION IN NO OTHER;”

“for there is NONE OTHER NAME under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of JESUS CHRIST of Nazareth, whom GOD raised from the dead; who lives Personally in the high heavens; who lives essentially by His SPIRIT in the souls of His saved people, on this earth; and who lives powerfully, practically, and omnipotently in carrying out the purposes and promises of the everlasting covenant of grace and of glory. “Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried

into the midst of the sea." God is in the midst of His Zion; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early. But in the East

"A STORM IS GATHERING."

Alexandria (the native city of Apollon) whose founder was Alexander the Great, is now the scene of such warlike preparations as causeth the hearts of thousands upon thousands to tremble. Arabi, the dangerous tool in the hands of unseen powers, has near 30,000 men under his command; the British and Indian troops comprise many, very many thousands of English and Indian soldiers. Our men-of-war, our ironclads, our troops, our finest skilled officers, our navy, yea, all have been gathering in and around the capital of the Eastern world. What pain in the hearts and homes of hundreds of thousands must this concentration of destructive weapons produce! Wives, children, mothers, fathers, friends; from the Queen, on her throne, down to the peasant tribes in their cottage homes—all must be perplexity and sorrow. And what does it all mean?

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

The *Hakikal* (the journal of the National party) says:—"If Egypt becomes a field of battle, it will naturally be the rallying point of all the insurgents of Algeria, of Syria, and of all the Arab tribes. This demands a serious consideration."

Not for many a-day, not for years, has such a business, such a responsibility, such a crisis rested upon us. Oh, England! Oh, favoured, yet truth-denying, God-insulting nation! Oh, ye British isles, ye Churches, ye ministers, ye praying people, is not this a solemn appearance of approaching judgment? Is it not a time which calleth for heart-searching, sin-confessing, soul-wrestling prayer to Almighty God?

It may be we have to meet the full brunt of a combined Mohammedan struggle. It may be for the destruction of the greatest system of idolatry, of fanaticism, of soul-deception, in the world. It may be for the furtherance of the Saviour's kingdom. Of one thing we may be assured, it is for the accomplishment of some part of that divine purpose,

"THE LIFTING OF JESUS ON HIGH."

Before these lines meet my readers' eyes, this serious crisis may, for a season, be stayed, or a fuller development of the mysterious gathering will be seen. We fear the flower of the British army will be shaken, if not shattered, upon the unhealthy and unhappy Egyptian lines.

As we, in solitary retirement, review the anticipated bursting of the deadly struggle, we are led to lift up our sighs and prayers in words so well inscribed:—

"Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Our Refuge from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

Coming into the state of our own country; attending to the letters, papers, and pamphlets which fill our tables, on the growing diversity of thought and sentiment touching the noisy parades of the present times,

we cannot withhold the thought that English people are easily excited by any novelty of a semi-religious character. It is now

FIFTY YEARS AGO

since these noisy street emotions were first produced. The following proclamation was then issued. It was "written by an old weather-beaten Artillery Man, who served in King Immanuel's Army for nearly sixty years! then waiting for his reward, when his change should come to enter into glory." It was called "A grand and powerful attack upon the devil's kingdom (the god of this world), by the Royal Combined Forces, fighting under the banner of the cross. King Jesus is the great Commander; Death or Victory is the motto; Heaven is the Prize!"

Since that period, the "Tracts for the Times" paved the way for what we may now designate,

THE FASHION! THE FLOOD! AND THE FIRE!

In the Church of England the FASHIONS of the semi-Romanisers are extensively prevailing; in almost all the Nonconformist Churches the FLOODS of Arminians are quite overwhelming; while in the cities and towns of this favoured land the FIRES of the different processions are creature-exciting.

"O *where* and *what's* Thy kingdom, blessed God?
Where is Thy sceptre? where Thine iron rod?
Reduce Thy reck'nings to their proper sum;
O *let* Thy power, O *let* Thy kingdom come!"

The present generation, the risen and the rising races, cannot be affected as we are by the sight and sense of the PROGRESS which the various sections of professed Christians have made; all more or less fired by the free-will, the duty-faith, and the universal redemption creeds. THE POWER OF GOD in the proclamation of the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST, has appeared to be withholden, while the duty-faith spirit has spread and become mixed up with a profession of "UNIVERSAL CHARITY." The absolute sovereignty of Almighty God in His covenant of grace; the glory of the Person of the Son of God; the eternal perfection of His work; the essential grace, the quickening, law-convincing, conscience-smiting, Christ-revealing, Gospel-applying work of the HOLY GHOST in the souls of the chosen seed of Israel, were the themes, the doctrines, the realities, and the heaven-born principles, which were beautifully, positively, constantly, clearly demonstrated by that body of God-sent servants who lived in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and first part of the nineteenth centuries. The Lord forbid that we should attempt to sit in judgment over any man, or race of men, who have declared that the HOLY GHOST hath called them to preach the Gospel of the grace of God; but having received the truth in the love of it; having been, by a power over which we had no control, led to receive and to believe that "whom God did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that

"CHRIST MIGHT BE THE FIRST BORN AMONG MANY BRETHREN;"

and that, "moreover," whom He did predestinate, THEM He also CALLED; and whom He called, THEM He also JUSTIFIED; and whom He justified,

THEM He also GLORIFIED." We, having seen that these great truths run through the whole of the Old Testament, the psalms, the prophets, every one, to a man; and seeing that our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and all His inspired apostles, taught the same truths; knowing, as I certainly do know, that in every age the SPIRIT of GOD hath raised up His own witnesses to know, to write, to preach, and to contend for the same God-honouring verities, I am not prepared to receive that numerous army of gentlemen who declare that CHRIST JESUS now *offers* Himself to all, and that He is grieved because all will not "*accept*" the salvation which He so freely offers, unto them. Somewhat sorrowful at the state of things in our Churches, both in England and in the colonies, I stole out of my study on Monday morning, and sauntered into Victoria-park, to gaze for a moment on the splendidly handsome royal horticultural and floricultural beds, now so rich and real in perfection. A gentleman intruded himself, and commenced a talk about ministers, scriptures, and other things. Presently, abruptly, he said, "I study the heavens; and I think of that saying, 'O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern

"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES?"

He walked away; I returned to my study. On the big table lay Burlington B. Wale's "Closing Days of Christendom." I took it up, and on the title-page I found the following motto:—

"Yes, there are things so plainly said
Of the dark future, that we dread
To hear them. Shudderingly, we shrink
From the black gulf, upon whose brink
E'en now the blinded nations stand."

"A Scotch prelate," and other modern seers, our author tells us, have come down from their watch-towers, and out of their serious meditations have penned and published some electric-light unfoldings of prophecy touching the close of the age, on whose edge we are standing. But I do not quote them until I have briefly referred to that

NEW PHASE OF POPEDOM

which has, for some few years, been quite astonishing the natives, and causing a stir in most of the busy centres of England, and extending itself into the States, and on the Continent.

This number of the "EARTHEN VESSEL" might be filled up with notices which every day come to hand.

Dr. DOUDNEY in his *Gospel Magazine* for August, has given a powerful protest against the errors of the times, and which he has kindly given me permission to use at any time. In Dr. Doudney's investigation of the catechism of the new enterprise, he gives the following most solemn and remarkable passage:—

"*Question.* What does the Army teach on the subject of entire sanctification?"

"*Answer.* That a man may be delivered from *all sin*, and enabled to do the will of God *continually* in this life.

"Now I ask, can anything be more unscriptural? Can ought be more in direct contradiction to the experience of Bible saints, and of every child of God that has lived since the Apostles' days? *Free from*

sin? Why, how large a proportion of the Psalms consists in earnest pleadings—yea, in cries and groans—for mercy! How different the false fire of the many who are now avowing themselves ‘*without sin,*’ to the testimony of blessed Bishop Beveridge, who said, ‘I do not only betray the inbred venom of my heart by poisoning my common actions, but even my most religious performances also, with sin. I cannot pray but I sin; I cannot hear or preach a sermon but I sin; I cannot give an alms or receive the Sacrament but I sin; nay, I cannot so much as confess my sins, but my very confessions are still aggravations of them. My repentance needs to be repented of. My tears want washing, and the very washing of my tears needs still to be washed over again with the blood of my Redeemer. Thus, not only the worst of my sins, but even the best of my duties, speak me a child of Adam; insomuch that, whensoever I reflect upon my past actions, methinks I cannot but look back upon my whole life, from the time of my conception to this very moment, to be but as one continued act of sin.’

“How marked the distinction between this testimony and the many misguided men who, under an excited and most deceptive and destructive influence, are avowing themselves *sinless!*”

Now, stepping into Westminster Abbey, Canon Farrar is discoursing on “*Quiet Work,*” and the canon’s line of argument is truthful to a degree, most instructing; it is honouring to God; it is Biblical teaching; and cannot be read by any careful mind without profit. Here is one paragraph. More may be given, if I feel bound to use my little influence in endeavouring to sober down those passions of the people which may lead them into delusions deep as the darkness of the pit of death itself. Albeit, I know not whether we are called even to notice these excessive efforts at all. A religion based upon the free will of man, as regards his salvation, is but a natural religion; and to keep it alive all the powers of nature must be stimulated and blown into a blaze, or it dies out. GOD hath, for once and for ever, proclaimed the threefold truth; the salvation of man’s soul is not:—

1. By the might of human nature.
2. Nor by the power of human wisdom. But,
3. It is “by MY SPIRIT,” saith the Lord of hosts.

You may see clearly, the more human nature becomes educated, and enlightened, simply by natural powers, and not by the SPIRIT OF GOD, the more the Arminian element extendeth and prevails. Some of the “*once enlightened*” can see “*sovereign grace*” is, in God’s Word, as the basis of the Church’s salvation; but they still cling to the natural element; hence they will preach free-grace at one time, and free-will at another.

WE CANNOT DO IT!

We must abide by the exalted REDEEMER’S testimony. “*When*” (and *where*) “He, the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, is come, He shall lead you into all truth, and the truth shall make you free!” Now, for Canon Farrar’s critical review. After shewing the absurdity of men making a show of their previous wickedness, and a blaze about their astounding conversions, the canon says:—

“We have heard men say that they alone have light enough to recognise the state of the masses, and humility enough to stoop to them,

and that they have 20,000 trained public speakers ready, metaphorically speaking, 'to fly at the throat of every sinner whom they meet.' I greatly doubt whether it be the duty of any of us, whether literally or metaphorically, to employ our lives in flying at the throats of every sinner we meet; I more than doubt whether the Church could, without ruinous evil, adopt the kind of methods to which, I suppose, this description applies. The whole aim of our lives should be to work for God, to spread His kingdom. But I see nothing in the Word of God, and I see nothing in the history of man, to make me think that we either can or ought to be flying at the throat of every sinner, or of every person, who, being possibly better than ourselves, we choose to regard as a sinner, whom we meet. 'Verily, I say unto you, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias the prophet, and unto none of them was Elias sent save unto a woman of Sarepta, which is in Sidon. And many lepers were in Israel in the days of Eliseus the prophet, and unto none of them was Eliseus sent save unto Naaman, the Syrian.' There is a place for enthusiasm, a high and a holy place; but the enthusiasm which works in the steady glow of a faithful Church is a million-fold more blessed than the fitful and lurid flashes of emotional excitement which one who ought to know has described as being generally like a big straw bonfire—first a blaze, then a blackness, all the blacker because of the blaze."

Leaving Westminster Abbey, we catch a note from the *Metropolitan Pulpit*, wherein we read as follows:—

"This age of novelties would seem to have discovered spiritual power in brass bands and tambourines, and it is hoped that souls which could not be saved by a Church may be reached by an army, and minds that were insensible to Gospel arguments, it is supposed, can be charmed by banners. Simple apostolic teaching is at a discount, and we are treated to more sensational methods. The tendency of the time is towards bigness, parade, and show of power, as if these would surely accomplish what more regular agencies have failed to achieve. But it is not so, or else both men and God have greatly changed.

"The same tendency appears in the too common saying: 'At least, we must have an eloquent preacher; let us have one who can plead with choice, picked words, a master of the art of oratory; surely this we may rely upon, and fall back upon earnest pleading, and intense, arousing speech.' Yet peradventure God will not choose this form of power, for still He will not have our faith to stand in the wisdom of words, but He will have us learn this lesson, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.' Crash after crash the orator's passages succeed each other. What a tremendous passage! The hearers must surely be impressed. Wind! And the Lord is not in it. And now everything seems to shake, while, like a second John the Baptist, the minister proclaims woe and terror, and pronounces the curse of God upon a generation of vipers! Will not this break hard hearts? No! Nothing is accomplished. It is an earthquake; but the Lord is not in the earthquake. Another form of force remains. Here comes one who pleads with vehemence; all on fire, he flashes and flames! Look at the corruscations of his sensational metaphors and anecdotes. Yes, fire; might we not say fireworks? and yet the Lord does not work by such fire. The Lord is not in the fire. The furious energy of unbridled

fanaticism the Lord does not use. He may employ great and terrible things as preliminaries to His soul-saving work, but they are only preliminaries; the work itself is done in the secret silence of the heart. As they were in Elijah's case, so are these things in the cases of others; they startle and arouse, but they cannot convince and convert. That which is to quicken, enlighten, sanctify, and really bless, is the still small voice of gentle silence; the words sound like a paradox, but the sense is clear to him who knows truth by experience. The voice which is not heard without is omnipotent within."

Before we adjourn this discussion, we must acknowledge the receipt of

A LETTER FROM MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

Our bold, brave, noble ministerial brother comes forward with his strong shout of

"STRONG DELUSION!"

It is safe enough to write strong language; but to print and publish such sentences when applied to persons or public companies, is not safe. Poor printers, who keep not their eyes open, are soon caught in actions for libel; and ruinous consequences are the result. I will give as much of our beloved brother's letter as is safe, and sufficient to show he is not doing anything, or saying anything, or writing anything AGAINST THE TRUTH; but that he is, as he ever has been, and ever must be, "FOR THE TRUTH."

Let us listen to brother Thomas Stringer. He heads his letter—

"STRONG DELUSION!"

and then says:—

"The divine injunction to all grace-made and God-sent ministers, is, 'Sound an alarm in My holy mountain;' and although true saints well know that the true Church of God, elect from all eternity in Christ, her elect Head, is, and everlastingly will be, safe, and 'saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation,' that the gates (plans, projects, and powers) of hell shall not prevail against it.' Yet the scenes, the signs, the Satanic superstitions, and the solemn mockeries, which are almost universal, exhibit an alarming aspect. I well know that in all ages erroneous systems have abounded; but as the population increases, error increases also; for men still love darkness rather than light. The adamant chains of strong delusion, which bind and hold the multitudes of outer-court worshippers now-a-days are too strong for either human or angelic power to bend or break. Nothing short of Almighty power can sever the chains, and set the prisoners free. He (and He only) bringeth out those which are bound with chains. The lines of Watts are solemnly true:—

"How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains."

"To say nothing of the teeming crowds of Papists, Jesuits, Ritualistics, Mormonites, Christadelphians, duty-faith and mongrel professors, the recent exhibitions seem to me to outvie the whole. Language fails to describe the tendency and effects of the system. Many of the prophetic

and apostolic writings would be untrue if these things were not so. It is, therefore, a fulfilment of the Word of God, and a substantial proof of its divine origin and authenticity."

Then our brother Stringer quotes a long list of the characteristic features by which unsent and unsanctified teachers are described in all parts of the Word of God; but we omit them. The Bible is an open Book for everybody now; and all who wish well to their own souls, or to the souls of others, will do well "Not to believe every spirit; but to try the spirits, whether they be of God." Our brother Stringer concludes with the following wholesome words:—

"Satan, the prince of darkness, will not oppose drum-beating and horn-blowing; he is rather amused with it, as bandmaster, and well knows it will not dethrone him, nor diminish his kingdom. It is no matter to him which way he deceives, so that he can deceive, whether in open profanity, or under a mask of religion; he knows that nothing but the power and grace of God can cast him out of sinners' hearts, and keep him out for ever.

"No external reformation
Can the prince of hell dethrone;
'Tis internal consecration,
And the work of God alone;
Thus converted,
He will claim us as His own. (Original).

"As for evil workers and seducers, Satan has no objection. He knows that in olden times Theudas and Judas rose up boastingly, and drew crowds after them, till they all perished together (Acts v. 36, 37). The work of God in the hearts of His people in bringing them out of the world, and building them up in their most holy faith, is not done by brawling in the streets; but by the secret, softening, separating, still, small voice of the Spirit's work in their hearts; like Solomon's temple, when in building, 'There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building.' How different to the hubbub of our day! The Lord have mercy upon them! Vital religion is an internal secret, not an external sound.

"May the Lord open the eyes of the 'blind leaders of the blind,' lest both fall into the ditch. Salvation is of the Lord.—T. STRINGER, 17, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, S.E."

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

(To be continued.)

THE DOWNFALL OF THE RELIGION OF THE EAST.

BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

I AM not wholly absorbed in unfulfilled prophecy, and care nothing for sensational religion; nor am I particularly interested as to when the Son of Man shall come in His millennial glory, but hope to be ready, and to be the first, if it is His will, to hail Him with unbounded delight. The predicted downfall of Mohammedan power in the East is worthy of the notice of all Christians, although an apology is almost necessary on my part in introducing a subject which at first sight is somewhat foreign

to the old line of thought or to vital religion. However, we are told that "whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning," and that the children of Issachar were men who had understanding of the times, and knew what Israel ought to do. In treating, therefore, of the fall of Anti-Christ, no pretence whatever is made to interpret unfulfilled prophecy, but only to compare certain chronological *data* of Scripture with great national changes and historical events, which are common to all observers of the signs of the times, and thereby to see how far they run parallel with each other. The fall of Islamism is fully expected by thousands of the poor blind followers of the demigod, Mahomet. Islamism, as is well known, is one of the names given to the religion of Mahomet. This is a strange *ism*, indeed, and in a philological sense proceeds from the Arabic *islam*, meaning "full submission to God." Like the surnames of the ancient Jews, the varied appellations of the followers of Mahomet have their peculiar signification, resulting from their religious principles. Hence the Mussulman, a follower of Mohammed, derives his title from *moslem*, of which it is the dual number, signifying "resigned to God," and which cognomen first belonged to the Saracens.

Whether the scriptural denunciations against error apply particularly to Islamism, or Popery, or any other spurious creed of to-day, is not easy to determine. The downfall of Anti-Christ is, however, plainly expressed in Scripture; and the days of the Mussulman religion are obviously numbered, as the English axe is already at the root! A system of theology so grossly false in its origin and progress as that of Mahomet and his followers, must sooner or later come to the dust. To call it a false system is not too harsh an expression, seeing that it is the invention of a poor deluded man, whose marvellous tales are even now well adapted to the almost infinite gullibility of the ignorant and superstitious. The false prophet of Mecca did not found his religious creed alone, as many suppose, for while seemingly alone in his cave, employed in meditation how best to deceive souls, he called in the aid of a Persian Jew, well versed in the history and laws of his persuasion, and two Christians (oh, name it not in Gath!), one of the Jacobite, and the other of the Nestorian sect! With the help of these men he framed the *Koran*, which book he pretended to have received at different times from heaven by the hands of the angel Gabriel. In base imitation of the apostle's statement of Paradise (2 Cor. xii. 2), Mahomet pretended to have passed into the highest heavens on the back of his Al-Borak (a white ass), accompanied by the angel Gabriel. There he had an interview with Adam, Abraham, Moses, David, and Jesus Christ, who, of course, acknowledged his superiority, which was confirmed to him by the Deity Himself. This awful romance staggered even some of his best friends. Although every false system of religion is sure to gain the sympathy of blind unbelievers if it is craftily supported with passages of Holy Writ wilfully misinterpreted. For unbelievers are so fond of works that they wish to be saved by them, but never do they do good works; and believers, who really are the only people who do do good works, renounce them as meritorious of salvation. When Mahomet made known his deceptive creed, a powerful confederacy formed at once against him, and forced him to quit Mecca, and to seek refuge in Medina. This retreat occasioned the foundation of his empire and of his religion.

The Mohammedans adopted it as their chronological standard, calling it the *Hegira*—that is, the *flight*, or *persecution*, being the first day of our July, 622 A.D. If the date of the foundation of Islamism be correct, then it would almost seem that Daniel refers to its overthrow in his prophecies. However, we note the current events of the East with marked attention, and wait for their results.

It is singular that the doom of the anti-Christian empire and religion is sealed, and its downfall is to take place *this year*, according to the calculation of Hebrew interpreters, based upon the highest historical authority. It is, notwithstanding, difficult to determine the exact date of the commencement of the "times alluded to by Daniel and by those in the parallel passages of John's apocalyptic visions." Some persons, of course, interpret Daniel (xii. 7), Paul (2 Thess. ii. 3), and John (Rev. xvi. 12, 17), to mean the destruction of Anti-Christ, the calling of the Jews, and the Church's universal prosperity, after the sixth and seventh vials are poured out. Daniel speaks of the final conquest of the enemy of the Church, whether Islamism or Popery, time will decide; and which will take place at the end of the "time, times, and half a time" (compare Rev. x. 5, 6). Daniel's meaning of "time" is 360 years, or one prophetic year; and "times," of course, are two prophetic years, given as 720 years; and a "half time," or half a prophetic year, means 180 years, making in all 1,260 years. To this number of years add the date of the foundation of the Islamism of Mohammed, 622 A.D., and the result will be clearly manifest as the year 1882. The forty and two months in John's vision (compare Rev. xi. 2, 3, xii. 6, 14, xiii. 5), and the "time, times, and half time" of Daniel, are strictly identical. "Can ye not (says Scripture) discern the signs of the times?" (Matt. xvi. 3). It is well known that the consciousness of the Mussulman, of the superiority of Christian England, has been spreading for years throughout the extent of the Mohammedan empire, and has gradually kindled those sentiments of fierce and uncompromising hostility to the Christian name which have manifested themselves within the last few years in India, Arabia, Northern Africa, and Syria, and at the present moment in Egypt. The confidence, however, of the enlightened Mohammedans is shaken; they no longer believe in the power of the Islam. The number of Mahomedans in Asia alone is fifty millions; and in Africa Islamism is even stronger than in Asia, especially in the North, where the number is not fewer than one hundred millions. The total number of Mohammedans at the present time is estimated at about one hundred and sixty million souls. In Europe they are almost confined to Turkey.

In venturing to ventilate these few discursive thoughts, I do not wish it to be understood that I am offering any new theory with a view to challenge discussion; but hope that vital godliness will speedily overcome the deadly mysteries of Islam and Popery, and every other power contrary to the government of Christ; and while their temples crumble into dust, the one great temple of Jehovah shall rise triumphant above them, and Jesus Christ be All and in all, to the glory of God the Father and of the Holy Ghost. Amen and Amen.

Churchyard, August 16, 1882.

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG!

“ O, WHAT is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it His concern
To visit him with grace ? ”

[WHEN MOSES—the meek and patient, the obedient and hard praying Moses,—fell into that fit of heart-sorrow, and even asked his Lord to kill him, as recorded in Numbers xi., we read that then “ The Lord said unto Moses, Is the Lord’s hand waxed short ? thou shalt see now whether My word shall come to pass unto thee, or not.” Hence, we fear to write, or print, or speak, in a complaining manner or spirit at any time, lest we bring reproach upon our cause, and give occasion to our adversaries to shout, “ Aha ! see what these strict ones are coming to ! ” We feel more at home with Master Quarles when he says :—

“ I sing the praises of the King of kings,
Out of whose mouth a two-edged smiter springs ;
Whose words are mystery, whose works are wonder ;
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder.”

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the writer of the following essay on

“ NEGLECTED TRUTHS ”

has long seen the evil of the things of which he complains. But we cannot stop on the surface of such things. We are irresistibly led down into the roots of those painful things referred to in the annexed paper. We do not ask anybody to believe with us, but, having been lately carried through a quiet meditation on Daniel’s visions, “ the four beasts,” “ God’s kingdom,” &c., the conviction has entered deeply into our soul, that we are actually living in the decade wherein the heavy trial of the saints is experienced. There is a growing phalanx of antagonistic powers (call them Romanism, Puseyism, Arminianism, Culturism, Progress, or what you please) against the heaven-revealed, the prepared, and perfected salvation of THE Church of Christ. There is an Identical Head over these diverse powers. “ He speaks great words against the MOST HIGH (words of error, speeches of partisans, words of scandal, all against the commandments of the Most High), He threatens to change times and laws,” &c. “ But the judgment will sit ” in God’s good time, and then “ the people of the saints of the Most High ” shall possess the kingdom, and they shall serve (not themselves, but they shall serve) and obey the LORD. We shall not comment on the following essay now, we may notice it another time.—ED.]

MANY and sad are the complaints respecting the declension and coldness in the service of God. This state of things has been growing up slowly for several years past. It has oft been pointed out and lamented by the Lord’s servants, and what are the results of their frequent warnings and reproofs ? Why, the people say the minister is gloomy and dull, ever taking the worst view of all things, which makes him sour and censorious in his preaching. And they will tell him that *his business* is to preach the Gospel and leave all other matters alone ; and if he is not a most fearless and faithful man he is too ready to take the advice, and discontinue the warning and reproofing. And so the unfruitfulness and unfaithfulness continue and increase. The Spirit of God is grieved, and the ways of God are slighted. As there is no effect without its cause, so the wretched state of many places of worship (what were once happy and prosperous causes of truth) testify that there is an evil cause behind the grievous and glaring defects complained of ; and until the cause, or causes, are removed and kept away, the death which they produce must remain. The evils which have brought about the condition of things complained of must be exposed. Until

they are seen they will not be shunned. When they are seen as the cause, and discarded as such, then we may hope that the soul-saddening results will cease, and not till then. When the people under the command of Joshua fled before the men of Ai (Joshua vii.), he at once rent his clothes, and fell on the earth on his face before the Lord, with the elders of Israel. The Lord soon told them there was a cause—"ISRAEL HAD SINNED."

Yes, Israel sinned, and thereby became weak. Is it not so now? But have the elders of the people fell down before the Lord because of this? Is the cause sought for? And are they anxious and ready to remove it at all cost when discovered? Let each consider this for himself. I will point out some few of the causes of our present weakness and continual decline.

I. Partiality in preaching. The *whole* of God's Word is not regarded and enforced with equal importance and determination. There is much undue prominence given to certain doctrines which are received to the almost exclusion of other useful truths. The preceptive part of the divine Book is by no means small; yet, were one to judge by the unfrequent public reading of this part, with the absence of sermons from the pulpit, and papers in the magazines, &c., calling special attention thereto, one could but believe that it was all comprised in a few verses at most.

Dear Mr. Editor, can this be right? Is not the whole of the Volume the Father's will? Who, then, without loss to the family, can slight any part thereof in his public testimony? Having heard or read, during the last twenty years, several thousands of sermons, I do not remember more than a fraction of them to have been on the precepts; and such of them as were of the nature of exhortation or reproof were mostly by the old Puritans. There are still many who love the whole truth, and who would not be content to listen to an incomplete declaration of the principles of our holy religion, but these are decidedly the minority. We should not forget the testimony of the apostle, that the whole is given by inspiration, and is profitable. Each, then, should read and study the whole of the Book for himself.

II. There is a want of true regard for, and obedience to, the officers and elders in the Church. These were appointed to rule. They should indeed be decided men of God, and possess a goodly measure of grace and divine wisdom, and having this, they should be highly esteemed for the Lord's sake, but too frequently it is not so. The minister's authority is weakened by not being confirmed by the elders and deacons. While the Word of God is enforced from the pulpit by the preacher, whether it is in regard to precept, practice or doctrine, each member of the Church should be careful to support the same by their conduct, and never forget the heaven-given rule—to honour those to whom honour is due. Any one to whom God has given grace and gifts with which to labour in His service, is specially under His notice, and God will resent all uncalled for opposition to them. But is it not frequently the case that some to whom is given but little grace, and still less wisdom and ability, indeed those who are quite unqualified to do so, are the first to blame, correct, and condemn their minister, if he state a small matter which they do not see or agree with? These warm, but unwise spirits, wound many by their tongues, and instead of upholding the hands of the

Lord's servant as did Aaron and Hur, they pull them down. And hence a cause of weakness.

III. The crying lack of parental authority and discipline. In not a few cases there is no regard to bringing the children up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord" (Eph. vi. 3). In other families, where the parents have a high notion respecting the purity of the doctrines they themselves hear, yet will allow their children to be taught the very opposite. I have heard of cases where the parents have been members of Baptist Churches, and indeed, officers in the Church, who have sent their children to the Church Sunday School, and have had them Christened (whatever that might mean) in the National Church. Can God smile upon this? No, never.

I have, during thirty years of observation, sir, seen parents broken down by sorrow in their old age from the conduct of their children, who were allowed to go where they liked when young, while their parents were worshipping on the Lord's-day. If parents desire their children to respect them when they are grown up, they must rule them while they are young; and not by tender, but cruel, neglect of chastisement spare them when they are under their control. Is it not written, "Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest (not trouble); yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul" (Prov. xxix. 17)? The family pews are removed, and so also is the family attendance at the House of God; in many cases, gone with them. We cannot give our children grace, truly, but we may give them example. A father cannot make his son fear God. However, he may show by his deeds that he himself does. He may not be able to keep them to the truth, but he can cause them to hear it while under his roof.

Then, again, the light, if not loose and vile novels—religious novels, how these abound; and in every case where these are admitted into the family the Bible goes out in proportion. A novel is a novel, be it a religious one or no. And so a lie is a lie, although it may be a *pious* one. What would be thought of those parents who paid no regard to the food of their children as to whether it was pure or poisonous? Should not the mental supply be as pure as the material? Do we allow our children to go into fever-stricken houses? Oh, no. Why, then, allow them to associate with such forms of evil as are far worse? Keep the children from bad company, bad books, and bad places, while you can; and should they run to these when beyond your control, you will not have the sting of guilt which will attend the neglect of firm and Scriptural teaching and example. Also pray for them.

ONE OF A FAMILY.

A FEW WORDS TO THE PASTOR, DEACONS, MEMBERS, AND ALL WHO LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ON the West Hill, in Wandsworth, Surrey, now stands a newly-erected Strict Baptist Chapel, which comprises all the necessary appointments suited for the schools and services of the Church and congregation therein assembling for the worship of God, for the observance of New Testament Ordinances, and for the proclamation of the Grand Old Gospel.

On Monday, August 7, 1882, special services were announced in order to give a hearty and grateful welcome to Mr. James Clark, who has been chosen to fill the pulpit as preacher; as pastor, to feed the flock; and, as the Lord's messenger, to gather in many, we hope, of the ransomed, who are wandering on the dark mountains of unbelief and error. Mr. James Clark was first ordained as the pastor of the church on Buckland Common. Subsequently, he has laboured successfully in Suffolk, in Dunstable, and in Heaton-road, Peckham; at length, after many exercises of mind, and in answer to many prayers poured out at the throne of grace, the Providence of God has opened for him a door of hope in that large, much-increasing, and busy metropolitan suburb called Wandsworth, where, to the close of a long and happy life in the services of his Master, we pray he may be, instrumentally, a saving blessing to multitudes of the chosen in CHRIST THE SON OF GOD.

The once well-known John Bailey, the holy and esteemed William Ball, and that patient, and Philip-like disciple of the meek and lowly Lamb, Mr. S. Kevan, have all been, in succession, the pastors of this Wandsworth Strict Baptist Church, during the many years that they worshipped in the old chapel on the Waterside. "Old things" do "pass away," and, as in this case, "all things have become new," except the Gospel of the grace of God, which ever has been, and—while James Clark is presiding pastor—ever will be, lovingly and intelligently defended and declared. His very soul oozes out this sighing supplication—

" O strengthen me: that, while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong IN THEE,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea ! "

The office-bearers of West Hill Baptist Church are, for the most part, in their early prime; they are brethren of a pathetic sagacity, of a living and well-balanced zeal, and of a firm and faithful spirit. As we caught glimpses of their manifested minds and movements, we ventured to term the union between the pastor, the deacons, and the people of West Hill, "*a nice fit!*" So may it prove, O God, for Christ's sake! Amen.

We have not now in our ranks many men like "COLUMBA," of whom his stern biographer says, "he had a princely presence, a joyous countenance, a magnificent voice, a graceful utterance, extraordinary familiarity with Scripture (which was his strong tower, and to his soul it was a living spring; also he had) intense sympathy with men, strong faith, and a great prayerfulness of heart." No! we have not many such men, but in our James Clark we have a mediocrity of the many essential elements which commend the preacher to the people.

At the welcome meeting, of which a slight report is here given, Mr. John Box delivered a gracious discourse in the afternoon. We were pained to find he was not in good health. He is an earnest brother—he is the "*Excelsior*" of the Strict Baptist Association; but we would advise him to read Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on "The Unpardonable Sin," which the American orator declares to be, in one sense, the driving of the brain-power *beyond* its capacity; and then, this *over-strained* brain-power demands a three years' holiday, with a doubtful pause

whether or not such a sin upon nature will ever be forgiven. We venture to advise the beloved ones around brother John Box's home, Church, and associated circles, to very lovingly hold him back a little, for he has not the cast-iron constitution of the late incessant worker, Mr. John Foreman; neither can John Box walk so stately and steadily over the Gospel race-course as his beloved contemporary, John Slate Anderson, can do. Even the sublimely profound John Hazelton has all but worked himself into a nervous debility; but the Lord has fulfilled that blessed promise in brother John Hazelton's case—"I will keep him night and day, lest any hurt him;" and that because the Lord has had a special work for him to do. Truly it may be said of this John, "His praise is in all the Churches." (Forgive the intrusive wanderings of my pen).

At the evening meeting in West Hill, Wandsworth, August 7, Brother J. L. Meeres was called to the chair, and with a graceful gravity, and a most commendable brevity, he carried the meeting through excellently. I always admire the sweet mixture of benevolence and firmness steadily developed in that man of privileges and of spiritual power, J. L. Meeres. Robert Edward Sears came to the front with God's promise to Moses, "Certainly I will be with thee." Mr. Mobbs made a thrilling appeal to the people on behalf of their newly chosen pastor, which was followed up by the brethren Kevan, Osmond, William Hazelton, James Griffith, and others.

In the morning of that day, the words of Paul to Timothy came up somewhere in my thoughts—"Thou therefore, my son, be

"STRONG IN THE GRACE WHICH IS IN CHRIST JESUS."

Of course, I did not presume to give anything like a charge. I had in my mind's eye Douglas Jerrold's

"OLD MAN AT THE GATE."

Near Chertsey, in a quiet nook, called Shepperton Green, wherein there is, or was, a building with a little white gate, and there was a custom that the oldest pauper in the Workhouse should have the privilege of keeping this gate, and of receiving the few pence the comers and goers might be disposed to give to the poor old man. This simple narrative expresses all man's natural existence. I said, the devoted, the earnest minister, the man who means *work*, such a man has but three places in this world. First, his study is his workhouse. Secondly, the pulpit is his *gate*, where he stands watching for souls, and calling the sheep into the pasture prepared for them; and, when the minister is worn down with his working, his weeping, his waiting, and his watching; when his spirit bids farewell to the outer dwelling for a season, then, the third place for the old man is the grave. In the study wrestling, working, wondering, and not unfrequently wandering. From the working study to the gate, from the gate to the grave. What a multitude of fine men I have seen in the gate, but now they are gone down to the grave! At the gate I am now standing; and, although dark clouds often hide from my soul's view the "SUNSHINE," yet, the query will creep up—

"When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
When I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand, and bow among them there—
And view Thy face, and sing and love?"

Ah! when?

But to stand in the pulpit-gate Sunday after Sunday, week after week, month after month, year after year—to stand there in holiness, in honour, and with happy thoughts of heaven, and of the high-road to the kingdom, a man must “be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.” A man may be strong many ways, and in many things, but if he is not strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus he will often have to pack up his tools, and seek another sphere of labour.

If a man is a branch of “THE TRUE VINE,” the sap which from the root and stem will flow will keep his soul alive. Vital union to GOD in CHRIST, by the SPIRIT, will give a man strength. Ah, sirs, but how many have appeared to be IN the TRUE VINE, while their subsequent history painfully illustrates that word (John xv. 6), “If a man abide NOT IN ME, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire: and they are burned!” There must be, there will be, where the soul is really in Christ, a spiritual, a practical, a perpetual, a prevailing abiding in the Lord. Oh, yes! But what is it? It is life in Jesus, it is love to the blessed God-Man; it is a deep liking, a constant urging, a silent labouring to be near Him, to be one with Him, to be so in Him, and He so in me, that nothing can ever separate us.

Look at those two olive trees (Zech. iv. 11), then at the two olive branches, then at the two golden pipes which empty the golden oil out of themselves. Look carefully! A man may polish up, and look something like a golden pipe; but if he cannot, by the power and grace of the ETERNAL SPIRIT, if he does not by faith and prayer, by reading, thinking, and earnest pleading, thrust himself, heart, soul, mind, and spirit into those two olive trees, he never will get any golden oil in himself, nor can he pour it out of himself into the souls of others. At many of our meetings what bluster, what merriment, what flesh-pleasing. But where is THE GOLDEN OIL?

Deacons of Churches have need to be strong in the grace of Christ's *patience*. We have often seen, when a minister is first settled, people will flock in, and the cry is, “We must have the place enlarged.” Over a thousand pounds that once cost a people, and then all came to ruin. Wait, deacons, until the tide turns. And when people fail in coming, and fail in paying, do not turn cold upon the pastor. Patience, prayer, and faith in the power of Christ may bring things all right. Members of Churches need to be strong in the grace of Christ's doctrine, which He taught the woman of Samaria. She was a type of those who are always talking about the mountain where our fathers worshipped. “Woman,” saith the great and blessed Teacher, “God is a Spirit, and they that worship HIM must worship HIM in spirit and in truth.” Is there not too much worshipping the preacher and the preaching? Think of this.

Hearers in our congregations would do better if they were strong in the grace of obedience. Our Lord was a better learner than many who profess to be saved by Him. It is written, “Though He were a Son, yet learned He *obedience* by the things which He suffered.” And Jesus said, “If ye love Me keep My commandments.” He said again, “If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye DO them.” But how few who hear are willing to obey!

Seeking sinners, one and all, it will be well for you if ye seek to be

strong in the grace of Christ's calls to all who desire to know Him more fully. He cried with a loud voice, "If any man thirst, let Him come unto Me, and drink." Go on thy knees, poor seeking soul, and looking to God, through Jesus, say,—

"O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may know Thy soothing power ;
O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought, and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show."

I could not speak to the people that evening as I desired, because there were so many nobler sons behind, panting to come on; so with a few broken words I sat me down, thinking there was coming up a presentation to the new pastor. I pray the Lord to enable the people to pay off the debt of £500 on the church; and to take good care of my esteemed brother James Clark, for his sincere well-wisher is

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
August 8, 1882.

AN ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MR. GEO. TUSTIN, OF BANBURY.

BY WILLIAM TUSTIN, HIS SON.

[We have known and esteemed a large number of godly ministers during the last fifty-five years; but from the first to the last of our acquaintance with the much-esteemed Mr. Geo. Tustin, of Banbury, we invariably realised a sacred pleasure in fellowship with him. We wish we could give his likeness as correctly as his photo represents him; we think all would wish us exclaim, "The grace of God appears in every feature."—C. W. B.]

I HAVE been requested to give some account of the life of my late father, George Tustin; but as he has not left a scrap of writing respecting himself behind, I shall be able to speak only from memory, and that very briefly.

George Tustin was born at Hook Norton, in Oxfordshire, in 1802. He was the son of poor, but pious, parents. Early in his boyhood his parents removed to Middleton Cheney, in Northamptonshire, where they continued to reside till they were called away, at a ripe old age, to enter upon that eternal rest which is found only beyond the grave. My father did not receive any religious impressions till after he had entered upon his married life. He told me, in later years, that his first religious impressions were received under the preaching of Mr. Stonehouse, who was at that time the pastor of the Baptist Church at Middleton Cheney. On August 10, 1836, he was baptized by that gentleman, with the hope that his name had been inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life, and that he had been accepted by the Father as a poor, lost sinner, through faith in Christ the Son. From this time he commenced to tell to all with whom he came in contact of that Saviour whom he had found; and never ceased till the day of his death to speak to all men of that wondrous love of God as manifested in His Son. He commenced the work as a Sunday school teacher, and soon

won the love of children and teachers. I have heard him say this kind of work gave him great pleasure; but he was soon found with a few old people sitting round our fireside, on a Sunday evening, listening to him as he read and expounded the Scriptures to them. This kind of teaching grew into preaching services, which were conducted in my grandfather's cottage. This being too small, our own cottage was thrown open; and I have many times seen both cottages, and the passage leading into them, filled with attentive hearers, my father standing in a position where his voice could be heard in both places. He soon received calls to occupy village pulpits; and wherever he went he found acceptance with the people; the Lord was with him, and prospered him in his work. Thus he continued to preach the Gospel of the grace of God as manifested in Christ.

In the year 1845, in consequence of a change taking place in his work, he was compelled to remove from Middleton to Banbury to live. He followed the trade of a plush weaver; and many of the men who had lived in the surrounding villages were compelled to go to work in the factory at Banbury. My father being one of them, this brought him in contact with a number of men of different characters, but he did not fail at once to bring the subject of religion to the front, and showed in all his actions that he was a genuine Christian; this won for him the respect of all his shopmates. I well remember how he and a few of his religious shopmates used to meet together at breakfast-time and have reading and prayer. At first this was displeasing to a few, but soon all submitted, and there is no doubt but the influence it had was a good one. Many times I have heard him speaking very plainly with the roughest of characters about their particular sins, and telling of the love of God in Christ to save fallen man.

He was soon engaged in preaching the Gospel in the villages—sometimes in our own town; at King's Sutton he supplied frequently; there he ultimately received an invitation to become their pastor; and on the second Sunday in February, 1856, he entered upon his stated labours there, and he continued for full nineteen years. From the members of his Church and congregation I know he was esteemed and loved by them all. In the latter part of his ministry they pulled down the old chapel and built a very nice new one; and the only reason of his resignation was his advanced age. Although he was pastor of King's Sutton Church so long, he never had his name taken off the Church book at Middleton. He occasionally conducted the service at that place, and used for many years to attend what they called their annual Church meeting. At the time of his death I believe he was the oldest member on the books, having been connected with them for forty-five years.

My dear father was always poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith; always believed God would provide for all his wants. It pleased God to afflict my mother for, I think, about twenty-seven years; and in 1863 she was called away to her eternal rest. While he was engaged in his ministry he also had to work at his trade up till about eighteen months before his death. I have heard him say that at no period of his life did his income exceed £40 per year; yet, when the end came he could say that he had obeyed the Scriptural injunction, "Owe no man anything." I remember the hardships we have had to pass through,

for there were seven children—all lived to grow up. My father was a believer not only in a general providence over all, but he believed in a special providence also.

Let me relate one incident out of many. At a certain period of our history we lived in a cottage, the rent of which was 2s. 6d. per week; it was my father's custom to put the rent by on Saturday, to be called for on Monday. One Saturday I remember seeing him stand with the half-crown in his hand, and looking at my mother, he said, "If I put this half-crown up for the rent, I shall have no money to buy meat for dinner to-morrow." After a consultation between the two it was resolved to put it up as usual. In a short time afterwards a young man came to the door, and said, if we would send round to his mother she had something for him. My father went, and he was supplied with sufficient meat for the Sunday's dinner. This person had been killing a pig, but had never sent to our house before, neither had my father any dealings with her. This, with many other similar cases, he always looked upon as a divine interposition on his behalf.

When first awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour, I have heard him say that he never rested satisfied until he had carefully studied both the Old and New Testament; and the plan of salvation was presented to him in a clear and intelligent manner. I remember, when a boy, waking up in the night many times, and seeing my father standing at an old chest of drawers, with the midnight lamp burning, and his Bible open before him. This he did frequently till after midnight; and, like the Psalmist, I have, no doubt, he found great delight in meditating on the Word of the Lord. Even to the time of his death I have heard him say that a portion of the Word had been given to him in the night season, upon which he would meditate through the night, lying awake nearly all the night through, and yet rising from his bed refreshed as much as though he had been asleep. He fully believed these portions of God's Word had been given to him by the Holy Spirit.

About a year and a-half before his death he found housekeeping more than he could manage. It was decided that he should break up his home, and come to live with me; and in September, 1879, he came into my home to finish his earthly career. He brought an influence into our house that will not be easily forgotten. He enjoyed good health up till within a few weeks of his departure; but it became apparent that his mortal powers were decaying, and soon he would have to put off this mortal and put on immortality.

HIS LAST DAYS.

He occupied a bed-room near to my own, and as both doors were left open, I could hear every movement. Frequently I got in and out to attend to his wants. Some time before his death it was very pleasing to hear him in the night season; he seemed filled to overflowing with gratitude, and in an audible voice we could hear him thanking God for the mercies of the past, and pleading for the divine presence to the end. At other times he would repeat hymns and portions of Scripture, and meditate on them in an audible voice; never seemed tired of talking of the faithfulness and goodness of God. At times he had doubts cross his mind as to whether he was an interested person in the work of Christ; and once, about two days before his death, I said, "Father, I

thought this was a settled matter with you long ago." He replied, "Ah! William; I have preached Christ faithfully to everybody where I have had an opportunity; but to realise an interest for one's self in Christ is another thing." I may add that these doubts were only for a moment or two; soon they all vanished, and he told me on his death-bed that he never doubted the plan of salvation, or the power of Christ to save.

On the morning of March 18, 1881, it was quite plain to us that the end was very near. At seven o'clock in the morning I stood by his side, and looking into his face, I felt it would be the last time I should see him in the flesh. I said, "Father, I am about to leave you, and shall not return for thirteen hours, and my impression is that when I return you will be gone. If you have anything to say, let me hear it now." He turned, and looking me steadily in the face, and pressing my hand, he said, "Whatever you do, make sure of heaven."

When I returned at night I found the earthly tabernacle left behind, but the spirit had taken its flight to be with Christ, which is far better. The legacy—"make sure of heaven!"—which he left me I hope to enjoy by and by, when the trials of life have passed, and I shall be admitted into the presence of that Saviour who hath redeemed me with His precious blood. On the 22nd we conveyed his remains to Middleton Cheney, and interred them in the same grave as my mother, and close by where my grandfather and grandmother are buried, all waiting a glorious resurrection. The place where he is buried is the grave-yard connected with the chapel where he held his membership so long. On the day of his funeral a number of the friends turned out and testified by their presence, that although dead he yet lived in their memory. As I listened to the rattling earth as it fell on the coffin lid, I felt that it was the happiest day of my life, for I knew that his every want had been met, and I had had the satisfaction of seeing him buried in his own chosen resting-place; and, above all, he had lived to a good old age (in his 79th year), and had gone safe home to glory.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Respectable Angels. Who was it that dared to preach such sermons as contain sentences like the following? Speaking of the sympathies of our Jesus toward the poor bruised ones the preacher said:—"To all those in whom this sweet, strange eccentricity is deepest, the evangelicism of God means the giving of God's sweetest gifts to the lowly, the restoration of the Magdalen, the finding of the lost piece of silver, the gathering of the lost sheep—the stained, the sinful, the fallen. And all this is set forth in those strange words—which who dared write. had they not been spoken by Christ Himself?—'There is more joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, than over

ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.' You and I daren't have written it, because we could not have thought that the angels of God would have cared for such things. We should have thought the angels of God were *respectable* angels—angels fond of good society—angels dwelling in an eternal West-end, far away from poor penniless beggars. But lo! the Master said—and He *knew* God!—He declared that the divinest thing in man was the divinest thing in the angels of God. And He proclaimed this—the more sin-stained and bruised and broken-hearted a man is, the more God looks at him, calls him, pines for him, sighs for him; that for that wretched man God sent His Son to

be betrayed and smitten, to bear the cross of Calvary, to yield up His will even unto death. All this He did, counting not His life dear to Him." The same preacher (not living down here now), speaking of that prison philanthropist, John Howard, sends forth the following remarkable words: "This strange man seemed to wish to carry home the most trampled down people God ever had. He went among the pest and plague. He visited the vilest creatures in jails and prisons. This strange man went to town to catch the plague in order to understand chlorodyne. He lived as an apostle, and died as a martyr far away in Russia. So when we read this history of our century we are touched by this man's truly heavenly office, forsaking the high places of the world in order to minister to the poor, the needy, and the down-trodden. Oh, if you are a good *respectable* Christian, no doubt the history of the Napoleons would be more attractive to you; but if you are an *evangelical* Christian, such as I am, believing in the strange love of God for lowly creatures, then you will say that John Howard deserves to be canonised and to be made into a father of the Church. Do you love that man Howard, that evangel of God? Nature says to the weak ones of this world, 'If you cannot get out of the way you must get under the wheel.' But this strange news from heaven tells us that though natural laws must continue, though the Jericho road be full of thieves, God has provided a Samaritan, a *Good Samaritan*, whose object in coming into this world is to look out the needy, the feeble, and the sinful; to *undo* nature; for where, as nature is always crowning the *best*, evangelicalism seeks to crown the feeble and the *worst*; whereas nature says, 'If you are not strong, go out of the way,' evangelicalism provides the wine of God, the inn of charity for the wounded one, the twopence to be paid to him who cares for him." Respectable angels! Respectable ministers! Respectable deacons! They are the stamina of *society*. The glorious PRINCE OF LIFE was *respectable* in the highest sense; but He came to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*. And He did it. He still continues to do it; and to all who have in them the SPIRIT OF LOVE and her twin-sister, "compassion," He says, "Go thou and *do likewise*;" and such as hear His blessed voice *obey* Him.

"I will put the Baptists down." In No. 1,656 of *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* we have the following note:—"Perhaps you remember the story of a

conversation between the burgomaster in Hamburg and holy Mr. Oncken when he first began to preach. The burgomaster said to him, 'Do you see that little finger, sir? While I can move that little finger, I will put the Baptists down.' Mr. Oncken said, 'With all respect to your little finger, Mr. Burgomaster, I would ask you another question. Do you see that great arm?' 'No, I do not see it.' 'Just so,' said Mr. Oncken, 'but I do; and while that great arm moves, you cannot put us down, and if it comes to a conflict between your little finger and that great arm, I know how it will end.' It was my great joy to see the burgomaster sitting in the Baptist chapel at Hamburg, among the audience that listened to my sermon at the opening of the new chapel. The little finger had willingly given up its opposition, and the great arm was made bare among us. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength. God bring us all to that, both saint and sinner, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The One Thing Needful to Make Poor Sinners Rich and Miserable Sinners Happy. "Some quack, I suppose," the reader will probably say on reading such a title. Well, it has been in use, in this form, over one hundred years; and the REMEDY itself has been proved to be genuine by thousands ever since the Lord said, "Look unto ME, and be ye saved." William Mason, a Puritan of the last century, first wrote this work, wherein he faithfully expoundeth that exhortation of Paul's (in Rom. xiii.). "PUT YE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST." A friend sent to the said William Mason, saying that "his writings were condemned as the vilest Antinomianism." We suppose multitudes who profess to have some kind of faith in some visionary Saviour in these days of "culture," would come to the same conclusion. It is the exact warfare that once raged fiercely between James Hervey and John Wesley; Hervey and Toplady are at home; some of us who have, by grace, "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ," are yet in the wilderness; and because we once had nothing but our own filthy garments; because infinite mercy took them away, and clothed our souls with "change of raiment;" because blind men cannot see the beauty and blessedness of the soul, "to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity," therefore they denounce us with dire contempt. We beseech all troubled souls to read this gracious testimony. This *One Thing Needful* is re-published in a neat volume of nearly

100 pages, by Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, in cloth boards for 1s.; in paper covers for 8d. William Mason was a man of letters, a Christian of the Holy Spirit's own making and teaching.

The Church Standard, Dr. C. Bullock's illustrated and comprehensive weekly, says, "During Mr. Spurgeon's illness we understand the Bishop of Rochester paid him a friendly and 'pastoral' visit. The bishop kneeling in prayer by the pastor's side was in admirable accord with the catholicity of the Church of England. If this spirit of 'true churchmanship' prevailed everywhere, our Reformed Church would need no 'defence.' Whole-hearted Christianity does not, as some would say, imply 'half-hearted churchmanship.' The Church of England is catholic, *because* she is evangelical and Protestant." In *Church Standard* is also given the Bishop of Manchester's walk through the streets of London on the Sunday afternoon before he preached his sermon on the "Wants of Our Age," in Westminster Abbey. The masses of mortals witnessed in Commercial-road, Aldgate, &c., all in a wretched state of drink, dirt, and ungodliness, quite alarmed the bishop and his wife. They denounced London to be much worse than Manchester. Oh, where is Christian effort?

James Wells' sermon on *The Love of God*. Reported by a Hearer. Such a living sacrifice as this deserves deep examination and holy example. We will give the extract, if our Lord permit. Let the poor atheist see that CHRIST has had some who, in their measure, did practically follow Christ. Yea, let all the world see that our Lord Jesus Christ still lives—not in the man who demands £5 for his pulpit prattle; but that Christ still lives in pardoning sins, in saving sinners, in restoring the fallen, who, like young Garnet Wolseley, fell down in the trap laid to destroy his life. Oh, God Almighty! have mercy upon the helpless, the hopeless, upon the poor ready to perish. Amen.

A Large Assembly of Baptist Ministers may be seen in Mr. Elliot Stock's "Literary Key," &c. In this ministerial picture gallery a keen-eyed phrenologist will find ample scope for reflection in manipulating the various theological chests which nature has placed on diverse pedestals; large, long, and little autobiographies of each are given in this book of interest and of use.

The Prayer of Moses Ripening Into Perfection. The eleventh chapter of Numbers is a marvellous piece of history

in the life of the Lord's great servant, Moses, the man of God. Who (in a prophetic spirit, was it?) said, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets; and that the Lord would put HIS SPIRIT upon them." This is a grand thought of "old Pastor Suspects," that such a time is come, or is near at hand. Chapter I. defines the meaning of "prophet." Chapter II. reveals the immense number of these prophets now on every hand; but we never could see through glasses yet, and until we get clearer sight into the questions, "How can the Lord's prophets be known, 'Upon whom He hath put His Spirit?'" we must wait. Such an immense variety of spirits are flying to and fro in the so-called Churches now, that it is most afflicting to reconcile them with the promise, "Ye shall receive (margin) the POWER of the HOLY GHOST coming upon you." That the divine wrath will ever produce another "Kibroth-hattavah" ("the grave of lust") is dreadful to contemplate. We dare not say that grave is still open, and that heaps are therein buried; but that a spirit of desire toward the ministry abounds is too evident to be denied. How much should a man examine his "call" ere he stands in such a sacred place.

Elementary Botany: Theoretical and Practical. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. This is a handsome, largely illustrated, and ably produced "text-book, designed primarily for students of science classes connected with the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education." By Henry Edmonds, B. Sc., London, Lecturer and Master of the Brighton Grammar-school, &c. The best advice, well matured, digestive, and experimental unfoldings of every branch, with an abundance of diagrams, render the work portably pleasant, and a source of valuable information. The index and glossary will be appreciated by all persevering students.

The Protestant Times, a penny monthly, published by W. Cox, 37, Aldermanbury. As yet we can only say it is somewhat like our own *Anti-Popish Reviewer*, and similar efforts we made many years ago; but "the enemy has come in like a flood." When the Church of Christ on earth has been thoroughly tried once more, then she will come forth like gold.

The Ancient Mile-stone is only deferred, not destroyed. Several books are coming up for trial shortly.

Elimelech.—See CHEERING WORDS for Sept.; 3d., 12 copies, 7d., post free.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. F. KING'S SETTLEMENT AT CARLTON.

HIS CALL BY GRACE TO THE MINISTRY, FAITH, &c.

On Tuesday, July 25, Mr. F. King was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church in this village. We had a good day; a number of ministers and many friends came to see us. The afternoon service was conducted by our esteemed brother, J. Hazelton, who, after singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, proceeded to state the nature, constitution, and order of a Gospel Church, in a very clear and forcible manner, founding his remarks on Acts ii. 47. Our brother seemed quite at home, and his instructive and impressive observations were listened to with much interest and pleasure. Another hymn having been sung, Mr. Hazelton called on some friend to state the leadings of Providence which issued in Mr. King's call to the pastorate of the Carlton Church.

The senior deacon, Mr. G. Smith, said in reply, that he would not go far back in the history of the Church, as he had given it within the last few years. Their late pastor (Mr. Jull) left in the early part of 1879, after which the pulpit was supplied by various ministers, one or two of whom we at one time thought might suit us; but this was not to be. Although Mr. Jull had left us, he still took an interest in us, and named Mr. King as a supply for a Sabbath, intimating that his coming once might possibly lead to something else. Mr. King came for the first time in April, 1880. Some of us heard him well; others did not. Mr. King supplied us four more Lord's-days in that year. Things began to wear a brighter aspect, and we gave him an invite for three months, commencing with January, 1881, which he accepted. During this time the congregation was comparatively small, as it was the Winter season, and many of our people living at a distance were unable to attend. We prayerfully looked to the Lord for direction, and were not hasty in coming to a final decision, so we invited Mr. King for twelve months longer, with a view to the pastorate. This invitation he accepted, and removed into the minister's house in April, 1881. During the year the ministry was acceptable, and we felt assured that it was attended with the divine blessing. At the expiration of nine months the Church gave Mr. King a call to the pastorate, which after prayerful consideration he accepted. The prayer of our heart is that the Lord will abundantly bless him, and make him a blessing unto many.

Mr. Hazelton now requested Mr. King to give some account of his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and the doctrines which he believed and preached.

The following is the substance of Mr. King's replies to the foregoing questions:—

CALL BY GRACE.

Although I have been more than 30 years in the ministry, and have had the pastoral care of two Churches ere I came to Carlton, yet I have never before been placed in a similar position to that in which I appear among you this afternoon, for this is the first time of my having a public recognition as pastor of a Christian Church. I do, however, most willingly accede to the wishes of my friends in relation to these services, trusting that they may be useful unto many, and that the God of all grace may thereby be glorified.

In giving a brief account of what the Lord has done for my soul, I have no extraordinary narrative of a circumstantial nature to relate. It should, however, be remembered that a work of grace in the heart is in every instance a divine work of the highest importance, and is invariably followed by the most blessed results, whether it is attended with thrilling incidents, or whether it is not. I was born at Waterbeach, near Cambridge, on June 13, 1825, and was blessed with godly parents, both of whom were members of the Baptist Church in my native village; my father was a deacon of that Church for many years. Being under strict parental restraint (which at the time was very irksome to me, but for which I have been very thankful since), I was kept from many evils, into which I should have fallen, had I been left to sin without control; but still my heart went after the vanities of this world, and was fully set in me to do evil. From a very early period I had convictions and stings of conscience, especially when my dear mother talked very tenderly and seriously to me about my state as a sinner, and my need of a Saviour. When I was about 13 years old, my father apprenticed me to a tradesman in a village about a mile distant. Though not far from home, yet as I was not under the eye of my parents as before, I began to go further astray, and to plunge deeper into sin. On one occasion, at a village feast, I even entered a dancing-room, but felt very miserable, for my conscience was saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Soon after this a person in whose house I was working put a tract into my hand, which I carefully read, and it made a deeper impression on my mind than anything I had read or heard before. The arrows of the Almighty were now within me, and I found no rest in my spirit, because of my sin. The next Lord's-day Mr. Peters (who was at that time the pastor of the Baptist Church at Waterbeach) preached from the words of the jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" It struck me as a remarkable coincidence that our dear minister should take that text just then. I do not believe he had any knowledge of my state of mind at the time; but it seemed as if he knew all about me, and he described my feelings much better than I could have described them myself. My con-

victions were deepened, and my concern for salvation was increased by that sermon; but the time of deliverance had not yet arrived. I felt the burden of sin; the worldly pleasures I once sought after had no charms for me now, and the language of my heart was,—

“These can never satisfy;
Give me Christ, or else I die.”

About this time I was much perplexed and troubled respecting the sin against the Holy Ghost; also I stumbled at these words, “For if we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins,” &c. Especially was I discouraged by that Scripture concerning Esau, in Heb. xii. 17: “For ye know how that afterward when he would have inherited the blessing he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.” I mentioned these things to my pastor, and he so clearly explained the above texts that I saw I had no reason whatever to be discouraged by them. I now attended the public means of grace with much eagerness to receive a blessing. I was determined, if possible, not to neglect a single service, thinking that if I did I should miss the relief I was longing to obtain. On the Sabbath morn I would sing,—

“Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit fains away,
Without Thy cheering grace.”

Nor had I long to wait before the Lord appeared for my help. One memorable morning Mr. Peters preached from Hosea vi. 3. I shall never forget that sermon. The part which encouraged me most related to the words, “His going forth is prepared as the morning.” The preacher illustrated the goings forth of the Lord to bless those who follow on to know Him, by referring to the *certainty* of the coming of the morning, the *gradual* way in which the light of day is given, the *discoveries* which are made when the sun ariseth, and makes manifest things that the darkness had concealed, and the joy which is experienced when Jesus is revealed. I trust and believe that the Lord did then manifest Himself to me, as He does not to the world, and I felt as if the germ of heavenly bliss was within my soul. Soon after this I was proposed for Church membership, and at the early age of 15 years and three months was baptized and received into the Church of Christ at Waterbeach.

“Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen.”

But though sometimes up and sometimes down as to my feelings, my faith still clings to Jesus. “Other refuge I have none,” and by the grace of God I can say,—

“In vain my frail vessel the tempest may toss,
My hope rests secure on the blood of the cross.”

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

From the time when I first felt the love of God shed abroad in my heart, I desired for the day to come when I might proclaim His grace to others. I was, however, of a

naturally timid and retiring temperament, and thought it most unlikely that I should ever be qualified to preach the Gospel. I felt so insufficient and unworthy; but still a prayerful and intense desire prevailed that God would bring me out. At the time of my marriage I lived at Quy, a village about five miles East of Cambridge. As we were a considerable distance from our place of worship, we frequently attended the morning and afternoon, but not the evening service. Instead of going out again, we sometimes held a short service in our own house, at which no one was present but the Lord and ourselves. The first text I took under these circumstances was, “As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.” About this time some of the friends at Waterbeach thought and said that they believed I should someday be called to preach, but others were of a contrary opinion.

My dear pastor kindly took me by the hand and gave me a word of encouragement and much judicious and fatherly counsel. The words of the Lord to Moses (Exod. iv. 12) and Jeremiah (Jer. i. 6) followed me for weeks and months, also the following verse—

“How eager many are to run,
Whom God hath never sent;
The humble, diffident, and meek;
His chosen instrument.”

At length a meeting of the Church of which I was a member was held, and I was requested to speak from a portion of the Word, so that the Church might judge as to whether I had any ministerial gifts. I spoke from John xiv. 6: “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” The Church decided to hear me again before they sent me out. The next month I spoke from Acts ix. 6, “And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.” After hearing me this time the Church resolved to sanction my going out to preach wherever the Lord might open a door for me. Shortly afterwards I was requested to take the service at Waterbeach one Lord’s-day evening, when I stood in the table-pew, and, with fear and much trembling, spoke from, “Open Thou my eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.”

After supplying occasionally at Waterbeach and Milton, I was invited for one Lord’s-day, in the year 1848, to Aldreth, in the Isle of Ely. This led to my call to the pastorate of the Church in that place, which I held until the close of 1858. Here the Lord was pleased to give me several spiritual children, some of whom “remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.” We lived in each others hearts; and the termination of my pastorate occasioned mutual sorrow and many tears; but having an increasing family, and another door being opened, I felt it my duty to leave, which I did, and removed to Great Granden, Hunts, having engaged to enter on my pastorate of the Baptist Church in that place on the first Lord’s-day in January, 1859.

Here I had some discouragement and some success; and here while I endeavoured to teach others I learned some important lessons myself. For many years I thought I should remain with this Church until I was called home; but later on I felt unsettled, and thought perhaps the Lord would make me more useful somewhere else. My temporal needs were provided for principally by an endowment left to the Gransden cause for the benefit of the ministry, by that eminent saint of God, Mrs. Anne Dutton, but I could not see the spiritual prosperity that I desired, so after much prayer and long waiting, I at length resolved to tender my resignation. Our senior deacon (since gone home) refused to take my letter, so I read it myself to the Church. The dear friends were much troubled, and declined to accept it, and requested me to withdraw it; but though I appreciated their kindness, I could not feel it would be right to recede from the step I had taken, although at that time I had not another Church in view.

In the course of the same year I visited Carlton for the first time. I need not go over the ground which has already been traversed by our deacon, who has very correctly and concisely told you the way in which we were led to see, or I might say feel, our way to the formation of the union which we have met this day to celebrate. Suffice it to say that after labouring twenty-two years at Gransden, I came here with the prayers of my late flock that the Lord would own my testimony among you. I appreciate their sympathy and prayers, and earnestly desire that the Lord would be pleased to send them a pastor after His own heart. As for you, my dear friends, I am truly thankful for all the kindness you have shown me since I have been with you. I have found it good to have fellowship with you and to preach unto you the Gospel of the grace of God. I still need, and believe I shall have, your hearty co-operation and fervent prayers, and I trust that we shall never have any reason to regret the union which is now being recognised in the presence of so many witnesses.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

During the thirty-four years I have been in the ministry my convictions and principles have not changed in relation to any of the vital and fundamental truths of the Gospel. As our time is limited, and my views are so well known, I will not recount the articles of my faith one by one in the usual order, but will give you a very brief summary of them.

I believe in God, and in the Scriptures as the Word of God, and the only perfect, infallible, and authoritative standard of faith and rule of conduct.

I believe that the Lord our God is "in essence One, in persons Three, mysterious and divine."

I believe that God made man upright, but that Adam fell by his own wilful disobedience; and as he was the federal head of all mankind, he brought not only himself

but all his posterity into a woeiful state of corruption, condemnation, and death.

I believe that God, of His own free and sovereign grace, chose whom He would of the human race in Christ Jesus, and ordained them to eternal life, that they should obtain salvation and be holy and without blame before Him in love.

I believe that God was manifest in the flesh, that Christ laid down His life for His sheep, that He redeemed unto God by His blood a people out of all the nations, and that He now lives to bestow from His throne the salvation which He procured on His cross.

I believe that regeneration or the new birth is indispensably necessary, that the Holy Ghost is its Author, that it is the commencement of all vital godliness in the soul, that the elect and redeemed people of God are the only subjects of it, and that all such persons being brought to trust in Christ for salvation, are justified in the sight of God, have the root of holiness and eternal life within them, and shall certainly persevere in grace and get to heaven at last.

I believe that a Christian Church consists of regenerated persons who, having followed their Lord in the ordinance of believers' baptism, do give themselves up to him and to each other, according to His will, that it is their duty and privilege to shew forth their Lord's death by observing the ordinances He has instituted, and that it becometh them to maintain good works, to imitate the example of Christ, and seek to glorify God and promote the welfare of their fellow-men.

I believe in the second coming of Christ, the general resurrection, and the final judgment, after which the righteous will enter an eternal heaven and the wicked an eternal hell.

These are some of the solemn truths which I believe and preach. I feel assured that the cross of Christ is the great centre where all the lines of Gospel truth do meet; and looking unto Jesus I trust I may say by the grace of God,—

"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."

The members of the Church and the newly-elected pastor having signified their assent to the union in the usual manner, brother Bull, of Wellingborough, joined the hands of the pastor and senior deacon, publicly recognising the union, and in the kindest manner expressing his esteem for the pastor, whom he had long known, his interest in the Church, and his heartfelt desire that they might be mutual blessings to each other.

The interesting service was then brought to a close. A public tea followed, which was more numerous attended than was expected. All took pleasure in promoting each other's comfort, and it was gratifying for "friend to have fellowship with friend."

In the evening we had a large attendance. Brother Bull read the Scriptures and offered a very fervent and comprehensive prayer.

Brother Hazelton said it would be something like presumption for him to give "a charge" to a brother who had already been a pastor for a considerable number of years, he would, therefore, make some observations on the Gospel ministry, taking for his text 2 Cor. iv. 7. Brother Box followed with a warm-hearted address to the Church, founded on Gen. xlix. 10.

Each of our esteemed brethren uttered many excellent and weighty truths, which were listened to with much appreciation by many.

To the numerous friends who cheered us by their presence and kind expressions of good will, we tender our hearty thanks, and earnestly pray that every blessing flowing from the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush may rest both on them and us.

F. KING.

THE HISTORY OF POULNER BAPTIST CHAPEL, RINGWOOD, HANTS.

About two miles from the town of Ringwood a stranger will notice a scattered village, called POULNER. At the end of the village stands a mud and thatched chapel, with vestry and burying ground. This unpromising place of worship is held by the Strict Baptists. There is no other place of worship in the village. A farmer named Scammell resided at Poulner, about 40 years ago, and built the chapel at his own expense, as he was not satisfied with the Independent or Wesleyan way of teaching. He also engaged persons to preach "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." He opened a Sunday-school.

Various pastors have been settled at Poulner, among them being the late J. Lindsay, of Linslade, Bucks, Messrs. Thomas Rutter, W. Brown, and Thomas Perry. The present pastor is Mr. G. Diffey, who settled there in the year 1874. The Church numbers 36 members, and the Sunday-school 45 scholars. On Thursday, July 27, 1882, the forty-second anniversary was held. Tea was provided for about 60 or 70 friends. After tea a meeting was held, presided over by R. Jennings, Esq., of Ringwood. After singing, "What shall the harvest be?" Mr. Thompson, of Christchurch, implored the divine blessing. A hymn by the Sunday-school children, entitled, "A glad welcome to all." The chairman expressed the pleasure it gave him to see so many young people there. He hoped they would be led to Jesus, and that the pastor would see many seals to his ministry at Poulner. "Clap your hands for joy," having been sung, Mr. G. Diffey, the pastor of Poulner, gave the report of the past year's work. He believed that some souls were seeking to know the way to Zion. Although he met with many trials in the work, yet the reaping-time would come by and by; for he knew that if the Bread of Life was cast upon the waters he should find it after many days. He said he had held forth the Word for eight years at Poulner, and he hoped to see the young following in the old paths.

"Victory! great victory!" having been sung, Mr. William Chilvers gave an address on "Sunday-school Work: Its Trials and Successes." He contrasted the Sunday-schools of the past with the present. He said all that used to be taught in the schools was the A B C, now it is the A B C of the Gospel that is taught. One hears so much about theories, but he thought each teacher should instruct the young in the Gospel, seeking the guidance of God. It was a grand and noble work, and if we see no success here, we shall have our reward above. "In the morn of life" was the next hymn. Mr. Savage told the friends of the happiness he felt in knowing that Jesus was his, and that he was ready to die whenever the call from the Master should come.

"Never turn back" followed, by the choir, after which Mr. Thompson, of Christchurch, said a few encouraging words to the pastor, and asked the friends to think more of him, and pray more for success in his work. The pastor of Poulner very often preached the Word three times on a Sunday, beside having to attend to his business in the week. He said that people thought more of great ministers than they did of ministers in villages, who worked much harder of the two. Their pastor needed the prayers of the people more than they could tell.

"Open the door" was the next hymn. Mr. Williamson, of Hants, said the meeting brought to his memory the fact that several faces he saw there last year were missing; but though absent in the flesh they were present with the Lord. He spoke to the hearts of all present to seek to have the root of the matter implanted in their hearts by the Spirit of God. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," brought the happy meeting to a close, with the hope that a more prosperous year is before the little Church at Poulner.

EDWIN DIFFEY.

Ringwood.

ROCHFORD.—It was our happy lot to spend a day at Zion in this far off town, July 30. We fear, unless some extra effort is made in procuring means to have a minister every Sabbath, the cause will not flourish. We advise the friends to hold an anniversary, and try and obtain funds to pay a minister for a few consecutive Sundays, at least. There are three, if not more, who are ripe and ready for baptism, and waiting for some one to put them into the water, and we have the promise of being the favoured *dipper*, if required. Mr. James Moss is able and willing to speak a few experimental words to the people when unable to obtain a regular preacher, if he were encouraged so to do. A living sermon must, if ever so poor, be better than a dead one, though preached by a great man. There is no truth at Canewdon, nor at Paglesham. O that some mighty spirit were stirred up to establish cottage preaching in and around these outlandish places, that the famishing few might be visited and fed. So desires W. WINTERS.

POWER! MERCY! LIFE!

WATFORD.—Beulah. By the good hand of our God upon us, we were favoured with a propitious anniversary, August 7, which is a boon to us. Situated as we are, as a people in this growing town, alone in relation to the great and glorious doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and in adherence to the order of God's house, as laid down and practised by the Great Master and His apostles, we were encouraged by the presence and assistance of so many friends in Jesus visiting us from Tring, Chesham, St. Albans, Two Waters, Berkhamsted, Bedmond, Gadsden-row, Harrow, Stanmore, Hill-street, Dorset-square, Chadwell-street, Islington, Hackney, and Homerton; and we thank them all for their support.

We were well entertained by good Gospel fare, served up by our brethren John Hazelton and Bennett. We had a comforting sermon by Mr. Hazelton, from, "They shall talk of Thy power." Our brother took a wide and extensive range on the power of Israel's God, as manifested in nature, providence, and grace. Full as the place was, the attention of the hearers was kept up during the two hours' service of the morning.

In afternoon, brother Bennett's theme was, "According to His mercy He saved us." We happened to sing Burnham's blessed hymn, 352 in Denham's Selection, preceding the sermon, directed not by him, but by the Spirit of God, I trust, and which our brother said embodied all his sermon; and so it did in substance—mercy in its ancient character; mercy in its infinite greatness; mercy in its active forms and sweet results.

Our attention was called in the evening, by brother Bennett, to Phil. i. 21, "For me to live is Christ," when Christianity in its great source, vitality, and fruitful and blessed results was set out.

The collections were good, considering that the week previous between £6 and £7 was raised among ourselves for the Sabbath school.

We have a school now consisting of about 150 children, out of which we have some good fruit in the Church. We have great cause to thank God and take courage for the great things He has done for us at Watford. During the past eleven years the Church has grown from 8 members to many over a 100; a schoolroom has been erected and paid for, and the debt upon the chapel paid, notwithstanding the many removals to heaven by death, and otherwise, by Providence.

The place continues to fill with attentive hearers, and we want room for increase. Land has been purchased, in hopes some day to see a more commodious place reared.

Brethren in Christ, and lovers of God's precious truth, it is surely something in the present day of awful departure from the faith to be enabled to stand fast, even if we cannot go forward as we wish. This is just our case; we, therefore, solicit the sympathy and prayers of the brotherhood.

Geo. BURRELL.

ISLINGTON.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, having been repaired, renovated, and a little altered, at a cost of about £144, was reopened on Lord's-day, August 13, when our young brother (the pastor) P. Reynolds, preached morning and evening. On Tuesday 15, Mr. John Vaughan preached in the afternoon. At the evening meeting, J. Richardson, Esq., presided; he read and expounded Psalm lxxxiv. Mr. Sidwell, the secretary, in his report, said that above £80 had been subscribed before they commenced by the Church and congregation. The pastor had gathered £20 outside; Mr. Buckland, the treasurer, thought all had done nobly; no doubt, in three months all would be cleared; next year they hoped to make the seats more comfortable. The brethren spoke as follows: W. Carpenter on, "Whom having not seen ye love;" W. Hazelton, on "God is in the midst of her;" Kempston on, "And the glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them." After a few words of congratulation from Mr. Piggott, the pastor pronounced the benediction, and the friends said, "Good night."

COTTENHAM.—EBENEZER CHAPEL. On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 6, the venerable William Kitchen, of Peterboro, the officiating minister for the aforesaid day, delivered a very appropriate address, full of weighty counsel, caution, and encouragement to six young people very recently baptized. The usual time allotted for our afternoon service was taken up by Mr. Kitchen's address, associated with a few affectionate remarks made personally to those who were subsequently received into communion with us, celebrating the dying love of Jesus at His table. The King of Zion still maintains the glory of His cross; the potency of His Word. His servants that come amongst us being armed by the omnipotent Spirit, are evidently "Boanerges' sons of thunder" to sinners, and "Barnabas' sons of consolation" to saints. It is by no means an easy undertaking to obtain supplies that give satisfaction to a considerable number of people of different temperaments, habits of thought, and diverse beliefs. Nevertheless we endeavour to keep within the lines of truth, and as the Lord smiles upon us, and blesses us, we take courage and persevere.—Yours truly, D. P.

CUCKFIELD.—Anniversary on August 8, was—What? Well, hopefully good. Mr. C. Masterson, of Bond-street, Brighton, came up with "Blessed are they, which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Then came Mr. G. W. Shepherd, with "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you," etc. We took tea at hotel with 160 friends. We find TRUTH is still acceptable in Sussex. Of course, some are considered more "deeply experimental" than others; it is a time for the display of great gifts; it is for each one to know for himself, that the Lord hath given HIMSELF for his soul's salvation; and it is for every minister to examine his motive, and the divinity of his commission. Let us not

harshly, rashly, censoriously sit in judgment over others. Those excellent brethren, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Boxall, were expected, but their engagements prevented. [How is the widow and family of the late Cuckfield pastor sustained? We hope the Lord is seen as their true friend. The changes in Queen-square are the result of circumstances. Our "Notes on Brighton" may be useful. But—]

ENFIELD.—Our friends at Putney-road held anniversary July 25. Mr. Meeres preached a faithful and encouraging sermon from Rom. viii. 30. In treating of Scriptural Justification, Mr. Meeres spoke of the cause of justification in God, the means used in unfolding it, our knowledge of it, and enjoyment realised by it terminating in eternal glory. At public meeting Mr. Meeres read Psalm xci., and Mr. Wild offered prayer. Mr. R. Bowles spoke of spiritual blindness and the means used by God in giving eyes and strengthening sight. Mr. G. J. Baldwin testified to the suitability and power of Jesus to save, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Mr. R. Alfrey gave outline of the Gospel of the grace of God, W. Winters gave illustrations of the ability and power of Christ in salvation; Mr. John Sampford, of Ware, spoke on communion with Christ, as set forth in the journey of the disciples to Emmaus, and Mr. W. Stringer, from our brother Lawrence's Church, said many blessed things concerning the enjoyment of salvation in the soul.—W. WINTERS.

CHELMSFORD.—Our Sunday-school sermons were given to us faithfully and encouragingly in July by Mr. Josiah Morling, late of St. Neot's, who also preached during the following week. As the only Baptist Church in this central town, so pleasantly growing in a valley refreshed by the rivers, "the Chelmer and the Cam," we are, and we ought to be, evangelically anxious and prayerfully concerned to have a pastor, a preacher, a loving and industrious labourer, who shall be as an ambassador for Christ, to proclaim His Gospel, to edify His people, and instrumentally to gather in His redeemed. With a town and a rural population of from ten to fifteen thousands of souls, surely we should be neither few nor small. We have heard a variety of ministers during the last few years; but the living souls are listening to hear the voice from heaven distinctly say, "Arise!! and call him, THIS IS HE."—A TRAVELLER.

STEPNEY.—Our curate preached his farewell sermon, August 13, 1882, and is gone. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ" was his text. He drew the line between the time when Paul wrote that sentence and our time. Paul lived at the far end of 18 centuries, we at this end. Paul came with the Gospel against the Governments and the prejudices of the people. They hated him and the Gospel; but at the risk of his life, he boldly asserts his fearless determination to preach Christ's Gospel at Rome

also. It is nothing for us to make such assertions; for although nearly all the nation is opposed to the eternal verities of Christ's Gospel, yet they will let us go on to proclaim it. "THE GOSPEL," said the curate, "what is it? It is a mystery; I am a mystery; you are a mystery. But it is the power of God unto salvation. I have seen old men in death. This Gospel sustained them. I have seen young people in the arms of death; this Gospel supported them." Ah! sir; whether a man be in a Church or a chapel, if the spirit of life in Christ Jesus be in his soul it will come out somehow or other in his ministry. We think we are bad off now in Stepney; for the Gospel times were when we had William Allen preaching the Gospel out of his heart. Times were when we had Thomas Stringer boldly proclaiming it; but now, in Stepney, where can we find it? My father is up from the country; he asks, "Where is the Gospel?"—JOHN YEOMAN.

HARWICH BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Anniversary services were held on July 30. Mr. S. K. Bland preached to good audiences, with a striking address to the children of the Sunday-school. On July 31 was held the congregational tea and public meeting, conducted by Mr. J. Cowell, pastor. After prayer by Mr. Burrows, from Ipswich, a former deacon of the Church, Mr. Houghton gave a touching address, which was supplemented by able remarks from Mr. Bland and Mr. J. Cordle, minister of the Chelmondiston Baptist Church. Suitable hymns were sung by the children of the Sunday-school; Mrs. Went and Miss Grice presiding at the harmonium. On the previous Tuesday our schools went out to Mr. Lucas's park, which that gentleman generously throws open for the children's benefit. This Sunday-school is only one year old, and when Mrs. Cowell, the lady superintendent, and her beautiful staff of zealous teachers, with over 160 children and friends, proceeded in good order, it caused the hearts of many to rejoice. Mr. Thomas Brewster, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Ramsey, and other friends, supplied and distributed fruits, &c. "A Stranger" says:—"I heard CHARITY calling aloud, 'Ho; climb up into the sunshine to-day.' HOPE made a shining ladder, CHEERFULNESS and COURAGE reached the mountain of SUCCESS, where ANTICIPATION made a feast for the soul of FUTURE CONQUESTS. All hail, happy Josiah; who, after years of summing up, often with sadness, now, with thy loving, faithful spouse, spendeth thy Autumn in telling 'MERCY'S TALES,' and training the future generation for better lives than some have known. Long live Josiah and his blessed help-meet." These gatherings this Summer have furnished the deacons, Church, and friends of this revived cause with an opportunity for reciprocal enjoyment, and been the means of much thankfulness to God for their prosperity and peace.

SOLEMN WORDS. — DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER BANKS,—I feel a note is due to you. Deep despondency seems to take possession of my soul as I look around. How few, in comparison, seem to be taken up with the same CHRIST my soul sometimes worships and adores! Sadly the thought rises, "All seek their own." How few we find in living, loving communion with a precious Christ! Indeed, I believe Isaiah's prophecy (chap. xxii. 14, 15), "The palaces forsaken, the strongholds deserted, until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high," is being fulfilled to the very letter in the Churches at the present time. God may enable a man to walk as an angel, fill him with bowels of compassion; yet if he is firm and decided for the truth of God and His divine ordinances, his name will be cast out as evil; while that trio, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, personified in hard, cruel professors, lodge in the branches of the mustard-tree, exhibiting themselves in the temple of God. Events, both in the Church and in the world, seem hastening to the end when (the Jews being called spiritually to partake of Gentile mercy) Gog and Magog, with the devil at their head, shall go forth with their religious army, to besiege the camp of the saints, and get rid of such conceited (?) people who talk about their names being in the Lamb's Book of Life from eternity; but just as they think they have succeeded, fire from God, the fiery burning judgments of outraged majesty, descend upon them and devour them. Well may we pray that we may be accounted worthy to escape these judgments, and to stand when He appeareth. Ah, my soul sighs for that time when "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and lead us to fountains of living waters. Yes,—

"The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land."

And though oftentimes under a sense of the weight and responsibility the spirit cries out, "Be not a terror unto me, for Thou art my Hope in the day of evil," yet there is sometimes a blessed sense of support in weakness, of comfort in sorrow, and sometimes in the midst of deep discouragement, the manifestation of the approving smile of the dear Redeemer. Believe me to have a deep sense of favours and kindness received, and wishing you every blessing, I remain, yours faithfully,—THOS. BALDWIN, 79, Waterloo-street, Camberwell-park, June 25, 1882.

WYCOMBE, SYDENHAM, PENN, AND SPEEN.—Penn-Beacon has been renovated; more love, and life, and Gospel labour than ever. Over thirty years ago in the good days of the late pastor Miller, the Lord gave us one seal there. "Old M——" says: "Wonder if our sainted pastor Miller can see us now! Chapel like new! Pulpit full of the blessed Gospel! Baptizing services

making us glad!" At Zion Chapel, High-Wycombe, there is true love and unity in the hearts of the people. Mr. George Banks, from Willenhall, has been preaching there, and is invited to preach two Sundays more in September. The people heard him gladly. Speen chapel has been restored and reopened. At Sydenham Ebenezer Baptist chapel Sunday-school anniversary was held August 6th and 7th. Sermons preached by Mr. Tilbury. In the afternoon service was conducted by Mr. E. B. Lloyd, pastor, which was of a most interesting character, the children rendering suitable recitations. Special hymns throughout the day were sung. On Monday all assembled in a field, kindly lent by Mr. W. Holland, to celebrate their first Sunday-school treat. A large company of friends came. At four all sat down to a splendid tea conveniently arranged in the meadow. At seven the children were called, each to receive from the hand of their pastor a prize, most of the senior scholars receiving a Bible. Short addresses were given by Messrs. Oakley, Tilbury, Rogers, and Pockney, bearing upon Sunday-school work generally, and urging upon friends in whose power it lay to come forward and help in this grand work. Thanks were proposed to the friends, also to Mr. Holland for his kindness in lending the field. "God bless our Sunday-school," and the Benediction, pronounced by the pastor, brought to a close what seemed to all to have been a happy day.

A VISIT TO PASTOR PAWSON, AT CLAXTON.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Many miles are between us, yet we have one God, one faith, and are favoured to proclaim the truth as in a precious Christ, by one Spirit, that guideth into all truth, and makes that truth precious and very dear to Christ's redeemed souls, prepared here to be for ever with the Lord in yonder bright world of bliss, and be for ever like Him. When favoured now to feel it in our own soul, it carries us out of self, from the creature, to our All and in all glorious Mediator. My soul rejoiced on July 23, when standing at the bed-side of brother H. T. Pawson, who for three years has been afflicted. Many times it has fallen to my lot when called to preach the Gospel at Claxton, to step in and visit him. Our meetings have been very sweet and encouraging upon the life-by-grace we felt within our souls in the services of the God of all grace. But the time must soon come that we meet no more; this aged servant's time will close. I found him much weaker, the poor body appears to be sinking into its last stages of life. But unto the Lord he all the praise; our brother is favoured feelingly to speak to his safety upon the rock, CHRIST, and his whole soul appears full of Him that loved him, and saved him, and called him from death to life, and helped him to speak of that Saviour that hath saved His people, and will save all that cometh unto Him, and to His Father by Him, and will in no wise cast any out. The Lord bless you in your labour of love. So prays,—E. DEBNAM.

NEW CHURCH-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, BERMONDSEY.

On June 22, 1847, Brother J. L. Meeres was ordained pastor over the Church meeting in New Church-street. On that occasion Daniel Curtis (Homerton) stated the nature of a Gospel Church, and offered the ordination prayer; George Moyle asked the usual questions; Samuel Milner delivered the charge from Ezek. iii. 17, "Son of Man, I have made thee a watchman unto the House of Israel; therefore hear the word at My mouth, and give them warning from Me." George Wyard preached to the Church and congregation from the words, "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say." All these good men have long since ceased to join in the service of the Church below. Our good brother Meeres is still left to us, preaching the same Gospel truths as when first he began, and has lived to be useful in the place where he was first settled; and has seen the Church, which was formed by S. Milner and J. A. Jones, grow up around him, and is still in the enjoyment of peace with them.

Before Mr. Meeres was publicly recognised as pastor, he preached to them for nearly two years, Mr. Milner coming the first Lord's-day in each month to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Alas! alas! (by the way) what a difference! Any young stripling presides at the table now. Such things were not allowed years ago. I can recollect, in my younger days, that if the pastor was unable to attend at the proper time to the ordinance, the Church would wait till he could; or, in the case where there was no pastor, they waited till a duly recognised pastor could come and administer the ordinance.

On Wednesday, August 2, 1882, the anniversary of Mr. Meeres's settlement was held. A goodly number gathered in the afternoon to hear the Chadwell-street pastor; a larger number took tea, and in the evening the chapel was full. Messrs. Bennett, Clarke, Dearsly, Griffith, W. Hazelton, Osmond, and Squirrell, spoke some great, glorious, good and gracious words to the people, as well as some congratulatory remarks to the pastor. I believe I am right in saying that the New Church-street pastor first began speaking in Ratchiff-highway. A few young men, about the year 1840, took a room in this neighbourhood, where many sailors abound, and Mr. Meeres's first sermon that he preached was on "the smiting of the rock." J. W. B.

READING.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL. When staying here a few weeks since, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of joining with the Lord's people in the Sabbath and week-day services. Having been in membership with this Church when first called to a knowledge of the truth, I was pleased to find the Sunday morning prayer meeting still maintained by several praying brethren. It is a good sign when early in the day prayer is put up at God's throne

that a blessing may be realised. At the morning and evening services the pastor, Mr. Thomsett, preached—a man of no mean power as a preacher; and, although he has been blind for many years, the Lord is graciously pleased (in a way of spiritual blessing) to balance somewhat this great trial. The sermons delivered were thoughtful, Scriptural, and spiritual. The congregation very good, much more flourishing than for years past. The people are attached to their pastor, and peace and prosperity reign. The Sunday school is in a healthy state, and well helped by a good body of earnest teachers. On Monday evenings I was pleased to observe the Monday prayer meeting; and the services on Thursday are well attended. The sun of prosperity is shining on this part of the Lord's vineyard. Those earnest and valiant brethren Martin, Vize, Varney, and Seward, with all fidelity fulfil the honourable office of deacons; and I can only, in conclusion, express one heartfelt, fervent petition for the cause of God here, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes will I now say, Peace be within thee." E. P. B.

JAMES CLARK'S SETTLEMENT AT WANDSWORTH.

A correspondent says:—The old waterside chapel was built over sixty years ago. Joseph Irons, W. B. Bowes, and David Denham were among those who used to preach at the annual services. On Monday, August 7, Brother James Clark, "the Buckland-common boy-preacher of 25 years ago," was publicly settled as pastor in the nice new chapel at West-hill. Mr. J. L. Meeres, in his opening remarks, which were of a thorough practical character, endeavoured to impress upon the people the desirability of being in their place BEFORE IT WAS TIME TO COMMENCE THE SERVICE, and thus encourage the minister by their presence, and described many ways in which it was incumbent on Church members to hold up the pastor's hands.

[If Mr. Meeres's counsel could be practically carried out, it would be more pleasant and profitable. But, oh! to hear the tales of sorrowing mothers and over-worked fathers, would make you pity them.]

HAVERRHILL, SUFFOLK.—For ten years now our friend, Mr. George Firbank, has preached unto us the Gospel, in our Baptist chapel. In the beginning of the new year we had the Lord's Supper administered. On August 6, 1882, Mr. Firbank baptized two believers. He gave us a sound, practical baptizing address, and we hope the Lord will yet so bless his ministry that many more may be gathered in. It is twelve years since the baptistry was opened. Oh! pray for Haverhill Baptist Church. [We affectionately remember Haverhill, Kedington, and the causes around. On one occasion the crowd was so great we stood with the late John Pells in a waggon, and preached on Kedington Green. They were happy days.]

A LARGE BAPTIST GATHERING IN KENT.

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God ordains to give."

According to custom, a special prayer meeting was held on the Saturday evening previous to the anniversary services on Tuesday, July 18, at Meopham, Kent. Many desires were expressed for a fine day, which were thankfully realised, and we were truly glad to meet with our friends, amongst whom were some from Gravesend, Woolwich, Ryarsh, Boro-green, Sutton, New Brompton, Lee, Greenwich, Chatham and London.

Amongst the ministerial brethren, besides the pastors elect for the day, we noticed Messrs. Shaw, Dalton, Squirrell, Martin (senior), Martin (junior), Bowtell (Essex), Huxham, and Beecher (Borough-green), each one assisting in the services of the day. Brother Winters, after reading Psa. ciii., spoke with great freedom from Rev. vii. 17. "The Lamb in the midst of the throne," &c. If the face is an indication of the heart, the Word was received with power. When learning is made subservient to, and gifts are sanctified by, grace, that ministry is honoured by God, in instructing, feeding, and establishing His family in their most holy faith. These are found blended in the ministry of Brother Winters, and we believe God will greatly honour his testimony. More than 120 persons partook of an excellent dinner, and over 250 took tea, the whole being managed in a praiseworthy manner, each person being appointed to his or her office, and they carried out their instructions with cheerful obedience. Mr. John Hazelton spoke in the afternoon from Heb. vii. 25, "He is able to save," speaking of the necessity, ground, and results of the intercession of Christ. In the evening from Joshua xxi. 45. May the Lord abundantly bless these services, to the glory of His great Name; so
prays,

MINIMUM.

PRITTLEWELL.—The Church here held its anniversary August 1, Mr. W. WINTERS preached. In the evening J. C. Johnson, Esq., occupied the chair, Mr. Burbridge prayed. Mr. Johnson in his introductory speech remarked how pleasurable the circumstances were which surrounded the opening of the chapel, June 18, 1854, when he founded two discourses on Psa. cxxvi. 3, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Many present, doubtless, could verify the fact that during the twenty-eight years the Lord had done great things for them, and it is to be hoped He will do even greater things for the present Prittlewell Church. Mr. F. Shaw spoke encouragingly on Christian fellowship, Mr. Burbridge on making the cause of God the first thing to be considered in our daily order of life. The collection was upwards of £11. Another short speech by one who shares in the joys and sorrows of the Church, terminated the successful and happy meeting.—
W. WINTERS.

BIERTON, BUCKS.—Our Sunday-school anniversary services were on Sunday, July 23, when sermons were preached by C. W. Banks. We feel the Lord is still doing great things for us. In the morning and afternoon we had crowded services; in the evening many could not gain admittance. We have to thank God for opening the people's hearts so as to help us in the funds, for they were larger than ever we had received before on such occasions. Gladly we say it was a refreshing season to the labourers in the work, to sit under that day's Gospel. On Tuesday, July 25, the annual treat took place, when teachers and scholars dined together, then took recreation in the fields adjoining, which were kindly lent by the friends of the cause. At three o'clock rewards were given by Mr. Lester for regular attendance, and five were dismissed with Bibles and best wishes from the teachers. Public tea was provided in the tent for over 150 friends. In the evening the teachers, feeling full of gratitude and praise to our faithful Lord, concluded by singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Our school consists of its staff of 14 teachers and over 50 scholars.—**JOHN MARKHAM**, Superintendent, Bierton, July 26, 1882.

SHALOM, OVAL, HACKNEY-ROAD.—On Tuesday, August 1, the twenty-second anniversary of Mr. Henry Myerson's pastorate at "Shalom" was held. Mr. John Hunt Lynn preached in the afternoon; and after tea had been served, Mr. Myerson presided at the evening meeting, and told us that the Church at Shalom was in peace, and some measure of prosperity, and the congregation was good. The speakers and subjects for the evening were as follows:—**J. L. Meeres**, "Better name;" **W. Mobbs**, "Better hope;" **F. Holden**, "Better promises;" **C. Saunders**, "Better covenant;" **M. Branch**, "Better country;" **G. Goulding**, "Better blood." Each speaker stuck well to his text, and no men ever spoke more sweet and savoury than did these brethren, and, in a spiritual sense, no better meeting was ever held at the Oval; at least, so thought—**A VISITOR.**

KNOWLHILL.—This little spot was once like a well filled garden of sweet blooming flowers; so I am assured by some of the old saints who knew the cause here many, many years ago. In those good old days, the Lord's blessing was powerfully realised when Benjamin Mason was pastor. On special anniversary occasions such worthies as John Foreman, George Wyard, C. W. Banks, and many others would here blow the Gospel trumpet. Those days are past. Some years after the brethren Vize, Varney, Brown, Burgess, and others connected with the cause at Reading, supplied the pulpit. Now Mr. Cope, of Providence, Reading, is minister. The cause greatly needs a gracious revival. A short time since Mr. Thomsett preached anniversary sermons to a goodly company.—**E. P. B.**

A PRAYER FOR OUR PRAYER MEETINGS.

"He shall glorify Me, for He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you."

O LORD, when we approach the throne of grace
Make us to feel how holy is that place;
While we assume the attitude of prayer,
Make us to know Thine awful presence there!
Awful, though gracious; let no fleshly taint
Mar the petitions of the pleading saint,
Through which his own communion is destroyed.

And makes his prayer to all around him vield.
O Holy Spirit, be a living power
Within our hearts, and sanctify this hour;
Fulfil that promise by our Saviour given,
Ere He ascended to His throne in heaven.
Reveal Him, His redeeming work still show,
And all the blessings that now from Him flow.
Reveal HIM as our great HIGH PRIEST above,
Bear witness to the FATHER'S sovereign love;
Apply the blood of sprinkling, that we may
Feel guilt removed, while we for pardon pray.
Reveal our standing in the Church's Head,
Our hidden life in Him, while self is dead
Show us the RIGHTEOUSNESS which is of GOD!
Show us the path that should by saints be trod.
Kindle a fire of heavenly love within,
Increase our hatred to the ways of sin.
Draw our affections upward, while we raise
From grateful hearts adoring songs of praise.
Let JESUS' parting blessing on us rest,
Life, strength, and grace, and peace in Him possessed. Amen.

MARIA C.

Linton Cottage, Leyton, Essex, August, 1882.

BOSTON.—Our Strict Baptist friends have again been favoured to raise their "EBENEZER." On Sunday, July 9, anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. J. Ashworth, of Rochdale, and on Tuesday, July 11, we had a sermon by Mr. W. H. Rose, late of Braintree (who is preaching at Swineshead and other places, with great satisfaction, and, it is hoped, with success). At our Boston Ebenezer a good company took tea; then another heart-cheering discourse by Mr. Ashworth finished our anniversary. Our attendance and collections were favourable. On Sunday eve, July 16, a sermon from Rom. vi. 4 was given by our pastor, Mr. J. Bolton, who was then favoured to baptize two believers in the name of the Three-one Jehovah. Others are waiting. PRAISE THE LORD.

NORFOLK.—Services in connection with the Saxlingham Baptist Church were held on the premises of Mr. Muskett, the object being to obtain help for the removal of the debt on the chapel. A sermon was preached by Brother Suggate; then a large number enjoyed an excellent tea, GIVEN BY MR. MUSKETT. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, Mr. E. Debnam. Addresses by Messrs. J. Muskett, Beadingfield, Marsh, J. R. Debnam, and Suggate. Mr. Ager prayed. The proceeds of the day amounted to £7, for which we thanked God and took courage.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—EBENEZER. Pastor's anniversary was celebrated August 3. Mr. F. Shaw opened the service in afternoon, and Mr. John Slate Anderson preached an excellent sermon. At public meeting I.

C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., presided, Mr. R. Alfrey prayed. Mr. Johnson gave interesting address on the words, "God is for me." Addresses were delivered by Messrs. F. C. Holden, W. H. Lee, E. Casey, J. S. Anderson, G. J. Baldwin, and F. Shaw. Collections exceedingly encouraging. During the past three years the chapel has been enlarged, and a schoolroom added at a cost of £1,300, of which sum only £278 remains to be paid.—W. WINTERS.

Marriage.

At Harwich Baptist chapel, July 23, 1882, the marriage of Mr. Thomas R. Brewster to Miss Lydia A. Robinson took place, the officiating minister being Mr. Josiah Cowell. As this was the first wedding at this newly-licensed place of worship, the pastor of the Church presented the newly-married pair with a handsome student's Bible.

Deaths.

"And as Thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone" (1 Kings xx 40).—This was truly seen in the last days of our departed brother, Thomas Bennett, who died January 13, 1882, aged 55 years. A few days previous to his death he was taken suddenly very ill, and ere a short time had elapsed, our pastor laid him by the side of our esteemed brother Gay. For about seven years our brother was a constant and regular attendant at Widcombe Baptist chapel. He was a lover of the Word, of the pastor, and of the people of God. Our pastor, Mr. John Huntley, improved his death from the words, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." A favourite verse to him was:—

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

Who is there to fill our departed brethren's places?—W. P.

Died, at Larkfield, Kent, July 28, 1882, Rachel, the beloved wife of Francis Pope Patterson, aged 85 years, after twelve years of affliction, sweetly supported by Him who loved her with an everlasting love. She was, indeed, a mother in Israel. Was buried at Ryarsh; a funeral sermon was preached by Mr. G. Holland, from Eph. ii. 8, by her desire. She was deeply respected by a large circle of friends. Was a member of the Strict Baptist Church under the pastorate of Mr. Rogers, at Rynesford; Messrs. Chaple, Slim, Inward, and Jull, at Maidstone, and others.

Mr. A. Walker, Rollright, Oxon, departed to be with Christ July 22. He was for many years an honourable deacon of the Baptist Church in that village; long afflicted, but in which he evinced the power of saving grace.

Died, July 10, 1882, aged 77 years, Mr. Richard Berry, of Manor House, Great Rollright, Oxon. His was a long and painful illness; he was for many years a firm friend to the cause of truth in that village—for many years, indeed, the cause owed its origin to him, in the hands of God, His heart, house, and purse, were opened freely to the Lord's ministers and people.

Died August 4, our widowed sister, Mrs. Slade, of Salem, Two Waters. She has long been sinking. Happy in the Lord she was called to her better home. Her sister and companion in sorrow is much distressed, yet not forsaken.

“What Shall the End of these Things Be?”

Vouchsafe, great God, to turn Thy tender eyes
On this poor soul! Oh, let my midnight cries
(That seldom cease, except when stopt by tears)
Procure an audience from Thy gracious ears.
See, see my soul is tortured on the rack,
My bowels tremble, and my heart-strings crack;
Abroad, the swords of slaughter fright me;
At home, the free-will shout doth smite me.
Strange fires of grief; how is my soul oppress!
That finds abroad no peace, at home no rest.

WHEN we were mentally compelled to renew our little review of the mysterious movements of the various so-called religious organisations in this day (being more inclined to be silent than to touch them any more), Peter's word came up with a swift spontaneous demand, saying, “Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, WALKETH about, seeking whom he may devour; whom

“RESIST, STEADFAST IN THE FAITH.”

And immediately we resolved to give a paragraph or so, by way of continuing to witness against those enterprises which really bring the ever-precious and holy name of JESUS into dishonour, and cause the enemies to cast their sneers upon the cause of GOD, upon the Gospel of CHRIST, upon the saving work of the HOLY SPIRIT, and upon the faithful ministers of that new and everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure. We are the only people who have not come out very boldly to bear witness against the riotous marchings and meetings of the almost modern engagements who profess to have a commission from the high heavens to convert the fallen masses, and to lead them to worship the eternal Jehovah. Armies are multiplying; crowds are gathering; trophies are triumphing; bags of gold are swelling; some of our old chapels and meeting-houses are collapsing; and instead of being houses for prayer, praising, and preaching the grand old Gospel, they are turned into barracks and stables, for the use of the large outer circle. The Church of England has set on foot another so-called army, to press the working classes into the National Church; and in all directions intense excitement existeth.

Our text commands us to be “sober;” not to go to rash extremes, not to use violent language, not to sit in dogmatic judgment, but to witness solemnly, faithfully in the spirit of the great

“CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION,”

and to set up, to unfurl, to display those banners which the Lord Himself has given us, and on which is inscribed the testimonies of His own revealed will. Let us shew that we “can do nothing AGAINST THE TRUTH;” all we do or attempt to do must be FOR THE TRUTH; and the God of truth will accomplish His own will by it. Whatever boisterous

and blustering armies may be in the fields of the world, we know our GOD and SAVIOUR can lose nothing. In His Person HE is all glorious, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; His work is absolutely the perfection of all perfections; His throne stands unmoved and unmoveable; His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; His Church is built by Himself on the rock; the gates of hell, nor all the ambitious armies in the world never shall prevail against it. Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, the foundation of God standeth sure—

“THE LORD KNOWETH THEM THAT ARE HIS.”

We have seen the criticism of Dr. Manning, of Guinness Rogers, of many others, which we may further notice; but of all the productions for boldness and for enunciation of eternal truth, nothing comes up to the writings of Thomas Aplin Taylor, the honorary secretary of the “Free and Sovereign Grace Mission,” whose annual meeting is to be holden in October, in the Cannon-street Hotel, of which we may give a fair report.

In olden time there were two awful characters who came out against God’s ancient people—Balak, the representative of JEALOUSY, and Balaam, the representative of HYPOCRISY; but when these two dark powers came against the Israelites a message of mercy came, saying, “Nevertheless the LORD thy GOD would not hearken unto Balaam: but the LORD thy GOD turned the curse into a blessing unto thee, because the LORD thy GOD loved His people.” Everlasting love, which flowed out of the bosom of the Deity before time, which flows on through the ages of time, and which will be as powerful and as precious after time, this everlasting love is the original source and cause of all the grace and mercy, of all the life and liberty, of all the salvation procured for the people of God; and that love having bound the whole election of grace up in the bosom of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, they are safe, and they are sealed unto the day of redemption. May the Lord make us as zealous for His glory in the salvation of His people as the numerous sects are for the ingathering of the masses, and we shall not then be ashamed in the great day when God makes up His last account of jewels in His holy mount. Amen.

The other day in Liverpool a clergyman dwelt on the great necessity there was for people in these days to be well grounded in Gospel truth. “There was,” he said, “only one Head of the Church, and that was Christ. He was the divine Head of the Church. We did not expect to find two heads on one body. So the Church of Christ had not two heads, but one Head, and that Head was Christ. Let no one deceive us by teaching, as some do, that there was any other head. There was only one Head, our blessed Lord and Saviour. It was the duty of the Christian minister to faithfully preach and set Christ before the people as their Redeemer and Saviour. That is what they had to preach, not an indefinite thing, not a negation, not an abstraction, or something that was not clear. They had to preach a Person, not a system, but a living Person, God-Man, once on earth, now in heaven, once crucified, now glorified. Then they must preach the necessity of having Christ *in them*. The apostle says, ‘Christ in us the hope of

glory.' Man may know a great deal theoretically about the Gospel, but unless he had Christ in him he had not the hope of glory. As the apostle says, 'Christ may dwell in your heart by faith.' Christ in the heart constituted the hope of glory. Unless we had the blessed Saviour in our own heart we would not be saved. We might go to church, hear excellent sermons, join in the beautiful service, but unless we had Jesus dwelling in our heart, we would not be saved."

With all our preaching, and believing, and possessing, it must be "CHRIST CRUCIFIED," the LAMB that has been slain. Please accept this small apology from your obedient servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

THE AWFUL PERSECUTIONS OF THE JEWS! WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

WE, as Christians, have caught the spirit of the great Master who, in all His dispensations, reveals to us the meaning of sorrow and sufferings, and amidst all the struggles of a Christian life we remember the wonderful words, "Darkness endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Ask the aged Christian, and he will testify that in his long pilgrimage he found a variety of enjoyments and sufferings; had darkness, and longed for the joy of the morning, and that joy has come. Thus it has been his privilege to drink of the cup of bitter, and also of the sweet. The history of nations reveals to us the same truth. Nations have groaned in slavery and wretchedness, had their nights of groaning, and at last the joy of the morning appeared. If we turn for a moment to the history of England, Italy, France, and other civilised countries, how we are struck with the intense darkness that once prevailed, and we rejoice in perusing the pages of the said histories, for as we continue we seem to behold the glorious rays of the sun making their appearance, and as we still go on, we are overwhelmed with the force of the great light coming, the presence of which turns away darkness, confusion turns into lovely order, and the brightness of the day and its joys do reign.

As we read the pages of the history of the Hebrew race, we are amazed to find that the experience of that people has been somewhat different to all other nations. Since Nebuchadnezzar laid their cities waste, a dark and painful experience has been theirs. After their return from Babylon they remained between the Turgis and Euphrates, and those also from this period began to scatter themselves throughout all Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, and at the later period over Greece and Italy. After the death of Alexander the Great, the security they had enjoyed under the Persian dynasty was changed for scenes of blood and devastation.

During the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes—a cruel, most bigoted wretch, who caused their holy ordinances to be perverted, filled the minds of their neighbours with hatred—an exaggerated account reached him of a revolt of the Jews; he at once directed his arms against the miserable Jews. Besides the multitudes slain, 80,000 Jews were sold for slaves. O! the darkness of the night of Jewish experience then, who can depict?

And still we must go on, quickly gazing only on them, and ever see them, as it were, heads hanging down, knees feeble, harps on willows. I need not take you through their sojourn in the land of the Chaldees, where also their sufferings were so great that their national, political, and religious condition was shewn to Ezekiel in the vision of dry bones, and the restoration which seemed altogether improbable.

Thus far we have reviewed the history of the Hebrews of the dark ages of paganism. It was indeed darkness! But what has Christendom done for that community? If we turn to the Germanic Empire, their history is written with blood. It was at Trêves that a suggestion was first made to the financial multitude, proceeding under Peter the penniless, to take possession of the Holy Land. In order to be victorious, it was suggested to overcome the enemies living among themselves. In consequence of such a monstrous suggestion, the people fell upon the Jews, the enemies of the cross. The choice of death or embracing Christianity was given to the miserable Jews in that city, and only few escaped alive from that general massacre.

Fathers presented their breasts to the sword after having put their children to death that they might be rescued from the danger of being trained up as Christians. Noble wives and loving and pure virgins, to find refuge from the brutality of the soldiers, threw themselves into the river, with stones fastened to their bodies. In 1099, similar scenes were repeated in Cologne, Metz, Worms, and in all cities of the Rhine; and the progress of the army was marked with the blood of the Jews, till they reached the plains of Hungary. No fewer than 17,000 Jews perished.

The lecturer having reviewed the persecution of the Jews in Spain and Portugal, dwelt upon England in the reign of Richard I.

“ Oh, that the Lord’s salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home.
 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again.
 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the vail of error,
 Release the fettered heart.
 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bring Thy Church to Thee.”

“ Cast down but not destroyed,” seems to be true with that race; and as we turn our eyes to the great Empire of Russia, alas! how much cast down. I cannot depict the misery which my brethren endure. Suffice it if I state one or two instances which will illustrate to you what is done to thousands, and no redress is to be obtained. A family, well known and loved by me for many years, resided in a quiet, beautiful town, at peace with all their neighbours. After many years’ work the head of the said family sold all his property in town, and purchased several houses in a quiet little village, and retired to country life.

Having resided in their new residence only a few weeks, when, one night, they were startled to find their residence on fire. Husband and wife and two daughters, with difficulty could only escape the flames, without even enough apparel. Outside stood hundreds of the inhabitants, only mocking them in their anguish, but no help given; and not only was their residence destroyed, but every house in the village which was bought by this pious Jew was also destroyed by fire. From the village the family fled all the way to Kovno, without garments on them. Arriving in the town, exhausted, wretched, and miserable, found refuge among friends; but the shock made the head of the family a corpse in a few days, leaving a widow and two helpless daughters in poverty.

A second case, and that will be enough. A young teacher resided in a neat little village, near Grodno. In the village of Skiddel there resided several Jews and orthodox Greek Catholics. The house of the young Jewish teacher was enwrapped in flames. In fright, the mother, with three young children, cried for help, but no help was given by those who are called orthodox Christians. The Jewish inhabitants came to help, but in less than forty-eight hours the houses of all the Jews were destroyed by fire. Nothing but jealousy fills the hearts of the people with such cruel hatred to the Hebrew race.

In the empires of Russia and Germany, wherever you turn and see Jews you will find them law-abiding subjects, loyal to the sovereign over them and their governments. I will admit that Jews have managed to hold some of the highest positions in the realm, and that their merchants are the wealthiest; but surely this is no cause why they should be hated thus. Where is an Englishman, starting business, that would not succeed and compete with his neighbours, and seek to make profit of his goods? Is this cause for hatred?

Shakespeare eloquently said:—

“Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.”

“Wrath is a fire, jealousy a weed.
The sparks soon quench.
The springing weed outweed.”

The Right Hon. the late Earl of Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, writing of the Hebrew nations and their progress in the world, said:—

“You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which Jews do not participate. The first Jesuits were Jews. That mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised by Jews. That mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professional chairs in Germany.

“I resolved to go to St. Petersburg. I had on my arrival had an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin. I beheld the son of a Luthurean Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain. I resolved on repairing from Russia to Spain. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish Minister, Senor Mendesabell. I beheld one like myself, the son of Neovo Christiani, a Jew of Arragon. In con-

sequence of what transpired at Madrid I went straight to Paris to consult the President of the French Counsel. I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes, if not those who worship the Lord of hosts? We fixed on Prussia, and the President of the Counsel made an application to the Prussian Minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew.

“Favoured by nature and by nature’s God, we produced the lyre or David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel. They are our Olynthian, our Philippics. Favoured by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles, after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled, deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled, we have endured 1,500 years of supernatural slavery, during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public: we have been content with immortal melodies that we sang more than 2,000 years ago by the waters of Babylon, and wept. They record our triumphs, they solace our afflictions. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies. We were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples; and as for great writers the catalogue is not blank. What are the schoolmen—Aquinas himself to Maimonides? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza.”

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL PASSING INTO ETERNITY.

NOTE TO OUR MINISTERING BROTHER, MR. DIXON, OF BRADFIELD-ST.-GEORGE BAPTIST CHURCH.

KIND AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,—When I read your letter on the departure of that aged, honoured, useful mother in Israel, Miss Abi Last, I was led in my spirit to look and listen (as she lay breathing out her soul into the eternal world), and I *thought* (pardon this; but it is true), I really imagined I heard her gently whispering, “Yea, 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.” These words so remained in my soul all the day that in the evening (it being our own week-night service), I read them for my text; and it proved such a season as I do not often experience. I considered the *anticipation*, “walking through the valley of the shadow of death.” Many Bible scenes appeared to illustrate this, especially that night in the land of Egypt, when the Lord said, “About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt, and all the firstborn in the land shall die.” To the Egyptians that night was more than “the *shadow* of death, it was death itself; but three things, three mercies, were given to the Israelites; they had the paschal lamb; they had the blood sprinkled upon the lintel; and they had light in their dwellings. Oh! my

brother; that night the Israelites, in a sense, passed through the valley of the shadow of death; but God's distinguishing mercy saved them. He said,—

“WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD I WILL PASS OVER YOU;

the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.” The Israelites passed through that valley without any death or danger. Still, it was a dreadful dark night; and death is an awfully stormy passage to many. Satan comes triumphing; all the man's sins come condemning; the conscience wakes up howling; the soul is scared by “*the king of terrors*,” at length it is “driven away in its wickedness.” And we all have some seasons of fear concerning this valley; but if now we are living a life of faith upon the Son of God; if now His precious blood is sprinkled on the conscience; if now we have the life and the light of the SPIRIT OF GOD in our souls, then faith, yea, ASSURANCE will *anticipate* this walking through the valley of the shadow, without any dread of

“THE EVIL ONE.”

As the Lord was with the people of old, in the pillar of cloud by day, and in the pillar of fire by night, so is He with His adopted people now, while the kingly rod of His providential government, and His staff of spiritual power will so comfort them that the terrible fears of death shall not destroy their peace.

William Dixon, may you and I pass through the valley as Stephen did, who, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, “Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the SON OF MAN standing on the right hand of God;” and calling upon God, he cried, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” “Then, with a loud voice, he cried again, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge, and so he fell asleep.” The following lines I commend unto your notice; as you are a poet, may you enjoy them. So desireth your old friend, C. W. B.

“It was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted His life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine; the tempest raves,
He on a pine-plant rides across the waves,
Exultant on the edge of thousand gaping graves;
He steers the winged boat and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood and manages the gales.
Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless, when the great Master gives command;
Death is the storm, she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore.
Then, with a skillful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
Her faith can govern death; she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things;
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies;
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.”

THE LATE MR. JOHN JEFFREYS, OF SOHO
CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

THE following lines written by Mrs. Eleanor White, in sacred remembrance of Mr. John Jeffreys, who died Sept. 7, aged 76, have been sent for insertion in the EARTHEN VESSEL.

Death with voice of solemn warning,
Oft among our ranks appears;
And he spares not with his sickle,
Youth, or man of riper years.

Yes, we see the mighty falling,
On each side from day to day;
And we stand with awe and wonder
Who will next be called away.

We have lost a loving brother;
He has gained his Father's breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

We have lost a faithful deacon;
Long he bore the heat of day;
And sustained his office bravely,
Till his soul was called away.

How he loved the gates of Zion,
Those who knew him best can tell;
Never swerving from his duty,
For the cause he loved so well.

How we loved to hear "God bless thee,"
From his lips in childhood's days;
When the Holy Spirit guided
Our young feet in Zion's ways.

Yes, he had a smile of welcome
For the lambs in Zion's fold;
And a word of kindly warning
To the man in sin grown old.

True, we did esteem him highly
For his work's sake in the Lord;

And are sure, his labour finished,
He has gone to his reward.

We shall miss him, oh! how sadly,
Nature cannot cease to mourn;
But we cry, with eyes uplifted,
"Not our will, but Thine be done."

Still we feel the pang of parting,
And our tears they often flow;
But the joy of meeting loved ones,
We must reach that land to know.

Where the shouts of Hallelujah!
Burst from that triumphant throng;
And the praises of IMMANUEL
Roll in one eternal song.

Lord, we pray Thee bless our deacons,
May Elijah's mantle fall;
And the Spirit of their Master
Sweetly rest upon them all.

And remember, Lord, the widow,
Cheer her with Thy loving smile;
For, though parted from her loved one,
It is only for a while.

Soon will come that happy moment,
When undrest from earthly clay,
She shall reach fair Zion's city,
Borne on angels' wings away.

Farewell, dear and honoured brother,
We shall meet thee by and bye,
In that land beyond the river,
Where no tear drops dim the eye.

"And the time drew nigh that Israel must die" (Gen. xlvii. 20), were almost the last words of our deceased brother, who, for nearly fifty years honourably filled the office of deacon at "Soho," and from these words, on Sunday evening, September 17, Mr. John Box preached a funeral sermon. The sacred and old established place of truth was well filled on the occasion, and the black in which so many were attired, and the heavy mourning which draped the pulpit, spoke of universal respect and esteem for the deceased.

The late Mr. John Jeffreys was chosen to fill the office of deacon during the pastorate of Mr. George Comb, whose departure from time for eternity our deceased brother witnessed, also that of Mr. John Pells, and Mr. George Wyard, who were likewise pastors here; and now, in the zenith and prime of brother John Box's ministry, he himself has gone to spend his jubilee where there will be no more changing scenes; and, as Toplady says,

"From sin and sorrow free."

[The Church at "Soho," Oxford-street, has for years gone forth with seasons of weeping; but the precious seed therein sown will certainly bring many sheaves of saved souls, who will come to their harvest home rejoicing.—ED.]

MR. CHARLES MASTERSON'S WELCOME MEETING
AT BOND STREET, BRIGHTON.

THE county of Sussex is a rare division of our little island for Churches and ministers of God's holy truth. Brighton, the largest and most flourishing watering-place on the South Coast, is remarkably favoured, having, at least, eight or nine chapels, with many able, truthful preachers in its bosom. The oldest Baptist cause is in Salem Chapel, Bond-street. It has existed nearly one hundred years. Fifty-three years have been left behind since William Savory was ordained to the pastoral office of the Church in Bond-street, Brighton; and there, for about 25 years he lovingly worked on. "Savory" by name and savoury in spirit until, in 1854, he said,

"Loved of my God, to Him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen in Christ ere time began,
I choose Him in return."

After which he fell asleep in the faith of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

Bond Street Chapel is registered to hold 800 persons. If this be so, it is the largest Baptist Chapel in that splendid sea-side resort, originally called Brighthelmstone; and if Bond Street will seat eight or nine hundred people, Charles Masterson will have good scope for the exercise of all his ministerial, his pastoral, and his evangelistic powers. He is of Suffolk origin: his cradle ministry was at Hoxne, his long and arduous apprenticeship was—in connection with that eloquent and excellent patriarch, Philip Dickerson, who still lives, nearing his 88th year—at Little Alie-street, in that mercantile and shipping portion of the metropolis called the Minories and Whitechapel. In his ripe-prime, Charles Masterson has been duly, honourably, and providentially installed in that blessed office of under shepherd, to gather up and feed the flock committed to his care. Nature and grace, we hope, have united to make Charles Masterson "an able minister of the New Testament." Such, indeed, may he prove to be, in root and in reality, for very many years to come. In our "History of the Old Blazing Candles," we have but very few who, for physical, or oratorical force, could far excel the new Bond Street pastor. His happy brethren, Messrs. Meeres, Anderson, Shepherd, and others, went down to wish their beloved Masterson God-speed. So far, all is well. But, the Geneva Tophel said to his ministerial friends: "Brethren, I have come here to study with you the work of the Holy Spirit in each child of God," (a marvellous study indeed, and then he adds): "Of all religious subjects, there is none greater or more glorious than this one!" He shows that from Genesis to the end of the Apocalypse, the pages of the Bible are filled with this "crowning," this converting, and most essentially consecutive power in the work of the ministry. Straight puts Tophel the question—"Does this doctrine occupy as large a place in our thoughts as it does in the Bible? Have we sufficiently contemplated the Person, the work, the fruits of the Holy Spirit?" Many men of experience have expressed serious doubts on this point. A servant of God gave one day

"THIS CRY OF ALARM,"

"We have *unlearned* the HOLY SPIRIT!" Adolphe Morund, in one of

his very last sermons, affirmed that "the Father and His unmerited grace, the Son and His expiatory sacrifice, had been preached, but the Holy Spirit, and all that new work which He creates in the heart where He comes, had been but feebly expressed, expounded and enforced." Ryle says, "The place given to the person and work of the Spirit in the heart of the most decided Christian, is in the ministry out of proportion to that which it occupies in the Word of God."

The ETERNAL SPIRIT must be, to the pastor and preacher, a REVEALER of God's mysteries—a Revealer in the study, in the soul, and in the deep things of salvation. The successful and happy minister shall know he is, from time to time, "anointed with fresh oil," then will the preached word be "quick and powerful, and

"SHARPER THAN ANY TWO-EDGED SWORD,

"piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

But, all-important as this theme is, much as the consideration of it should be pressed upon the preachers of the present age, we now forbear, although we must add, we are painfully fearful that "the golden bell and the pomegranate" are not so savingly united in the general ministry of the day as is necessary to the well-being of Zion. God be merciful unto us in this great matter.

The following will be read, we hope, with profit to many of our readers:—

A STATEMENT DELIVERED BY C. MASTERTON ON THE OCCASION OF HIS PUBLIC WELCOME AS PASTOR OF SALEM CHAPEL, BOND-STREET, BRIGHTON, ON AUGUST 22, 1882.

(We give the outline as correctly as memory will serve us.)

It is not our intention to take up much of your time, seeing we have several brethren present who have come to address you; and we may say it gives us pleasure to have with us on the present occasion, not only brethren from the town of Brighton, and friends from various places, but three highly-esteemed brethren from London, whom we have known and loved now for many years; and with whom we have enjoyed much fellowship in the Gospel. We give now to one and all a hearty welcome to Bond-street, and trust the meeting to-day may be crowned with the divine smile and blessing; and if it be the Lord's will, may this be the beginning of many years of true spiritual prosperity in this place. In making the arrangements for this day we purposely omitted the usual form or order of a recognition or ordination, thinking that after 17 years of ministerial work this was quite unnecessary. Yet, perhaps, it would not be out of place, nor altogether unprofitable, if we gave a brief outline of our Christian experience; the leadings of divine Providence in regard to the ministry of the Word; our views of divine truth; our present position, and our aims for the future. Something like this is requisite in order to constitute a right feeling, and form a proper union between pastor and people. Many things, of course, must be omitted in the relation for want of time; but which will be brought out in the course of the regular ministry.

CALL BY GRACE.

I was born on April 12, 1846, and from a child had convictions of sin; loved my Bible, and nothing more delighted me than to sit on the knee of my godly mother, and listen to her words about Jesus; and sometimes I would become deeply affected by the account of His life, sufferings, death, and resurrection. I remember, also, when but a child, going with my mother to Aldringham Chapel, Suffolk, and hearing the late John Andrew Jones, of London, whose sermon made a deep impression on my young mind.

But, alas! about the age of 14 I became very careless and indifferent, felt a craving for the world and sinful things; yet how miserable and wretched I was at

times! Could enjoy neither the world nor religion; and just as I thought I was about to give it all up, an invitation came to take part in Sunday-school work. At first I refused, saying I was altogether unfitted for the work. The invitation was repeated and pressed; at last I consented, and, without going into details, I shall bless God that my steps were ever directed to the Sunday-school; for there the Lord discovered to me my law-condemned state; convinced me of my lost and undone condition by nature, and made me to cry for mercy. I have not time, nor is it necessary, for me to describe the *soul trouble* through which I passed; but what increased my distress of mind was not possessing clear views of the plan of salvation. I wanted to do something; but the more I tried, the further I was off, and the worse I felt; and those words kept sounding in my ears, "Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." I felt completely broken down under a sense of my ruined state; and yet, with it all, I had a great aversion to the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and would sometimes get angry with my mother, who is a firm believer, and a real lover of those precious truths. But, blessed be God, the hour of my deliverance came.

It was one evening in 1860, sitting alone by the fireside, thinking over my state as a sinner, and wondering what would become of me, when all on a sudden, in a moment, a ray of divine light was darted into my mind. It was as if a flash of lightning had struck my soul; and, oh! what a change came over me. My chains dropped off; darkness, bondage, distress, ignorance, and all those feelings attendant on conviction for sin, fled from me, and a sweet sense of pardoning love, and divine acceptance communicated and enjoyed. I must say I felt surprised at the knowledge I had of salvation matters; but evidently the Saviour's promise in relation to the Spirit's work had been verified. "He shall glorify Me; for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you." From that time we have solemnly believed, and heartily loved the doctrines of grace, "The truth as it is in Jesus."

We distinctly remember on that memorable night of our soul's liberation, our parents had been out to tea, and on their return I said to my mother, "Mother, I can see now." "Can you, my boy," she said. "Yes, I can see how I can be saved, and believe the Lord has saved me; how 'God can be just, and yet the Justifier of those who believe in Jesus.'" When God's method of saving sinners was revealed and sealed home, oh! what joy and peace filled my soul! This lasted for some time. Then a conflict began with sin, Satan, and the world; but must leave all that for the present.

In my love to Christ and His people, I said, Let me follow in His steps and be baptized, and join His people; for though I felt unworthy of so great a privilege, and trembled lest I should afterwards fall away, yet my heart was with them. Having been accepted by the Church in Tanning-street, Lowestoft, I was baptized on April 7, 1861, by the pastor, Mr. Dunn, who is now the honoured pastor of the Church at Aldrith, in Cambridgeshire, and whose labours the Lord has abundantly owned of late.

MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

After the Lord had done such great things for me, I had a strong desire to tell to others those things of which I had tasted, handled, and felt of the good Word of life; and after exercising our gifts in the Sunday-school, and in the villages round about Lowestoft, we received a cordial invitation to become the pastor of the Church at Hoxne, Suffolk, which we accepted and held for five years. There the Lord greatly blessed the Word, and many were added to the Church.

In the year 1870 we resigned, and came to London, and succeeded in the pastoral office at Little Alie-street our venerable and beloved friend, Mr. Dickerson, who, but for the infirmities of 88 years, would have been with us to-day. What a lot of good and pleasant things we could say about him. God bless the dear old saint, and the Church there, which he has so long and so lovingly served. It was a painful matter to part with our Alie-street friends, among whom we had laboured for eleven and a-half years, with so many tokens of the divine blessing. And as a mark of their fraternal esteem, on leaving them we were presented with an illuminated address, and a purse of gold.

And now having come to Bond-street, Brighton, on a unanimous invitation of the Church, may we be increasingly persuaded by signs following that we have been divinely guided in the step taken, and find the people here as real, as kind, as loving, and as united as those we have left in London. One thing I may say—and it is not well to say too much, for the time is new at present—but I may say,

the more I know of Bond-street friends the better I like them. And God grant that the ministry of the Gospel, through the power of the Holy Ghost, may be fruitful for much good.

MY VIEWS OF TRUTH.

With regard to my views of truth, for I have of necessity a creed, having had it burnt into my soul, and fixed there, I trust, by the power of the eternal Spirit. Here is an epitome of those precious and imperishable truths most solemnly held and lovingly cherished by me.

I believe that the sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are of divine authority, and are the standard of all truth, and the rule of all duty, and are to be received as a gracious revelation of the mind and will to God.

I believe that there is but one living and true God, and that there are Three Persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and that these Three Persons are equal in nature, power, and glory.

I believe in eternal, personal, and unconditional election.

I believe in original sin, the universal depravity of human nature, the total inability of unregenerate men to perform any spiritual act acceptable to God.

I believe in the essential Deity, proper humanity, absolute holiness, Mediatorial character, incarnation, vicarious services, death, and resurrection of JESUS CHRIST.

I believe in particular redemption, or the atonement in intention and efficacy, in favour of God's elect only.

I believe in free justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ.

I believe in the divinity and distinct personality of the Holy Ghost and the absolute necessity of His operation in order to true conversion, and the sovereignty and efficacy of His grace in regeneration and sanctification of the truth.

I believe in the final perseverance of all real believers; the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust; the final judgment, the everlasting happiness of the righteous, and the eternal misery of such as die impenitent.

I believe it is the duty of Christ's ministers to preach the Gospel to every creature, to warn sinners of the wrath to come, and to point them to Him whose blood alone atones for sin, and saves all who believe in Him—"We draw the bow at a venture, God the Holy Ghost alone directs the arrow."

I believe in the necessity of baptism, which is by immersion in water upon a profession of faith in Christ Jesus as a pre-requisite to the Lord's Supper. The obligation of believers to practical holiness, to practical obedience to the law of God in the hand of Christ Jesus.

And to conclude, I believe in a strict observance of all New Testament rules relating to the mutual peace and prosperity of the cause of Jesus Christ our rightful Sovereign.

These great and precious truths we hope, by the help of God, to illustrate, enforce, and develop throughout the course of our ministerial career.

A cordial reception was given to Mr. Masterson; several ministers welcomed him to his new sphere of labour; and the great and good meeting was closed with praise and prayer.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF MY GOD.

BY JOHN BOLTON, *Minister of Ebenezer Chapel, Boston.*

(Continued from page 140.)

[This original poem, by Mr. John Bolton, consists of several chapters. We give sections as fast as room will allow.—ED.]

CHAPTER IV.—FORMATION OF MAN.

WHAT power and wisdom's here displayed—

"Let us make man," JEHOVAH said—

"A man to till the ground."

He spake the word, and man was made,

Of earth and seas, both lord and head,

Unto their utmost bound.

He breathed in him the breath of life,
 Thus man He made, yea, man and wife,
 And saw His image there.
 With them He held communion sweet,
 Rejoiced to see His work complete,
 And blessed the happy pair.

Adam surveys the living mass
 Jehovah makes before him pass—
 Gives each its proper name.
 The Holy Ghost within him spake,
 What name He gives, that name they take,
 And answer to the same.

But in this noble LORD of earth
 Is shewn one of far nobler birth,
 With uncreated power ;
 One whom all nations must obey,
 Who will His sovereign sceptre sway
 The vast creation o'er.

Nor must we pass the lovely bride,
 Here standing near her husband's side,
 Supported by his arm.
 With whom she holds communion sweet ;
 Behold ! what pure affections meet ;
 No fears their souls alarm.

And in this new created pair
 Is shewn a union strange and rare,
 Which nothing can divide.
 A love as boundless as the sea,
 Eternal, sovereign, rich, and free,
 In Jesus to His bride.

COMFORT FOR SEEKING SOULS.

WRITTEN BY THE LOVING SON OF MRS. JOSEPH WALL.

[Mrs. Sophia Hill, of Yeovil, a grand-daughter of the late much revered and beloved William Bidder, sent us the following some time since. We regret its delay.—ED.]

MY dear mother, Elizabeth Wall, who died at Preston, near Yeovil, January 22, 1882, was born at Sandford Orcas, near Sherborne, Dorset, June 1, 1822, and was brought up in the Church of England. Her father being a teacher in the Sunday-school, she attended very regularly, and soon became a teacher also. Shortly after, her father came in contact with the *Gospel Standard*, which he read with great satisfaction and comfort. He left the Church, and would have attended Providence Chapel, Sherborne, where the precious truths of the Gospel were set forth; but was prevented through an illness, which resulted in death. Before his departure he wished mother to attend that chapel; accordingly she went, being very anxious about her soul, for previous to this she complained of the wretched state she was in.

On entering this place of worship she was forcibly struck with the solemnity of the services, and the way in which they were conducted. She felt certain in her soul it was the true worship of God, and His own beloved people. She felt great love towards them, and such union with them, that the words of Ruth were hers: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." She wept the whole of the time for joy

that she had found the truth and the Lord's people. She said she had till this time been brought up in a dark dungeon without a ray of light. It pleased the Lord at this time to bring her out, and lead her into a chamber of light. Presently it came subtly to her mind that she had no part with this people, she being too vile, and was not, as she thought, chosen as they were; consequently she had no part in this great salvation. The Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty under a sermon preached from *Psa. cii. 14*, "For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof." Here the Lord shone in upon her soul; she was enabled to bless God for that He had chosen and redeemed her, and brought her to realise pardon. "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions; and as a cloud, thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." These words were applied with divine power to her soul.

On another occasion, the following words came with much power and sweetness, which she never forgot: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you; continue ye in My love." She enjoyed much peace for some time, being greatly blessed under the ministry of Mr. Cozens, of Langport, who supplied the pulpit for a short time. Soon after this, one of the friends who professed to love the truth, being very anxious to preach, was desirous of forming a Church at Sandford, and spoke several times in a room engaged for that purpose, it being three miles distant from Sherborne, and more convenient; but she could find no power, no sweet savour from the Word. All was dry and barren to her soul; she therefore began to journey to Sherborne again, where the Lord was pleased to again shine in upon her soul under the ministry of Mr. C. W. Banks, of London—whose name was ever dear to her, and of whom she often spoke in affectionate terms—when he spoke from that blessed text, "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations. That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Here these vital, these blessed streams, again flowed into her soul, through the Word, melting her heart to tears of love and praise to the Lord; for she felt the blessed power and richness of that river, the streams of which make glad the people of God; and again, by the same dear servant of God, when speaking from *Zechariah*, "I saw by night; and, behold, a man riding upon a red horse; and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the bottom; and behind him were three red horses, speckled and white." She had a blessed time of refreshing; the Word was brought with divine light, life, and comfort to her soul; and also from *Hebrews*, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us; and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." She was much established and helped.

A Mr. Frances preached on another occasion from, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Here again her soul was as a well-watered garden, for she felt the sweetness and sufficiency of that grace and glory. These are a few of the special and happy times she felt and enjoyed at the Providence Chapel, Sherborne, for about four years. She was married

on November 7, 1853, and removed to Chilthorne Dormer, about four miles from Yeovil. She attended the Tabernacle in Yeovil from the time of her marriage. Hers has been a path of much tribulation. She became the mother of four children, and her husband being a labourer she met with many trials, suffered much from asthma, also the last eight years of her life from heart disease. She was a tender, self-denying, and sympathising mother. Never shall I forget, when I was very ill, how she tried to comfort me, and encouraged me to lay my complaint before the Lord, relating to me the Lord's goodness towards her when she was suffering from a bad gathering in her mouth, and which the doctor told her was rather a serious case, and that she would have to undergo an operation and have it cut out; and the day being fixed, she left her home to meet the doctor at his house, being very weak and greatly depressed in mind. Her heart was filled with sorrow, and on her way through the fields she poured out her complaint before the Lord, and wept bitterly before Him; and suddenly the Lord shone into her heart, and sweetly assured her ALL WAS WELL. She felt such fellowship and comfort, that instead of tears of sorrow she then wept tears of joy, feeling like another person, so strengthened that she went on her journey fearless of anything, for she felt the Lord her God was with her.

On arriving at the doctor's, he looked in her mouth and said he thought a change had taken place; he would leave it another day, and in the course of a short time it was quite well, without any operation by the doctor. This she attributed to the Lord's faithfulness, where He has said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." The last two or three years she suffered much from weakness, and was able to walk in from Preston (where she then resided) to Yeovil to attend chapel but very seldom. She patiently endured to the last.

On January 14 I called over to see her, and found dropsy had set in; the doctor being sent for, said the water was fast rising, and her heart being so weak she might be gone at any moment. Upon my telling her what he said, she calmly replied, "It is all in the Lord's hand." When speaking to her daughter-in-law, respecting one of her sons, she said, "It is good to spread the matter before the Lord, and leave it with Him; I feel it more than ever, it seems within me like a well of living water springing up into everlasting life."

On the 16th she appeared to be a little better, and raising herself slightly in bed began to speak of the Lord's goodness towards her in bringing her out of darkness into His marvellous light, and of His gentle dealings with her, commencing from the time when she sang in the choir at the Church. When very young she felt herself to be a great sinner. When called to stand up to sing some of the beautiful hymns of Watts, especially the ninth hymn, second book,—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?" &c..

the language was so blessed that I could not sing for weeping; it seemed too beautiful for such a sinner to give utterance to; yet I felt as if it was really for me. She then spoke of the blessed times she had at Sherborne from that sermon by Mr. Frances, and on the other occasion under Mr. C. W. Banks, when speaking from those blessed

words in Peter i., especially, she said, how many times since had she found it to be the truth what that dear man spoke of, "the needs be" of trials; but this is the end that it might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. Although nearly thirty years since he preached those sermons, yet it seemed that on her death-bed she felt the reality of the blessing then received.

On the 18th I found she was sinking; but upon my asking her how she felt at the prospect of death, she said, "When I awoke this morning it came across my mind in a very solemn way that my end was very near; but it immediately came to my mind, with such power and sweetness, 'Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands, thy walls are continually before Me.'" On hearing this from her dying lips, my heart was filled to overflowing.

On the 19th she said but little. Upon her son entering the room, whom she had not seen for a long time, knowing his voice as soon as he spoke to her, she said, "I am very, very ill." I then quietly spoke to her, saying, "Through the mercy of the dear Lord, you will soon be better off;" when she slowly and faintly said, "Yes, I shall; it is all right, it is all right," which were the last words she uttered. On the 20th she was very calm, and perfectly conscious. On the 21st, her sister taking her hand, whispered in her ear, "If you feel happy in your soul, squeeze my hand," which she immediately did with a firm grasp twice.

On Lord's-day morning, January 22, 1882, at half-past 8 a.m., she breathed her last, and her happy spirit took its flight to join that glorious company of whom it is said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Her mortal remains were interred in the Yeovil Cemetery by Mr. Varder, there to await that glorious morn when the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and so to be ever with the Lord. [We solemnly thank God for this testimony.—C. W. B.]

Yeovil, February 6, 1882.

A N A C R O S T I C.

BY A GRANDCHILD OF THE LATE REV. W. BIDDER.

E re time began with her at birth,
 L ong ere she knew the Saviour's worth,
 I n heaven her name was then enroll'd;
 Z ion, her hope, too, was foretold,
 A nd she a chosen vessel came,
 B elov'd in Jesus, precious name,
 E ternally redeemed by God;
 T he covenant her surety stood,
 H er hope was founded on Christ's blood.

W hilst friends are weeping she's at rest,
 A t her Redeemer's feet she's blest;
 L o! her saved soul in heaven lives,
 L oud praises to her Lord she gives.

Yeovil, January 26, 1882.

“THE OLIVE LEAF WITHERING.”

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE WORD “PEACE,” WRITTEN BY MY LATE DEARLY BELOVED FATHER, MR. RICHARD MINTON, OF 94 ST. JOHN-STREET-ROAD, CLERKENWELL.

PEACE! What a sweet word! its name is cheering; something like “grace, ’tis a charming sound.” Peace is one of the greatest blessings the Lord’s people can possess. Peace is a grace of the Holy Spirit. Peace may be considered in two or three different ways:—

1. Peace, nationally, is one of great importance, when we consider the effects of war; what distressing circumstances are connected therewith. The peace of families destroyed; wives become widows; children fatherless; thousands wounded and crippled for the remainder of their lives, and become burdens to society; towns and villages burnt, or otherwise destroyed; multitudes perish through cold and hunger. These are only a few of the effects of war. Civil war in a nation is of all the most affecting. It is no small mercy, therefore, to be at peace nationally, as all are affected more or less; the Church, as well as the world, when war is raging. It is, therefore, the duty as well as the privilege of the Church of Christ to pray continually for the preservation of national peace. We have precept in the Word of God to that effect (Jer. xxvii. 7), “And seek the peace of the city, whither I have caused you to be carried captives; and pray unto the Lord for it, for in the peace thereof ye shall have peace.”

2. Peace to the Church generally, when free from persecution. What a mercy; what a privilege to be permitted to meet for public worship as we now can in this our highly favoured country! How highly would our forefathers have prized the opportunity which is so neglected by many, even that of assembling of themselves together. What affecting accounts we have of the severe trials and persecutions they endured, even unto cruel tortures and death; and yet they assembled together in caves, and dens, and secret places, to worship the Lord and to attend to His ordinances. How highly, then, should the really living family of the Lord value and prize the privileges we at present enjoy; and pray continually for the preservation of them, especially as Popery is making such progress; increasing through the length and breadth of our land. And of all the Anti-Christes that ever sprang from the bottomless pit, Popery is the vilest and most cruel—added to which Ritualism, as it is called, which is only another name for the same man of sin, the son of perdition. The Church of England is being carried away with the gaudy show and trumpery, and it is being introduced into a very many of the Churches, as they are called. It is affecting also to see the spread of infidelity, the efforts of the Sunday League; their combinations are increasing, having already succeeded in the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord’s-day, and having bands of music playing in the parks, also their striving for further desecration of the Christian day of rest, and the sanction Government seems to give to the same. Added to which, and which is more painful, is the conforming of the Church, at least of many professing Christians, to the world. Some who are members of Churches visit places of amusement, as they are called, such as music-halls, and places where a child of God ought not to be found, and on the same

evenings when the House of God is open, and the saints are met for the worship of the Lord. And looking at affecting circumstances that are occurring in the Church—the falling away of ministers from the truth; the disunion among many Churches; the introduction of musical instruments and men's devices into the worship God—surely it is as Paul said to the Church of Rome, "It is high time to awake out of sleep," and cry day and night to the Lord that He would cause a revival, and spare our privileges, so that we may yet peaceably meet for the worship of His holy name.

3. Peace, in the Church associated, is a mercy; hence we have so many exhortations in the Word for members to strive for peace, for where peace reigns there must of necessity be the blessing of the Lord, and prosperity is sure to be the result. Paul, to the Thessalonians, says, "Be at peace among yourselves." To the Ephesians, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace" (Romans). "Let us, therefore, follow after the things that make for peace" (Mark), "have peace one with another" (Psa. cxxii. 6). "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." "Peace be within thy walls, prosperity within thy palaces." Peace is, therefore, of great importance, the apostle Paul in all his epistles desired that grace and peace might be enjoyed by the Churches. Peace is of such importance that God is called "the God of peace" in different portions of the Word, and Christ is called "the Prince of peace."

We have, as a Church, been very highly favoured indeed, having had unity and peace so many years. The words of the Psalmist, "He maketh peace in thy borders," &c, we enjoy. The Good Shepherd has watched over and guarded His flock, and not permitted the wolf to enter and scatter His flock. To Him be the praise! He has fulfilled that precious promise, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." What a gracious legacy our dear Lord left! He said just before His departure, "My peace I give unto you; My peace I leave with you," &c. And it is striking that the first word He spoke to His disciples after His resurrection was, "PEACE be unto you." Peace in the conscience is one of the greatest blessings a child of God can possess. After the Holy Spirit has convinced of sin, He acts in a sovereign manner in bringing peace into the poor trembling sinner's conscience. Some are for a considerable time kept in a state of terror, and distress of mind, crying for mercy and pardon, before the precious blood of Christ is applied to the poor law-condemned, sensibly guilty sinner. With others it is different, like Zaccheus, when our Lord called him down from the tree, He performed a great work in a short time, not only in convincing him of sin, but by bringing salvation into his soul, as the Lord declared: "This day is salvation come to this house." Zaccheus then enjoyed sweet peace, that he had never before known, and he received his dear Lord joyfully; and as peace is brought into the conscience only by the peace-speaking blood of Jesus at first, so it is in all the after experience of the Lord's people; they find they are sinners, and are brought to feel more and more of the deceitfulness of their hearts and depravity of their carnal mind. And again must they have the precious blood of Jesus applied to cleanse from sin, and are constrained to say with Dr. Watts,—

"To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;

Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of crimson dye."

Our dear Lord well knew the storms and trials His dear people would have to endure, therefore He so truly said, "In Me ye shall have peace." How sweet to enjoy peace after a storm! this the disciples knew, when in the ship on the lake. They said, "We perish!" What, perish with the Creator of heaven and earth, He that holds the waters in the hollow of His hand! Such, however, is our weakness, and so little our faith at times, that we think our poor little vessel must become a wreck. Circumstances of a painful and trying nature in providence, with winds and wave after wave beating against the tried child of God; afflictions in his family; ready at times, like Jacob, to say, "All these things are against me; Satan, so tempting the poor soul with, "Where is now thy God?" Under these painful dispensations there is little, if any, peace, until He that was with His disciples in the ship says, as He did then, "Peace, be still."

"Peace by His blood our Jesus made."

Peace in the family, peace on a dying bed; to be able to say with Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

[We give this paper on Peace exactly as written and left by our universally esteemed brother, R. Minton; for it breathes the spirit in which he lived in the Church for so many years.—ED.]

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"IS MARTIN LUTHER DYING OUT?"

A Catholic paper says: "It seems that there is no better evidence of the decline of Protestantism than the very subjects of the discourses of its ministers. Let anybody take up the daily papers of a Saturday in which announcement is made of the subjects to be treated by the ministers on the following day, and it will indeed be a rare thing to find one single subject that suggests an instruction on a point of Christian doctrine. Sensational titles are frequently met with, and are themselves suggestive of the necessity of some novelty as an attraction. If congregations were easily assembled, recourse would not be had to this straining for something new." For fifty years we have witnessed this decline. In our own neighbourhood, in all parts of England, in the Colonies, and in the States it is the same. We groan and moan, witnessing and sacrificing as we have done, over the fact that ministers are more confectioners of flesh-pleasing sweets than the givers, instrumentally, of

"THE BREAD THAT CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN."

Memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers.
From original sources. Written for the Royal Historical Society by W. Winters, F.R.H.S. Published by the author, Churchyard, Waltham Abbey, Essex. If a man is led by the sacred Paraclete to study well the Scriptures—if by grace he becomes a praying man, a preacher, and a pastor over a chosen flock, one would think such a man would have enough to occupy brain, body, and time, but add to these the toil and the tear of an evangelist, a lecturer, an author, and a dispenser of literature, can you wonder if you hear such a man complain of his head sometimes telling him *not to do too much!* But, "Great is the dignity of authorship; I magnify mine office!" Well, well, noble brother William Winters, we have no wish to see thee buried. Full forty years longer may God spare thee, and honourably employ thee in His vineyard. Only, it may do thee no harm to study Brandon's censures on the ministers of the day, and to see well that thy credentials are quite clear, and then remember Master Henry Ward Beecher tells us for any man to drive his brain power beyond its natural capacity is one section of

"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN."

Hence, we beseech of thee to be careful; for the patience, the perseverance, the penetrating research of which thou must have been the subject in compiling these *Memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers* completely alarm us as we have surveyed this chronological, historical, and evangelical literary monument. Ah! "goodly volumes and living stones build up their author's temple." Yes, "High is the privilege of authorship! I purify mine office," and seek to show this. Essex county has been a fine pioneer in sending out the Gospel.

"*Substitution*" is the subject Mr. J. S. Anderson (editor of the *Silent Messenger*, and minister of Zion chapel, New Cross-road) deals with in his September issue. First, we have a clear exposition of this one essential and deeply mysterious doctrine; then he gives us an original poem on the Mount Moriah scene, which, after tracing Abraham's command of God, and the course he pursued in offering up his beloved Isaac, closes with the following gloriously truthful stanzas:—

"'Twas there that Abraham rejoiced to see
The day when Christ His people's Surety
stood,
And in their stead was cursed upon the tree,
And drowned their sins in His atoning
blood.
Ye saints, survey this wondrous scene with joy;
Behold in Mount Moriah's bleeding ram
How Christ by death did death itself destroy,
And glorify the God of Abraham."

From the press and from many pulpits the pastor of Zion Strict Baptist Church is proclaiming the conquest once obtained on Calvary's tree. O my soul, canst thou honestly sing this topmost sonnet?—

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

Amen and Amen.

OUR MONTHLIES.—Dr. Doudney in *Gospel Magazine* for September, weeps over the bitter hair-splitting among the professed people of God. Well, indeed, he may. After reviewing all the distressing affairs in Ireland, in Egypt, in our own country, and in the Churches, the good editor says, "We tremble for England. She stands alone in the lamentable slaughter in which she is engaged; while mighty nations are preparing to take advantage of the evil days which may yet overtake us. God only can save us from a deep and dreadful humiliation. Are we looking, are we going to Him?" An expressive and sacred picture of Naomi on her leaving Moab, just when Orpah is turning back, and Ruth is saying, "Intreat me not to

leave thee," is given in *Church Standard*, September part. *Sorrow* is seen in Naomi's stern face; *sincerity* is depicted in Ruth's. They are life-like and noble. No shams, no shadows are here. Then Ruth's heart, as it opened itself to Naomi, is given in the following lines:—

"Farewell! Oh, no! it may not be;
My firm resolve is heard on high;
I will not breathe farewell to thee,
Save only in my dying sigh.
I know not that I now could bear
For ever from thy side to part,
And live without a friend to share
The treasured sadness of my heart.

* * * *

I will not boast a martyr's might,
To leave my home without a sigh—
The dwelling of my past delight,
The shelter where I hoped to die.
In such a duty, such an hour,
The weak are strong, the timid brave,
For love puts on an angel's power,
And faith grows mightier than the grave.

It was not so, ere he we loved,
And vainly strove with Heaven to save,
Heard the low call of death, and moved
With holy calmness to the grave,
Just at that brightest hour of youth
When life spread out before us lay,
And charmed us with its tones of truth,
And colours radiant as the day.

* * * *

For rays of Heaven, serenely bright,
Have gilt the caverns of the tomb:
And I can ponder with delight
On all its gathering thoughts of gloom.
Then, mother, let us haste away
To that bless'd land to Israel given,
Where faith, unsadden'd by deary,
Dwells nearest to its native heaven.

We'll stand within the temple's bound,
In courts by kings and prophets trod:
We'll bless with tears the sacred ground,
And there be earnest with our God.
Where peace and praise for ever reign,
And glorious anthems duly flow,
Till seraphs learn to catch the strain
Of heaven's devotions here below.

But where thou goest I will go:
With thine my earthly lot is cast:
In pain and pleasure, joy and woe,
Will I attend thee to the last.
That hour shall find me by thy side;
And where thy grave is, mine shall be;
Death, and death only, can divide
My firm and faithful heart from thee.

Confidence in God. A small memoir of the life and death of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer, the widow of Mr. Dyer, once the pastor of Baptist Church at Longparish, and preacher in Australia. By her daughter, Miss E. T. Dyer, 16, Maltby street, Bermondsey, of whom the truthful narrative of an unusually afflicted mother may be had post free for seven penny stamps. It is printed in clear type, bound in cloth, full of the exercises of a soul travelling through much tribulation, yet carried safely on to the end. To help the orphan daughter we invite Christian friends to call or send for one copy or more.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

RE-OPENING OF OLD BRENTFORD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

Thursday, September 14, 1882, will long be remembered by the friends worshipping in this long-honoured place of truth as an occasion of special interest; and although a gloom is hanging over the Church, owing to the continued illness of the pastor, Mr. Parsons, it was a season of gladness and great joy; in fact, his very absence served to give an impulse to make the meeting a success; the friends knowing how great is his anxiety and concern lest any difficulty might arise in connection with the movement, and a heavy debt be incurred, seemed determined there should be no cause for uneasiness in this respect.

The chapel has undergone quite a transformation. First of all, the roof has had to be thoroughly repaired and new slated, ventilators inserted, new gutterings, &c., whilst the outside walls have been newly dressed and pointed; inside, the building has been entirely renovated, and instead of the unsightly and uninteresting appearance it formerly had has been substituted by a colouring of pale green, relieved by terra-cotta, and an ornamental stencilling, whilst the old narrow, straight-backed pews have given place to comfortable, modern, open seats.

The re-opening services commenced in the afternoon. Mr. Shepherd, of Hill-street, preached a very suitable discourse from 2 Chron. vi. 41, having previously read the account of the opening of Solomon's temple, as given in 1 Kings viii., after which he alluded to the alterations that had been effected, and complimented the friends on the excellent arrangements made for the comfort of the congregation, together with words of sympathy for the pastor. He then made an appeal to his audience to assist in clearing off the remainder of the debt.

The friends then adjourned to the school-room, where a sumptuous tea had been provided by the ladies of the congregation, and which was greatly appreciated by a large company, and many expressions of satisfaction were heard for the excellent provision, and the comfortable manner in which it was served.

The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. C. Wilson, of Mount Zion, Hill-street, who read 1 Chron. xxix., commenting on the same in a savoury and experimental manner, which seemed to win the hearts of the people towards him, alluded to the Word being made a

blessing to him in the old chapel forty years ago.

Mr. Barrett supplicated the divine blessing. The chairman then called on the secretary to read the committee's report, which showed that the building had for some time past sadly needed to be put into substantial repair. The Lord, in His providence, had inclined the heart of a sister member to will a portion of her earthly store—£50—for the benefit of the cause. This they placed out at interest, and immediately set to work and subscribed among themselves over £80; collecting cards were then issued, and a further sum of £70 was the result. Meantime another friend, who formerly worshipped with them, was divinely influenced to leave the residue of his estate, amounting to £114, to the Church. This encouraged them to at once commence the work; a committee was appointed, and tenders were received from several builders, that of Mr. E. W. Symes, of Camberwell, was accepted—for the general repairs for £244, and £28 for pointing and dressing the outside; and the tender of Messrs. Hammer & Son, of the Strand, for re-pewing, for the sum of £110 14s. The contractors had bestowed great attention to the wishes of the committee, and given entire satisfaction. They have now the extreme pleasure of seeing the sanctuary, where numbers have met in the fellowship of the Gospel, but of whom many have passed away to the Church triumphant, not only beautified and modernised, but put into such a substantial state of repair that, by God's blessing, will benefit both this and the generation to come; and their prayer is that the Word may be abundantly blessed, and that every seat may be filled. He concluded by stating that there was a balance of about £70 to be provided for to free them from debt.

Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, then gave an interesting address founded on the words, "Ye are God's building," after which the chairman made an appeal, and in a humorous speech explained how the £70 of debt could be entirely abolished, offering to give £5, if seven others would follow his example. A collection was then made, during the singing of a hymn. Mr. Dexter, of Lee, then addressed the meeting from the words, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." He had been asked to come and speak to the Lord's needy ones, and these words were brought to his mind, which he thought contained all they would require

for whatever circumstance through which they might be called to pass.

The secretary then reported the financial result of the day's proceedings thus far, which amounted to a little under £20, including proceeds of the tea, which had been provided gratuitously by the generosity of a few friends. The chairman, though pleased with what had been done, thought they might do a little more before they parted, and they could not better show their sympathy to their pastor in his affliction than by relieving him of all anxiety in this matter. The first to follow the example of the chairman was the venerable senior deacon, Mr. Jeffs, who has reached the age of ninety years, and feels as much interest in the cause now as fifty years ago. A lively and interesting scene now presented itself; the congregation took up the matter in earnest, some giving five, two, and one pound each, others ten shillings, five shillings, half-a-crown, and one shilling each, as they could afford. At length the sum of £55 was realised, thus nearly clearing off the whole debt. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was then sung with heart and voice. Mr. Lynn, of Stratford, also gave a thoughtful and weighty address on "Jehovah resting in His love," and the chairman closed the meeting by prayer. A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman ended the proceedings.

The deacons hereby desire to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord of all grace in appearing for them in this time of need, and to thank the ministers and friends who have so willingly and liberally come forward to their help.

Mr. Parsons is expected to return about the 11th of October. R. H. D.

MR. BENJAMIN TAYLOR IN LONDON. HIS VIEW OF DR. PARKER.

BELOVED BROTHER, — I must just say a word to you about my return to my dear people. O, how I longed to see their faces once again! On my way home, I caught a severe cold, and was quite ill on the Friday. I and my household all came to the conclusion that I should be laid aside on the Lord's-day; and I thought I would write for my esteemed brother, Mr. Debnam, of Horham, to come and preach for me, as he and his people had so kindly promised to help me at any time if I was not able to preach. I, however, could not get sufficient courage to write; for I felt I must have the first sight at my dear friends, and also the first word after my return. It came into my mind to drink cold spring water in large quantities, hoping and praying that, with God's blessing, I might get so much better as to be able to drag through the Lord's-day. The water I drank carried off the fever attending the cold, and I felt myself a great

deal better by the Saturday night. My family were astonished to see such a speedy change for the better. I am a firm believer in the cold water remedy for bad colds, and have no doubt, if this was persevered in, people so suffering would find this far beyond all drugs in effecting a cure. I speak from long experience past. I felt myself very weak on the Lord's-day morning; but at the Church meeting three friends came and declared what the Lord had done for them through my poor labours, that it really seemed to put new life and strength into me, both body and soul. The testimonies I listened to warmed my heart, and with these fresh in my mind I ascended the pulpit and found the Lord to be with me all the day. My own soul was blessed, and I found the friends had received the Word with joy, for which grace and mercy received we can never praise the Lord enough. I now have three more to baptize. I could not tell my people that I was, upon the whole, any the better for my London visit, either in body or mind; for the noise and bustle of the astonishing metropolis sometimes almost drove me from my senses. There was sometimes the shrieking of the trains, combined with the rattling of the carriages, which made both head and heart to ache. Then, again, I was greatly annoyed by those wretched 'bus-men, who, though I told them where I wanted to go, carried me quite away from such places, putting me to great inconveniences, and causing me to say in a pet, "I think I will never come to London again."

I could not go about much, as I felt poorly all the time I was up. I heard two evangelical clergymen preach the Gospel sweetly, and twice I felt my soul was richly fed. I found nothing but kindness and friendship all the while I was from home, and am sorry to say I could not go to see some dear friends who fully expected to see me. Dr. Parker's City Temple being but a little way from my son's residence, I went there several times, and heard one sermon which was really blessed to my soul. The doctor is a wonderful man, has some brilliant ideas, and I believe is far more sound in his theological discussions than many of our Baptist ministers who profess to be real Calvinists. I heard nothing of the "come now" system, and that "you may be converted, and be born again now, before you leave this place;" and all that sort of thing, contrary to both law and Gospel. No, I heard nothing from the doctor about "Christ knocking at the hearts of sinners for admittance, and would fain get in, if they would but open to Him," and such like things, which are of a God-dishonouring nature, deceiving to the souls of the people, and naturally calculated to strengthen Popery and infidelity. How strange it seems to me that I have so often heard Church ministers, who are called evangelical ministers, and many of the Congregationalists, more orthodox and more consistent by far than many who call themselves Calvinistic Baptists. But I must leave all this, well knowing that God is

Judge. I care nothing about my preaching, nor any other man's preaching, unless it entirely exalts the Saviour, and entirely abases the sinner.

I am glad you were well received here, and that more money was got for our Sabbath-school than we ever got before. I could not get on at all to my mind and feelings when I spoke in your place, being totally inadequate to such a change, owing to the nature of my constitution, and nervous debility. I fear—nay, I may say I am sure—your flock were poorly and badly supplied; but with my little strength I did the best I could, as I told your people, and there I leave it. I will only add I have sent a large box of books into all parts of the kingdom, and have applied to my printer for more, by which you may see I have a ready sale for them.

I am, my dear brother,
Yours affectionately in Jesus,
B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, July 18, 1882.

THE CRY OF MY HEART FOR SAMUEL FOSTER.

FELLOW-SUFFERER.—Often in my journals I think of you in your chamber of affliction now for nearly thirty years. I would write you often, and send you more help, but only as mercy supplies me can I supply you. Meanwhile, for myself and yourself, I send the following lines:—

Loving Shepherd, kind and true,
Wilt Thou not in pity come
To Thy lamb? As shepherds do,
Bear me in Thy bosom home?
Take me hence from earth's annoy
To Thy home of endless joy.
See how long I here do lay
In this earthly wilderness;
Come and take me soon away
To Thy flock who dwell in bliss,
And Thy glory, Lord, behold,
Safe within Thy heavenly fold.
For I fain would gaze on Thee
With the lambs to whom 'tis given,
That they feed from danger free,
In the happy fields of heaven;
Praising Thee, all terrors o'er,
Never can they wander more.
Here I live in sore distress,
Fearing, watching, hour by hour;
For my foes around me press,
And I know their craft and power.
Lord, Thy lamb can never be
Safe one moment but with Thee.
O, Lord Jesus, let me not
'Mid the ravening wolves e'er fall,
Help me as a Shepherd ought,
That I may escape them all;
Bear me homeward on Thy breast,
To Thy fold of endless rest.

[Tell me, can you present these cries to
JESUS for yourself?—C. W. B.]

HILPERTON, TROWBRIDGE.—Mr. Westlake is plodding on in this Trowbridge suburb, hoping, longing, looking, and praying for an increase. Mr. Westlake, late of Plymouth, is a worthy man; his name is in the Book of Life.

"A PRAYER MEETING MAN."

"With faces Zion-ward,
Through good report and ill,
They gird themselves for war and toil,
Upward and onward still."

[Ebenezer, Widecombe, Bath, has been a house of bread to many souls for a long course of years.

But as they ripen off they go,
Away from every pain and woe;
Yes, one by one souls from us fly
Up to the brighter hills on high.]

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Such are the sentiments, as expressed by the bereaved family of a beloved brother in the Lord, HENRY GAY, whom it pleased our gracious and loving Father to take to Himself. His sufferings are exchanged for sweet rest in the bosom of Him he loved and served while he lived here below; he was well-known in the city of Bath for many years; bearing a Christian character, and witnessing whose precious blood made full atonement for all his sins. We bless God that he was not one that only had a name to live; it could truly be said that he had the witness within of GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT. He was a truly pious man; enjoyed much of God's precious truth; knew the blessedness of fellowship with his Lord, and out of the abundance of his heart's adoration his lips gave utterance; hence one here and there got a blessing through his humble testimony. He was over twenty-one years a member at Ebenezer Baptist chapel, Bath. His soul was fed and nourished under the ministry of his beloved pastor from time to time all those many years; his pastor called him "A PRAYER MEETING MAN." It was his delight to meet his God there; he knew the value of prayer; and nearly every Lord's-day morning he was at the 7 o'clock prayer meeting. For eleven years he attended service four times on the Lord's-day, and on week-day evenings whenever opportunity offered. Love to his Master would lead his willing feet to mingle with the people of God in the house of prayer. Our dear father was an example to many for his steadfastness and stability; and though it affords a child much joy, by the blessing of the Almighty, to be enabled to write thus of a parent who lived so consistent, yet we bless God it was all of His grace, and no thanks to that poor earthen vessel, who the Lord, by His rich mercy, first saved, and then by His grace preserved from bringing any dishonour on that holy name which he professed to bear, who kept him faithful to the end, that He might give him a crown of life. The Lord saw fit at times to stir up his nest by affliction and trial ("For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"), but was it not that He might bear him on eagle's wings above the transitory things of earth to find his all and all in Jesus, and thus to draw him closer to Himself? Yes, bless His dear name, we believe He has led him by a right way, that He might bring him to that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is

God. Now we think of him as there, where the weary are at rest. Some verses I composed about him I wrote in hope that the father's testimony might be blest to his two sons; and since they have been published we have great reason to hope that God has begun a good work in the soul of one. We rejoice to see such a change, and pray the Lord to make it real, to the glory of His name, and the comfort of his dear widowed mother; and may I ask the prayers of any dear readers who are interested in the Lord's cause for the reality of this work, that it may prove to be of the Lord's own planting? Also that the other dear fellow may be brought to know himself a sinner, and to cry for mercy ere it is too late: that he may not be missing when the Lord shall come to make up His jewels, and His dear name alone shall have all the praise and glory. Believe me, yours very humbly, a sister in Christ, and the daughter of the above,

EMMA GODFREY.

RE-OPENING OF NUNHEAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

We held our re-opening services on Thursday, September 14, 1882, as announced in last month's *EARTHEN VESSEL*. To one who had simply seen our original building and the present one, having no knowledge of the circumstances that have brought about the alteration, it would be next to impossible to believe that it is the same building, so radical is the change. Instead of a low, small, badly ventilated place, we have a lofty, commodious, airy building.

Our esteemed brother, Mr. John Hazelton, preached in the afternoon from Ps. xlviii. 9, "We have thought of Thy lovingkindness, oh! God, in the midst of Thy temple," and to say that it was a well thought-out, a well delivered, and a well heard discourse, is a description that falls very short of what the sermon really was. Space does not permit of more than the barest hints of his leading ideas, before we pass on to a few words on the evening meeting. The preacher commenced by remarking, there are many *great* who are not greatly to be praised, and there are many greatly to be praised who are not great; but the God in the text is both. He will not be praised by all. There is a city that will praise Him—Zion, that is beautiful for situation. God is everywhere, but He lives in Zion. God's general love is not sufficient for the real child of God; he wants it, if I may so speak, condensed. The universal presence of God is a great fact, but—

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find."

God dwells in the Church, therefore I want to dwell there; I want to be one of His people because He dwells among them. They stand and say, "We have thought of Thy lovingkindness, oh! God, in the midst of Thy temple." We have thought of it in several relations. 1. In its relation to God Himself. "Oh! God!" the great lover, God. Animal love, natural love, spiritual love (the love of the saints), all are excellent.

Bad as the world is, it would be infinitely worse without them; but this is a holy love, it springs from a higher source. Angels love the saints, and all that is not love will be lost in heaven; but yonder sits the great God Himself, and we have thought of Thy lovingkindness O God. 2. We have thought of His reasons, what were they? We are lost when we endeavour to explain them. The reason was in His own heart, His own sovereignty. He loved because He would. 3. We have thought of the *earnestness* of His love; the first that ever loved you was your God. His love comes out of eternity into time; ours from time into eternity. I hope you will often think in this temple of His lovingkindness. Love moved first, not justice, or power, or holiness. Love moved goodness to determine, wisdom to contrive, power to execute. Love pre-supposes nothing but the object; justice pre-supposes good or bad; holiness is opposed to impurity; wisdom to ignorance. Love divine creates the object, and makes it what it requires. He loves into annihilation all deformity. What ever did God love for? It made Him a deal of work. His happiness would have been complete without us. The social element prevails in the highest perfection in the God-head; the three persons had uninterrupted communion with each other. God's happiness does not arise out of any of His creatures. 4. We have thought of the *object* of it. Angels are interested, but not like we are. Angels fell, love did not move any attribute, save power and justice. They fell. God sat still. He did not prevent their destruction. The objects were fallen, guilty man. Who are the objects? Are you deeply concerned about the matter? Do you think upon the lovingkindness of God with an earnest longing to be interested therein?

"Ne'er had you felt the guilt of sin,
Or sweets of pard'ning love,
Unless your worthless name had been
Enrolled to life above."

5. The *expressions* of His love. We have thought of them. Nothing less than our nature would do; He means to wear that nature for ever. God manifest in the flesh is intelligible; though we cannot comprehend, we can apprehend God incarnate. 6. We have thought of Thy lovingkindness in relation to our own minds. Every intellectual power of the mind was redeemed. Thoughts become tinged with that in which they range. When the mind goes round in everlasting love, a blessed rotation it is; we have thought ourselves out of earth into heaven. 7. In relation to the temple itself. Be thankful for this place, you may enter it and think of the lovingkindness of your God. Think of it at the Church meeting, at the prayer-meeting, at the baptistry, at the Lord's table. Lastly, in relation to the harmony that prevails in God's house, "we." May it prevail here, and love divine fill this temple for many years to come.

A beautiful tea was provided in the spacious marquee that we have been using during the enlargement of the chapel (very kindly lent by Mr. Philcox, of Bermondsey),

and upwards of 300 partook thereof. At 6.30 we held a public meeting, Mr. Northover, of Lewisham, kindly taking the chair. The following brethren were present: Mr. Meeres (of Bermoudsey), Messrs. Mead and King (of Surrey Tabernacle), Mr. Myerson (of Hackney), Mr. Clark (of Wandsworth), and Mr. Whittle. The chairman having given out a hymn, Mr. Whittle asked the divine blessing on our meeting, and the chairman gave an introductory address, in which he remarked that there was much liberality of sentiment about; but he was no advocate for that. He hoped the Gospel that would ever be preached there would be "God everything, man nothing." Our brother, Mr. Meeres, made some excellent remarks upon the magnificent temple. Mr. Clark was pleased to see such a wonderful change in the building, and hoped that the unity now existing among the people would be a lasting one. Mr. Myerson based his remarks upon the words, "Solomon built him a house," and Mr. Mead followed with some loving words of encouragement.

The secretary of the building committee then read the report, giving a statement of our position, and reading a list of the names of all the friends who had kindly given donations. It was found, after the work was commenced, that the alteration would not give us sufficient accommodation, therefore a gallery has been added, making an additional £100 in the expense; but from the liberal spirit already evinced by the people, we have every reason to believe that it will not be very long before the amount required is forthcoming.

After the secretary's report a collection was made, and the collecting cards were called in. The total sum required is £450, of which we have already raised £210.

Mr. Crutcher, of Grove chapel, Camberwell, and Mr. King, gave us some words of affection and encouragement, which closed a pleasant and profitable day.

Dulwich. J. C. LINGLEY.

BATH.—WIDCOMBE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The twenty-second anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. John Huntley was on Lord's-day, September 3. The pastor preached. A great many strangers came, who feel an interest in our pastor's continuance in well-doing. Many have been his trials; but he can sing, "Hither by Thy help I've come." On September 3 he said, "This is my 22nd anniversary, and if it be the Lord's will, I hope to continue another 22 years with you." To this we heartily responded, "Amen." He lives in the affections of the people. This was clearly seen by the way in which they came together on the following Monday to a meeting for special praise and prayer on behalf of the pastor. The spirit of prayer rested on the brethren, and a very profitable time was spent. Our prayer and desire still is that he may be used by the Spirit to the ingathering of many from this dark neighbourhood. That grace may be given him for future work, prays—W. P., Bath, September 6, 1882.

THE LATE MR. W. CARTLEDGE.

Died, August 17, 1882, in his 80th year, our esteemed brother, William Cartledge. He was baptized on September 28, 1823, by Mr. Thomas Powel, at Mitchel-street, St. Luke's, and received into fellowship with the Church worshipping there on the fifth of the following month, where he remained for 16 years, when he was dismissed to East-street, Walworth, May 17, 1839. He was elected to office of deacon, March, 17, 1842, the duties of which he honourably filled up to August 21, 1848, when he resigned. He afterwards joined the Church at Unicorn-yard, under the pastorate of Mr. W. H. Bonner, who received him into full communion on March 4, 1849. About this time he began to speak, in the name of the Lord, to the aged pilgrims at the asylum, as well as at the house of a brother named Field; also at Cranmer-court, Clapham; Ebenezer, Newington-causeway; at Beulah, Chelsea; and other places.

In December, 1851, he commenced to minister to the spiritual wants of the people at Providence, Kingston. He was received into full communion as pastor of the Church there on June 30, 1853, and was publicly ordained the August following, the late Mr. John Foreman stating the nature of a Gospel Church from the words, "The Church of the living God the pillar and ground of the truth." The late Mr. Milner asked the usual questions of the Church and pastor. Mr. Hamblin, once of Foot's-cray, gave the charge to the pastor, the ceremony ending by a sermon to the Church from Mr. Foreman. Our brother's pastorate at Providence was of short duration, for he resigned on May 18, 1856, and was received into communion as pastor of the Church at Redbourn, Herts, on February 1, 1857. Here he remained, faithfully discharging the obligations belonging to his office as under-shepherd, until February 8, 1871, when he retired. He afterwards preached and administered the ordinance, with some intermissions, at Calwell-street, Bedford, from 1872 to 1876, also at Potton, Beds. He removed from Redbourn to Clapton in January, 1881, and was received into full communion with the Church at Chatsworth-road in November.

During his illness the Lord dealt very tenderly with him. Of His kindness to him he was deeply sensible, and for it was truly grateful. The first intimation of his dissolution was received by him with much composure, which increased as it became more evident that his affliction was designed of God to bring him to "the house appointed for all living." My visits to him were frequent, and always profitable, to myself, at least. His reply respecting any question relating to his health was invariably the same, "*Progressing toward the end.*" He saw it approaching, and welcomed it, in the full belief that God had chosen him to salvation, Christ had redeemed him with His blood, and the Holy Spirit had sealed him a heir of heaven.

For some time prior to his death he was unable, from shortness of breath and pains in

the chest, to take any part in public worship, and only with great difficulty could he read the Scriptures, or offer prayer at home, which would occasion him to say, "I hope the time will not be long before the dear Lord will call me home." He was very fond of hymn 23 from Watts', the last verse of which he often repeated,—

"When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
When I shall mount to dwell above?"

Also the hymn in "Denham," which begins with,—

"I have found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy."

Referring to Psa. xl. 1, 2, he would say, "In them you have an epitome of what the Lord has done for me."

On August 13 he was taken much worse, and upon being put into bed expressed his conviction that his departure was nigh. One of the Psalms was read to him, after which he said, "Let us pray and give thanks, for we have much to be thankful for." It was a trying as well as a sacred and solemn time. On Tuesday, August 15, he bade his wife, daughter, and grand-daughter good-bye; and though he talked a great deal after, his utterances were so indistinct that only a little could be understood. On Thursday he rallied somewhat; but ere the day closed, his ransomed spirit was with his God and Saviour.

His remains were interred at Abney-park Cemetery on Friday, August 25, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. A funeral sermon was preached in connection with his death at Chatsworth-road, on Lord's-day, September 3, from Rev. xxi., part of fourth verse, "And there shall be no more death."

EDWIN LANGFORD.

LUTON, BEDS.—The town and borough of Luton is by no means wanting in an outward profession of godliness; it is well studded with commodious and comely-looking places for worship. The Wesleyans are in the ascendancy; the Open Baptists have some large sanctuaries; the "Close" Baptists meet at Ebenezer and Bethel; the Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, too, are well represented; the national establishment have but three Churches, thus being much in the rear of Dissent. The inhabitants, one and all, pay great respect for the Sabbath—streets very quiet, and no one moving about, unless going to or coming from worship—and may deservedly lay claim to the title of respectability. Mr. Cook, at Ebenezer, is strongly surrounded with a good number of warm-hearted friends; he is an unmistakable preacher of the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel, and I was much pleased to find John Skelton, a son of the late William Skelton, taking an official and efficient part in the services at Ebenezer. I believe, Mr. **EARTHEN VESSEL**, it is some eighteen years since yourself, in conjunction with the late Septimus Sears, took part in the public services connected with the laying of the foundation

stone of this very neat and roomy house of God. Since that time, aye, and years before, Mr. Cook has been supported in "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints." At Bethel, in Chapel-street, since Mr. Newman relinquished the pastorate, the pulpit has been filled by different preachers. The brethren Fountain, E. Beazley, March, and others, one Sunday in each month, go down and are acceptable; a company of believers, lovers of and united to the truths of the Gospel and each other, gather together, hungering and thirsting for food for the soul, anxious for a settled pastor. I thought what a quiet little resting-place this would be for our kind, loving, happy-looking, faithful, earnest brother, Ebenezer Beazley, just to settle down in, and spend the last twenty or thirty years of his life. What a number of years has he been running about, up and down the land! if he could but just say,—

"Here I can find a settled rest,
While others go and come,"

and the people could say so as well, and God approved the plan, and each and all could chime in singing, it is

"In all things ordered well,"

how very pleasing that would be! I know some there would rejoice exceedingly. There is a very good Sunday-school, a body of excellent singers, who seem to unite heart and voice in the service of song. The deacons, and Mrs. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and others, all do their utmost for pastor, people, and visitors. It might be interesting to some old E. V. readers to know that a stone is erected to the memory of William Skelton (who for years preached the Gospel in Devon, Suffolk, Herts, and other parts) in the Luton cemetery, by his devoted sons. I stood and looked at, and admired it, because I loved William Skelton. This delightfully laid out garden of flowers, fruit, and monuments, has also a tablet to the late Mr. Gooding, whose name has a sweet savour in the hearts of many of the old-fashioned children of God.—J. W. B.

"THIS IS TRUTH, MON!"

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice."—Rom. xii. 1.

A LIVING sacrifice! What is its definition?
For surely God defines what He requires;
How much does it allow of this world's empty pleasures?

How much of self-life with its vain desires?

A living sacrifice! Has it a recognition
Of neutral ground, where Church and world
so meet—

That only the omniscient eye of the Eternal
Discerns His own in unison so complete!

A living sacrifice! It means not mere oblation
Some minor gifts from out our hoarded store;
It calls upon us for a full renunciation
Of all worldly things that charmed our souls
before.

A living sacrifice! It calls for crucifixion
Of all that rises 'gainst the Father's will;
It shuns all compromise with sin and Satan,
It learns of Christ to suffer and be still.

A living sacrifice! Our reasonable service
Called for by tender mercies of our Lord,
Himself both priest and sanctifying altar,
The Way, the Truth, the Life, the risen Word.

MR. DANIEL ALLEN AT LAMBTON
ANNIVERSARY.

To Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—Venerable brother in the Lord Jesus Christ, according to the faith of God's elect, grace be with you, and peace be multiplied. It is some years since I wrote you any account of our proceedings in this part of our Lord's vineyard; but I now inform you we have been struggling on with fear against sin within us, and great sin against us, among a people that are saturated with one of the three following elements—viz., Roman Catholicism, Arminianism, and infidelity, together with the painful experience of bidding adieu to many whom we have cherished as friends for a time, as the bulk of this people here are unsettled. We have suffered very much from this fact this last three years; but notwithstanding all the difficulties, we are still held up by HIM who has said, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you."

I must tell you we held our anniversary meetings on May 14. On the said Lord's-day we were favoured with a visit (as we have been generally, on similar occasions, for years now) by our able and good brother, Pastor D. Allen, of Sydney, who is always an esteemed and able preacher; but it is generally acknowledged, even by those who are not our friends, as well as those who are, that he surpassed all former visits, in displaying the majesty of that Gospel so sweet to the souls of all God's people. Under his ministry tears fell plentifully; our souls were melted.

The morning discourse was founded upon Acts ii. 14; the subject, how men are saved. The introduction was founded upon the moral condition of the Gentiles, comparing it with that of the Jews. The divisions were ably dealt with, which were as follows:—1. The appointed Messenger; 2. The ordained testimony; 3. The glorious design.

The afternoon service was founded upon Acts xix. 2, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" The introductory remarks were beautiful and striking, dwelling upon the marks and power of the Spirit on the physical creation, and the delightful manifestations in the regenerated soul. 1. Who is spoken of? THE SPIRIT. 2. What is it to receive Him? Not as Balaam; but as the 3,000, and as Cornelius received Him. 3. How shall we know we have received Him? (a) By a feeling sense of sin; (b) By love to, and desire for Christ; (c) By a revelation of Christ; concluding with the questions, "Have you felt sin?" "Have you enjoyed Christ?"

The night service was a majestic display of "THE ANOINTED ONE," coming to seek and to save that which was lost, on Luke v. 32, "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." In introducing the subject, Mr. Allen dwelt, in a very pleasing and attractive way, upon the unmoveable pride and self-righteousness of the Pharisees, contrasting it with the deep humiliation and contrition of the Publicans. The divisions

were—1. Who have no interest in Christ? (a) The self-righteous; (b) The man who has not transgressed; (c) The man who relies on his own works. 2. Who did Christ come to call? (a) The sinner, by felt inward sin; (b) The sinner, by felt outward sinning; (c) The sinner who feels sin. 3. To what did Christ come to call them? (a) To be sorry for their sin; (b) To turn from their sin; (c) To beg for the forgiveness of their sins; concluding, "Have you been made sinners feelingly?" "Have you mourned over, turned from, and confessed your sins?"

On Tuesday, the 16th, a public tea, at which 170 persons sat down and partook of the good things provided, which was held in the large hall rented for the whole of the services, and in which hundreds gathered on the Lord's-day to hear words whereby they may be saved. The tea being over, the public meeting commenced by the pastor reading a portion of Scripture, and singing a hymn. Brother C. Lloyd engaged in prayer, after which the chairman, Brother D. Young, the pastor, gave a statement of the condition and operations of the Church, which showed that there was a very fair Sabbath-school, although numbers had moved away during the year. The pastor's Bible-class had been established for some time, meeting every Monday night, and numbered 25. That the Church had three additions; hoping the Lord would bless us in the future with greater manifestations of His pleasure.

The meeting was then addressed by Pastor D. Allen in an able manner for about half an hour, after which the Rev. W. Collier, Baptist minister of Newcastle, spoke very ably and encouragingly to pastor and Church. Votes of thanks were then given to the ladies, the speakers, and the press; the Doxology was sung; the benediction being pronounced by Mr. Collier, the people returned to their homes well pleased, and Mr. Allen, by 'bus and steamer to Sydney, hoping the Lord will spare him to meet with us many anniversaries again. Very affectionately yours in the Lord,

May 24, 1882. DAVID YOUNG, Pastor.

[Our English friends will see the Australian Church conduct their meetings in a similar way to our own. We trust the other Churches will favour us with reports of their well-doing.—ED.]

WINCHESTER.—When on a visit to this ancient cathedral city, I went over that noble edifice and inspected the various objects and relics for which it is famous. Kings, bishops, deans, and other eminent persons have found distinction here; to enumerate their history would far exceed my purpose. I inquired for the Strict Baptists, and rejoiced to hear that worthy champion of truth, Mr. Smith, is still in good harness. These old cathedral cities seldom favour Baptist principles. Does it not seem grievous that in a city of nearly 20,000 so few should love the truth? May the Lord yet arise and have mercy upon Zion.—E. B.

TROWBRIDGE.—In this very ancient borough of 12,000 souls, ample provision is made for the whole population to worship their Creator. The Baptists have three large chapels, and could accommodate, by utilising the space at their command, more than a quarter of the inhabitants. The Church of England is striving hard to get and hold the first position, and have already taken "Bethel," and carry on the Church service, making them in all four places which, combined, will accommodate over 2,000. The Wesleyans have two, and the Congregationalists, and Presbyterians one each. All have a fair attendance. Sixty-six years ago the late John Warburton came into a vicinity of the town, and preached in a room belonging to a friend of the cause. Soon after "John's" advent to Trowbridge Zion Chapel was built, and there for forty-two years he preached the Gospel, and there he laid down to rest and went home. A substantial stone in the cemetery marks the place where the body doth lay, and on it is this verse:—

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing His power to save."

Zion Chapel has undergone some considerable improvements, and greatly modernised during the last few years; the pulpit has been taken away, and an excellent Spurgeonite rostrum is substituted; in the service of song the "Union" is replaced by the "Bristol," thus keeping pace with the times. There is an excellent Sunday-school with suitable class-rooms, and the general arrangement is carried out with order almost to perfection, under the judicious management of Messrs. Applegate, Long, and Little, the deacons, and they are looking forward with fond anticipation to the time when (early in the coming year) Mr. Scofield will be settled among them. On Tuesday, September 12, the sixty-sixth anniversary of the cause was held. Mr. Moxon, of Bury (who supplied the previous Sunday), was to have preached in the morning, but owing to the death of his son, which took place while he was preaching on Sunday morning, he was compelled to get home, and Mr. Spencer, of Bath, preached in the morning, sweetly describing the Christian pathway. In the afternoon Mr. Hemmington gave a scriptural discourse from the words, "No man can come unto Me, except the Father, which hath sent Me, draw him." In the evening, Mr. Scofield, the pastor elect, preached a soul-stirring sermon.—J. W. B. [Crabbe, the poet, died here in 1832; "greatly solaced in his declining years by the comfort resulting from a true faith in the doctrines of the cross." The venerable John Warburton, the original pastor of Zion, Trowbridge, fell asleep April 2, 1857. With his last breath, and using those strong arms, which had for many years been wonderfully exercised in preaching, with a firm voice, he cried, "Hallelujah!" and thus he closed his extraordinary ministry. We heard him many times with meltings of heart. We have no such men now.—ED.]

MR. AIKMAN'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—In sending forth what will, in all probability, be my last testimony against erroneous opinion in the High Calvinistic Baptist Churches, I beg to submit the following acknowledgment, which, should you see fit, you are most free to publish in the magazine called EARTHEN VESSEL.

From the beginning it has been a cause of complaint that my first work, entitled, "Judgment of the Judges of Jehovah," issued in defence of the practice of following the Son of God and His apostles in preaching the Gospel indiscriminately to the unregenerate, is marked by a spirit of harshness or severity, which has wounded the feelings of many. The complaint, I admit, is not without ground; and, as a consequence, I desire, should you see fit to permit, to disclaim, through your pages, all right on my part to the use of such severity.

From the introductory chapter of the said work it will be seen that, in deference to powerful monitions of the Holy Spirit, I *did* very carefully purge out much from the body of the book that was severe. But now that years have rolled away, and a once vivid sense of the calumnies which, in connection with my name and teaching, were propagated, has died and clean passed from my bosom, I clearly see that certain passages in the main argument, and many in the appendix, are greatly too harsh and unconciliatory. And, forasmuch as such severity is not to the profession of godliness creditable, I have resolved in issuing what at present seems to me to be my last testimony to the Churches, to disclaim—thoroughly disclaim—all right to its use.

Under distinct understanding, therefore, that as to the practice defended, and truths by which that practice is defended, I retract or abate nothing; but do, upon the authority of the written Word, maintain all that has been laid down. I very cheerfully, for the satisfaction of all in the High Calvinistic Baptist Churches who have complained of the harshness manifest in the work in question, submit, not only my full acknowledgment that that which has been complained of is not in the sight of God justifiable, but my grief that (under annoyances to which I will not again refer) it should unwisely, and I will add sinfully, have been suffered to creep in. Hence to all who, more or less, may have been wounded thereby, I here tender that which I alone am able to tender—namely, my true (as I trust) and sincere regret.

I may further add that, through failure under the weight of years and infirmity of my mind to necessary promptness of thought, I have, as far as my personal judgment extends, become disqualified for the work of pulpit ministrations, hence am not likely, in what remains of the brief span of life, to come further into collision with the system which obtains. It is possible that the Lord may still sustain me for a time to be useful with my pen; in which case the desire of my soul is, by His gracious help and power, to direct my remaining energy against that

ever-increasing infidelity which, under the false outcry of "SCIENCE," has of late years so presumptuously exalted itself against the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

The labour, however, being Herculean, and the difficulties to be dealt with involving the necessity of profound and continual thought, it would need, ere in old age taking upon me to open such a war, that I should first obtain some indication of the Lord's approval. With my prayers and best wishes for the future prosperity of the Strict Baptist Churches,

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

W. ROBERTSON AIKMAN.

Aug. 22, 1882.

OUR CHURCHES IN AUSTRALIA.

Some ministerial brethren wished to go in to the Colonies, and as we had been applied to from some in Australia, we wrote over to them. The following is the answer received in August:—

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter respecting a minister coming from England to us, I am directed to state, that from the reduced number of attendance, and the low state of the finances, we cannot enter into the engagement, but must await the Lord's holy will toward us. Thanking you, and soliciting your supplications and others at the throne of grace, that the Almighty will be pleased to revive and enlarge His kingdom on earth, I remain, dear sir, on behalf of the brethren, yours truly in the Lord Jesus,

F. S. EDGAR, *Secretary.*

P.S.—I regret to add, the cause of Christ generally in the colonies is anything but prosperous, either Close or Open Communions. Many of the Open Communionists join the Independents, and thus negative the baptism of believers in water. Popery, Ritualism, and many other isms not in accordance with the Word of God are on the increase, thus choking the Word, and rendering it unfruitful. F. S. E.

Hobart, Tasmania, June 18, 1882.

C. W. BANKS,
Speldhurst-road Chapel,
South Hackney, London.

STUDLEY BAPTIST CHAPEL may justly be termed

"A little garden, walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground."

It is a neat little place, covered with ivy, surrounded with flowers, away from and

"Out of the world's wide wilderness,"

about two miles from the neighbouring town of Colne. On Wednesday, Sept. 13, special services were held in aid of the cause. Mr. Hemmington, though very unwell, delivered a most evangelical discourse, making a special appeal to the young, from the words, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro," &c. Mr. Scofield, in the evening, contended earnestly for "the faith once delivered unto the saints." The compact sanctuary, holding about 100, was well filled.

BRADFIELD-ST.-GEORGE. — DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Our kind and esteemed sister, Miss Abi Last, calmly and peaceably fell asleep in Jesus on Lord's-day afternoon, September 3, 1882, at four o'clock. You remember you made your home at her house when here preaching for us. Our dear sister was at our Church-meeting on Lord's-day, August 27, and appeared more happy and cheerful than usual. She was taken ill on the Tuesday, went to be at home with the Lord on the Sunday. Truly may we say, in the divine, best sense, "Her end was peace." Our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ridley, were with her when she passed away. Her's has been a useful life; fifty years or more our dear sister has been a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus. We have lost a kind, loving, sympathising friend. She was the means, in the Lord's hands, of the Gospel first being preached at Bradfield-St.-George, by the late C. Elven. Our path, as a Church, during this year, has been one of trial and sorrow; this is the fourth useful member we have lost by death. It may not be right to say "lost;" the Church of God cannot lose any one of its members. No! they are gone to be with Christ, which is far better. We have some members waiting for the Master to say, "Come up hither," for years; no hope of ever leaving their beds, yet they cannot leave us. Who shall fill the places of the dear ones called home? Lord, Thou knowest, and to Thee, Lord, we look for blessings to accompany the preaching of the Gospel of His grace. It is Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine to form the heart anew. We are thankful to have still a good congregation of people to hear the Gospel. Our prayer is, "Come, from the four winds, O breath; and breathe upon these slain that they may live."—Yours in Jesus, W. DIXON. [More soon.]

FINSBURY-PARK.—In the highly-respectable locality of Highbury-vale stands a very pretty little chapel, with everything about its exterior to warrant that its founder was a man of order and neatness. Mr. Jabez Whitteridge is the founder and pastor, and we would be were more patronised; but people will go where they please, especially in and around the metropolis, where railways, trams, and 'buses are ready to carry persons everywhere, within compass, for a mere trifle. Thanksgiving services were held in this sanctuary on September 12. The pastor preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held. Mr. W. G. Smith offered prayer, and the pastor (Mr. Whitteridge) opened the meeting with a short speech relating to the providence of God in leading him to preach the Gospel. Mr. Burbridge spoke well on practical Church order, based upon Acts ii. 41, 42. Mr. C. W. Banks gave some sweet thoughts on sowing in tears and reaping in joy. The subject was well connected, and thereby easy for the hearers to follow. Mr. Battson treated experimentally of the ark and mercy-seat, and the under-named spoke a little about everlasting love.—W. WINTERS.

GOD'S SALVATION.

"Restore unto me the joys of Thy salvation."

The Psalmist, though termed "the man after God's own heart," we find when on this earth had to experience changing scenes. Thus we find him with a heart joyous with holy love and zeal towards God, his Maker, exclaiming, "I will extol Thee, O Lord," and at another time crying, "Oh, that I had wings, like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest;" evidently weary of the earth and earthly cares, longing to be where

"Not a wave of trouble roll
Across his peaceful breast."

But no, David's appointed time was not yet come (blessed be our God, His providences are not always in link with man's desires, or we should never experience the joy of His salvation, for we are by nature carnally minded, and this carnal mind has its desires moved by the enemy of our souls, and his various agencies, the carnal miud being at enmity against God), we find him again after this experiencing the sunshine of God's countenance, and saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." By the help of one who has said, "My grace is sufficient for you," I will attempt to make a few statements about the great salvation, as it relates to saints and sinners, and may it, by His blessing, stimulate the first named, convict the latter, and God shall have the glory.

The salvation. Whence came it? Why, from Calvary. There may we by faith view the dear Redeemer shedding forth His blood, with spiked hands, and pierced side, exclaiming, "It is finished, and giving up the Ghost, that rebel worms, that sinful men, that the vilest of the vile might live.

A free gift. A free and undeserved gift, without money, and without price, it is not of works lest any man should boast, it is not to be bought with gold or silver, for they are of the earth earthy.

A drawing salvation. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Saints may rejoice in this assurance, seekers may receive encouragement from it, for depend upon it, where God has given and implanted the seeking spirit, there shall be a praying and imploring one too, if it is a broken and a contrite heart which He will not despise. Seeker, by God's help, seek, pray, wrestle, and you shall obtain the blessing. Sinner, 'tis solemn for you, you are yet in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity; your morality won't help you to obtain this salvation, your works won't, but may God's grace help you, and stop you in the downward road.

An eternal salvation. Not for a day, or week, or month, or year, not a salvation to be taken up and laid down at pleasure (or the perverseness of man's depravity would have demolished it long ago), but an eternal salvation, "completed," when Christ exclaimed, "It is finished."

A joyful salvation. Who is it joyful to? Why, the saint. Saint, testify that you have experienced the joys of it. When? Why, after its convicting arrow went right into

your heart, when it shewed you your state by nature, when you saw the naughtiness of that heart that you thought so good, when uneasiness followed, and Christ, the Hope of glory, shone into your soul. You remember when, perhaps, that revered pastor took you by the hand, told you some of the mysteries of the old, old story, when you told out your inward workings to the Church, and afterwards followed your Master through the watery grave, exclaiming:—

"Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found,
And point to His redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

But you did not long remain in this rapturous strain, you saw clouds appearing, and the eternal Spirit, the Holy Ghost, appeared to have left you, and you exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, restore unto me the joys of Thy salvation." Your petition was answered, and Hart sings:—

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He will leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite thro'."

I was going to notice the petitioner and the petition, but space will not permit. May we all experience the joys, and may He add His blessing to this poor statement, for His great name sake. D. S.

[Our young friend has simply marked the outlines. We believe he will grow. He loves to write and speak of sinners saved by that ancient, that mysterious, that life-and-love-implanting salvation, which is sure to fill the glory-world with all that the FATHER gave unto the eternally beloved SON, before the world began to groan under the burden of the fall. To my soul all is expressed in those two marvellous lines:—

"As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying CHRIST to me."

Let us encourage the young Timothies, in whom the SPIRIT of God is found.—C. W. B.]

GREAT YARMOUTH.—The anniversary of York-road Chapel was held on Lord's-day, August 13. Sermons were preached by Mr. Kempston and Brother Brand. On Monday, the 14th, a tea and public meeting, presided over by Mr. Beach, who, on the lovingkindness of God, was cheering. Addresses by Messrs. Brand, W. Webb, C. Cornwell, and W. Muskett (the pastor) were enjoyed. Brother Beach announced the debt on the chapel was now under £100. During the year, including the anniversary collection, upwards of £30 had been collected, £10 of which was by the same sister who has laboured so zealously for the cause year after year (Miss Pain), and £10 by Mrs. Beach. Truly the Church at Yarmouth is deeply indebted to our brother and sister Beach for their long and continued kindness. After the Duxology the meeting was brought to a close by brother Houghton offering fervent prayer. On Tuesday, August 22, a public tea was held in connection with the Sabbath-school. After the children and friends had

partaken of an excellent tea, a public meeting was held, when the children were presented with Bibles and Testaments and suitable addresses by pastor Muskett, W. Webb, and Mr. Golding. We pray our hard-working sister, Miss Pain, who has undertaken the superintendence of the school, may have her hands upheld in that noble work, and that superintendent and teachers may know the blessing of the Lord rests upon their efforts, that many from that school may arise to call the Redeemer blessed.—E. M.

THE GOSPEL IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

A correspondent of the *City Press* is looking into "the nooks and corners" of the metropolitan world. He found out and visited the Staining-lane chapel, near Gresham-street, where that blessed minister, Mr. Hobbs, was so long the faithful preacher. London city has had a little of that salt which never loses its savour, for many centuries. In 1559, on January 14, the Corporation presented Queen Elizabeth with an English Bible as she rode through Cheapside to her coronation. She kissed the beautiful Bible, thanked the Corporation for their godly gift, and promised them she would diligently read therein. Before this, under the persecuting reign of Queen Mary, a small congregation of Protestants met secretly, from house to house, to avoid discovery. "This congregation (says S. R. Pattison, in his "Religious Typography of England") increased, with the violence of the persecution, from forty to two hundred." We almost feel the present state of the Churches calls for a purging fire, but the Lord knoweth. Our correspondent in the *City Press* is rather critical. He says:—

"Scarcely one person out of the thousands who daily traverse Gresham-street knows that in Staining-lane there is a little Independent chapel; and yet for many years a Church has existed there. We need scarcely repeat that on Sunday the City is very quiet, and especially so in Gresham-street. Instead of taking a walk down Fleet-street, let it be a walk down Gresham-street on Sunday morning; and let us take a peep at 'the little chapel round the corner.' One might really pass up and down Staining-lane on the day of rest without seeing this small place of worship. Although it is the Haberdashers' Hall Chapel, it is very unpretending in appearance. The entrance to the chapel has no ecclesiastical design; it is, indeed, but the doorway to a meeting-house, but once you enter you are amazed at the compactness of the building. It is one of the smallest chapels in England—certainly in London—and yet it is complete—pulpit, galleries, and the usual chapel arrangements, though probably there is not accommodation for more than a hundred persons. And now the congregation is small. The Haberdashers' Hall chapel congregation, however, is a thoroughly representative one. The term Congregational, in most cases, superseded the Independent

Churches, but there are a few who still cling to the term, and the Haberdashers' Hall congregation is one of these. These Independents are by no means numerous. There are one or two causes in London—the Grove, in Camberwell, is one. Here for many years the father of the present rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, the Rev. Joseph Irons, preached 'the truth' to crowded congregations, and retained his popularity till the day of his death. He was the champion of the independency of the Calvinistic school. The Grove has somewhat departed from its original greatness. In the time of the Rev. Joseph Irons, children were baptized, and robes were worn. But the modern pastor has swept away these 'beggarly elements,' as they are termed by the over-orthodox. We merely mention the Grove because it was the cathedral of Independency—and Haberdashers' Hall was one of the same school. In this little sanctuary in Staining-lane a band of good people meet on Sunday and maintain 'old principles.' Hart's hymns are used; Joseph Hart was an Independent minister in the City. He preached, 'till his end came,' in the old meeting-house in Jewry-street. Hart's hymns are sung but in few places now, although some of them are to be found in modern selections. Many of his hymns are very fine—one reminding us of the words of a more modern author, Cardinal Newman.

The ancient Haberdashers' Hall chapel is certainly one of the City nooks, and one that is a thoroughly representative place of worship, and as such is worthy of notice. Here, in fact, 'the Five Points' and 'the whole truth' are said to be contended for. Haberdasher's Hall chapel is, in short, one of the few places left of the old school now fast dying out."

[What is dying out? Old schools may die out, but "the Five Points" never can, for they came out of the heart of HIM who changeth not.—C. W. B.]

KENT.—BORO'-GREEN, September 1, 1882. DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I expect you have heard of my illness for some twelve months now; all my powers of the body became but skin and bone; the mind left its seat; everything looked sad; I was obliged to give up; my medical gent said, if I did not, he could not say where it would end! God be praised, there was some bright design in the mind of the FATHER, which He carries out for His own glory; hence, in much mercy, I have been brought through the furnace of affliction; am now much better in body and mind. O how great is His goodness unto such frail creatures! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name! That is my feeling now. I think, for the future, to supply where the Lord may direct me. I hope the Lord will keep you day by day as you pass through this wilderness world; it may not be long before we see "THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY." The Lord bless you and yours with every blessing, is the prayer of—Yours in Jesus Christ, GEO. HOLLAND.—I am willing to supply any Strict Baptist Church.

ST. NEOT'S.—In the dark ages a commentator on Luke's Gospel lived here, and died in 1340. Stephen Marshall, that great wrestler in prayer and heart-rousing preacher died at Godmanchester in 1655. If such a strong-winged cherubim could hear the moanings and mopings of the pulpits in these days, he would think we were a brood of of bats and owls! (so saith a penman; but we believe there are some with the Spirit of Christ in them, even now). In our county town of Huntingdon, Oliver Cromwell was born in 1599. In the village of Lavton George Herbert was clergyman in 1626. The once famous Henry Venn was rector of our Yelling in 1771; his ardent love for souls led him to preach in houses, and in the barns of the farmers in the districts around. He was a great blessing about 1771. To fill the late George Murrell's pulpit at St. Neot's, we never pray for a spider, nor a hawk. We do require a man of grace to keep the living awake, and to raise the dead. Many men have come to talk to us, but the people tell me (I am not in the Church) no pastor has been found yet. On September 10 we had three instructive lessons from Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey. He is a man of promise, and a well-behaved gentleman. Why do you not announce the preachers for coming months? Believers in surrounding places, like myself, who read E. V., would be glad to know who is appointed to preach.—T. L. E. [If they were sent we would give them each month.—Ed.]

EASTBOURNE.—As I walked on these breezy shores, some one said, "There is a Sunday-school gathering here to-day, and that popular healer, and author of 'Gems of Song,' G. T. Congreve, E-q., is to speak to the united armies of the Eastbourne Sunday juveniles!" Off we went to the large assembly, and beautiful was the sight; delightful the sounds, and edifying the Doctor's devotional discourse.

Notes of the Month.

LEICESTER SQUARE.—The following is the first annual report of the Friday night prayer-meetings held at 17, St. Martin's-st. The subject of these meetings has been laying on the minds of a few for some years past, and at length the Lord has been pleased to open up a way. It was thought that this place would be suitable if it could be obtained, whereupon the ladies to whom the room belongs were asked if it would be convenient for them to allow us to hire the room for one night a week, to which they consented; thus the place was obtained. The first meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 10, which was conducted by Mr. Hand, and which was a very blessed meeting. Psa. cxlii. was read, after singing a hymn, Mr. Hand commenting upon parts of it, particularly upon the sixth verse, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," after which a few prayed very earnestly for the prosperity of the place. At this meeting there were 11 present, which put me in mind of the eleven apostles on the day of Pentecost, waiting for the Spirit of the Lord to descend upon them, and truly we can say the blessing of the Lord did rest upon us. Since then we have had eleven meetings, which have been very blessed, homely and heavenly. We have been

kindly assisted during the past three months by brethren Messrs. Hand, Beazley, Baldwin, Ball, and Debnam (of Norfolk). It was thought advisable to have a meeting at this time that it might be known what our movements are.—**JAMES E. HEGG, JUN.,** Treas. and Sec.

OUR ORPHANS.—As some friends have expressed anxiety as regards the progress the poor children which the late Charles Wooten left in our care, we venture to notice that Millie and Ebbe are both in the stationery works of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, limited. Emily is in a situation, and Teddy, the eldest, has gone back to Two Waters; his health requiring country air. The following is the last note we had. He left London without asking our permission, hence he feared we should be angry, but we had long seen he was too delicate for London. He says:—"DEAR MR. BANKS,—I received your kind letter. I thank you very much for it. I feel very thankful to you; I am quite well; Mr. and Mrs. Creasey wish to be remembered to you. I am so happy down here, and I know you wish me to be happy and comfortable. I hope you will be down here soon, so as I can thank you for all you have done for me. Mr. and Mrs. Creasey are such kind people. I thank you for saying you will be my friend, for it makes me feel I am not quite alone. I hope Mrs. and Miss Banks are quite well, and Mr. Tehan. When I see how I am kept, and clothed, I thank the Lord for it. You was always so kind to me. When I went round to your house before I left, hoping I should see you, if you had been home, I should have thrown myself at your feet, and asked forgiveness. I will write again as soon as I can. I remain yours truly, E. E. WOOTEN.—Corner Hall, August 30, 1882.

Births.

On September 16, at 38, Cawley-road, South Hackney, the wife of Robert Alexander Bellman, pastor of the Baptist Church, Mill End, Rickmansworth, of a son.

On September 15, at 27, Lorne-road, Brixton-road, the wife of Mr. F. C. Pattison, of a daughter.

Marriage.

On September 5, 1882, at Lynton-road Baptist Chapel, Bermondsey, by Mr. Henry Hanks, of Woolwich, Henry, youngest son of Mr. Walter Blackman, of Bermondsey, to Catherine (Kate), only daughter of Mr. G. Spooner, of Neckinger.

Deaths.

On September 2, at Ramsgate, Mr. George Turnbull, aged 82 years. Many years a member of the Surrey Tabernacle.

On July 23, 1882, at Fulbourne, Cambs. (after 17 years' affliction), Mrs. Eliza Middleditch, aged 54 years. The letter from her daughter another month.

The venerable R. French was taken ill in the pulpit at Bedworth, and died August 16, when nearly 80 years of age.

Mr. William Day—who was successively pastor of the Churches at Reading, Tunstall, Farnham, and for some years minister of Yeovil Tabernacle—departed this life, at Maidenhead, on September 6, 1882, ripe in years, strong in faith, and joyful in the hope of being with his Lord at home.

In loving remembrance of Elizabeth Falkner, widow of the late William Falkner, of New Kent-road, who fell asleep September 14, 1882, in the 76th year of her age.

"A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant on our hearth,
Which never can be filled."

A Challenge from the Throne.

“WHO HATH REQUIRED THIS AT YOUR HAND TO TREAD MY COURTS?”

“Zion is like a garden, whose defence
Being broke, is left to rudest violence.”

* * * * *

“Glory, which once did heaven’s bright temple fill,
Seems much departed from that sacred hill.
That sacred place, wherein the precious NAME
Of great JEHOVAH was preserved. The same
Is turn’d a den for thieves; *an open stage*
For noise to act upon; erroneous cage
Of untam’d birds; that house of privilege
Is now the theatre of sacrilege.
Distressed Zion! More unhappy far
Than wounded warriors coming from the war.”

BETWEEN the Church and the world; between the wheat and the tares; between the ripened corn and the empty chaff, there is an eternal distinction. Only the living in Jerusalem can feel it; only the heaven-anointed eyes can see it. Over His redeemed and justified ones CHRIST keeps a constant, a watchful, a jealous eye; while of the outer courts and the renegades He saith, “These are joined to idols; LET THEM ALONE.” Yea, further, for the present HE saith, “Let both grow together until the harvest; and

“IN THE TIME OF HARVEST”

“I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into My barn.”

Such being Heaven’s firm command for the present, who can fully, clearly, safely, certainly, and finally decide between the just and the unjust, between him that feareth God and him that feareth HIM not? Only in this, that CHRIST’S true sheep do hear His voice; and in the main they do follow HIM, while the silly, the unsanctified are carried about with every wind, and are hurried hither and thither with every wave that may be dashed upon the shore.

There is, or there will be, a time when every motive will be examined, when every action (in CHRIST’S name and in GOD’S service) will be weighed, and all who are found wanting will hear the penetrating appeal, “Who hath *required* THIS at your hand to tread My courts?”

Bishops, pastors, and preachers of every class, this challenge demands our honest and earnest dissection and examination; for if there be any motive short of the glory of GOD; if there be any action in His name and service contrary to the revealed will of GOD, we are in danger, sooner or later, of awfully discovering our grave mistake.

In the first vision the prophet Isaiah had, he saw Zion in a desolate condition; he saw her “left as a cottage in the vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers,

“AS A BESIEGED CITY.”

Between God’s Zion and the outer-court worshippers there was a visible and terrible distinction. The Zion of God was only “A VERY SMALL

REMNANT." But with those who, in the most unhallowed manner, did tread the outer courts, there was "a multitude of sacrifices." 'To them the voice of the Almighty cometh by the good prophet. It saith, "Hear the Word of the LORD: give ear unto the law of our God; to what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me, saith the Lord; I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of FED BEASTS, and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats." The anger of the Lord against these vain oblations, these unholy services, increaseth, and He exclaimeth, "BRING NO MORE vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me; the new moons (like the new cart on which the deceived ones attempted to carry up the ark in David's time; the new moons, like all the new so-called religious inventions of the present day, all these new moons and Sabbaths) and

"THE CALLING OF ASSEMBLIES

I CANNOT away with; it is iniquity (or a grief), even the solemn meeting." No doubt these law-breakers, these multitudes of outer-court worshippers, were full of zeal, and many of them might have said, as Paul did, "I verily thought within myself I was doing God service." But the great God of truth, who is a God of order, a Ruler by laws of His own enacting, and who hath said, while He will be merciful to whom He will be merciful, and while He will pardon all whom He hath reserved, He will "by no means clear the *guilty*"—that is, the wilful violaters of His commandments, like those who in our day "obey not the Gospel" of the Son of God. To all of them

"THE SOVEREIGN RULER OF THE SKIES"

declareth in most solemn terms, "*Your* new moons and your appointed feasts MY SOUL HATETH: they are a trouble unto ME; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands I will hide Mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear: your hands are full of *blood*"—that is, ye are murderers of souls, not saviours; ye are as the blind leaders of the blind, and if grace prevent not, ye will both fall into the ditch together.

THIS IS AWFULLY SOLEMN GROUND.

It maketh my soul to fear while I write it. It is that part of God's Word seldom, if ever, touched upon, or opened up in these days. But it is forced upon me. The words came sounding in my soul, and repeating themselves within me time after time,—

"Who hath required this at your hand, to tread My courts?"

I say, let no man deceive himself, or others, by asserting that these appeals, these declarations, these denunciations, belonged to the old covenant, to the Old Testament, to the old Jews. If anyone will turn to Matt. xv. 7, he will find JESUS addressing the same sort of legal and carnal worshippers in the same spirit and manner. He said: "Ye hypocrites, well did Esais prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, and honoureth Me with their lips; but

"THEIR HEART IS FAR FROM ME."

Oh, what a sentence doth He pass upon them! They do, in a formal way, draw near to God; and they do profess to honour Him; but He who searcheth the heart declares, "In vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

What are the doctrines or teachings of Rome but the commandments of Popes, who, though "infallible" as they dare to assume, yet they are but men; and most of them mockers of God. What are the HIGH CHURCH priests and people doing but obeying the commandments of such men as Pusey and his followers? Where does the flood of Arminianism come from which has now almost drowned all the ministers and people of this age, but from men? Universal redemption is not the doctrine of the Bible; man's free-will, in the salvation of the soul, is not the teaching of the HOLY GHOST.

Dr. Adam Smith said, "A denomination by itself has its own creed, engrossed by a lawyer in its trust-deed, which is deposited in some supposed safe place. It is in virtue of these creeds that the ministers use the buildings, and the congregations hold the property." The Disciples of the Lord, of whom the late President Garfield was a minister, declared publicly that their only creed was the Bible, and all the faith they desired was a living and loving faith in the Person of the Son of God.

Returning to Matt. xv. we see, after our Lord had been speaking thus plainly and faithfully unto the heartless professors, His disciples came and said unto Him, "Knowest Thou that the Pharisees were offended after they heard Thy saying?" Like as some lordly person in our Churches will insult the paid minister by saying to him when he comes out of his pulpit, "I must tell you, sir, if you go on like this, you will soon drive away the supporters of the place." And so he makes the poor fellow tremble in his shoes. But what said our Lord to His disciples, who came to tell Him what He already knew? He calmly, solemnly, answered, and said, "Every plant which My heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.

"LET THEM ALONE,

"they be blind leaders of the blind," &c.

By several express mental trains we have lately looked into the conferences and congresses at Liverpool, Derby, Oxford, Bristol, and some other places. We have gathered material sufficient to show the divisions, the dissensions, the declensions, and the face-to-face fighting among the great bodies of men prove that they are not in the unity of the SPIRIT, nor in the bonds of peace.

But this awful theme can be no further pursued this month, beyond a brief appeal to our own heart. Are we mere treaders of the outer courts? There were many courts; one for the priests, another for the owls, and so on; but have we been privileged to understand that New Testament cordial of which lately I have tasted a little, where the Apostle declares that, "God willing, more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have

"A STRONG CONSOLATION,

"who have fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before us"? If we have fled from everything here, to HIM, our only Hope, no outer-court worship will satisfy our souls. Nay, sirs, our spirits will long for HIM who is our Life and our only Love; and we shall to Him cry,—

"Oh, let the beauty of Thy sun-like face
Inflame my soul; and let Thy glory chase

Disloyal thoughts ; let not the world allure
My heart from Thee, the Son of God, so pure."

Now, our LORD JESUS CHRIST Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope, through grace, comfort your hearts and establish you in every good word and work. Even so prayeth your most devoted and humble servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9. Banbury-road, South Hackney, October 20, 1882.

[Returned from several journies, and written in much haste; so I plead forgiveness for defects in expression.]

CHRIST AND HIS PEOPLE ONE IN PERFECTION.

"I in them ; and Thou in Me ; that they may be made perfect in One."

OUTLINE OF A SERMON, PREACHED BY MR. E. P. BROWN, PASTOR OF
THE BAPTIST CHURCH, EAST-STREET, COGGESHALL,
ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF JAMES LAWRENCE, AGED EIGHTY-TWO.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright! for the end of that man is peace."—Psa. xxxvii. 37.

WHEN first the tidings reached me of the departure of our aged and beloved brother Lawrence I asked myself, "From what portion of the Word can such an event be profitably improved?" Immediately there seemed to fall sweetly and gently upon my mind that blessed and well known verse, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Now I am confident that were our departed brother present, he would be the first in desire to exalt the Master and abase the creature. We are not gathered together, brethren, to glorify man, but to magnify the riches of God's grace as seen in the life and experience of the departed, believing that by so doing our own souls will receive blessing. *First, then, let us contemplate these words as true of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ.* How sweet it is, friends, to read of Christ in the Psalms; to see Him by the discriminating teaching of the Holy Spirit in His eternal purposes of love; to see Him one with men below, yet holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; to see Him in His travail of soul, and hear His voice of lamentation going up to heaven as our sin-bearer; to see Him, O! wonder of the glorified in heaven, and the saved on earth, outstretched on Calvary's tree, "pouring out His soul unto death," and the piercing note of loneliness and sorrow rending the skies, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me;" and then to hear His expiring, yet triumphant cry, "IT IS FINISHED!" What a scene, dear friends, and what a field for meditation. Yet, even at this stage, His Divine strength and glory does not stay. Laid in the silent grave by loving hands and yearning hearts, He rises the firstborn among many brethren—death could not have dominion over Him. And yet again, behold Him with His disciples counselling, instructing, comforting, and having promised the Holy Spirit to them, He rises in His glorious majesty to take His seat at the right hand of God. Dear friends, it is our mercy He became man, but our salvation is secured, because He was perfect in His manhood.

Whence then does this perfection come? "I and My Father are One." He is the Father's gift to poor condemned sinners, He, by His divine strength, has overcome and conquered for us, so that now all voices are hushed, which once demanded satisfaction at our hand. The law cannot condemn, sin cannot condemn, our own hearts cannot condemn; attempt they may, but condemn they cannot, for it is Christ that died, so then through Him we get perfect pardon. The perfection of His Nature and Person secures perfect peace, perfect joy, perfect justification, and at last perfect glory. This word, "Mark the perfect man," calls for special notice. Who is it calls us to mark and consider? Is it not our Father, God? Sweetly then, as the Psalmist writes of the greater, and the spiritual David of his people, the Holy Ghost inspires the Word, and frames the prophecy concerning Him, who above all others, who only alone is perfect. And what more delightful theme can occupy our meditations? This divine perfection, too, extends all through the Redeemer's life. Notice, brethren, the perfection of His love. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Yet, the God-man gives His life for His enemies, and His most implacable foes. Truly, He was intent upon His Father's business: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." To save, redeem, and uplift the Church of the living God, Christ dies; the perfect love of the Father in choosing, and ordaining His people to eternal life, finds a sweet echo in the perfect sacrifice of Christ, who "bore our sins in His own body on the tree." Notice also the perfection of His grace. Behold Him assailed, insulted, mocked, derided by man; yet, as the patient Lamb of God He meekly bears reproaches for our sake. Look at Him, tired by the way, denied a draught of water by the woman of Samaria. He who made the seas, and set the rivers in motion, though He thirsts, is denied a cup of water. No friend, no companion prepares for Him a luxurious couch whereon He may sweetly repose at night. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Neither must we forget His perfection in pitying the weary, worn, sin-stricken children of men: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He approves the tear of penitence, but disdains the look of pride. He stoops to soothe and help the poor widow of Nain, though others pass heedlessly by, and heed not the stricken heart. He gives sight to the importunate, pleading Bartimæus, and though His disciples would drive the tender children from His presence, even these He graciously smiles upon with divine blessing.

How blessedly true this testimony is of the Lord Jesus Christ, as our Mediator, we clearly see, when by faith we are led to Calvary. View Him there, the Son of God, for our redemption incarnate in the flesh. Though all the powers of darkness are arrayed against Him, though the accumulated sin of the Church weighs heavily upon Him, yet, in the superior glory of His strength He triumphantly exclaims, "It is finished!" Thus then the law is fulfilled, and made honourable, and through Him we get everlasting righteousness. How beautifully does the Apostle Paul sum up this divine transaction, "And having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things

in heaven." So then through the Redeemer's finished work, all the divine attributes are magnified, and satisfied; peace is brought in, the sinner is saved, and a Triune God glorified. Whence, then, does all this mercy and grace arise? Simply because Christ in His end mediatorially secures what a poor sinner for himself could never secure—PEACE; yea, a peace passing all understanding.

Secondly, let us briefly notice how these words apply to the believer. The whole of a sinner's salvation consists in a fitness to stand before God's throne. But when awakened to a sense of his lost condition, writhing under the sentence of a broken law, and smarting beneath the strokes of an awakened conscience, he is found crying out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Thus, then, we see the very guilt and despair that drive the soul to Christ is the greatest fitness for the Gospel kingdom.

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

Here it is the coming one gets a sweet exchange of pardon for guilt, light for darkness, holiness for sin, life for death, heaven for hell. Our Mediator having taken our sin upon Himself, and expiated our transgressions upon Calvary, transfers to us His perfect righteousness, and thus we understand the prophetic utterance of Isaiah, "And this is the name wherewith He shall be called, the Lord our righteousness." Now this imputation of a Saviour's glorious righteousness brings joy and gladness to the heart. Now, like the man, who in his dark dungeon awaits the hour of execution, but is suddenly apprised of the royal pardon, so he, who under God's holy and righteous law is graciously made to feel and realise for Himself the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin, cannot but rejoice. Yes, my dear friends, when a man can sing:—

"Bold shall I stand," &c.,

then, truly then, he will lift up his drooping head with joy, and with holy fervour does he bless and praise the God of his salvation. But notice, beloved, the word implies a fixedness of thought and contemplation. Not only are we to mark the *perfect* man, but to behold the upright. As though the Psalmist has said, since man only as he is made perfect by God's grace can find acceptance, well consider and study his character. Lo! all that he is, and all that he hopes to be, is of God's good favour. This perfection and uprightness in the believer, we notice, is of a relative order; what he becomes by grace divine, all emanates from God's fulness of grace, the Saviour's mediation, and the Holy Spirit's blessed influence. I suppose that no individual member of the Church of the living God had more humbling views of himself than the psalmist David. How often does he, in plaintive language and with troubled heart, bewail his sinfulness and unworthiness before God. Listen to his confessions for a moment: "For I will declare my iniquity, I will be sorry for my sin;" and again: "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me;" and yet again: "And enter not into judgment with Thy servant; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." This, then, is the humbling experience of the Psalmist from an introspection of self—sin is discovered, guilt is realised, and deliverance sought. But through these dark clouds the divine love and mercy brightly break, and shine forth with glorious strength; so that David, when he savingly

apprehends his personal interest in God's everlasting covenant of grace, can confidently exclaim: "O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise;" and again: "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His benefits;" and yet again: "I will praise the Lord with my whole heart in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation." So we then sweetly see that the believer under the old covenant, and in the first Adam, perceives his ruin and condemnation; but under the better covenant, and in connection with the second Adam—the Lord from heaven—the believer gets, relatively and imputatively, pardon and peace here, and the promise of glory hereafter. For such wondrous grace may our souls ever praise and bless the Lord!

And now, brethren, let us notice how this text—so full of rich truth and vital experience—is true concerning our lamented brother Lawrence. Truly it may be said of him: Thou hast "come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." The Master has sent for him; and now he has entered into his Lord's joy. For a long season he walked in Zion's ways, and found sweet fellowship among God's people; but now he is before the throne, adoring that grace which kept him persevering to the end. So far as I can learn, our dear brother was about twenty-five years ago brought to the knowledge of the truth under that man of God, Mr. Bartholomew. Although he had been a stout rebel against the Majesty of heaven, when grace came he fell down, being wounded; and in God's own time received pardon, peace, and joy in believing. Oh! what wondrous things are accomplished when the Holy Ghost comes to quicken a poor sinner dead in sins. Well may we sing:—

"Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song."

I cannot but feel—in so marked an instance of the power of rich and sovereign grace in delivering a soul, for over half-a-century in the service of sin, and bringing the soul forth as a bright trophy to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour to nearly eighty-two years of age—there are several lessons which the life of the departed bring forcibly before us. I see before me several brethren who for many years had sweet fellowship and counsel with the departed; I also notice many in this company who are the offspring of our brother. May God the Holy Ghost make this to be a memorable time of blessing. I am sure you will all agree with me that the departed was a noble example in deep attention and reverence for the things of God. I cannot easily forget how, time after time, as he sat beneath this desk, with his hand placed to his ear, and his serene countenance beaming sweet satisfaction in drinking in the everlasting truths of the Gospel, he sweetly personified Paul's admonition: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." Often, when very feeble, and scarce able to walk to the sanctuary, he was yet found in his place—blessedly setting forth the character of the godly man: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." To those to whom the departed sustained the relationship of father, I would earnestly and lovingly say, Do not forget God's house, seeing the Gospel order of blessing runs: "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Would you find the Son? Then seek Him in His own appointed way, knowing that one of old said: "Being in the way the

Lord met with me." And to you, brethren, who know Christ, suffer me to say, Be diligent, be fervent, be watchful in the courts of the Lord's house, and you will neither be barren or unprofitable in the ways of the Lord. I would also notice the cheerfully solemn manner in which our departed brother always spoke of eternal things. It was my privilege, with several now present, to call and see our friend as he lay on a bed of sickness for about six months. How full he was of an "excellent matter." How often would he break out when I spoke to him of the Lord's tenderness to His family, and His unceasing faithfulness to those in the furnace of affliction, "Bless the Lord, bless His holy name." Sometimes he would say, "I feel myself to be a poor, lost, ruined sinner, but Christ is my All-in-all." Again, when weakness of body had brought him very low, he would say, "How glad I shall be when the Lord sends for me." Never, when a Christian friend or brother called upon him, did he seem content unless prayer was made for the divine help and blessing. I may truly say of him, Prayer was his delight, and the company of God's people his great joy.

During his illness his patience also was very marked. To his aged partner he would speak very freely of those things that laid nearest his heart, and she in return would endeavour to point him to the Source of all consolation, the Lord Jesus Christ. But before we close, dear friends, may we not notice that fervent humility and consistency of character that always adorned the life of our brother? He was, indeed, as a little child at Jesus' feet. Feeling his own sinfulness, he joyed to know that Christ can save to the uttermost. May the same grace that kept him humble and guarded him in life's dangerous way, attend us all our journey through. In speaking thus particularly of our brother, I would not for one moment exalt the creature, but the Creator. All he was, was through the rich, unmerited favour of God; all his perfection was in Christ; all his uprightness, and all the peace that attended him during his closing days, was derived from our great covenant Head; through Him he has triumphed, and through Him we shall triumph too.

And now, brethren, in conclusion, viewing the solemn fact that we must one day put off this body of sin and death, may God the Holy Ghost excite in each of our hearts this important inquiry:—

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

The Lord Himself answer the inquiry to the salvation of each one; for Christ's sake. Amen.

P.S.—It is pleasing to record, in connection with the departure of our brother Lawrence, in last June, that the brethren of the Church (in accordance with the reverent manner of Stephen's burial, when devout men carried him to his resting-place) lovingly officiated as bearers of the body to the grave. In the absence from home of the pastor, E. P. Brown, the venerable Robert Powell performed the service at the cemetery, when solemn, appropriate and important counsel was given to the relatives and friends present—May we live the life, that we may die the death of God's people.

THE LATE MRS. SARAH FILMER BEAZLEY.

TRULY BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—“In the midst of life we are in death.” Bless God, the Christian can say in the midst of death he is in life. My dear son’s wife, Sarah Filmer Beazley, departed this life July 22, 1882, at the brief age of 35. We have reason to thank God that our loss is her eternal gain. Since their marriage (which was of a brief duration—namely, scarcely three short, fleeting years), they had the privilege of sitting under that man of God, the Rev. J. Battersby, vicar of Sheffield. He felt deeply interested in their welfare, and they very much appreciated and profited by his faithful preaching of the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God. Dear Mr. Battersby visited the departed two or three times during her painful affliction, which she passed through and bore with holy resignation, and his visits were of a most consoling nature to her poor soul’s satisfaction. Mr. Battersby (to his praise be it said) proved himself a father and a sympathising friend in the sad hour of sorrow and painful bereavement, in her final struggle with the king of terrors. She clung only to the blood and righteousness of our all-glorious CHRIST, and was enabled to join in lip and heart, and sing in the solemn hour of dissolution—

“Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

All that was mortal of the dear one we deposited in the silent tomb to wait for the grand and glorious resurrection, when body and soul shall be reunited, and she, with all the blood-bought and grace-taught, shall cast their crowns at His feet, and crown Him everlastingly Lord of all. Mr. Battersby officiated on the solemn occasion at the Cemetery, Sheffield.

Courteous reader, this dispensation speaks to you, to myself, and to all dying mortals, “Be ye also ready.” The only preparation for death is regeneration by the Holy Ghost. Peace ratified in the conscience by the blood of the covenant, and the imputation of the righteousness of the God-man Mediator, placed to our account; this constitutes an Israelite indeed. Such only are exempt from the curse, and shall enter in through the gate to the city of the blest. May the Spirit of the living God bring many down into the dust of self-abasement, and then exalt them to the throne of His glory, is the prayer of your well-wisher, and to all who love and fear the God of the Hebrews,
E. BEAZLEY.

 THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

THE kingdom of God is spoken of relatively with the kingdom of heaven, in similar terms, and accounted as of the same importance as being one and the same. It is also called the kingdom, and the kingdom of Christ, and as that wherein dwelleth righteousness, and as that which cannot be moved—an everlasting kingdom, that shall subject all others to its rule and dominion, for He shall have the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession; and of His kingdom there shall be no end.

The Lord Jesus, in the commencement of His public mission says, in Matt. vi. 33, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” To Nicodemus He declares that no man, except he be born

again, can see the kingdom; and except he be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter (John iii. 3, 5).

It is also, by the same divine authority, asserted (Luke vi. 30), Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God. The kingdom is come nigh unto you (x. 9); it cometh not with observation, and the kingdom is within you (xvii. 20, 21). It consisteth not in meats and drinks, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost (Rom. xiv. 17).

From these testimonies it is evident that the blessed work of the Holy Ghost in a sinner's heart is intended as that that shall quicken, encourage, enliven and instruct, and enrich in all heavenly wisdom, the subjects of His divine rule and guidance; who are drawn by His power, by the enlightening rays of His glorious light, to the Person of Jesus as the Saviour, by a sense of need and helplessness, to flee to the Rock for want of a shelter, and listen to His words of wisdom for guidance. Seek ye the kingdom; where, how shall I seek? It is my desire to find.—“Seek, and ye shall find”; “Come unto Me, I will give you rest”; “Learn of Me, ye shall find rest unto your soul.” Here the word is acceptable and precious. “Ho, everyone that thirsteth,” come without money. This suits the case of the poor and the needy, and he that hath no helper, and to these the promise is sent, and to such it is certain, and by these inward desires and strivings after clearer vision and knowledge of the glorious King. It is unmistakable evidence of being brought forth into the light of the kingdom of God, by the power of the Spirit and the Word; and such are sealed by the Spirit unto the day of redemption. These subjects are brought from far distant places; “they shall come from the North, South, East and West, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God” (Luke xiii. 29).

Not at one revelation of truth, or by repeated unfoldings of divine grace is a full apprehension of the kingdom attained in its height, might, and glorious purity; neither is a sense of interest in its vast immunities to be personally, and at all times, realised, nor full satisfaction in respect to its glorious possession in this human life unalterably possessed; for one says, “I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness”; and again, it is written, “but we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved.” Receiving, not having yet received. We have the earnest in the exercise of search; we have the help by the guidance of the Holy Ghost. He shall lead you into all truth. It is not only the righteousness of the Lord Jesus in a doctrinal form received, but in a personal and experimental manner imparted, wrought in us by a sense of our own unworthiness; and the deeper the sense of unworthiness, the more is the righteousness of Jesus valued.

Thus is made manifest that to which the sincere seeker is most ardently inclined; that in Jesus the beginning and the end, in whom all the promises are yea and amen, is every essential good alone found, both for present comfort and future happiness. “Suffer little children to come unto Me; of such is the kingdom of heaven.” “Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

J. GARROD.

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THREE DISCIPLES EXAMINED.

SKETCH OF A SERMON PREACHED BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, OF PULHAM-ST.-MARY, ON LORD'S-DAY, OCTOBER 1, 1882.

"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?"

THE Prophet Isaiah says, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith your God." This is done to purpose in the chapter before us by one who well understands how to do it. Are we assaulted by Satan, plagued by sin, and persecuted by the enemies of truth? Do we prove the words of Christ true in our own experience?—"In the world ye shall have tribulation." Do we experience the truth of what Paul says?—"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God"? The apostle also says: "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." We must, as the professed disciples of Christ, bear the heat and burden of the day. We have sometimes to "toil all night, and take nothing." We have "fightings without, and fears within;" yea, we have often to say with David, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." But the Lord Jesus knows our path, the way which we take, and He has made us a precious promise: "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," &c. Are Christ's disciples sorrowful of heart? Hear what He says to them: "Let not your heart be troubled." Do they fear all their religion will come to nought, and that they shall lose heaven at last? Hear what He says to them: "Fear not, little flock: it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Again He says, "In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again, and receive you unto Myself," &c. Here is an absolute promise of heaven; and shall one come short to whom the Saviour's promise extends? Is not His work before Him? And will He not complete it, fulfilling the promise, at the end of this dispensation? How will this be done? Read the whole account in Matt. xxv. 31—46. What precious and encouraging truths the Lord Jesus has spoken in the chapter before us. And do these precious declarations do away with our fears? Could our Lord Jesus Christ say more than what is here said to give His disciples confidence and comfort? And did they receive and understand all He said to them? Alas, no! for mind the question in my text: "Have I been so long time with you, and hast thou not known Me, Philip?"

As briefly as possible I shall consider the cases of three of our Lord's disciples mentioned in this chapter, which will serve to illustrate the text, and also the experience of weak saints in general. I shall speak, first, of Thomas; secondly, of Philip; and thirdly, of Judas Thaddeus.

First, we will speak of Thomas. The text will apply to him as well as to Philip. Our Lord had just been speaking of heaven and the way to it. Says Thomas, "Lord, I do not know the way." What! do not know the way to heaven, Thomas? How, then, can you understand Solomon's riddle, when he speaks of the way in a fourfold sense? He says, "The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid." The wise man says these four things were too wonderful for him; he did not know them; he could not fully comprehend them. Certainly not; for who, by searching, can find out God to perfection?

Who can comprehend in its fulness the mystery of godliness involved in the Person of Jesus? But let us see if we can, comparing Scripture with Scripture, throw a little light upon this riddle. Let us, for instance, just look at Matt. i. 23: "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His name Immanuel," &c. Here is the way of a man with a maid, and a wonderful way it is. We cannot fully understand the mystery; but we can understand enough of it to be able to say, "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given."

I think another part of the riddle may be found out by looking at Acts i. 9: "And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." Here is the way of an eagle in the air. Again, I think the way of a serpent upon a rock may be seen in Matt. iv. We see there how the old serpent came upon the rock Christ, and we hear what Christ says about it: "Satan cometh, and hath nothing in Me." As it regards the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, you have only to think of the Saviour being in the ship with His disciples in the terrible storm, and what this means spiritually, and you will see that the way of Christ with His saints is wonderful while passing through the waves of troubles and trials with them. The poet might well say,—

"With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm."

Don't you know the way, Thomas? Why, you remind me of some of our brethren, who tell us about what they know and feel of their sins, and about their crying to God, and about the precious promises being so suitable to their cases, and about some thoughts and views they have of the Person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ, and yet after all say they do not know anything, they do not know the way. What! have they been so long time with Christ in private at His throne of grace—so long time with Christ under the ministry of the Word—so long time with Christ in fellowship with the saints, and yet sum it up that they know nothing, are nothing, and shall come short of heaven at last? Surely, he that knows a little of Christ, has seen a little of Christ, and felt a little of Christ, must know something about the way, for there is no other way to God, and to heaven, but our Lord Jesus Christ. But what did Thomas once see and know of Christ? Although he was so unbelieving, and said he knew little or nothing, and also that he did not believe other disciples had seen and known what they talked about, yet the good Lord, although unbelief is so detestable to Him, indulged Thomas with a most blessed sight of Himself. Then Thomas could say, "My Lord and my God." But was this, after all, faith? No, it was sight, rather than faith. Now, I say faith for Jesus is beyond sight, because this honours Him more than sight can. We do Him honour just to trust Him when we cannot trace Him. I will finish this with the kind and affectionate rebuke our Lord gave to Thomas, and wish in my heart it may do some of you good who are so fearful and unbelieving, and so loath to entirely put your trust in the Best of all friends: "Thomas, because thou hast seen Me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Secondly.—Let us now look at the case of Philip. Our blessed Lord had just said to Thomas, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Philip's ears were open to this, and he says, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Let us see His shape and form, that we may know

what kind of Person Thy Father is. Oh, what ignorance for a disciple of Jesus Christ! But He well knows what poor, weak, foolish creatures we are, and so He is very indulgent to us. What sayest thou, Philip? Show us the Father? Why, says the blessed Jesus, you know Him, and have seen Him; and yet you say you don't know Him. Listen to Me, Philip. Who first found you up? who sought you out and brought you in? How come you to know your state as a lost and undone sinner in the sight of God? How come you to think about your precious soul and about the world to come? How come you to think about God and His Christ? You say, "Show us the Father." Why, man, did you ever see the wind? Because you never saw the wind, would you dispute its real existence? Though in one sense you do not see the wind, yet in another sense you do see it, for you behold it in its powerful effects. Says our Lord, "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Philip, you have seen the Father in Christ by signs, wonders, and miracles, which none but God could do, and these done through our Lord Jesus Christ. One word more with you, Philip, before we part. Who found you in Galilee? Whose powerful voice was that which you heard, saying unto you, "*Follow Me*"? What effect had this powerful wind in the voice you heard? Why, it caused you to find up Nathaniel, and tell him what God in Christ had done for your soul. You said to your friend Nathaniel, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph." Now, Philip, what does it say of Christ in those writings you are so well acquainted with? Moses wrote of Christ; so did all the prophets. But what did Isaiah say about Him? Why, he calls Him "the mighty God, the everlasting Father;" and yet in the face of all this you say, "Show us the Father." How clear it is from what has been said that disciples of Christ may know the things of God savingly, and yet be in much darkness and confusion about those things. Like Apollos, their knowledge of the things of God may be very superficial and imperfect. We may be a long time with Christ, and yet not know much about the mysterious doctrines of grace, such as the Trinity in unity, predestination, eternal and personal election, and the two distinct natures which constitute the Person of Christ. We may know but little about the mystery of godliness, and yet be godly. Let us pray that if we are still children we may grow up into Christ, and become men and women.

Thirdly.—Having looked a little into Philip's case, let us now speak a word or two about Judas Thaddeus. This Judas was no other than the Jude who wrote that epistle which bears his name. In his high towering thoughts of Christ only consider how he speaks of His Godhead: "To the only wise God our Saviour be glory, and majesty, dominion, and power, both now and ever. Amen." This is the experience of a man in Christ. When Judas was a child he thought as a child, and he spake as a child. Mind what he said to our Lord Jesus Christ, after listening attentively to what was said to Thomas and Philip: "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" What is this MANIFESTATION? In what way and manner wilt Thou appear? Are we to see Thee in some other form? Judas spoke just as though he had never known what it was to have a manifestation of

Christ to His soul. Says our blessed Lord, I will tell you, Judas Thaddeus, how you may know where I have already manifested Myself. Do you see persons seeking Me, loving Me, speaking of Me, and worshipping Me? Do you see them listening to My words, loving My words, and trying to work them out professionally in My name? To these, and these only, have I manifested Myself. Mind what the Lord says here: "He that loves Me not, keeps not My sayings." That is to say, there is no proof given that he loves Me who cares not to obey My voice. Concerning Gospel ordinances, such as baptism and the Lord's Supper, some of our dear friends say, "We must wait the Lord's time." But there are God's commands; do you look at them, and say, "All very good; but the Lord's time is not come that I should obey His commands." Shocking! You remind me of a people God complains of, spoken of in the first chapter of the prophet Haggai, who said, "The time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built." What says the Lord to this? "Is it time for you to dwell, O ye, in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" The Lord will not hold such guiltless who study their own temporal affairs, and lay up for themselves, but neglect to do what they can for His house, and to promote His cause. Oh! ye who are careless and indifferent about the Lord's business, hear this voice from heaven, "CONSIDER YOUR WAYS." May the Lord, the Spirit, stir you up; and may you stir up one another! Do you wait for light, and walk in darkness? Do you grope for the wall as though you had no eyes? And do you stumble at noon-day, as in the night? Search out the cause. May the Lord hasten the time when you shall say, "The King hath brought me into His chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in Thee: we will remember Thy love more than wine."

A VOICE FROM THE NORTH OF TRUTH AND EXPERIENCE.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST; GRACE AND PEACE BE MULTIPLIED,—Your very kind letter came duly to hand. The *VESSEL* and *Cheering Words* were honey drops to my soul; they drew forth a few earnest cries to the Lord of Sabaoth for His divine blessing. I trust that the *VESSEL*, though only an *earthen* one, may ever be richly freighted with the weighty cargo of new covenant blessings to God's elect; and whatever changes may take place in the religious world around us (and, truly, we live in a most unstable age) there may never be one retrograde step taken by the editor, or his many honourable contributors to the God-honoured magazine. *ONWARD* and *UPWARD* must be your motto. No flinching in order to suit men of corrupt minds, "who are reprobate concerning the faith;" no pandering to those who belong to the itching ear tribe, who for one morsel of bread, "Esau-like," will sell their birthright. I am pleased to find that you set your foot upon the flesh-pleasing ways, so very numerous at present, "to support (as they say) the cause of God." Cause of God, did I say? May we not gravely question whether God will acknowledge the worthless caricature which goes by His name? To my mind it is clear that the Lord can only give His divine approbation to those things in connection with His Church which have their foundation in His revealed

Word, and are in every way consistent with the spiritual nature of that glorious fabric which is built up, a spiritual house, as a fit habitation for the Most High. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Where is the spirituality of modern worship? forms and ceremonies are plentiful; the religious devotees of the day are numerous; but where is the power of the SPIRIT? where the recognition of that primitive simplicity which characterised the apostolic age? Echo answers, "*Where?*" And then, if we look at the orations of each modern "Tertullus," the substance of them amounts to nothing more than refined morality; hence it is that so little is made of the personal work and ministry of the HOLY GHOST. The sweet and efficacious atonement of CHRIST is ignored; and should there be any of such unaccountable singularity, and audacious boldness, to touch upon the truth of electing love and predestinating grace, then these wolves in sheep's clothing, who are everlastingly crying up man's free-will to do good, will pounce upon the antiquated heretic, and stigmatise him as an enemy to mankind, a man of no sympathy, in short, a bigot of the worst kind.

How true, at present, are the words of the apostle: "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse." What need there is that we should be watchful and strengthen the things that remain, which are ready to die, and that every servant of God should "gird his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night."

Dear brother, it is our mercy that our God is not asleep; neither is He dull of hearing, or slack concerning His promise. "Zion still dwells upon the heart of everlasting love!" but the world must fill up her measure of iniquity, and she is doing it with a gust which portends SPEEDY DESTRUCTION! Oh, that every *living soul* may come out of her by spiritual separation, and show that the Lord hath indeed put a difference (a redemption) between the Israelites and the Egyptians.

You wished to know something about our Church. I am happy to say that we are yet alive, and that is no small mercy, especially when we consider that there are so many around who are ready to say with Rehun, the chancellor, and Shimshai, the scribe, and the rest of their companions, that "the Jews are building up the rebellious city; and have set up the walls, and joined the foundations. Be it known now unto the king, that if this city be builded, and the walls set up again, then will they not pay toll, tribute, and custom; and so shalt thou endamage the revenue of kings. Give now commandment to cause these men to cease, and that the city be not builded." But, blessed be God, we are still going on in a quiet way, building the city which will not pay toll or custom to vile usurpers who are trying to rob KING JESUS of His crown rights. We cannot boast of what is commonly called "success;" we have no crowded chapel, or what is called numerous conversions; but we have a united, peaceable, truth-loving Church; and the LORD often takes His walks among His golden candlesticks; the blessed SPIRIT testifies of CHRIST to the disciples, and we have had proofs also that He is still able to raise the dead, and then keep them alive. So upon the whole there is much to be thankful for. We do desire, and pray, and labour, for an increase of godly persons; and hope that there are signs in some of the work of grace begun. The prayer meetings are fairly attended, so also our village preaching.

It is now four years since the Lord led me to my present place of abode, and three and a-half since I accepted the unanimous call to the pastorate; and when I look at the times that have passed over me, I stand amazed at the goodness of God to one so unworthy and insignificant. Truly, I am indebted to the Lord for His help in ministering to His people. I have often thought I should be left alone, and my soul has sunk fathoms deep when I have closed the services on Lord's-day evening, and begun to anticipate the next Sabbath. I have wondered where I could find another text, where the next discourse was to come from! How empty, how dry, how shut up and cast down I have been! and, then, I have secretly wished that I had never put my hand to the plough, or that I had been content to supply destitute Churches occasionally. But, blessed be God, I have never yet been put to shame; never confounded, though often confused. The Lord has pulled me through scores of times, in spite of carnal reasoning, unbelief, and the enemy saying, "You will be shut up now!" How I ought to praise God with joyful lips; but can you believe me, when I say that I can no more produce a grateful frame of mind than I can command the wind, or the tide? I "can grumble, and repine, with blessings in my hand," I can kick against the dispensations of divine providence, and wish myself anything and anybody but who and what I am; but to be still and know that GOD IS GOD, and thankfully receive everying He sends, or permits to come upon me, is beyond my native powers; "the flesh dislikes the way." But when the Spirit is touched by the gracious finger of my GOD, then it takes a cheerful spring and leaps upon the high mountains of eternal love, wise decrees, and unerring providence; repentance flows forth, shame covers my face, and grace gets the victory.

"You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it so with you?"

But I must draw my imperfect scrawl to a close, and detain you no longer by my torch from the light of the sun. I trust that the LORD JEHOVAH will still be your Sun and Shield, and enable you to serve the Churches of His grace by your voice and pen, and that a good reward may be given you of the LORD GOD of Israel, under whose wings you have been brought to trust.

Yours in Christ Jesus,
OBADIAH S. DOLBEY.

Slaithwaite, January 19, 1882.

THE IRISH PASTOR'S COMPLAINT AND HIS CONSOLATION.

THE city of Dublin has a population of nearly half-a-million (500,000) souls. It has one Baptist Chapel, with a membership of 67, and about 30 Sunday-school children. At the last Annual Conference the Dublin Baptist Pastor delivered the annual address. It is headed,—

"WE ARE FEW."

And certainly, 67 out of 500,000 is but a very few indeed. The president told his audience of one town in the South of Ireland, where a traveller asked, "Is there a Baptist here?" Somebody said, "Yes; there is one!" "Where is he?" "Oh! she is an aged widow in the almshouse, up there." And the president added, "If our few descendeth

to the minority of 'one,' I hope to be that one." For a man to be labouring on in a large city, almost by himself, is a melancholy picture; and, for my part, I can hardly think the right man is in the right place; but Dr. Eccles drew comfort from the hope that, yet "the little one would become a thousand; and the small one a strong nation." He drew comfort also from the fact that oft-times, when he was lonely and low, silently waiting upon the Lord, like John, in Patmos, there came over him, and into his soul, the sense of the presence of HIM who is the First and the Last, and who walketh among the gold candlesticks, who said, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for ever more." That was—

A NOBLE CRY OF FAITH

When the many thousands of the Philistines were threatening the Hebrews, Jonathan said to his armour-bearer, "Let us go over into the camp of the uncircumcised; it may be that the Lord will work for us; *for there* is no restraint to the LORD to save, whether it be by many or by few." Our brother, Jabez Whitteridge, has gone forth, no doubt, often weeping with dry, cold, hard sighs and tears in his soul; but he has been the bearer of precious seed to the Churches in the country, and in London, and no one can tell how large a bundle of sheaves he shall bring with him when the great harvest day shall come. Instrumentally, he has planted a nice, new, and comfortable chapel in the Highbury Vale, and is a pioneer. We hope he will receive a present and an eternal blessing.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Infant Baptism Demonstrated to be Scriptural. By James Malcolm. London: Houlston & Sons, 7, Paternoster-buildings. With fine portrait. The photo of the author presents a gentleman whose fixed eyes, upward glance, and decided wonderment of countenance bespeak much confidence in being able to put down all the Baptists in the world, and to prove that the sprinkling of infants is implied, expressed, and commanded in the Word of God. Thousands—yea, tens of thousands—must have believed this centuries since, or they have been led by the blind, for Churchmen, Noncons. of almost every class, have practised it, believing, dreaming, or not believing, it was authorised by "the BOOK." Mr. Malcolm has been forty-five years thinking over this subject; at the age of 75 he has felt it to be his duty to convince all the immersionists of their mistake. We will give the aged disciple a fair hearing.

The Fountain of Living Waters and The Birds of the Air. Two Scriptural expositions by Rev. J. Battersby. Published by Mr. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street. Still does this wise scribe con-

tinue once a month to bring up some portion of the sacred text, which he unfolds in a careful, faithful, and interesting manner. His allegiance to "*the Book*," his contention for the faith, causing some to speak lightly of Mr. Battersby; but the Lord has greatly blessed many souls under his ministry, and these are not novices: they know the truth; the *sound* is sweet, the *substance* is solid food to them: they listen eagerly, they are built up, and go on their way rejoicing. The sermons being always published a multitude who cannot hear may read them.

"COWPER'S CASTAWAY." That innocent and happy female poet, Mrs. T. Chaplain, has given to the *Gospel Magazine* for October a few delightful stanzas on "Cowper's Castaway." The poem is worthy of the widest circulation. If the sacred poetess does not object (we are sure the loving editor will not), we hope to give it entire next month. Mr. John Huntley's note in *Gospel Magazine* for October, drew forth a flood of thoughts from us; but we shut them all inside for the present. If the Lord did not lead us (in Bath, in a humble

and in a then unknown way to us) to obey the injunction, "Go thou and do likewise;" if a Divine Spirit did not talk to us in the deacon's bedroom, then surely we are deceived. Because we were compelled to "Go and do likewise," a most cruel onslaught was made upon us, and the travelling preachers have carried about everywhere a mixture of truth and exaggeration. They have thought they were justified: we have said, "It may be God hath bidden them." They have stoned us, yet we live.

SERMONS AT JUBILEE OF MR. DANIEL SMART'S, CRANBROOK. London: E. Wilmshurst, Warwick-buildings, Paternoster-row. August 17, 1882. completed the fifty years of Mr. Daniel Smart's ministration of the Gospel. Forty-four years had rolled away that day since that living and walking saint, Isaac Beeman, left this world of changing scenes. When a young lad we watched Isaac Beeman with reverence and awe. Through Cranbrook churchyard we have seen him walking many, many times—a tall, thin man, always looking down, evidently profoundly engaged in thought, apparently noticing nothing nor no one around him. Such another man we never knew. Our late beloved James Wells once said, "Isaac Beeman was a good Scripturian." He certainly was a man who would walk through the Bible with any subject more harmoniously and correctly than most men. The late William Bidder was wonderful in quoting texts suitable to his theme; and no doubt God honours His own Word by making it like the bread cast upon the waters, "found after many days." Mr. Wells quoted and expounded the Word of God largely, with much life and freedom. The late Mr. George Abrahams told us that Isaac Beeman came one week-night to hear him, but no one at the time knew Mr. Beeman, for he had dressed himself like a countryman, in a white "smock-frock," and sat with his head bowed down. We know the spot where the remains of Isaac Beeman lay, and we hope once more to visit that corner ere we leave this world. If ever we are permitted to write a brief autobiography, Isaac Beeman's history and ministry will be noticed, although the young one has forbidden us to write of his father. If Mr. John Gadsby is correctly reported, he said Mr. Smart's ministry was more like his late dear father's and Mr. Covell's than perhaps any man living. We could never see any similarity between the late William Gadsby and the yet living Daniel Smart. We could draw a strong

line of distinction between the two, but not here. Mr. Smart's jubilee sermons contain the same warnings, the same heart-piercings, and Scripture quotations, which have, more or less, marked all his discourses; but it is the man—his grave and awful manner, his own experiences, and God's blessing him so continually, both in private and in public, which has held him on acceptably and honourably during the last fifty years. The trinity of powers in the Christian few take any distinct notice of—we mean the distinction which Paul makes in that sublime and holy breathing of his soul, as recorded in 1 Thess. v. 23, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Then, as the crowning climax of this ponderous petition, he adds, "Faithful as He that calleth you. Who also will do it." The physical body is the wilderness, wherein the believer dwells, in this time-state; a wilderness wherein are found the fears and failings, the doubts and despondencies, the heaviness and haltings, the everything that is death-like and deceitful. The "spirit" is the natural life, the steam which drives the body hither and thither, whither it will; but "the soul," the immortal part, when "born again," when made "a new creature," is incapable of warring against God in any way. "My heaven-born soul" (we have said) "can sing and be happy in Christ when the natural spirit and the natural body are sorely distressed." Now Paul's prayer is expressive of that entire devotion to God of the whole man, so seldom to be found. Mr. Daniel Smart has been much devoted to God, in spirit, soul, and body for fifty years. His sermons express this, let the Chelsea critic quarrel much as he may.

* DIVINE VISITATIONS.

"My Beloved put in His hand by the hole of the door."—Canticles v. 4.

DEAR Jesus, when Thy people see
The tokens of Thy love,
They bid farewell to every fear,
And best of blessings prove.

But seldom, Lord, these visits are,
How oft doth sin oppress;
It is the lot of all below
Who Thy dear name profess.

The worldling's favour, or his scorn,
They both alike regard;
When Thy dear presence fills the soul,
An infinite reward.

The things of earth all dwarfed become,
And care pursues its flight;
'Tis brightness when Thou dost appear,
When absent it is night.

W. C. B.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE LORD APPEARING IN HIS GLORY.

"Hosanna in the highest! Joy betide
The heavenly Bridegroom and His bride;
Let heaven above be fill'd with songs,
Let earth triumph below:
For ever silent be those tongues
That can be silent now."

Once more—on Tuesday, October 17, 1882—we visited that splendid "Palace of Truth," the Surrey Tabernacle, in Wansley-street, Walworth-road. We never go there but with mingled feelings of sorrow and gladness. The loss of the pastor, Mr. Jas. Wells, doth always cast a gloom over our spirit. No one who ever, personally, publicly, and privately, knew the weight and value of his deep, his deeply-discerning spirit, can ever forget the good man, nor lightly esteem his memory. God knoweth that a sacred love to the departed has permanently dwelt in our soul, from that awfully momentous Sunday evening (over forty years ago), when we were quite unbeknown to him; when the Lord stripped him of his text and sermon, which he thought he had fast enough in heart; but, when he came up into the pulpit, in a mysterious manner, in a most perplexing and indescribable way, all he had so thought upon fled from him, and he was mentally compelled to read a verse in the Psalms, a terribly experimental text; and, without knowing what he would say from it, he went on, and came down into the dark sorrows of our heart, and gave us a reviving hope in the mercy of a merciful God, which hope grew, wrestled, ascended, climbed upward, until it went into that which is within the veil, "whither JESUS, the Forerunner, has for us entered."

When he (the late James Wells) heard of us; when the EARTHEN VESSEL began to appear, internal powers and external persons did their utmost to make him think hard of us. We were kept quiet and patient, and went on with our work. The singular circumstances which brought us together cannot be referred to here. We became true friends; and so remained; and shall be so, even in the glory world. It is not sorrow for the loss of Mr. Wells merely, that pains us when we are in the new Surrey Tabernacle; that sorrow is increased by the long leaving of the Church without a successor to the pastorate; but silently we console ourselves with the thought that the Lord, by His grace, by His truth, and all by His SPIRIT, is shewing us He can unite and keep His people together

without a settled pastor, and our daring conviction, our enduring persuasion, is this: that when the Church has long been kept on in a waiting posture, when all the sons of Jesse have passed before them (except the Heaven-appointed David), then, out of some obscurity, shall be brought forth by the Lord Himself THE MAN of whom the ETERNAL SPIRIT, for the reigning King in Zion, shall so exclaim, "Arise, and anoint Him; for THIS IS HE," that the people shall do it with a glad heart. Amidst the conflicts of our soul, deeper down than all the carnal workings of a matured mind, the thought lives and labours on, that God Himself will cause the Church—ah, and Churches around—to know that, though "He works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," the Church and His truth are too dear to Him ever to forsake them. The man is not wrong when he says:—

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

God Almighty grant that, in His time, in His way, by His chosen and appointed instrument, the Surrey Tabernacle Church and people may, one day, joyfully exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Amen. SO BE IT.

On the fifty-second anniversary—holden, as we have said, on Tuesday, October 17, 1882—Mr. John Warburton preached on the words, "When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory." We had never seen this noble "Standard-bearer" before. We heard his father many times; and we have sat between his father and his mother, in Trowbridge, and heard their sorrows and their joys; but "young John," as they were wont to call him, we think we never saw until the day just referred to. We found him to be a most demonstrative man in the pulpit; he throws body, soul, arms, and all into the ministry; and with an earnestness and freedom he goes through his work.

At the evening meeting (after a bountiful tea) Mr. Mead presided, and delivered an address full of affection for his late pastor, of faith and hope for the cause, of sweet encouragement for the Lord's people, and of gratitude to the God of all our mercies for all the goodness He had caused to pass before them. Mr. Edward Beazley went up to the throne for a special blessing, and he afterward spoke unto the people; Mr. E. Griffith, and Mr. Bush, gave their minds

Deacons Rundell, Thomas Carr, Pells, King, A. Boulden, and others, rendered good service. I endeavoured to say something; and I was pleased to hear Mr. Rundell calling to mind the first time he heard the late Mr. James Wells; it was the first Gospel sermon he ever heard; his soul drank in the words with happiness and real pleasure. Many, very many, have spoken to the same effect; and thousands will, in the eternal world, bless the Lord for James Wells, as God's mouth to them. So believeth

C. W. BANKS.

SETTLEMENT OF MR. W. H. LEE AT BOW.

RECOGNITION services to welcome Mr. W. H. Lee as pastor were held at Mount Zion Baptist Chapel, Botolph-road, Devons-road, on Tuesday, October 17, 1882. C. Cornwell preached in afternoon. At public meeting, Mr. J. Lee (one of the deacons) in the chair, who, in an appropriate and feeling address, said the object of the meeting was to welcome his brother, W. H. Lee, as pastor. He expressed himself pleased to be present among the people of the Lord; thankful to be numbered with them; he desired the union might be lasting, that many souls might be profited; then called upon the Church to uphold the pastor whom they had chosen.

The pastor then gave an outline of the leadings of providence. He believed the Bible to be the revealed mind of God; He believed in the certainty of the salvation of the elect; that preaching was the way in which God works; that His own glory was the end; he aimed to preach the whole truth in word and practice. He left the Church at Bow through ill-health, went to Wellingborough, and for six years did a certain work in which he had thought to live and die; but the Lord's will was that he should return to London; he laboured for a time at Plumstead, where his ministry was blest; but he never felt settled. When he was invited to supply at Bow, he had no idea of returning as their pastor; when he was asked to supply for three months with that view he hesitated in his own mind; but a word came with power: "Feed the Church," &c.; it decided him to accept the pastorate with the hope that the Lord might manifest His grace in the souls of His people. He concluded by asking for their prayers, sympathy, and forbearance. The senior deacon, Mr. H. Lee, then gave the pastor, in the name and on behalf of the Church, the right hand of Christian fellowship. Referring to the various leadings of

providence, he observed that these things were not by chance, but are according to the purpose of God; he, therefore, urged him to go on with his work, not to be discouraged; and urged the people also to abide by the staff.

Mr. Lovelock, the other deacon, also expressed himself hopeful; he was watching to see if it were of the Lord; and he was increasingly persuaded that the Lord had brought him there.

Mr. J. Clark congratulated the pastor on his present position; he should as soon expect to hear that he was walking on his head as not walking in the truth. He believed his was a living ministry, though it might not always be received joyously. He considered the essentials of a living ministry to be the doctrine of the Trinity, the work of Christ, and of the Spirit. God's people require special blessings; a ministry like our brother's will supply it, he hoped they might meet on some future occasion to recount the mercies of the Lord in this place.

Mr. T. Stringer was pleased to be there. He hoped the union would be lasting. He held that a few of the Lord's people, with His presence, was better than a chapel full and the Lord not there. It was good to have a Gospel, a man to preach it, and a chapel to preach it in. God has said that He will cause the showers to come down. He prayed that it might be fulfilled in their experience.

Mr. J. G. Baldwin said he knew the cause from its commencement. The Word declares that a faithful man shall abound with many blessings. He trusted his Brother Lee might be that man, blest with a clear insight into the truth, blest with freeness of utterance—the mouth shall speak—blest with success in comforting the poor and needy; blest with many years of useful work, then there is no failure.

Mr. T. Steed said he was glad to hear Mr. Lee was a man who knew and loved the truth. It was better than being an angel, though they desired to look into the mysteries of salvation.

Mr. J. Hand said these were times when men should think with more seriousness on religion. Formerly many suffered for the truth's sake; probably near this spot some have laid down their lives. Do you ever think of these things? If a time of trial should come, who would stand the test?

Mr. F. C. Holden was pleased to meet the friends at Bow; so many ministerial brethren, also so many friends from other Churches. He said he had brought up a word from Deut. i. 38, "Encourage him." Why? 1. Because he is God's servant.

2. Because you have chosen him as your pastor. 3. Because he is but a man, and needs it.

How? 1. By your prayers, private and public. 2. By your constant attendance. 3. By standing firm in the truth. 4. By letting him know when the word is blessed to your souls. 5. By looking to his temporal necessities, not so much what you think he needs, but what God disposes you to give.

When? 1. Always, never to do anything to discourage him. 2. When he appears cast down. Nothing discourages a pastor more than to find that his people are wandering about; it is a practice that will bring leanness into your soul. Discourage your pastor, and you will certainly fail to fulfil your obligations as a Church member.

Mr. C. Cornwell said he always had an impression that brother Lee would come back to Bow. It had been said that it was not settled till Mr. Webb had left; but he believed it was settled in the purpose of God from everlasting. He wished the pastor and people every blessing. May the Church at Bow be favoured with the gracious presence and rich blessing of a covenant God, Father, Son and Spirit.

MR. CLINCH'S FAITH, READING ANNIVERSARY, &c.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Grace, mercy and peace rest upon you and upon the whole Israel of God. It is my earnest prayer to be entirely devoted to the work of preaching the everlasting Gospel. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," for to me it has proved the power of God unto salvation. As I contemplate the infinite wisdom of JEHOVAH in designing the salvation of His Church, and rescuing her from the power and consequences of sin, I am constrained to exclaim, "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways are past finding out." But, dear brother, of what avail would all be to me, if I am not among the number redeemed? Herein lies

"THE SECRET OF MY JOY."

I am among them that believe, consequently can prove my election; for the Gospel came not unto me in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. Hence I know my election—1. To glorify Him here, bringing forth in me the fruits of love and of good works. 2. To reign with Him eternally hereafter.

How often the following words of the poet are the language of my soul,—

"Pause, my soul, adore and wonder;
Ask, And why such love to me?
Grace has put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family.

Hallelujah!

Thanks, eternal thanks to THEE."

Nineteen years have now rolled away since

it was my privilege to join the little band of Baptist brethren at Sutton Courtney. For ten years I was waiting upon God, to open my way to preach the Gospel I so much loved. At length my way was made plain to supply in different villages around the neighbourhood of Reading, where I now reside. After nine years as local preacher, I desire (if God will) to devote the whole of my time and energies to the work. There is nothing on earth I so much love as the proclamation of the everlasting Gospel.

My principles are: Special redemption of the Church, as the result of electing and distinguishing grace; effectual calling of all that are thus chosen and redeemed; and the final perseverance of all that are effectually called. Respecting ordinances, baptism always should precede the Lord's table by every believer as the first precept after believing (Acts ii.). Good works arising from love to God are to be manifested as the evidences of life in the soul. That in preaching the Gospel to every creature, sinners are to be addressed as lost and ruined, as deserving of wrath. That Christ be preached in all His characters and offices. That sinners of all classes and characters be pointed to HIM as the only Hope set before them in the Gospel. That in the invitations the language of Scripture be closely adhered to. That no Scripture doctrine, however distasteful to the carnal mind, or to ill-taught believers, should be kept back. That the ungodly be preached to in love, and dealt faithfully with. That every prescribed means be used with as much earnest perseverance as though all depended upon the means themselves, but at the same time truly conscious "that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord alone that any good results can be effected."

This is a true outline of my preaching, and has been ever since I first opened my mouth to speak in the Master's name. All Strict Baptist friends do not see with me in all I here have stated; but it is my duty to clear my conscience in the sight of God, and leave results with Him who is Judge of all, and ever will commend that which is consistent.

The advice of my aged pastor, Richard Randle, Sutton Courtney, to me was as follows: When you preach to dead sinners read the Acts of the Apostles, and see how they addressed them. When you preach to the saints read the Epistles and see how they wrote and spoke to them. You follow their example, and never mind what men say of you. I must say I have very largely adhered to his advice, though very often to the displeasing of some. I find that Newton, and Henry Romaine, and Whitfield, with other noted free-grace men, did the same. And the Lord abundantly blessed their labour, both in gathering in and building up of precious souls. I am truly pained to see our close-communication causes so low in this town. I fear something must be wrong somewhere. At least, it is a time for great searching of heart.

At the evening of the anniversary at

Providence last Wednesday, I observed but about sixty individuals, all told. The sermon by Mr. John Box, from Psa. cxxxiii., last part of the third verse, was good, sound, doctrinal, experimental, and practical. I fear the help from so few in number must have been scanty. A present of a few hundred pounds to clear off the chapel debt would be of great service in forwarding the welfare of the Church and congregation.

Yours in Christ,
J. CLINCH,

A well-wisher of the cause at Providence.
62, Cardigan-road, Reading, Sept. 30, 1882.

ISLE OF THANET.—One hopes the departed spirit of the late worthy man (once a successful citizen of London, and the planter of a new cause for Christ in this island) knoweth nothing of the outcome of his zeal and charity here. The old page of history tells us that the Baptist chapel in Broadstairs occupies the site of some of the structure of Notre Dame, which was so reverently acknowledged that the ships then passing up and down the beautiful seas here lowered their sails in honour of the Notre Dame princess. Toward the Baptist Church in this island there is not so much reverence expressed as could be desired. Mr. Sharp, of Ramsgate, is a most careful and faithful shepherd over the little flock, who esteem him highly. Mr. Carter, of Broadstairs, stands out firm for all he believes to be the truth; but visible prosperity is scarcely seen in this lovely island. We were passing the ancient Broadstairs Baptist chapel in September, 1882, and heard the organ. We stopped! We saw a large "broadside" announcing the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL to preach two sermons that very day. We were just in time to hear Mr. Carter's introduction and C. W. Banks's harvest discourse. Peace and truth, we were told, dwell together here in Broadstairs; but that cannot be said of some other places. The learned inquisitor of the Strict Baptist community should establish a court of investigation for "difficult cases." This would be more honest than closed doors.

TRING.—The cause at West-end held special services on October 11, in honour of the Lord's mercy towards the Sabbath-school long established. W. Winters preached two sermons on the occasion, and felt it good to be there. The friends are happy and united; we are sure bright days are in store for them. Established believers should gather round the flock in this hour of need. They have our heartfelt sympathy and prayers. It was our lot for one night only to retire to rest in a most antique cottage near a wood, lonely enough for a Benedictine monk; but there lives one whose heart the Lord hath opened, a saint indeed. Much as we love quietude, a cot in such a "contiguity of shade" fails to charm us, and especially when the rough boreal winds howl in the midnight tempest, though the God of peace dwells within. That God would bless the little Ebenezer of Tring is the earnest wish of W. WINTERS.

BOTTISHAM LODGE AND JOHN BERRIDGE.

BY W. WINTERS, OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

In a vale far West of the busy borough town of Cambridge, stretching wide of Newmarket, and, as some folks say, "three miles from everywhere," stands the straggling village of Bottisham Lodge, to which place I was called to pay a hasty visit on October 3, and to preach two sermons in commemoration of the harvest of the earth. To a stranger (like myself) the village presents a very antique appearance, from the many grotesque, and even picturesque, homesteads, with their dark thatched roofs, overhanging chambers, and diamond-shaped windows, which were made, it is presumed, when the poor were taxed for beholding the sun in their own houses. An incendiary fire, on February 7, 1846, put an end to no less than fifteen of the old mud-wall cots, besides two farms, depriving twenty-four poor families of their homes. A church of respectable antiquity in the neighbourhood, called Holy Trinity, contains a fine memorial to the honour of Colonel Jenyns, one of the famous 600 who fell at the charge of Balaclava. In 1863 three of the surrounding hamlets were formed into a separate ecclesiastical parish; and, in 1853, the church of St. James was built, with a view, it is feared, to close up the "noncons.," but glad I am to say the attempt proved a failure, for the Lode "meet'ners" still live, and will go where they like, notwithstanding the church does that are distributed annually to the poor, to the amount of £290. Annexed to the village is the ancient priory of Anglesey, founded by Henry I. The remains consist of a vaulted roof and graduated corbel table, of early English style. In the woody part of this sequestered spot, the Puritans, or Separatists, worshipped God in the dead of the night, for fear of the so-called justices of the peace, and other tyrants of the period.

The commencement of the preaching of the Gospel in Bottisham Lodge dates back to about the year 1700, when the chief supporters of truth were the then resident members of the great family of Frohock, or Frogg. The minister, at that time, was of the Presbyterian order, and who preached successfully for many years, but after a time public services were given up, for reasons none could understand. In the year 1744, the Gospel revived in the village by the ministrations of a good man named Tolley, an Independent, who officiated in a small chapel for some time, till persecution grew rampant, in a manner seldom witnessed. At that time the parish had to supply one man for the military service of the country, when, after due deliberation, Mr. Tolley was considered the most suitable man to serve his king and country, notwithstanding the exemption afforded by the Act of William and Mary. Thus the poor godly preacher was torn away from his home and his flock. The congregation, when deprived of their minister, divided into two parties—one going to Burwell, and the other to Cambridge.

Things continued in a most unsettled state till John Berridge, vicar of Everton, and of

blessed memory, commenced his very uncanonical, itinerant labours in the parishes of his brethren of the Established Church. His first step was to take possession of a deserted barn in Bottisham Lode, which had formerly been occupied by the ousted Presbyterians, but he soon afterwards hired and fitted up a place in the village, at his own cost, adapted for the worship of God. At this time, it is presumed, he was curate of Stapleford, which he held six years. He had been endeavouring for years to blend the law with the Gospel in his preaching, but now his eyes were opened and God began very much to bless his ministry. At this juncture one of his hearers, being very anxious about her soul, after hearing him preach so very differently to what he used to, on being introduced to the preacher, he said, "Well, Sarah!" She replied, "Well, not so well, I fear." "Why, what is the matter, Sarah?" "Matter, why I don't know what's the matter. These new sermons. I find we are all to be lost now. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep; I don't know what's to become of me." The same week several others came to him in a similar distress of mind. He began to preach in other villages, no less than from ten to twelve sermons a week, and it is computed that, under his own and the joint ministry of Mr. Hicks, no less than 4,000 persons were awakened in one year. While Berridge was so successful in extolling Jesus, the enemies of the Cross rose up against him with furious persecutions, and he was called by the rabble "the old devil" for nearly thirty years. Consequent upon the success of Berridge's ministry, some of his respectable enemies resolved, if possible, to get him turned out of his living. They complained to the bishop that he had preached out of his parish. And Berridge remarks: "I was soon sent for by the bishop. I did not much like my errand, but I went. When I arrived, the bishop accosted me in a very abrupt manner, 'Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish. Did I institute you to the livings of A—y, or E—n, or P—n?' 'No, my lord (said I), neither do I claim any of these livings; the clergymen enjoy them undisturbed by me.' 'Well, but you go and preach there, which you have no right to do!' 'It is true, my lord, I was one day at E—n, and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them about their sins, &c., and I remember seeing five or six clergymen that day, my lord, all out of their own parishes upon E—n bowling green.' 'Poh!' said his lordship, 'I tell you you have no right to preach out of your own parish; and if you do not desist from it you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol.' 'As to that, my lord,' said I, 'I have no greater liking to Huntingdon gaol than other people, but I had rather go thither with a good conscience, than live at my liberty without one.' Here his lordship looked very hard at me, and gravely assured me I was beside myself." His lordship now changed his mode of attack: instead of threatening he began to entreat, and Berridge was asked to dine with him.

After dinner his lordship took him into the garden, and said, "Well, Berridge, have you considered of my request?" "I have, my lord," said he. To which his lordship replied, "Do you not know that it is contrary to the canons of the Church?" "There is one canon, my lord," he replied, "which saith, 'Go, preach the Gospel to every creature.'" The principal man who opposed Berridge shortly had the mortification to learn that his purposes were defeated. On his (the prosecutor's) return home from court, his partisans in the prosecution were anxious to learn the result of the summons, saying, "Well, you have got the old devil out?" meaning Berridge. He replied, "No; nor do I think the very devil himself can get him out" of his living!

At Bottisham Lode John Berridge and his colleague Mr. Hicks preached for several years. They at length stationed a Mr. Price, son of Dr. Price, over the people, who was well received. About this time John and Charles Wesley preached at Lode. Before the death of John Berridge, Andrew Fuller, of Kettering, preached several times in the village, and afterwards preached for some time once a month at Bottisham in a farmhouse, in which his father resided. On the death of Berridge, in 1793, the cause of truth declined, but did not become extinct, a few friends continuing to assemble for worship in a private house until the year 1800, when T. Reynolds, a Baptist, began to preach in his own house in the village, and was much blest in his work, until his house became too small, when he removed to a large room on the premises where the Presbyterians and John Berridge had so successfully preached. This place also soon proved too small, and a chapel was erected in 1810; and in the year following a Church was formed on the Congregational plan, although some of the members were Baptists. On July 16. 1817, Mr. Reynolds became pastor of the Church, consisting of fourteen members, which number soon began to multiply. The old chapel holding 200 persons, and formerly a barn, was the private property of Thomas Dennis, of Great Wilbraham. The present chapel was erected in 1832. In the chapel ground lie the remains of Thomas Reynolds, 20 years pastor of the Church; also the dust of many members of the family of Cornwall rest in the same yard. Our brother, Mr. C. Cornwall, of Brixton it is believed is a native of this village of Bottisham Lode. His father died in 1880, aged 86, and his mother in 1881, aged 87. Mr. Reynolds was followed in the work of the pastorate by Ellis Munsey, Robert Powell, John Nottage, Edward Childs, Joseph Barker, William Ward, James Howell, Henry Woodrow, John Hanger, and the present pastor, William White, late of King's-cross. Other interesting details of John Berridge's labours in the surrounding villages might be produced, but it is not the writer's desire to surfeit the reader.

Waltham Abbey.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

The specified object of this Association is to promote unity of the Churches, and to devise and employ means for extending the cause of God in London and its suburbs. To further the interests of this Society, a meeting—the half-yearly meeting—was held on Tuesday, October 10, in brother James Griffith's "Hope," Bethnal Green. There was a goodly array of ministers and deacons from various parts of London and its environs, among whom were brethren Anderson, Archer, Best, Box, Branch, Dearsly, Griffith, J. Hazelton, Langford, Lawrence, Linsell, Meeres, Myerson, Noyes, Osmond, Pocock, Reynolds, Shepherd, Stockdale, Willey, Wilson, Wyre, and Youdan.

In the afternoon, a meeting of the committee and delegates was held for the transaction of business. About 100 took tea. In the evening a devotional meeting was held, presided over by Mr. G. W. Shepherd. Hymn 752, Denham, commencing

"No earthly city can compare
With Zion when her Lord is there,"

was sung. Brethren Best, of Erith, and E. Langford, of Dalston, prayed. Another hymn,

"Father, we seek Thy face,"

and brother J. Box prayed. The president read Matt. xxviii., after which a sermon was preached by Mr. P. W. Williamson, and the chairman pronounced the benediction. Collection amounted to about £5.

BRIGHTON.—BOND-STREET. Wednesday, September 27, was a memorable evening to many; as on that occasion Mr. Charles Masterson baptized seven believers—"the first fruits of his ministry at Bond-street." A large congregation sympathised with the service; a good measure of the divine presence was realised, and many prayers are going up to the throne, pleading for a continuance of sanctifying and saving mercy to attend the publication of the Gospel in Bond-street, and in other sections of our Zion. The Baptist pulpits in Brighton have recently witnessed great changes. While we remember gratefully the good work resulting from those who have passed away from us, we ask for great blessing to attend the new pastor in the queen of watering resorts.

HOCKLEY, NEAR ROCHFORD, ESSEX.—Some of the friends from Rochford, on a profession of their faith, were baptized at Thundersley chapel on Wednesday evening, September 27. The chapel was kindly lent for the occasion. The friends at Thundersley gave us a hearty welcome, and stirred our deepest gratitude by their acts of Christian love and attention. A good company gathered together; friends came from Prittlewell and Southend, from Wakering, Canewdon, and Rochford. These, added to the Thundersley friends and the Lord's blessing, quite cheered our hearts. Trusting the Lord may thus employ us again shortly in these parts with similar services, I am, dear brother, yours in the Gospel,—M. B.

IPSWICH.—Nearly 350 years since two good Protestant women obtained the crown of martyrdom for resisting Queen Mary's Romish dogma of "the real presence." At the stake they joyfully suffered; their ashes, and the ashes of over thirty valiant godly men have, with the divine blessing, brought forth successive generations of faithful witnesses for Christ and His Gospel in this now flourishing Eastern metropolis. This was the birth-place of Ralph Browning, who was a more eminent Bishop of Exeter than some of his successors. History marks Ipswich as a piece of land on which have stood many of the Lord's called and chosen soldiers of the cross. Sally Trimmer, the authoress, died here in 1810. Of the straitest associates of unwavering Christian ministers, there have been but a few in this rich borough. Sept. 20, 1882, was a noted day in Zoar Baptist church, when the venerable and learned Mr. Samuel Cozens was publicly acknowledged the pastor of the people meeting there. W. Weston, Esq., was the president on the occasion, and we had the New Testament authority for their faith and forms of worship referred to by those large minds dwelling in the manly dwellings of Mr. Charles Hill and Mr. Joseph Wilkins. Much might be quoted; but for the present let this suffice, from one who silently watches the brotherly love of the Ipswich Baptist communities.

HOXTON.—The twenty-sixth anniversary of formation of Salem chapel, Wilton-square, New North-road, under the pastorate of brother William Flack, was held on September 24 and 26. The pastor preached on Sunday morning and evening; in the afternoon, the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* once more spoke here in the Lord's name. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Robert Bardens preached. Our cheerful brother got into the Ephesians, and dwelt on the certainty of God's arrangements in providence and grace; and in his own native style and under the unctious influence of the Spirit of God, graphically depicted, to the evident comfort of his hearers, the beginning, the carrying on, and the completion of the work of grace in the hearts of God's living family. It was brother Roberts' first visit to Salem. The people expressed the hope that he would come again. After tea, at public meeting, under the presidency of William Flack, the brethren J. L. Meeres, J. Griffiths, Myerson, Evans, Osmond, Bardens, and others spoke to a chapel well nigh full of anxious listeners. It may truly be said of our friend Flack, amidst all his afflictions he does

"Cheerful and blithe his way pursue,
And, with the promised land in view,
Singing to God, return."

J. W. B.

PRESTWOOD.—On this hill of Zion the Lord still gathers many people to hear the Word of truth by the anointed ones. A correspondent says Edward Cable is a valuable discriminator of the wonderful mystery of grace.

STOWMARKET. — October 5, 1882. After preaching twice yesterday at Mendlesham harvest thanksgiving services (which were not crowded), I had the pleasure of riding to New Bond-street, with brethren Sparrow and Whatmough, who assisted in the worship; and on commencing my journey homeward this morning, those words in Solomon's Song came up nicely in my mind: "It is the voice of my Beloved. Behold, He cometh, leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills." I began to consider who really was the speaker, then, who was that "Beloved," and what mountains and hills over whom this beloved One was so distinctly heard to be coming with such swiftness and delight? The anticipated travail of the precious Redeemer's soul has long been a solemn study of mine; and but the terrible rattle and roll of this Great Eastern will not allow me very comfortably to transcribe my little thoughts here, so reserve them for a quieter season; but the words come out of precious mines of holy truth. The county of Suffolk, in its New Testament gardens, is different from when I knew it nearly forty years ago, when the stage coaches carried us to the internal portions of it. There was then multitudes of people crowding the chapels; and recognised men of power then occupied the old-fashioned pulpits. The venerable George Wright invited me to his house and pulpit at Beccles; and many sacred seasons I enjoyed in Ipswich, Norwich, Great Yarmouth, Aldringham, and in the smaller Churches round about. But those days, those people are long since left behind; and ere long we shall leave these fields and gardens. Meanwhile, I fully joined in the closing hymn with which our brother Fred. Runneckles closed the services last evening:

"O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold."

Mendlesham cause has lost some good friends by death; but it is holden on in its path of tribulation. Mr. Watmough, who now ministers unto them, is a young man of good spirit; and we all can pray the Lord to bless him in the good work which lays so near to his heart. Mr. E. Sparrow, of Stowmarket, has been raised up to help some of the Churches and schools around. How true it is, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children," &c.

WOOLWICH.—**ENON.**—On Lord's-day, September 24, and the following Tuesday, the Church of God in this place had the joy of recording the faithfulness of their covenant God by the celebration of their 125th anniversary. On Lord's-day morning, the sermon was preached by the pastor, W. K. Squirrel; in the evening, our beloved friend, John Box, preached the glorious Gospel. Judging from the manner of the preacher, and the attention of his hearers, we may record it as a time of great blessing. On Tuesday 150 took tea. Public meeting was then held, presided over by W. Beach, Esq.;

who opened the meeting with appropriate remarks on the way God led His ancient people, applying his remarks in such an interesting manner that it gave the key-note to a very happy meeting. Mr. John Box spoke words of loving counsel in relation to the fruits of the Spirit; Mr. Shepherd referred kindly to his knowledge of, and esteem for the pastor, observing that he need not inquire how things were going on at Enon, for the present meeting bore signs of prosperity. He then gave a pleasing exposition of the truth, showing that the Lord's people were ever divinely kept. Mr. W. Hazelton was helped in speaking of the priestly character of our exalted Lord; Mr. Dexter favoured us with words of soberness and truth; and Mr. Levinsohn, in his usual lively manner, led us to feel deeply that mighty grace can indeed warm the heart, and fire the tongue, even of a Jew, to speak in the Master's name, and yearn to be used for the glory of the despised JESUS of Nazareth. During the meeting the pastor had the pleasure of presenting Mr. W. H. Abrahams (one of our deacons) with a very handsome time-piece and a gold pencil-case. The time-piece bore the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. W. H. Abrahams by the Church and friends of Enon Chapel, Woolwich, as a small token of their high appreciation of his loving and self-denying labours. September 26, 1882." Our brother and his dear partner were taken by surprise, a fact which gave increased pleasure to all. In accepting the same, our friend spoke with much feeling, which made it evident that his heart was taken up with the welfare of Zion. In sending this account, we can truly say our help is alone in the Lord, who has done, and is doing, great things for us, giving us peace and union, and blessing His own Word, not only to the strengthening of those who have known Him many years, but to the helping of seeking souls, and the making manifest of His hidden ones by the mighty power of truth, and the regenerating work of the eternal Spirit, without which all our labours would be in vain. — W. K. SQUIRRELL, Pastor.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—At our stone-laying anniversary Mr. George Banks, of Willenhall, gave us two sermons. We are "looking up," and hope we are built by Christ Him-self upon that Rock which has been the foundation of millions now in glory, or are on their way thither. The county of Bucks has a remarkable evangelical history. Will you give some sketches? [We hope "Simon" will help us.]

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—A harvest thanksgiving service at Ebenezer, Wednesday, October 4. After tea Mr. Forman read Matthew xxv. F. Green prayed. Mr. Bezley spoke encouragingly from "Fear thou not," &c. Messrs. Archer, Golding, Mobbs, and Miller discoursed on Bible themes. W. Beddow closed in prayer.

IPSWICH.—ZOAR CHAPEL. On September 20, Mr. Cozens was recognised as pastor, in conjunction with a harvest thanksgiving service. In afternoon Mr. W. J. Styles preached an appropriate sermon; a number sat down to tea. The public meeting was under the presidency of Mr. W. Weston. Messrs. C. Hill, C. Suggate, J. Wilkins, S. K. Bland, G. G. Whorlow, W. Houghton, W. Rumsey, A. Knell, E. Haddock, and Mr. Cordle were present. A Knell implored the divine blessing. Introductory remarks by the chairman. Mr. J. Wilkins made allusions to his intimate acquaintance with Mr. S. Cozens, which had been of many years' duration; and stated his brother C. had not swerved from the doctrines he professed when ordained at Warboys. Mr. Wilkins, referring to his pastorate at Zoar about fifteen years ago, said, he never had any trouble among them in regard to party spirit, dissension in the ordinances and practices near and dear to our hearts. He expressed his wish that they might be abundantly blest with peace and prosperity. Mr. G. G. Whorlow made a few remarks on "The Lord will provide," which promise they had realised the fulfilment of in the pastor that the Lord had sent among them. Mr. C. Hill said he had no knowledge of the chairman, nevertheless we were pleased to see and meet with strangers; he was rather disappointed at the order of the service, for he should like to have heard something from Mr. Cozens, as he had not much knowledge of him, only by report; he said he had known the Church longer than anyone present, and when there were but a few connected with it, that few were warmly attached to the cause, believing it to be of God. Very pleased was he with regard to numbers, the barren aspect had passed away. Showers and sunshine were necessary to make a Church fruitful. Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them. He would like the Church to take their pastor by the hand for the remainder of his days. He also made very choice remarks upon the Church as being a family, and in conclusion expressed his heart's desire, that their pastor might be very useful, not only in Ipswich, but in the neighbourhood too. Mr. W. Houghton said, he had heard that they were fast dying out; their doctrines antiquated, and as old men passed away they would be diminished; he rejoiced that they were not dying out; "instead of the fathers the children rose up," in fulfilment of Jehovah's promise. The combined services had suggested to his mind the idea of combination, and in many respects he dwelt upon this Word, speaking of painful and pleasant combinations; the connection between Jehovah's ancient settlements and the salvation of the soul; grace and glory, &c. Mr. S. K. Bland gave us an analysis of the Word, from which we received some well-adapted remarks, and he concluded by saying, We will exclaim concerning the Church of God, "My soul shall pray for Zion still," &c. Mr. C. Suggate could not say he was intimately acquainted with the Church. He had supplied the pulpit for them on several occasions, and a friendly

feeling had been experienced between them and himself ever since. He believed that if his brother Cozens was as contented as the people, he would doubtless end his days amongst them; he expressed wishes for the united welfare of pastor and people. Mr. W. Rumsey said he welcomed brother Cozens, feeling him to be an acceptable preacher of the Gospel, and he welcomed him, because he felt a union to him from reading his writings. He trusted the union of pastor and people might be not only a lasting, but a growing one. Mr. S. Cozens stated that he was very pleased to meet with old Suffolk, to which he was not so great a stranger as some of the speakers imagined. It was many years ago since he first preached in Suffolk. Looking at the motto, "Jesus only," said that he had wished for the brethren to say nothing of him, but all of Jesus. He was happy in speaking of Him. He gave the people, amongst whom he had come in God's name, himself and services. Hitherto he had had nothing to grieve him, and had been treated with the greatest kindness. The chairman made many apposite remarks during the intervals between the various speakers, part of the same also being taken up by the rendering of a few anthems by the choir. One thing we regretted, which was that we heard nothing in regard to Mr. Cozens' call by grace, and though his history might be known by many, some would have been pleased to have listened to a few things connected therewith, or at least to have heard a statement of the leadings of Providence, which had resulted in the people's choice, and the pastor's acceptance of the same. After prayer in conclusion, the friends separated, having spent a profitable day. We wish the pastor and people much unity, peace, and prosperity, and trust that the union may be greatly owned and blest of God. On Sunday, October 1, the hearts of the people were made glad at the moving of the baptismal waters, when Mr. S. Cozens immersed two persons in the name of our Triune God. May this be the prelude to coming showers of divine blessing.

GLEMSFORD. — The Church in this ancient village established by Cornelius Elven, of Bury, in 1826, held special services to thank the Lord for a bountiful harvest. W. Winters preached on Sunday and Monday to a large number of friends. Brethren A. Baker and J. Page (pastor of the other cause of truth) kindly assisted in reading and prayer on the Sabbath. Our brother Arthur Baker has laboured as pastor of this cause for upwards of seven years, but he is now removing, having lived long in the affections of his beloved flock. Another door is opened for him, and from our full heart we wish him all the success and happiness heaven can grant. We also pray the loving people of Glemsford may have another worthy pastor to follow in the steps of our brother who is Baker, soldier and preacher. On Monday afternoon a sermon was preached by the writer, brother John Wheeler read and prayed, and the hearts of the friends appeared to

rejoice. A public tea was provided by the ladies, for which they richly deserve many thanks. We sincerely regret the loss sustained by the Sabbath-school in the sudden death of Mr. Clark, who for twenty years held the honourable office of superintendent. His beloved widow and family, as also the school, feel the loss keenly. It is pleasing, however, to find a beloved son of the deceased occupying the position of superintendent, for which he is so well qualified. In the evening the chapel was well packed with anxious hearers, brother Baker filled the post of moderator. Mr. J. Smith, of Yeldham, offered fervent prayer, and speeches of a Gospel nature were delivered by brethren J. Wheeler, J. T. Bowtell, J. Page, J. Smith, Furbank, and W. Winters. The old fashioned village of Glemsford is extremely busy betimes in consequence of the factories therein at work. Our brother and sister Bigg, of "the place," concentrate all their energies in making everybody happy within their reach. We wish them, with the cause, abundant blessings.—W. WINTERS.

HADLEIGH.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.

Sunday, September 17, 1882, anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. G. G. Whorlow. Our venerable brother was greatly assisted; good seasons were realised. On the Monday following, harvest thanksgiving services were held, and a good number sat down to tea. Public meeting was presided over by the pastor, Mr. B. J. Northfield. Mr. S. K. Bland made appropriate remarks on "He filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Mr. Wilkins made instructive reference to the analogy between nature and grace, in tilling, sowing, &c. Mr. G. G. Whorlow very earnestly spoke of the harvest home on earth as an emblem of the harvest home of the children of God spiritually. The remarks of the president of the meeting showed that they were in unity and peace, and signs of prosperity were not wanting. The praises of God were heartily spoken of, and the songs of Zion rendered during the evening showed not the slightest evidence of lack of earnestness. Many friends had assisted to render the day a successful one. The building presented an attractive appearance by the display of mottoes, fruit, flowers, &c., and these works of God in nature seemed to speak to us of Jehovah's wondrous power, causing us to look from nature up to nature's God. On Lord's-day, October 1, the pastor administered the ordinance of believer's baptism to two persons, which was witnessed by a large congregation, and the presence of Zion's King was felt.

CAMBERWELL.—GROVE CHAPEL.—

On September 8, the anniversary of Mr. Thomas Bradbury's ministry, was celebrated, when sacred services were held. After this, the pensioners in the Camberwell Alms-houses were gathered in Grove chapel—to whom a good meat tea was kindly given; and to them Mr. Rolleston preached an experimental sermon. We believe the Pilgrims much enjoyed the visit to the Grove.

JOY AND PEACE AT EAST STREET COGGESHALL.

Second anniversary of pastorate of brother E. P. Brown was October 8. The services were to record our thanks to God for the bountiful harvest. Our pastor preached in the morning a most blessed sermon from Luke iv. 18, the leading subject being the Gospel dispensation. The condition of the Church under the law was first referred to, pointing out the types and shadows of a coming Christ. Then the much brighter side, of Christ becoming incarnate, preaching the blessed Gospel to the poor, and giving Himself a sacrifice for sin.

In the afternoon brother Walter Brown came from Colchester to speak for us; and as if by inspiration he took up the key of the morning subject, his text being, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to have entered into His glory, showing it was by Divine will and purpose that Christ came, fulfilled the law, suffered in the garden and on the cross, that He might shew His love to His people.

In the evening our pastor preached from Genesis viii. 22, "While the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, Summer and Winter, day and night, shall not cease." After shewing God's faithfulness to the covenant made with Noah, and which had been seen this harvest, in crowning the earth with a plentiful supply both for man and beast, he concluded by reminding us of the great harvest to take place at the end of the world, when God would be faithful to the covenant of grace. "He will gather the wheat into the heavenly garner; but the tares would be consumed with the unquenchable fire of His wrath." Where shall we be?

The services throughout were well attended; the collections good; the Lord's presence was realised in our midst; the Lord has been good to us.

On Sunday, September 30, three believers in the Lord were baptized and added to the Church. God grant that this may be but a few droppings before a copious shower.

So prays

HOPEFUL.

CHATHAM.—ENON, NELSON-ROAD.

First anniversary of opening our new chapel took place Lord's-day, September 24, 1882. Mr. George Elven preached morning and evening from Isa. xl. 1, 2. An unction from the Holy One seemed to rest upon the preacher, as he faithfully described the Almighty Speaker, the characters spoken to, and the consolatory message addressed to them. Tea-meeting the following day; we were cheered by meeting friends from a distance. Public meeting was held in the evening, presided over by our valuable friend, I. C. Johnson, J. P., of Gravesend, who has often met with us during the past thirty-five years. He spoke of the pleasure it afforded him again to meet brother Elven, stating that he heard the first sermon he preached, from the words, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He had not, however, seen him for nearly thirty years until that evening.

He (Mr. J.) spoke encouragingly from the words, "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Brother George Webb, of Maidstone, followed with a warm-hearted address from that blessed portion, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." In former years he likewise had enjoyed the friendship of brother Elvin, but had not met him for a long time till then. Brother Elven addressed us on the perfections of JEHOVAH, showing how each of them were engaged on behalf of His dear people, even the weakest and humblest. He also exhorted us to stand fast in the truth, not only as regards doctrine and experience, but likewise in the order of God's house, to keep the ordinances as they were first delivered to the Church. We cannot close this brief sketch without thanking our covenant God for the saviour and power which attended these services, which were closed by singing hymn 107 (Denham's), and prayer by the chairman. Collections at the door, including proceeds of tea, amounted to £6 6s. 4½d. We (being nearly all of the working class) are doing all we can, by means of collecting cards and weekly subscriptions, to reduce the debt. We return our grateful acknowledgment to all the friends who have assisted us in the erection of the new building, which was much needed. The cost of ground, chapel, vestries, school, extras, &c., was £812. We shall feel thankful for further donations from friends who have not yet contributed towards liquidating the debt of £256 12s. now remaining due.—J. C., Enon chapel, Nelson-road, Military-road, Chatham.

GRAYS.—In this neat and comfortable snauery

—"A palace built for God—
To shew His milder face;"

quietly situated within "a garden inclosed," met a goodly number of sincere worshippers on Tuesday, September 26, to commemorate the Lord's goodness for a bountiful harvest. Our beloved brother Mr. Charles Waters Banks was there as the afternoon preacher, and consequent on his having a severe cold, we tried to bear a little of the weight of the service by reading and offering prayer, after which Mr. Banks in his usual, steady, yet fervent manner, preached an interesting and instructive sermon, based upon the words, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Mr. Banks made some leading observations on the great harvest, when the Son of God shall receive to Himself all for whom His precious blood was shed, and shall with great personal enjoyment see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied. The preacher observed that all the universe of intellect was centred in the chapter containing the text, and unfolded the nature of the three voices couched in the evangelical prophet's "report"—namely, *the ministers weeping, the Church confessing, and Christ crowning*. Mr. Banks touched, with considerable freshness and force, upon the *two charges* given by Christ

to His disciples and apostles, and which relate to the work of the Evangelist, and that of the pastor, as illustrated in the exhortation of Christ to Peter to feed the sheep and the lambs, and in leading the eleven to the mount, and telling them to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, at the same time enforcing the order of baptism as incumbent upon all believers. The *original* travail of Christ was well treated of, as also His *anticipated* travail. And the preacher gave many precious testimonies in support of Christ's wondrous love, and perfect satisfaction in the salvation of such men as Enoch, who was the best walking man on earth; of Abraham, the faithful man; of Mary, the weeping and seeking one; of Peter, the warm and outspoken one; of Thomas, the doubting, yet sincerely honest man of God; and of many other tried and tempted souls, who could sing:—

"Jesus, my God, I know Thy name,
Thy name is all my trust."

Mr. Banks concluded his discourse by referring to the Father's satisfaction, the Son's satisfaction, the Holy Spirit's satisfaction, and the full satisfaction of all the redeemed family of heaven. In the evening J. C. Johnson, Esq., of Gravesend, presiding, read *Ps. ciii.*, and our brother William Beddow offered a very heartfelt prayer, which called forth a sincere *Amen* from nearly all present. Mr. Johnson then gave a suitable address bearing upon the literal bountiful harvest, and the greater harvest of saints yet to come. Mr. Banks offered some appropriate remarks as the first speaker, after the chairman, on the harmony of Scripture in its varied bearings on the Christian life. Mr. Beddow dwelt briefly on Christ as a Substitute. Mr. Belcher gave a well-timed sermon in short on *Lev. xxiii. 10*; and the writer tried to entertain the friends with something homely and cheerful. The chapel was tastefully adorned with a few specimens of the fruits of God's earth, and the meetings of the day closed happily, and we hope, satisfactorily. To God be the praise.—W. WINTERS.

COLCHESTER.—We had baptizing services the other Sunday at St. John's. Brother E. P. Brown brought three from Colchester, and our pastor, Walter Brown, had three; it was a Coggeshall and Colchester unity baptizing; it proved to us that faith in the New Testament order has not died out, and we believe it will not while time shall continue. When the Baptists were in conference at Liverpool in October, a writer in the Liverpool *Evening Echo* said: "The Baptist denomination has long been an enormous spiritual power. It is impossible not to be struck with the influence that such a religious organisation must exercise upon the life of the country in which it has free play. Speaking broadly, twice at least every Sunday in 2,500 chapels, its ministers make a proclamation of their principles and their beliefs. Neither science, nor literature, nor art can boast such an agency as this for the propagation of its truths and the enlistment of popular attention."

A LITTLE BUNCH OF USEFUL
HERBS.

"Especially unto those" (Gal. vi. 10). It has often occurred to me, as I see it so often departed from, the admonition contained in the text quoted above, that the Church of Christ needed remembrance on this point; and as I have not seen at any time in the pages of the magazines devoted to views of truth any allusion made to the subject, I venture to pen a few thoughts thereon. These may be feeble, but at all events they will have one advantage if they lead to the consideration of the subject. All truth, however apparently trivial, is a portion of His holy Word, so in reality no truth is unimportant, or to be overlooked, when we remember *all* truth is profitable (2 Tim. iii. 16). In the former and omitted portion of the text, "Do good unto all men," is contained an injunction that the life of the Christian should be one of ever "doing good." That he will do some good is a certain outcome of the new birth, it is a necessity thereof, and a blessed one too. In one sense "there is none that doeth good," for "sin is mixed with all we do;" but the subject under consideration is of a relative kind, and is to be understood in this sense as a contrast to the doings of the reprobate mind of those who are "of the world." It is the Christian's privilege while here below to be permitted by his heavenly Master, who went about doing good, to do some modicum of good, however apparently small, and it often thus appears in his own eyes. But we should remember the Lord is pleased, and it is recorded for our encouragement to notice even the giving of a cup of cold water in His name (Mark ix. 41).

It is, however, the distinction made, where it seems too often overlooked, that it behoves us to consider. The distinction, "The household of faith," is one that should be ever present in the daily transactions of the child of God. How often in the way of business is it overlooked! While many of the Lord's people are frequently heard lamenting their inability to do anything for their Lord, this is a simple injunction they can easily fulfil. One of the world's poetasters says,—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart;"

and how often is this true in the matter under consideration. Some trifling article is wanted, and the nearest shop being handiest, it is entered, while a moment's reflection would remind one that the same article could be purchased elsewhere, with, perhaps it may be, a little more trouble, at the establishment of one of the household of faith.

It has pleased the Lord to give to one of His people an abundance of this world's goods; it does not occur to him to look around and find out any of his brethren who are lacking, and help. If he ministers to any it is only when the case is brought by some one under his immediate notice. We want in this respect more of the Spirit of the dear Lord, who, as the hymn says,—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger;"

carrying out poetically the idea contained in the text, "He came to seek and to save."

Again, some child of God has a trouble to communicate, and it would be a relief to him to unburden his mind to his fellow Christian. At the outset he is met with the remark, and it seems to have additional force, being from the Word, "The heart knoweth his own bitterness" (Prov. xiv. 10), but it may be misapplied. Or the verse of the well-known hymn may be hurled at him,—

"Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
His cheerful song would oftener be,
'See what the Lord hath done for me.'"

Now this, perhaps, is very ill-timed, for it may be fairly predicated that, as a child of God, he has already told his heavenly Father all about it, but hopes to find in human sympathy some little alleviation of his care. In this he is not acting sinfully, it may be, simply carrying out the spirit of the Word, "Confess your faults one to another" (James v. 16). The opportunity of doing good in this case has been missed.

At a distance a brother is needing some advice, sympathy, or, it may be, counsel. Indirectly it is known, and because the appeal is not direct it is unconsidered. Our view of the matter may be very clear, but it would cost some trouble to attend to it; Satan suggests (and all of us know he is never far off) we should not interfere. No letter is written, the help is withheld, and thus another opportunity of doing good is missed.

Multitudes of instances will suggest themselves to anyone who thinks but a moment, in which good may be done. Let us, then, be more on the look out for such. We shall thus commend our religion as a practical one, as well as a useful one to ourselves and others. Although all our united doings *may* never, and *can* never deserve the commendation, yet a Scripture reminds us there are those to whom the Lord in His gracious character will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." W. C. B.

[We know this "hint" is necessary. May the LORD stir us up to a practical following out of Isaiah lviii. 6, 7. "W. C. B." has done well in sending this note. "Transparent" (James says "pure"), the word means a religion that can be seen to be real, useful, like the Saviour's (in our small measure), seeking out the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and we may add, "The broke up, the bruised, and the bleeding heart." O Lord! call us all out, not to the warfare only, but to seeking the welfare of Zion in her many afflictions. Amen.—C. W. B.]

ST. NEOT'S.—MR. EDITOR,—We are indebted to your St. Neot's correspondent for his historical information, but we take exception to his sarcastic remarks about the occupants of the pulpit, which he assumes to have been "George Murrell's pulpit, to fill which," your correspondent says, "we never pray for a spider nor a hawk." That is

perfectly gratuitous. "We do require a man of grace to keep the living awake, and to raise the dead." Is man the Resurrection and the Life, "to keep the living awake, and to raise the dead"? "Many men have come to talk to us." Poor God-forsaken creatures! They have never had a man to preach to them since the removal of George Murrell. Mr. Winters is flattered for giving them "three instructive lessons;" not sermons, but "lessons." "He is a man of promise," a summer blossom, that may probably bring forth fruit. But then he is "a well-behaved gentleman." We hope your correspondent will study the "three instructive lessons," and endeavour to imitate the "well-behaved gentleman," and then we doubt not he will be a little more respectful to those ministers who have rendered kindly help to the Church, of which your correspondent is not a member. The object I have in noticing the communication of T. L. G. is the conviction I have that such effusions are intended to bring the ministry into contempt, and ought not to be published. I think all communications about our Churches ought to have the sign manual of some responsible person to them. If such a rule existed many persons would be saved much annoyance. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will accept my suggestion in the same spirit with which I offer it. And believe me ever to be your sincere well-wisher, S. COZENS.—Ipswich.

L A X F I E L D. — BAPTIST CHAPEL. Harvest home services were held Thursday, September 21. In the afternoon we met for prayer and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for His merciful lovingkindness in once more giving us the fruits of the earth, and mercy to gather them in. Several friends from sister causes united with us at the throne of grace. Brother Brown, of Tressingfield, read the Scriptures and made suitable remarks thereon. The usual tea was provided, to which about 400 sat down. The arrangements were well carried out, and reflected great credit upon our brother and sister Seaman, who had undertaken the management. At 6.30 the chapel was filled. Our pastor preached from that solemn and discriminating declaration, "Whose fan is in his hand," &c., which yet remains to be fulfilled when the wheat and tares shall no longer grow together, but in that harvest shall be separated, the saints to hear the heavenly Husbandman say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The wicked to hear the awful command, "Depart, ye cursed," &c. Oh, the riches of that grace that makes that awful, solemn hour, the Christian's best anticipation. Truly our soul wrestled in prayer as we once more sang together, —

"Let me among Thy saints be found
Where'er th'archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face.
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace."

Lord, grant it, for Jesu's sake. Amen.

WHY DID NOT YOU ANSWER MY LETTER?

"How poor a thing is man! how vain his mind!
How strange! how base! how wav'ring, like
the wind."

"You're a Joseph of Arimathea," cried one of my correspondents the other day, "afraid to answer me," and a lot more of kind reproaches, because I had never noticed the numerous letters sent me touching one most important man. I confessed my sin was great, and endured the chastisement as well as I could. As this is a common complaint, I am tempted here to bring in a few words to show it is not easy for a little one like myself to answer everybody who may honour me with their communications. In the first place, as it is, it costs me a heavy sum to answer as many as I do. Our South Hackney Post-office chief can witness that, when at home, I purchase many stamps, and dispatch many letters and packets every day. Beside this, just take one eight day's work to witness how much time is occupied in travelling and in mission work. Sunday, September 24, 1882, I preached morning and evening at home in Speldhurst-road; in afternoon preached in Mr. W. Flack's pulpit in Wilton-square; or, I made the attempt so to do, after being out of that pulpit for over twenty years. All the officials, except the pastor, appeared quite strange to me, and I wondered why I was invited. My text was very sweet to me, —

"GOD COMMENDETH HIS LOVE TOWARD
US;"

but a bad cold in throat, and a cold, shut-up heart, cut me up, and to me it was quite a failure. At every service, at home, I found the promise true, —

"At evening time it shall be light."

On Monday worked close at home until evening; then attended a meeting, and spoke from the words, —

"These men are full of new wines."

On Tuesday at Grays, in Essex, had privilege to preach for one hour in the afternoon with deep feeling; a company of ministers and many friends came together, and looked, listened, and behaved courteous. In the evening we had I. C. Johnson, Esq.; W. Winters, F.R.H.S.; and other clever men. I made a short speaking, and steamed home as quick as possible. One gentleman in Grays said Mr. Thomas Stringer was the best Gospel preacher in London. I do not think anyone disputes that point.

Next morning set off for Broadstairs, where we had two services, and returned next morning for services in Loudon. Oct. 1, two sermons to our own people; a short discourse at Wood-green in Council-chamber of Printers' Alms-houses. In the evening received in five new members, and attended to the Lord's Supper. Hence, in eight days had gone over two hundred miles, and stood up twelve times in different places. Similar close work among the poorest of the Churches leaves scarce time enough to write even hasty notes to all who send to

A BRUISED REED.

THE LATE W. CARDEN, OF
WHITSTABLE, KENT.

DEAR C. W. BANKS, — You may not have heard of the departure of my dear husband, William Carden, from this vale of tears. I believe him to have been personally acquainted with you. The marks in his Bible are left to show how his soul has been fed. He often has cried and sobbed like a child with a sense of the Lord's everlasting love, the Word being so much blessed to his soul. His life was a scene of trial, enduring much bodily affliction, both in himself and in his family; and having no regular employment for years, he was often brought into great straits; but, amidst it all, God was his refuge and strength. He seldom talked to anyone without speaking of the things of God. He became a member of the Church here soon after its formation, and was baptized, in the seventy-second year of his age, at Sturry. When he was favoured with regular employment he only received six shillings per week for his labour. He was very contented; the grace of God can make us contented with very little of this world's goods. He has often suffered great temporal need; I have known him to go hungry to bed, but amidst it all he has, after meditating a while, said, what a mercy it was to have a good bed to lie down upon. I must confess I have at such times felt full of murmuring and rebellion, and even angry with him, when talking to Christian friends, that he has not talked of his temporal as well as his spiritual affairs, and on more than one occasion I have said to him, "If you would tell them how you are tried they might help you;" but while poor weak me was looking to man, he was looking beyond, and he would say to me, "Cursed is man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." He often, in talking of the better land, seemed to long to be gone. He was absent from chapel but one Sunday before his death. Our minister came in to see him, and he told him he was not afraid to die, he only dreaded the pains of death. We little thought he was so near his end, but on the following Thursday morning (December 15, 1881) he seemed much worse, complaining of pain at the chest. All the remedies I could think of were applied; my poor afflicted son went for a doctor, but before my son returned he had passed away, without a sigh or a groan; and he looked as peaceful in death as he had ever looked in life. He was in his seventy-fifth year.

I need hardly tell you how much we miss him, both temporally and spiritually: for he would often give us a hymn, or read us a portion from his Bible; and often have we felt great comfort from his prayers on our behalf, when we could not pray for ourselves. His remains were not put into a parish coffin, as he expected; but the Lord opened the hearts of a few friends, and a very nice coffin was paid for, within a few shillings, which we have since been enabled to pay. He lived watching for death; and often reminded others that they too must die. Sudden death was to him sudden glory; and we have every

reason to believe he is now realising the truth of his favourite hymn,—

"Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below."

May we be prepared to meet him in that better world, is the prayer of his afflicted family. Pleading for an interest in your prayers, as my son and daughter are both in delicate health.—I am,

HIS WIDOW IN THE FURNACE.

CARLTON, BEDS.—Lord's-day, Sept. 17, two believers were baptized by the pastor, F. King, after a sermon on Acts viii. 12. One of the candidates has been in an afflicted state of body for several years, so that she could but seldom get to the house of God. Eight years ago a sermon preached by Mr. Jull was made the means of awakening in her soul a sense of sin and a concern for salvation. Under the ministry of her present pastor she has been brought into the liberty of the Gospel, and she has been favoured with much divine consolation and support in private retirement. For a length of time she has felt a strong desire to honour and obey her Lord, by walking in the ordinances of His house, and uniting with His people, but was prevented by the state of her health. Lately she has been much better, though still too weak to walk from her home to her place of worship. However, she felt that she could keep back no longer; the love of Christ constrained her; she believed that the strength she needed would be given her, and that all would be well. Accordingly she was proposed for membership, gave a pleasing account of what the Lord had done for her, was cordially received by the Church, went through the ordinance of baptism without any difficulty; no kind of injury to her health has been sustained, and she is now going on her way rejoicing. May our young friend's experience and example encourage and stimulate others "who have obtained like precious faith" to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." O ye who love the Saviour,

"Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make His ways your choice."
F. KING.

KING'S CROSS.—Seventeenth anniversary of Bethel, Lavina-grove, Wharfedale-road, Sunday and Monday, October 15 and 16. Mr. Charles Lazby preached the sermons; and at public assembly on Monday brethren J. Copeland, Thomas Cox, G. E. Elvin, C. Lazby, and W. Willey were appointed to minister the Word for the edification of this worthy fellowship of the Lord's disciples. We love the place where Jesus pays His sweet visits of saving grace and holy love.

TRING.—ERENEZER, WEST-END.—September 24, in the morning, Thomas House preached from John i. 12, 13; after which he baptized three brethren in the name of the ever blessed Trinity. We all had a good time; our friends witnessed a good confes-

sion, and found pleasure in following the Lord in His ordinance. There are more whom we hope and believe will be coming forward shortly. In the afternoon our friends were received into the Church, and brethren White and Thorne engaged in prayer, which was much enjoyed by us. In the evening Mr. House preached from Isa. lvi. 8. It was a day the friends will not soon forget

CLAPHAM JUNCTION. — PROVIDENCE. —

This cause originated about eleven years ago, when a few met in a room in the immediate vicinity: after a time (some twelve months) seven were formed into a Church by Mr. Anderson, of Deptford. In 1875, the foundation-stone of the present sanctuary was laid by H. Clark, Esq., through whose instrumentality, in conjunction with his brother deacon, Mr. Styles, the cause has been piloted through some rough seas and ruffled waves, but it can now be said to have settled down before a gentle Southern breeze. At the commencement of the present year, our very highly esteemed brother, John Bonney, undertook to preach to the people for twelve months; and, from what we can gather, there is an earnest desire that he should continue. On Tuesday, October 17, anniversary services were held. Mr. W. Carpenter preached in the afternoon. Tea was served in the spacious school-room. Public meeting commenced at 6.30. Mr. John Banyan McCure was to have presided, but a letter was read from him saying his present state of health would not allow him to fulfil his engagement. Mr. John Bonney, therefore, took the chair; and, in his opening remarks, told us there was much cause of gratitude to the Lord—the attendance increased, the people came hungering and thirsting for food to satiate their spiritual appetite. He (Mr. B.) was not satisfied with himself, was anxious to see souls born again, could say he did his best, and must leave the rest in the hands of the Lord, was glad that there were some inquiring souls in their midst, waiting for the command, "Follow Me," to be given them. The ordinance of believer's baptism was so plainly set forth in the Word that the wonder was how anyone convinced of their state as a sinner hesitated for one moment in obeying the divine injunction. Mr. Bonney concluded his very neat and comprehensive speech by introducing the subject for the evening—"Scripture Emblems of the Holy Spirit"—namely, wind, water, fire, rain, dew, oil, and which were spoken to by brethren W. Hazleton, Osmond, P. Reynolds, T. Steed, Brown, and J. Clark. The service of praise was sweetly rendered, being led by an harmonium.—J. W. E.

WANDSWORTH. — WEST HILL BAPTIST CHAPEL.—An interesting meeting was held here Wednesday, October 11. It was the first annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. About 130 friends enjoyed excellent tea, very efficiently served by our lady friends. Our dear pastor, Mr. J. Clark, called upon brother A. Strong to read the report, which showed that the association grew out of a Bible-class for some years conducted by our esteemed brother Tomlins. It was thought advisable to form this class into an association, which is now under the leadership of brother L. Collis, who is an able leader, and is beloved by all the members. One very pleasing feature in the report is the fact that one young man has come forward, and after baptism will be added to the Church. Addresses were given by members of the association and friends, and several anthems and select pieces were sung by the choir. Votes of thanks to our pastor for the kind manner in which he con-

ducted the meeting, and to the lady friends, brought this happy meeting to a close. The association supplies a want long felt in the neighbourhood, and we trust that the Lord will manifest His approbation in the conversion of souls, and to His name shall be the praise.—A MEMBER.

GRUNDISBURGH.—The first anniversary of Mr. Gill's settlement was celebrated, in conjunction with harvest thanksgiving services, on Wednesday, September 27. Appropriate sermon was preached by Mr. Anderson, from, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground," &c. Excellent tea and public meeting were held, presided over by Mr. Thomson, of London, when practical speeches were delivered by the pastor, and brethren Thomson, Wilkins, Everett, and Anderson.

WATTISHAM.—Annual harvest thanksgiving services were held September 20, sermon by Mr. Huxham. It was a thorough HARVEST sermon, on Matt. ix. 33. A liberal tea was provided. At public meeting Mr. Wilkins, pastor, presided; prayers of thanksgiving were offered by several friends, and addresses were interspersed by brethren Gill, Dickson, Knell, and Huxham. The attendance was good throughout the day; collections amounted to nearly £17; all was good.

BATTLEDEN.—Cheering harvest thanksgiving services were held Monday, September 25. A number gathered at tea-table, and more assembled in evening. Mr. Huxham presided; addresses were given by brethren Whorlow, Wilkins, Easter, Ennells, Knell, and Harker. Mr. Huxham said that his period of probation at Battleden terminated on the preceding Lord's-day, and having received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate, he had accepted the same. He has now entered upon his stated labours at Battleden.

PLEADING WITH JESUS.

ONE look from Thee, O Lord;
One heavenly smile of Thine,
Is unto me a full reward,
For suffering days of mine.

If Thou but condescend
To turn Thy face to me,
And shew Thyself my Friend,
I am from care set free.

Mysterious love and power,
Which does my soul uplift,
And cheer me in the darkest hour,
Thy truly is Thy gift.

No art or work of man,
Or free-will strength, or zeal,
Ne'er did or ever can
The love of God reveal.

Thou, Lord, the look must give,
Which melted Peter's heart,
'Tis only in Thy smiles I live;
I cannot from Thee part.

Margate.

G. H. M. READ.

Birth.

On September 22, 1882, Mrs. Isaac Smith, of Waterloo House, Watworth-road, London, of a daughter.

Death.

In affectionate remembrance of John Matlocks, of 2, Waterloo Terrace, Islington, N., who entered into rest on the Lord's-day, September 3 1882, aged 69 years. Interred at Abney Park Cemetery, on September 8, 1882. For many years attended Mount Zion Chapel, Chadwell-street, E.O., and the last few years a member.

The Living Saviour: The Dying Servant.

“ Dear soul! despair not: whet thy dull belief
With hope! Heaven’s mercy will o’ercome thy grief:
From *thee*—not *HIM*—proceeds thy punishment;
God is slow to wrath: speedy to relent.
Thou art tried like gold: not consum’d like fuel:
O, wrong not *HEAVEN*, to think that Heaven is cruel.”

LONG-SUFFERING FRIENDS,—who have endured the weakness and imperfections of this monthly messenger for so many years, will you allow me to speak, by pen and ink, a few words at the close of another year? What has been called *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* now for thirty-eight years was commenced by myself over forty years ago, bearing the title of *The Silent Preacher*, of which I have two volumes. In 1844 *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* was issued without any premeditated design that it would be a monthly periodical; but so it happened, and without any other help than that of spontaneous contributions of articles and reports, I have been permitted to conduct it now for eight-and-thirty years. Of course, its deficiencies have been many; but thousands of people have supported it, and although the original readers have passed away, yet others have arisen in succession, and still its circulation extendeth to all parts of Great Britain, the United States, and the different Colonies, and the kind letters of Christian greeting are continuous and numerous, for all of which I desire to praise the Lord; to thank all my friends most sincerely, to take courage and press onward, until the “*brake*” is put on, and I am commanded to leave the work in better hands. Having been put to the Printing-press at ten years of age; having been the pioneer of several papers, magazines, and works of various descriptions; having an almost idolizing fondness for printing and publishing, I have never become so weary of work as to wish to leave it; and even now, after full sixty-five years’ service in the profession, my mind says she is as ready and as willing as ever still to work on—

“ HIS WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.”

He was not much in the dark who said:—

“ The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself,
For thus only canst thou learn the character of God toward thee.
HE made thee, and thou art:—*He* redeemed thee, and thou wilt be:
Thou art evil, yet *He* loveth thee: thou sinnest, yet *He* pardoneth thee:
Though thou canst not perceive *HIM*: yet *HE* is in all *HIS* works,
Infinite in grand outline; infinite in mute perfection.”

My soul in sacred silence doth often sing a song of true thanksgiving to the Author and Giver of all good, for that special Providence which for so many years hath been over me, and under whose tender care myself and my work have been preserved; and when cares, like a wild deluge, have come; when storms of sorrow have fallen, I have inly whispered,

“ May I but safely reach my home,
MY GOD!—MY HEAVEN!!—MY ALL!!!

The other day, when I was on a journey to some anniversary, one of those fluent and famous gentlemen, "Whose praise is in many Churches," sat by my side. Something was said about the EARTHEN VESSEL. Looking me hard in the face, the eloquent gentleman said to me—"Ah, you will soon have to give that work up!—you know that you are not the man you was seven years ago!" I know "the rising race" of learned gentlemen are accustomed to speak after this manner one to another. There is now so much of boldness, of self-importance, of mere bluster, of despising the plain, the simple, the experimental truth, that I was not surprised at the home-thrust made at me. We passed on, but the sentence sunk deep in me. Practical truth has a piercing force in it; and because it is TRUTH it sinks the deeper, it abides the longer, and it speaks the louder. Soon after this sentence had taken up its residence in the feelings of my natural mind, came our anniversary Sunday. I had preached in the morning; and in the afternoon sat down in the study to think, to read, to pray, and to prepare for evening service. That saying of John the Baptist came strongly into my soul—

"HE MUST INCREASE: I MUST DECREASE."

It continued to roll over and over my mind. The experience of the Psalmist became mine, in a singular way. After I had silently gone through it, I thought it must represent

The Process of Preparation for Preaching.

It came deliberately over my mind as I sat struck with the two great facts—"HE MUST INCREASE!" that is a divine certainty. "I must decrease," that is a fact expressive of man's mortality. These facts, for the moment, stunned me; and, as the Psalmist says (in Psalm xxxix.), "I was dumb with silence." Could not speak. The double sentence expressed all the truth. What could be said from it? "He MUST increase." To be sure HE must. "I must decrease." Sure enough; but when ye have said it, what can be added to it? What can be taken from it? NOTHING! So, like a dumb man, I sat; and neither mind, nor thought, nor tongue could move. "My sorrow was stirred within me." No sorrow because "He must *increase*;" but, for a moment, my coming to nought appeared humiliating. Presently, "My heart was hot within me." The thought of the

GLORIOUS INCREASE OF CHRIST

produced a little flame of love and zeal within; and while "I was musing, the fire burned;" and after long musing, "I spake with my tongue."

John was now at the climax of his popularity. He "was baptizing at Ænon, near to Salim, because there was much water there." Have pity upon us poor Baptists, ye stiff and stout despisers of *Baptism*. We are inly constrained to obey our LORD. Before He would enter upon His public ministry, He must, He will come to His Forerunner—to John-the-Baptist, and demand to be baptized of him. Christ commanded His disciples to be baptized. When the HOLY GHOST came down on the day of Pentecost, Peter commanded all they that gladly received the Word to be baptized; and for nearly nineteen centuries there has been a people who have obeyed and contended for this (in some sense, non-essential) most significant mode of confessing our faith in the death and resurrection of our GOD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

"Ænon" means "fountains of waters;" there was much water there. Some rivers there formed a kind of sea. On the brink, or in these waters, in these rolling seas, stood John-the-Baptist. I, in my mind, saw three mighty powers represented by this sea in which John stood; and into which John baptized those that came to him.

ETERNITY is like the sea in a dark night, we hear its swell, its dash on the shore; but what is comprehended in that term "ETERNITY" here we cannot know. CHRIST, as the God-Man-Mediator, was the representative of everything that is eternal; all who are baptized aright are baptized for eternal glory.

The sea on a clear and shining day is a faint emblem of the mysterious and majestic Trinity. Calm, clear, serene for ever, is the ever blessed TRINITY—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Three Persons in the one undivided, undiminished essence. We are baptized into the name of the FATHER, of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

"Shall all things else be in mystery, and God alone be fully understood?" Nay, never here. What deeps, what seas of meaning, are in those words of Paul, "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death? Therefore, we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The Word of God is like the sea when in a storm. It rises high, it rolls down in unfathomable depths. Who can its awful depths explore?

"He must increase: but I must decrease." As I lay me down, overpowered, the text came rolling up in my inner man like

FOUR GREAT WAVES OF THE SEA,

and each wave sounded out one word, opening some of the contents of that vast declaration—"He must increase: but I must decrease."

The first wave was mixed, it said, "*Distinction.*" The first voice softly cried, "Here is a vast *distinction*: HE, the Alpha and Omega; but I, the friend of the Bridegroom," the forerunner, the herald, sent to prepare the way of the Lord. HE, the mighty GOD-IN-CHRIST. I, the servant soon to die.

The second wave says, "*Proof.*" Take the Bible—read the histories of the world and of the Church. See how Satan, by infernal and human power, has continually opposed the kingdom of Christ, yet it has gone on. "He HAS increased." Travel through the Old Testament and the New—the lives of the martyrs, of the true ministers, and the sanctified members of Christ's mystic body, and you must see that Christ has increased, while all His servants have passed away. While I am writing these few lines, they are carrying to the silent grave all that now remains in this world of

POOR WILLIAM SAMPSON;

who, just now, was the recognised Secretary of the Baptist Union. His Indian missionary work, no doubt, sapped the foundation of his constitution. He came home, he worked hard to build up the Open Communion Church at Folkestone, and carried on his work successfully. He came up to the high office of the secretariate: with intense zeal he set to work; but the outer man fell. Nearly twelve months of sinking, and now in the grave. Brethren, we have seen nearly all the

ministers we once knew; they were fine, bold, happy workers here once, but they decreased. They are gone. We shall follow them soon. *The Outlook* boasts of the assaults which the late Andrew Fuller "levelled against the Hyper-Calvinists." While we hold firmly the great doctrines of grace, let us see to it that the fruits of grace be manifested in our lives. May the sin-conquering power of the Eternal SPIRIT enable us to work out Paul's excellent injunction—"Whatsoever ye do, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD."

I will not decrease much more than I have done nearly all my life. My faith in, my love to, my zeal for, the Person, the kingdom, the Church of Christ, has run very high; but many a thorn in the flesh, many a messenger of Satan to buffet me, has kept me down, in more ways than one. And now, as I come close to the end of life's journey, I have no joy so pure, so strong, so full of comfort, as the eternal truth, that

"HE MUST INCREASE."

The third wave I saw rolling in with a breadth and fullness was called "PASSION;" and the last was "QUESTION." "Shall we *decrease* for ever?" But next month, if the power be given, I will add a few more words to the opening of these waves. For lack of room, we must close with a few words touching

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THINGS AROUND US.

The number of harvest thanksgiving reports flowing in every day remind us of the Agricultural Commissioners' Report, which indicates a gradual decay in the wealth and well-being of this almost "worn out old continent." It is useful to thinking minds to look perplexing things in the face, to take a careful review of the many circles of events, and examine them through the glass of divine prophecy, and therefrom gather up some knowledge as to WHERE WE ARE, and WHAT may be coming upon us.

There are four things in the outer circle:—

1. Look at the wide extent and bitter severity of the agricultural distress. Such ministers as sit (or stand) in their well-appointed pulpits year after year, with hosts of friends around them, having all that heart can wish, may well be strong and happy and unmoved. But to some of us who are called into various parts of the poor agricultural districts, who see and hear of painful changes, we are of necessity often cast down within us, and wonder "where these scenes will end." It is true—praise God, it is true—that the harvest of bread-corn of this year is better than could have been expected; but the authenticated agricultural returns "preclude the hope that any marked improvement has set in. The unfavourable symptoms of former years continue with almost unabated severity. The loss of the farmers' capital, in the aggregate, during the last six years, has amounted to one hundred millions sterling, and agricultural credit has sunk awfully low. One of the well-informed assistant-commissioners was recently told by a bank-manager that seven or eight years ago any of the banks would gladly make advances to farmers; but now they care not to have their accounts at all, and to allow any overdraft was quite out of the question." There stands the poor farmer out in the cold; his hands are in his pockets; his heart is in his shoes; his workmen and their families have to go on the parish; and he says,

“I cannot go to chapel; I cannot pay my subscription; I cannot support the cause as I have done.” His poor wife weeps in sorrowful silence, and all the surroundings are mournful. Ah! laugh at these melancholy tidings if ye dare. The terror-striking language of James will be sounded in some ears before long: “Go to now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back, *crieth*; and their cries have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.” The breaking-down of our agriculturers’ interests is a painful feature in England’s history now.

2. The rapidly-increasing emigration of our population is noted with surprise.

3. The floods, the storms, the wrecks, the losses on the seas and on the land, are alarmingly dreadful. The lamentable rising of the rivers, the destruction of property, and the jeopardising of lives in and around the City of Bath, and other places, at the end of October, struck terror into thousands. The details cannot be given here; but they fearfully tell us how soon we might be swept away, for “The Lord commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind,” and who can resist Him?

Lastly, the shaking of both the heavens and the earth by woes, by assassinations, and by rebellious wars, all these “misfortunes” (as the Coggeshall orator said) indicate a decrease in every sense of the word.

Look, ye whose eyes have been opened, for a moment at the

Ecclesiastical Circle.

After Dr. Thomas Goodwin came John Owen, then Dr. John Gill, and many Enoch-like men, who walked near to, or with God, and they testified of the days of trouble that would precede the “coming of the end.” Then came William Huntington, who, in his

“FUNERAL OF ARMINIANISM,”

said plainly (and he said this nearly one hundred years ago), “We are going into one of the darkest nights that ever overwhelmed the Christian world since the Sun of righteousness first rose upon it—A DISMAL NIGHT IS COMING.” “But CHRIST will make a way to His own; and FAITH will find her way to Him, dark as the night may be.”

One sentence is very striking. The ancient coal-heaver said, “Great struggles will be made by the *man of sin* to regain his lost territories in Great Britain, which work has long since been begun.” The Arminian sister, as some call her, is a hand-maid to the false woman of Babylon; and she (the Arminian sister) is the harbinger of Popery. The Lord Himself, His apostles, and all who have been filled with the SPIRIT and TRUTH OF CHRIST, have seen these two powerful efforts of Satan. First, he went to the utmost length of his chain, in persecuting, in torturing, in burning, in destroying the saints; but the more they were afflicted the stronger they became. Now, secondly, has not the enemy filled Christendom with the artificial and the erroneous forms and doctrines of a so-called religion? Nothing in the present time can exceed that splendid volume just issued with the intention of perverting the teachings of the HOLY GHOST by Paul, of which fuller and further notice may be given. The Saviour lives. His servants pass away, others spring up on every hand. GOD help us to look up and sing,—

"The CHRIST, the Son of God, hath left
This earth, and to the Father's gone ;
With HIM ascended we on high ;
With HIM are we upon the throne.

* * * * *

Our life is hid with Christ in God ;
When He who is our life descends,
That hidden life shall be unveiled,
In beauty that all thought transcends."

To each, to every one of my friends, to all the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and the contributors to its pages, I honestly send the thanks of my whole heart; and if each and all who approve of the VESSEL would induce some one in their different circles to obtain new subscribers to this monthly and to the CHEERING WORDS, they might thereby encourage their obedient, grateful servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E., November 17, 1882.

"God be merciful unto us and bless us." Amen.

THE LATE MR. PHILIP DICKERSON.

BY W. WINTERS, OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

"As flowers which night, when day is o'er, perfume,
Breathes the sweet memory from a good man's tomb."

IT is to be hoped that the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL will not mistake the few memorial notices here recorded of the late Mr. Philip Dickerson for a biography of him. Personally we knew but little of Mr. Dickerson, not having heard his voice since he preached to an overcrowded house the funeral sermon of the late John Foreman, of blessed memory. Having, however, at hand, by the great kindness of Mr. Samuel George Ince, of Bishopsgate-street, all the original materials for a biography of Mr. Dickerson, it would be comparatively easy to write and publish his life in full, if time and means were at command. From a real love of all good men and a felt sense of the worth of their great work, we have often sincerely regretted to see many of their noble names and still nobler labours lost to the living so soon after the interment of their sacred remains, for the want of a generous and faithful scribe. And here we respectfully mention such grand Gospel preachers of the past as James Wells, John Foreman, John Andrew Jones and William Palmer; and beside these, there is a host of other champions in the faith whose lives *in extenso* might, at a moderate expenditure, have been handed to posterity for the encouragement of rising ministers, had each respective Church over which they so long and faithfully presided, made a little extra effort in the right direction. Instead of which the names and works of such good men are quietly shelved as some antiquated pieces of furniture, and of which many of their more gentle surviving friends, we fear, appear to be half-ashamed. Consequently, in years to come, few persons will know that such men ever existed, unless it be by some such memorials of them as remain on mural tablets placed in the sanctuaries which they were the chief means of erecting. Some men, however, by the energies of the biographer

and historian, are better known and appreciated after death than when they were living. Hence, as Aldrich correctly sang of some who have had to die in order to be rightly known—

“ God gives us ministers of love
Which we regard not, being near;
Death takes them from us, then we feel
That angels have been with us here!”

However, we wish to hold all honest men in high appreciation while they live, and ever speak well of them for their loving Master's sake, as well as for their good work sake

In the far-famed county of Suffolk, a few miles from Ipswich, in a village called Bucklesham, was born Philip Dickerson, of humble parents, early in the year 1795. What men has the county of Suffolk bred! men of sterling worth in God's hand; men with grace in their hearts and common sense in their heads; men, by the strength of Christ, determined to upset Satan's kingdom, by preaching the wondrous Saviour's death, the everlasting love of the Mighty Father, and the life-giving and sustaining power of the Eternal Spirit. Bless God for such men, Philip Dickerson being one of them, the even tenor of whose way proves him to have been a son of consolation rather than of thunder. The year 1811 was a great year to young Master Dickerson, he then first saw the light of the spiritual world, and before that year expired, he followed the footsteps of his divine Lord in the waters of baptism. But little was heard of him beyond the immediate surroundings of his own native village till about five years after, when he was called by a voice from heaven into the work of the ministry, and from that period till the time he settled at Rattlesden, he preached at various places, such as Newborne, Beccles, and Boston. The cause at Rattlesden, it is presumed, was not large when he was duly recognised as the pastor elect. And we have seen the sermon preached on the occasion by that mighty man of God, John Stevens, also we have before us a grand sermon preached by Mr. Stevens at Rattlesden, on September 11, 1822, and published by “request of their worthy pastor, Mr. P. Dickerson.” Mr. P. Dickerson left the church at Rattlesden, after thirteen years' labour, much stronger than when he first came to it. Our brother Huxham is now the pastor of Rattlesden Church. By a clerical error in the Church book now before us, it is noticeable, by a correction with Mr. Dickerson's own hand, that he preached his first sermon in that honoured house of God in Little Alie-street, from Eph. vi. 23, on Lord's-day, January 15, 1832, upwards of fifty years ago; and few, very few doubtless, if any, are now living who heard the first sermon preached in London by that young Suffolk pastor. And what must have been the tender feelings of the warm-hearted Rattlesden folks when they saw the monarch of the road, the stage coach, bearing away their loving pastor to that wondrous city called London, which at that time many had never seen, yet entertained curious and fabulous notions of. From the life of Mr. W. Shenstone (which we are in possession of), and the Church books, it appears that on April 16, 1832, the Church at Little Alie-street, gave Mr. Dickerson a call to be co-pastor with Mr. Shenstone, there being a majority in his favour of 140 members, and on September 5, 1833, he was publicly recognised as pastor. On the occasion, James Upton, Junr., read and prayed; George

Pritchard, of Keppel-street, described the nature of a Gospel Church, and asked the usual questions; James Upton, Senr., of Blackfriars, delivered the charge, and the late John Cooper, of Wattisham, gave out the hymns. That was a high day indeed, the beginning of a happy and successful future. On the 27th of June, of the same year, W. Shenstone departed in peace, having been the pastor of Little Alie-street Church upwards of 35 years, and his remains were buried behind the vestry of the chapel. The pall was borne by six ministers:—A. Reed, —. Williams, W. Newman, D.D., James Upton, W. H. Murch, D.D., and Philip Dickerson. Upwards of fifty members of the Church followed, besides a numerous train of relatives. James Upton, Senr., officiated at the grave, and Dr. Newman, of Bow, preached the funeral sermon. Both James Upton, who was forty years pastor of the Church at Blackfriars, and William Newman, D.D., were Waltham Abbey men, and preached their first sermons before the Church there, which Church was designated by John Martin, of Keppel-street, Joseph Irvine, of Eagle-street, and the late Samuel Milner, as the “School of the Prophets.” Well done, Waltham Abbey. It might now be said, Can any good thing come out of Waltham Abbey?

The Church at Alie-street—or *Ayliffe-street*, as it was called—was a split from the Church at Prescott-street, Goodman’s-fields, after the death in 1750, of that valiant soldier of the cross, Samuel Wilson, who was twenty years the pastor of that Church. His funeral sermon was preached by John Gill, D.D., from Acts xx. 38. Samuel Burford succeeded Mr. Wilson. Mr. James Fall, a member of Dr. Gill’s Church, was the first preacher and ordained pastor of Little Alie-street Church, and was recognised as such on March 28, 1754, by his father, pastor of the Watford Church, Amos Harrison and William Bentley. The Church at Little Alie-street was formed in the December of 1753, and consisted of 73 members. During Mr. Fall’s ministry 96 were added to the Church. His death took place in 1756. Late in the same year, John Gill, nephew of Dr. Gill, received a call from the Church at Alie-street, he was afterwards settled at St. Albans. William Dowars was the next pastor, ordained September 15, 1757. William Shenstone succeeded Dowars in 1792, and laboured for 35 years, during which time 653 persons were added to the Church. Mr. Philip Dickerson followed Shenstone, in 1832, and from that period to the year 1869 no less than 633 persons had been added to the Church; and for some years our beloved brother, Mr. Charles Masterson, successfully laboured as pastor of the same Church till he, but recently, removed to Brighton. The Church at Little Alie-street is now, what the fathers would call in a “widowed state,” and the sooner it meets, under God’s direction, with a loving pastor, the more permanent will be its happiness and success. Many good men, as preachers of the Gospel have, we doubt not, come out of this Church, and one of the many, we know for certain, is the present much-loved pastor of the *New Chapel* at Stowmarket, Mr. G. G. Whorlow, who has long been highly appreciated by us for his love and faithfulness, and who is well reported of in all the Churches. Our brother Whorlow was for 20 years an active deacon in the Church at Little Alie-street, in the most flourishing part of Mr. Dickerson’s ministry, and he knew much of the inner and outer life of the late worthy pastor, of whom he writes us: “He (Mr. Dickerson) was upright

in character as a man; as a Christian, benevolent, kind, and tender-hearted; as a minister, plain, simple, truthful and faithful, steering between the two extremes of *Arminianism* and *Antinomianism*."

Mr. Dickerson has been as useful with his pen as with his tongue, and his name will be held in high estimation by many who have, in one way or another, profited by his labours, and whose hearts betimes long to join him in that world of bliss, as the substance of their prayers to Jesus is—

"Return! return! come in Thy power and glory,
With all Thy risen saints and angel throng;
Bring to a close Time's strange, mysterious story,—
How long dost Thou delay—O Lord, how long?"

Mr. Dickerson peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on Lord's-day, October 22, in his 88th year. His remains were interred in Bow Cemetery, October 26.

"A sleep without dreams, after a day of toil,
Is what we covet most; and yet how clay
Shrinks back from more quiescent clay."

Before the corpse was removed to the cemetery, a short service was held in the chapel, when Mr. Charles Stovel read and offered prayer, and Mr. Charles Masterson, gave a short and solemn address. As the sombre *cortège* proceeded slowly to the grave, many were the enquiries of strangers as to who the deceased was, as the number of followers was large and imposing. Noticeable among the mourners were the widow of the deceased, Augustus Dickerson, Esq., the only son, three daughters, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. Vanheson, and Mrs. Walsh. The deacons, five in number, were Messrs. Ince, Hyder, Westley, Lansley and Edwards. Ministers present were:—Messrs. John S. Anderson, Charles Masterson, G. W. Shepherd, J. Griffith, C. Stovel, J. L. Meeres, E. Langford, P. Reynolds, E. Beazley, A. Brown, J. Bennett, — Hitchcock, and others. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Shepherd made very excellent and telling speeches at the grave, and Mr. J. L. Meeres closed with very earnest prayer. The funeral was entrusted to Mr. Bernardin, an old member of Little Alie-street, and the arrangements were completed in the most efficient manner.

On Lord's-day, October 29, a very solemn and weighty funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Charles Masterson from "By the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. xv. 10). These words were spoken by Mr. Dickerson a short time before his death as most expressive of his own feelings, and most suitable to be spoken from after his remains were laid to rest till the morning of the judgment, when—

"Every act
Which shunned the trifling plaudit of mankind,
Shall here to wondering millions be displayed,
A monument of grace."

The chapel was draped agreeable to the occasion, and the evening attendance was large and deeply sympathetic.

Church Yard, Waltham Abbey.

"It was this great love drew Christ from heaven to the womb, from the womb to the cross, it held Him fast there when any great spirit in the world would have been provoked to come down."—*Dr. Goodwin*.

MEMOIR OF EDWARD WALKER, OF LEICESTER.

BELEIVING that a brief account of my late dear father would be acceptable to his numerous friends in Leicester and elsewhere, I have drawn up the following partly from memory and partly from papers, letters, &c., which I found after his departure. I have the greater desire to send this forth, as there were peculiar circumstances in the case, the relation of which, under the divine blessing, may be the means of encouraging others who are tried in a similar way.

My father was born in 1808. As a young man he was never guilty of those excesses which many young men are addicted to, but I have heard him speak of his love of various foolish pleasures, &c. I do not know at what age the Lord was pleased to meet with him, but I know it was when quite a young man. He could tell the spot, the day, and almost the hour, when and where he first felt the burden of his sin. This was not under the ministry of the Word, but while engaged in his ordinary business. My knowledge of his earlier experiences is very scanty; when, and by what means, he was led to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, to know the pardon of his sin, and to realise his acceptance in the Beloved, I do not know. I am, therefore, unable to give a connected account of the way the Lord led him. But I can relate many detached facts. I remember hearing him say how greatly some parts of Psalm lix. were blessed to his soul, especially those expressions—"the God of my mercy" (verses 10 and 17). He would frequently choose this Psalm to read in family prayer, and it was never read or mentioned in his hearing without his being reminded of the blessing he had received through it.

When about 32 or 33 years of age he came to reside at Leicester, where he remained till his death. I have heard him say that his chief reason for choosing Leicester as his home was that he might have the privilege of regularly hearing the Gospel, a privilege he had not formerly enjoyed. In connection with this step, I have heard him mention these words—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33) as deciding the matter. The Lord greatly blessed him both in spiritual and temporal things after his settlement in Leicester. He attended the chapel in York-street, London-road, where, formerly, Thomas Hardy laboured, and who was succeeded by Mr. Blackstock and Mr. Creasey, and afterwards by Mr. W. Garrard, the "Watchman on the Walls." By the last-named he was baptized, and was afterwards heard to say that, when in the water, and Mr. G. about to immerse him, Mr. G. observing, "and this poor worm," my father felt an indescribable affection to Mr. G. as the Lord's servant, and one who had been the means of imparting much spiritual good to his soul. My father continued in fellowship with the same people for more than 20 years, during most of the time holding the office of deacon. He was warmly attached to the Church and people of God; an ardent lover of the public means of grace; always present in his place (unless unavoidably detained away), and by his prayers in private and in public, and by his godly example, strengthening the hands of the pastor and other ministers of the Word with whom he came in contact, and exercising an influence for good over the Church, and over all who knew him. In consequence of certain painful circumstances, which are better buried in

oblivion, he and my mother left Mr. Garrard's ministry, and attended at various places of worship, my father finally joining the Church at "Zion," under Mr. Hazlerigg, in union with which Church he continued till his death.

I have mentioned how the Lord blessed him not only in spiritual, but also in temporal matters, after his removal to Leicester. In connection herewith, the following circumstances will be of interest, as showing his uniform trust in, and acknowledgement of, the special providence of God. In the early part of his time in Leicester, he and my brother were in the shop, when an order came from a lady who had not previously been a customer; father asked my brother if he knew why the lady had sent to them, my brother replying in the negative, father ascribed it simply to the divine care and providence on his behalf. On another occasion, he was travelling by train, when a large stone was thrown by someone through the carriage window, which struck the partition just over his head—a few inches lower and it must have struck him. My brother, who was with him, says—"I remember how calm and collected he sat, taking apparently no notice." A gentleman in the carriage remarked—"You don't seem much put out by it, Mr. W., it would have frightened me, I think." Father said "it was a merciful Providence watching over him," at which the other seemed to sneer. He had indeed many narrow escapes from death, being thrown from horses and conveyances several times, and once very narrowly escaping being kicked on the head by a horse, which was being shod. I have often heard him quote the lines,—

{ "Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love see fit." }

I give the following, which I found amongst father's papers; it is in his own handwriting, without date, but certainly written within the last few years of his life.

I would not be unmindful of all the great goodness, lovingkindness, and tender mercy of the Lord, but would say with the royal Psalmist. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." O how manifest has the dear Lord's hand been seen many, many times towards me, a poor unworthy sinful creature as I have been; truly I may say, "Unworthy of all the goodness, all the mercy, and all the truth Thou hast shown unto Thy servant." Many have written volumes relating their experience in the divine life for many years, but as I am not able to do that, I can only say that not one good thing has failed me of all the dear Lord has promised, but He has indeed been better unto me than all my fears. Bless His holy name. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

The following (also in his own hand) I cannot withhold:—

First Sabbath in September, 1871. A day much to be remembered. This day my dear son Joseph, constrained by the love of Christ, after being enabled to give a reason of the hope that is in him, went through the ordinance of believer's baptism, which is indeed a great comfort to his mother and myself. The words—"It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes," being very blessed to me all the day. O what a blessing to be brought to know the Lord in his youth, to walk in the fear of the Lord. What a preservative from the snares and allurements of the world. "The fear of the Lord is to depart from evil." O may this divine and heavenly principle still rule and reign in his heart, and that all the days and years of his life.

In his letters to me at various times he expressed his earnest desires and prayers for the blessing of God to rest on me in the work of the ministry. I only give one specimen:—

How often I think about you, and the solemn and important work in which you are engaged. I pray you may have "clean hands" (Isaiah lii. 11), not to handle the Word of God deceitfully; and feet to walk straight forward, not to turn to the right hand or to the left, like the living creatures in Ezekiel's vision. The prophet was to speak the word of the Lord to the people, not his own words. I doubt not, after all, you will have need to be humbled on account of your short comings, and will feel that yourself and all your services need to be covered with that spotless robe which Jesus, the dear Saviour, wrought out for His beloved people (Isaiah vi. 2), for, as blessed Newton says—

"Sin is mixed with all I do."

I might relate much more of a similar character, showing how his mind was constantly exercised upon spiritual things, and this even during the severe and peculiar affliction which the Lord was pleased to lay upon him during the last six years of his life. But I hasten to give some account of those six years of trial, knowing that this will be read with the greatest interest by those who knew him, and hoping that the relation may be made a blessing to some of the tried family of God.

In the month of February, 1876, my father thought he saw his way clear to retire from business, and spend the rest of his days in quiet. He retired accordingly, but being of an active turn of mind, and naturally fond of business, the change was too great. Other causes, which I cannot relate, co-operating herewith, he gradually sank into a state which may be most aptly described as one of *nervous excitement* or *irritability*, *nervous weakness* would not be at all a correct term to use. To illustrate my meaning, I may say that his excited nervous state prevented him sitting quietly in the house, and compelled him to spend most of his time out of doors walking about, and that in almost all weathers; but that, on the other hand, he had nerve enough almost to the last to drive a strange horse for miles, and even to drive through a flood two or three feet deep. All his friends tried everything in their power to give him relief, but in vain. We could not persuade him to return to business though he had the opportunity to do so, and only once or twice in the six years would he be prevailed on to leave home for a change of air and scene. I believe this peculiar affliction laid him open, in an unusual manner, to the temptations of the enemy, and that not infrequently he was even tempted to commit the fearful act of suicide, as he has frequently himself intimated. The result was, he was left to give utterance to language most painful to hear, and to me, most painful to record; but I believe, as our medical attendant told me, that he lost all self-control in regard to his *words*, though the Lord mercifully preserved him in regard to his actions. He would often say he was in black despair, which we naturally understood in regard to his soul. But when questioned, he would say he had no reference to this, but to his happiness in this world, he feeling that there was nothing but suffering and sorrow for him here below, and longing to be gone. In this sad state he continued for six long years, the affliction gradually increasing in intensity till the close. But he was all along able to attend to all his necessary business, his faculties, in this respect, continuing *perfect* even to the very end. The orderly condition of his books and papers testifies to this. Everything that human skill and kindness could suggest was tried, and many, many prayers were offered by the Church and by his numerous friends; but the Lord was not pleased to answer us in the way we wished.

I now, with great pleasure, and heartfelt gratitude to the God of all comfort, proceed to write of the closing days of his life, which witnessed so great a change in his state and condition. He was taken ill on the 11th of August, and the following day took to his bed. It proved to be a simple breaking up of the constitution, or senile decay. He rapidly grew weaker, and died at 1 a.m. on Monday, August 28, 1882, in the 75th year of his age. I was with him part of the time, and was deeply thankful to hear things from his lips which show that there was the immortal seed of divine grace underneath all that weakness and temptation had cast upon it. I was reminded of the words of Hart:—

“ True faith's the life of God,
Deep in the heart it lies;
It lives and labours under load,
Though damped it never dies.”

After he took to his bed we heard no more of those fearful expressions to which he had given utterance formerly; he never murmured, but would frequently say how ill and weak he felt, and would ask the Lord to quickly take him home.

I will now give, without comment, as much as I can remember of what fell from his lips during that last fortnight:—

“ Lord, take Thy poor sinner home; I have been a great sinner, but Thou knowest it has not been wilfully.” “ Art Thou not mine, my living Lord? Yes, Thou art! I want to see Thee as Thou art. I want to go to the other side, *that glorious side.*”

“ My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.”

To each one who waited upon him he said—“ The Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless thee.” To me, on the Saturday before his death he said—“ You must go home and preach to the people to-morrow, even if I were dying; your work is there and you must go.” Once he repeated nearly the whole of one of his favourite hymns, commencing:—

“ Jesus, before Thy face I fall.”

Once I said to him, “ Father, do you think you shall not recover ? ” He said, “ I am sure I shall not.” I then asked, “ And have you a good hope beyond the grave ? ” He looked at me very earnestly, and said, “ Yes, I have.” He then gave me instructions about several little affairs, and was never heard to mention worldly matters afterwards. His weakness was great, and sometimes he appeared to be in deep thought, and such broken sentences as these escaped his lips:—“ Over there; ” “ What must it be to be there ? ” “ See Him as He is, ” &c. A friend observing, “ You long to be gone, ” he replied, “ Yes, and when I am gone, you may say, ‘ Yes, he is there. ’ ”

I need not say how greatly my own mind, and the minds of friends have been relieved by this dying testimony, which is another proof that

“ Grace once received can ne'er be lost.”

Sin and Satan may rage, but the Author and Finisher of our faith says of His own grace in the souls of His sheep, “ The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” Amen.

J. WALKER.

Northampton, October, 1882.

“NO! I DON'T!”

A SELF-CONDEMNED DEACON AT HIS PASTOR'S DEATH.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have sent you the enclosed, concerning Deacon Lee, to be inserted in the VESSEL, which, with God's blessing, may be of great use to the Churches of Christ. Hope it will meet your approbation, and that you can find room for it.—I am, my dear brother, yours affectionately,
 B. TAYLOR.
 Pulham-St.-Mary, September 9, 1882.

DEACON LEE, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly Church-member, who was labouring to create uneasiness in the Church, and especially to drive away the preacher.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for two or three years past.

“Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?” he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion; and after a little thought, frankly answered, “No, I don't.”

“Do you think the Churches are alive to the work before them?”

“No, I don't.”

“Do you think the minister fully realises the solemnity of his work?”

“No, I don't.”

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler of Zion; and taking courage, he asked:—

“Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary man?”

“No, I don't.”

Making bold, after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked, “Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?”

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and in a tone louder than his wont, shouted, “No, I don't.”

“Why,” cried the amazed visitor, “you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?”

“No, I don't.”

“You talk so little, sir,” replied the guest, not a little abashed, “that no one can find out what you do mean.”

“I talked enough once,” replied the old man, rising to his feet, “for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled, and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them!”

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked, “What happened to you thirty years ago?”

“Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness, I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled with those who turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a tool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his

work ended in B——, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about, and criticising, and crushing, instead of upholding by our efforts and our prayers the instrument at whose hands we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half-a-dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as dead weight to the wheels; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer till, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone, when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labours of His dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken, and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor, and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of His servants touches the apple of His eye. I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five miles' ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with a spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said—and her words were arrows to my soul—'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish!'

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armour was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes, and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed, 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said, in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm!' I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones.

"I stayed by him all night, and at daybreak I closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but like a heroine she said, 'I freely forgive you.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin, and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before my dream, saying, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.' These words followed me, till I fully realised the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for His sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they are not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a very 'extraordinary man.' My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with those who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance, the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The New Earth. London: E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane. "A spiritual essay." Canon Farrar, in his "Early Days of Christianity," speaks of John sitting upon the rock, and looking out upon the shining sea of glass, communing with his God; but the author of the extraordinary work, *The New Earth*, writes with as much authority and certainty as though he had the whole counsel of God, as regards the future, plainly revealed to him. We have read this *New Earth* with astonishment. We conclude that the writer has had special knowledge given to him; or he has assumed to be more acquainted with the map of the state of things coming on than any other penman we have ever met with. The true nature of the heavenly glory is described in a new light; the same may be said of other departments; but we must more prayerfully and carefully meditate and endeavour to digest the abstract paragraphs of which the work is composed before we dare to express any decided opinion upon the contents of a work so unique.

The Treasury of David: containing an Original Exposition of the Book of Psalms; a Collection of Illustrative Extracts from the Whole Range of Literature, &c. By C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. vi. Which vol. vi. includes Psalm cxix. to cxxiv. London: Passmore & Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings. 1882. This is a weighty and exceedingly valuable volume, printed on superior paper, from clear, bold type, and substantially bound. No "chance-met Scholar of Wisdom" has built up this storehouse of experimental religion; it is the result of soul-labour, of brain-exercise, and of indefatigable research. No mere repetition of borrowed expressions, no party-spirit, no empty clouds; here "the blood-stained warrior, the solemn sage," sits calm in majestic dignity, and having passed from the lowly office of a shepherd-boy up through the hostile ranks of dangers deep as the black abyss, through the dark valleys of jealous persecution, through the tribulatory trials of faith, on to the throne of Israel, with well-refined and oft-confirmed unfoldings of a large and inspired heart, with the pen of a ready writer, he "speaks of the things he has made touching the king," yea, of the KING of kings, and LORD of lords; and no one on earth knew the greatness and the glory, the grace and the mercy of the exalted Messiah better than David, the ancient type of the Redeemer of Zion.

"Happy art thou," O man, if WISDOM hath led thee into this "garden of love," this library of "truth in the inward parts." In this our preliminary notice of the sixth volume of *The Treasury of David* we simply remark that it gives you not C. H. Spurgeon's expositions merely, but the immense fields cultivated by all the most illustrious divines have been traversed, and the choicest bunches of their reflections have been gathered, and brought into this unspeakable rich garner of heavenly knowledge.

Immanuel! The Mystery of Godliness. This small volume contains "A series of letters on the divinity and humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ," which were written by several ministers some years since, and have lately been "arranged and edited by Philip Reynolds, minister of Providence Baptist chapel, Islington." Published by W. Wileman. These letters were originally addressed to that truly devout man of God, Mr. E. Harris, of West Hampstead, one of the most efficient and zealous deacons of the Church in Shouldham-street, under the favoured and faithful ministry of Mr. William Carpenter. We always feel a measure of grief when controversies respecting the PERSON of the SON OF GOD are put into print, because we know they lead sceptical minds to cast the slur upon us that we do not even know WHO, nor WHAT, nor WHERE HE is, by whom we believe (or profess to believe) we are saved. Whereas the glorious Redeemer positively said, the SON OF GOD, the LORD JESUS CHRIST, most decidedly declared, "I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine." We shall be sure to incur a censure when we affirm our much tried faith in two particulars: first, we are fully persuaded of the truth of that answer which Jesus gave to Peter: "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." "Flesh and blood" may read, learn, naturally understand, and preach a great deal about the work of the Saviour, but His divine, His distinct, His co-equal and co-eternal Oneness with the Father, the eternity of His Sonship, and His relative character in its various branches, no man can *savingly*, clearly, joyfully know, only those of whom the Saviour spake, "HE (the Holy Ghost, the Comforter) shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto YOU." Secondly, that soul, that heaven-born soul in whom the Son of

God hath been *revealed* by the Father, through the Spirit, that soul requires none of the controversies of men respecting **WHO** the Christ of God is. They have, by divine grace, come to **HIM**, and in **HIM** they have found "*rest* unto their souls." Jesus calls *them*, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and ye shall find *rest* unto your souls." Our soul hath, doth, and shall find *rest* in the eternal Son of God,

"*And no where else but there.*"

He is a Brother born for adversity; and so near doth He come to us, so clearly doth He make Himself known to us, so increasingly dear is He unto us, that we rest, and trust, and confide in **HIM** alone. But from all we read, and hear, and see, we cannot resist the fear that God's only-begotten and only-beloved Son and Zion's only Saviour, is blessedly known to and enjoyed by comparatively few. We were sorry to see the hard wind-up note of the book, respecting that essential "*Root of the stem of Jesse.*" But in our Lord Jesus Christ we are so happy that "we only wish to speak of **HIM**." Amen.

How did he Die?—We remember, over fifty years ago, what a whisper there was outside King-street Baptist chapel, in the City of Canterhury, when, as it was said, "Fullerism is coming in." And when "young Dr. Cramp," as he was then called, had returned from college, and had become a co-pastor with his noble, venerable, and much-loved father (the minister of St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet), it became an exciting theme that young Cramp had inoculated his good sire with the theories of Andrew Fuller. It formed quite the subject of debate; it appeared something that alarmed the patriarchs and venerable mothers in Israel; for certain it was that *Fullerism* was come in like a flood, and there was no public standard lifted up against it. Being but recently called by the **LORD JESUS** to *know HIM*, and being so completely satisfied with **HIM**, we did not catch the new fever. We never inquired into the nature of this new epidemic. We had the utmost confidence in the adorable **SAVIOUR**, the new and living way to God, that Fullerism, nor Arminianism, nor Romanism; no! nor any other ghost could then, or at any subsequent period, create in us any serious alarm. But what they then called *Fullerism* was spreading through the Churches, and we believe it ultimately led to the rending of some associations, and gave rise to the existence of the now called "Strict and Particular Baptist Churches." Down in

that busy Staffordshire hive of wealthy manufacturers, Wolverhampton, there is still living, at a great age, a son of the late Kettering pastor (Andrew Fuller), one Mr. Andrew Gunton Fuller, a retired Baptist minister, and he has recently written the life, the work, and the departure of his beloved parent, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of Paternoster-row, have published as one of their series, called *Men Worth Remembering*. The son has paid his father a neat and wise tribute of affectionate regard. There are thousands of Baptists who have never read the history of the original secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society. Here is a cheap, portable, faithful, and pleasant memoir of the man who once shook many Churches, but destroyed none. How he died we wish to show next month.

BIRMINGHAM DIVINITY.—Mr. Dale's lectures on the Epistles to the Ephesians, and Mr. George Dawson's sermons, are published, and are received largely by free-will readers. Birmingham has long been the great manufacturing mart of things bright and beautiful to the flesh; but her popular men, who have stood, and are still standing, in the holy office of preachers, have manufactured a pattern and a polish of their own, encasing the Gospel of Christ in an armour of tinsel, which only can entertain and please the natural mind. *The Outlook*, in its notice of Mr. Dale's "Ephesians," says:—"The work is not faultless. There is a rather gratuitous attack on Calvinism. Has Mr. Dale studied what Calvin himself wrote on the Epistle to the Ephesians? It is in keeping with his anti-Calvinism that Mr. Dale slips away from St. Paul's doctrine of the selective character of the Church. He speaks of 'the great truth that the human race has been made really one in Christ,' as though the Church were composed of the nations, instead of being chosen and called out from all nations. We must also express our regret that Mr. Dale has followed the Revised Version in reading 'each several building' for 'all the building' (Eph. ii. 21); and 'every family' for 'the whole family' (Eph. iii. 15). We think that Mr. B. Newton has proved that these alterations are not required by grammatical use, and that they sadly mar the sense." The late ever-beloved James Wells said if he could find the doctrine of universal redemption in the Bible, he would gladly preach it. *But it is not in the Bible!* Our soul is exceedingly filled with grief when we see the enmity of the carnal mind pouring forth its hatred to the

revealed will of the Almighty. To dare to say that the whole human race is "one with Christ," is a theory which the Bible, the history and experience of men, contradict and condemn. Where do such men get their teaching from?

"*Ever with the Lord.*"—How, like a soft breeze of the sweet Southern gales, the sentence ran through our soul, "FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!" Is it possible that any of the fallen sons of men can be with the Lord? Science, sense, and carnal reason meet in their dark concave, and affirm such a theory to be delusive. Mr. Battersby, in his London October sermon, said: "We ignore carnal reasoning upon this point, and we say to SCIENCE, stick to your own sphere, and we will abide by the Word of the Lord." Yes! as no man can say that JESUS is the LORD but by the HOLY GHOST, so no man, unless he be born again of the SPIRIT, unless the sinful scales of unbelief fall from his eyes; unless the faith of God's elect be implanted in his soul, no man, unless the eyes of his understanding be enlightened, can firmly believe this high and holy mystery, that all the redeemed shall be "for ever with the Lord." The last issued volume of Mr. Battersby's sermons (the seventh series) contains discourses upon those climax themes, "Absent from the Body (the intermediate state) present with the Lord," &c. The volume, strongly bound, may be had of C. W. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street, London. There is a wide difference, a solemn line of distinction, between the eloquent essays given from the pulpits of our cathedrals and our abbeys, and those Scripture-expounding discourses preached by Mr. Battersby. The Canons begin with the Word of God for a text, but in their well-trimmed vessels they take those who follow them out into the sea of human philosophy, which, to nature, is pleasant sailing; but Mr. Battersby, as God's mouth, carries you into the deep rivers of eternal truth, into the marrow and fatness of the inspired Word. Truly Mr. Battersby doth, by the SPIRIT'S power, "rightly divide the word of truth, *opening and alleging.*" Where the little boats, with their silvery sails of rhetoric, of logic, of universalism, and of softly wrapping it up, where they will land their passengers, it belongs not to us to decide. But we know the preaching and unfolding of THE WORD is heaven's sure guide. Take heed who you hear.

"*Dark Shadows on Young Daniel's Soul.*" What John Newton said. Daniel Wilson, once the Bishop of Calcutta,

certainly travelled through an experience of gracious unfoldings which safely, though slowly, led up to posts of usefulness in God's good time. Daniel Wilson was the son of a Spitalfields silk merchant, in the days when Spitalfields had its mansions, its manufactories, and its easy-money-making masters. Daniel Wilson was born July 2, 1778. He grew up a sceptical bookworm. He would argue fiercely against the doctrines of grace, as revealed in the Scriptures. But the SPIRIT OF GOD fastened deep in his soul the convictions of sin. He had a long season of terrible conflict. He went about mourning. All who knew him pitied him; but no one could help him. A friend advised him to call on the late John Newton. He did so. "You want to know whether you are in the right road," said the old man. "That is putting the cart before the horse; that is wanting to gather the fruit before you sow the seed. You can believe a man if he promise you anything, but you cannot believe Christ when He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' If you are cast out, it must be in some wise; but Christ says, 'in no wise.'" But months passed; and though the youth had a gleam of comfort sometimes, yet November came, and we find him again pouring his troubles into Mr. Newton's sympathising ears. "If you are in company with Christians of thirty or more years' standing," said he, "you wonder that your feelings are not more like theirs. But there is a regular gradation of progress. 'Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.' I don't like folks who jump into comfort all at once. It is better to go on gradually. God lays the foundation in the heart; and the walls no sooner peep above ground than we want the roof clapped on." These words stilled him a little; but his mental distress returned, and his case excited great interest wherever it was known. Many tried to comfort him; "but as a man of his own will cannot produce conviction of sin, so neither can he give peace with God through Jesus Christ." God's time of deliverance had not yet come; and the year 1796 passed away, leaving its dark shadows on young Daniel's soul. We may see, in future numbers of the *Fire-side*, how the grace of God did grow in this then young man's heart. Oh, it is a battle between sin and salvation, between "the faith of God's elect" and the tempest-like tossings of the flesh. We see, whether in the lower or high classes, the work of the Spirit of God is in substance the same.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. FORMAN AT THE SURREY
TABERNACLE.

Sunday, October 29, 1882, will be long remembered as a "good day" by the congregation of the Surrey Tabernacle. Mr. Forman, of March, Cambridgeshire, was the preacher, and, as usual when he occupies the pulpit, a good congregation nearly filled the handsome edifice. The morning text was from Rom. viii. 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Mr. Forman handled his text in a masterly manner. He began by saying that he could not help taking this text, as it had been on his mind all the week; he would not pretend to say he had not studied the subject, some ministers professed they always trusted entirely for what they might say to the Holy Spirit, he would not be so foolish as to say anything so untrue and inconsistent, for he believed that diligence and success went together. Search the Scriptures, study the Word of God, was the way to be successful in the ministry. He then shewed the character depicted in the text, "Those that loved God." He was a believer in a universal Providence, he believed that God watched over and cared for all His creatures, but in an especial sense did he believe that nothing happened by chance to God's people, all their losses and crosses, all their prosperity and happiness was working together for their ultimate good. Sometimes you would find that everything a child of God did prospered; he extends his business, and then extends it again, but too much success was not always good. A friend of his said to him the other day, "I have lost in my business during the last few months £3,500." Mr. Forman replied, "That is a serious loss." His friend said, "It is a serious loss, but I now see there was a needs be; I was making money a deal too fast, I fancied I was a very clever fellow, saw what was going to happen, acted accordingly, and then congratulated myself what a wonderful business man I was." And so the preacher went on to show that too much success had a tendency to make the Christian think too much of himself, to forget where the blessings come from, to attribute them to his own industry, and lead him into anything but a healthy frame of mind. He himself had an iron constitution, and did not know what it was to have a serious illness; he had almost fancied he was of iron; but the Lord had seen fit to send a touch of rheumatics lately, which had taught him he was neither iron or wood, but flesh and blood, and had feelings like any other man. You would see in some family, where they were good, godly people, that everything they did turned out bad, loss follows loss one after the other, like Job, who lost first his cattle, then his sons and his chattels, and as if this was not enough, his wife tells him to curse God and die. You will sometimes find that in another

family the Lord has laid His afflicting hand upon some dearly loved child, the one that is loved the best; the parents will say, "I could have borne it better anywhere else but there, for that dear boy, or girl, is so good." The Lord knew all about that, that you perhaps were making an idol of that child; but thank God, it is not all dark. The preacher remembered reading Goodwin's remarks upon this text, and he had always been pleased he had read them; Goodwin calls this a chemical text, a doctor's text. It is sometimes necessary to give prussic acid in medicine. Now if you take prussic acid alone, you would be dead in a few minutes, but by mixing other ingredients with the acid the deadly nature of it is counteracted, while the prussic acid goes to the disease and cures that which, if left alone, would terminate in death. And so in spiritual life; if it was all loss, all affliction, all darkness, it would have a depressing, a crushing effect upon the child of God; and if it was all success, all enjoyment, all bright-shining, this would be attended with a feeling of self-righteousness, self-conceit, a thinking there must be a little good in us for us to be so greatly blessed. But our heavenly Father knows how to deal with His children, and they will see at last that all things, both the dark things and the bright things, have worked together for their eternal good.—WALTER.

SPELDHURST-ROAD ANNIVERSARY
SERVICES.

A very pleasurable day was spent in this sanctuary on October 30, with our good brother, Charles Waters Banks, his beloved wife, and a fair number of ministerial brethren, and officers of several Churches. Unfortunately, as we say, we had not "Queen's weather," for the rain came down in torrents most of the day, and friends generally do not wait till it rains before they *hesitate* to come out, and especially to chapel, but if it is *going to rain* it is a heavy consideration with some, but not if *business* calls them. A slight hint on this score is sufficient to the spiritually wise in heart.

We were very pleased to meet with I. C. Johnson, Esq., J. Bonney, Esq., H. Myerson, J. Clark, E. Langford, J. Bennett, H. Brown, T. Stringer, T. Austin, F. Green, W. Woodrow, W. Burbidge, J. Hiteboeck, H. F. Noyes, W. Ryder, W. Beddow, W. Wheeler, T. Baldwin, Theobald, Sturton, I. Levinsohn, good brother Crutcher, and several others. And we were specially glad to see our dear old friend, C. W. Banks, in such good health, and surrounded with so many true friends. Mr. Banks presided over the prayer-meeting, which commenced at eleven, and W. Winters preached the mid-day sermon. After a free repast, provided in the vestry for all comers, John Bonney, Esq., occupied the chair, and brother Noyes offered prayer. Mr. Bonney spoke with freedom and good feeling on the value of the truth,

and the considerable sacrifice made by the people of God in standing in its defence. Mr. Edwin Langford offered some excellent remarks on the true sympathy of Christian ministers with each other, and of the work of a good soldier in enduring for the truth sake. Mr. James Clark, with brother Langford, warmly congratulated Mr. Banks on the occasion for which they had all met, and spoke very blessedly on the fellowship and triumphs of the Gospel of Christ. Mr. John Bennett also expressed his pleasure in being present, as he had long felt a loving sympathy toward Mr. Banks, as he (Mr. Banks), with the late pastor of Homerton-row, William Palmer, were the two ministers who offered him (Mr. Bennett) their pulpit on his return from America, nearly twenty-five years since. Mr. Bennett spoke well of loyalty to Christ and to His Gospel.

At 4 o'clock, our highly esteemed brother, Mr. Thomas Stringer, preached a soul-stirring sermon from Psa. lx. 12, and if ever a text was adapted to the occasion, and to the very constitution of his own person, the one selected proved to be. Mr. Stringer showed the absolute certainty and fixity of all things which God had ordered in Christ, for the welfare of His Church, and the confidence and faith of the Lord's people, and the certainty of their final victory over every foe. And sure enough it was as elevating as it was lively, in keeping all awake, and filling us with astonishment and gratitude to God. A good company sat down to tea.

The chair was occupied in the evening by I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., who opened the meeting by reading Psa. cxvi., and our hearty brother Crutcher, from friend T. Bradbury's church, offered prayer. Mr. Johnson, in a most eloquent speech on the removal of transgression (Psa. ciii. 12) by the efficacy of the atonement, referred with kindly feelings of sympathy to Mr. Banks, and to his old friend, Mr. Thomas Stringer, and gave a very interesting detailed account of his first acquaintance with Mr. Stringer, and of his own conversion at the age of 22, and of the soul liberty so fully realised under the preaching of the man of ever-blessed memory, James Wells. Mr. Henry Myerson dwelt very encouragingly on the words, "I was brought low, and He helped me." Mr. Henry Brown followed with a genuine speech on the sowing of good seed and its happy results. Mr. C. W. Banks, who had been quiet nearly all day, rose to express his appreciation of all the good wishes that had been so generously bestowed upon him, and assured the friends that he did not feel the burden of old age yet, and was still prepared to do as he had done for many years—to work seven days a week, and travel and preach as heretofore, by the help of God. Mr. Stringer was again called to speak, and spoke with freshness and force on the finishing of the Christian's course, who be represented as a wayfarer, seafarer, and a racer in union with Christ. By this time many of the London brethren had to leave to attend to their own Monday evening meetings. At eight o'clock Mr. Isaac Levinsohn appeared, and he was gladly met by the

friends, who were to listen to a sermon from his lips. Mr. Levinsohn based his discourse upon Judges xiv. 14, and which discourse he prefaced by some very good remarks on the two classes of characters to be met with in the world, and in some cases how difficult it was to determine as to which side they were respectively most attached. The preacher also testified boldly of the misery and wretchedness consequent upon sin being introduced into the world, and then more largely entered into the nature and meaning of the text. The profitable and God-glorifying services of the day were brought to a close in the most happy and satisfactory manner. Our happy-faced brother, Mr. J. W. Banks, as on all occasions, did his utmost to make everybody comfortable, and was successful.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

LITTLE STONHAM. — Harvest home services were held October 20. We were privileged to hear valuable sermons by Mr. C. Hill, of Stoke-Ash; the lovers of sound Gospel truth were edified to hear Mr. Hill proclaim with such boldness, that "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of JESUS CHRIST;" also in the evening from, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His!" Oh, may the great Head of the Church pour down upon us His Spirit, that we may be more in earnest, and with more zeal contend for the faith once delivered to the saints; that, to us, life and death may be both like the righteous. May the name of the Lord be magnified in sending His honoured servant amongst us. I am sure He has the sincere gratitude of both minister and people of Stonham, who were not forgetful, but provided a public tea, to which 100 set down. At the close we were enabled to sing what we profess to believe:—

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows limit nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

— J. G.

GREAT GRANSDEN.—Tuesday, Oct. 10, harvest thanksgiving services were held in Baptist chapel. Mr. Jull preached a suitable sermon from the words, "Seed-time and harvest." After tea, a public meeting; Mr. Walker, of Dean house, Caxton, presiding. Singing, prayer, and appropriate address by the chairman; discourses were delivered by Mr. F. King, Mr. W. K. Squirrel, &c. The choir gave very precious pieces in harmonious sounds. Lord's-day morning, Nov. 12, Mr. T. Mustell, of Over, administered the ordinance of believer's baptism to a teacher in the Sabbath school, which was witnessed by a large and attentive congregation. We hope there are several more who will soon be constrained to follow their Lord in His own appointed ways.

"Take His easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience light."

STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

"Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from Eastern coast to Western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day."

MY DEAR FATHER AND EDITOR,—

Like yourself, I am dearly attached to mission work. I have, in days past, spent much time in hospitals and in some of the dark parts of London, in distributing the silent messenger and trying to say a word to the poor and afflicted. It was always a pleasing privilege, as one walked through ward after ward, to see the hand of the sufferers held out for a tract or leaflet, especially so by those who had no friends to visit them. Missionary societies, home and foreign, have been in existence for a very great number of years, and the Bible, the Word of God, has been taken into every land; and, though it has been so dispersed by many who are indifferent to the distinguishing doctrines of grace, yet the Word of God has been disseminated, it has told its own tale, the Holy Spirit has blessed it, and many have had to thank God and rejoice for ever having put it into the hearts and minds of the well-to-do of Great Britain to send out His Book to them. The Christian missionary enterprise, whether at home or abroad, is a noble and excellent cause.

Seeing an announcement in the **EARTHEN VESSEL** that the annual meeting of "The Strict Baptist Mission" was to be held in Hill-street, Dorset-square, on Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1882, I thought I would go and hear what was being done by the Society. To me it was new ground. I had never before entered this sanctuary, so felt a little strange; but our good brother E. Beazley, and the other deacons and officials, did their best to welcome all; so, in common with others, I partook of their hospitality. The brethren, John Box and John Hunt Lynn, very heartily shook me by the hand, and made kind inquiries after your welfare.

In the afternoon Mr. S. K. Bland preached a sermon from the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Above one hundred took tea. In the evening, at the public meeting, the bottom of the chapel was quite full. Mr. John Hazelton, president of the Society, took the chair, and gave out, "O'er those gloomy hills of darkness." After singing, Mr. J. L. Meeres offered prayer; Mr. Hazelton gave a few brief opening remarks, and then called upon Mr. Josiah Briscoe to read the report for 1881-2, from which we gather that in some parts of India, through its instrumentality, and in the island of Ceylon, the Gospel is preached, and Church order observed according to the New Testament order—i.e., Strict Baptists; that outdoor and open-air preaching is conducted by Mr. Doll, the Society's superintendent, and his co-workers, Mr. Jacob John and his wife; that the ordinance of believers' baptism has been administered; that a new Church has been formed; that there are

Sunday and day-schools, with an average attendance of 150; that sister Mary Ann is very zealously conducting the Zenana work, and that altogether the cause is prospering.

Mr. Wakelin, in the absence of Mr. E. Mote, the treasurer, said that about £300 had been subscribed in England for the purposes of the mission, in which the Churches at Keppel-street; Sobo, Oxford-street; Zion, Deptford; Hill-street, Dorset-square; Avenue, Camden-town, and others, take a lively interest.

Mr. J. S. Anderson moved, and Mr. J. Box seconded, the adoption of the report. Messrs. Sears, J. H. Lynn, and Mr. Shepherd advocated the claims of the Society. Each speaker referred to the great need of encouraging the Sunday-school effort, and reference was made to the Papist who said, "Give me the children of this generation, and the next will be ours."

Without in the least deprecating the efforts of this Society, could not some such movement be set on foot to gain the children of this land? I could name some of our Churches where, if devoted entirely as mission stations for children's services, much good must and would be the result.

J. W. B.

YORKSHIRE.—LOCKWOOD. MR. EDITOR,—Fifty years ago the Strict Baptists began to rise up, unite, and work together; and they have continued until now. You knew our keen and comfortable pastor, John Poynder; he commenced in our truthful Sussex county, at Dane Hill and Newick; he was brought here, and did his work. He said, on November 23, 1866, "I am longing to go home;" and soon after that he departed. Our Jubilee Services were Sept. 24 and 25, 1882. Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, was preacher, chairman, and the announcer of good tidings that the debt was fully cleared through the benevolence of Mr. Crowther. We are still like the green olive tree in the garden of our Lord, and in the waters of separation, of devotion, and of resurrection. Some obedient, loving children are following their Lord. Although we had a long weaning, we sorely grieve over the loss of our pastor.

SUFFOLK.—Reports announce a series of services during September and October in various parts. Chelmondiston is more hopeful. At Stoke-Asli anniversary, Mr. Samuel Cozens was the bearer of the happy news that there were many before the throne who were without any fault. Here some are spoken of as having nothing but fault, others are extolled to the skies. Phylogonius says, "It would appear that their robes require no washing in the blood of the Lamb to make them white." There are some of us Suffolk thinkers who really wish the **EARTHEN VESSEL** could convey to us the mind of the **SPIRIT** on that mysterious text. We have never heard it yet, although we have as sound a pulpiteer as any in the county.

A NEW CHAPEL

For the New Testament Baptists, for Mr. JOHN HUNT LYNN, and for the Church in Forest-lane, Stratford.

[We would call the special attention of our friends to the following.]

Anniversary services at Forest-lane, Stratford, under the pastorate of J. Hunt Lynn, were held Tuesday, October 24. Mr. J. L. Meeres preached in afternoon. The chairman, Mr. Mortar, presided in an efficient manner, interspersing the various addresses with practical and experimental comments, testifying to the spiritual good which had been effected in their chapel. The addresses were well appreciated. Mr. Anderson addressed us from the words, "And such were some of you, but ye are washed." J. J. Clinch gave an interesting account of the Lord's providential dealings with him, and urged the people to encourage their pastor. J. E. Eisey, in an earnest spirit, shewed the stability of the believer, from the words, "They shall never perish." Mr. P. Reynolds from the words, "As a tall tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves," spoke of the abiding power of grace in times of adversity and apparent barrenness; he displayed great power of thought and happy expression. J. H. Lynn gave a brief review of seven years' labour, explained the present position, and spoke very hopefully of the future prospects of the Church. An interesting and, I believe, profitable meeting was then brought to a close.

A LONDON SPARROW.

[Our brother John Hunt Lynn is one of those ministers which our Churches should encourage. His present chapel is a nice little place in a quiet road out of Forest-lane, Stratford. He has served an apprenticeship of seven years there; his ministry is appreciated, and the cause has grown. Many friends think his spiritual, intellectual and oratorical powers entitle him to a much larger place. A site for a new place is chosen, the ground is paid for, the cost of chapel will be about £1,250; when £300 is raised operations will commence, and the new building will be opened within 12 months, this is guaranteed. Mr. J. H. Lynn is well known to thousands of our readers in all parts of the kingdom. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel, and give him and his friends a thorough lift up out of the small into the larger place. Stratford, and the suburbs around, contain an immense population. Let us go in and help our brother to possess the land, without leaving a heavy burden on his back.—C. W. B.]

BOSTON. — Harvest thanksgiving services were held at Ebenezer chapel on Sunday and Tuesday, October 29 and 31 were bright seasons. The pulpit on Sunday (in the absence of Mr. Bolton, the pastor) was occupied by Mr. W. H. Rose, of Swineshead, who proved himself no novice in the work. On Tuesday a happy company enjoyed an excellent tea, after which Mr. Rose gave us a useful discourse from Matt. xiii. 30. These services were a thorough success.—D. B. B.

RYARSH.—JIREH.—Harvest thanksgiving services took place on Wednesday, October 18. Brother C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon, from 1 Chron. xvi. 35, a faithful Gospel sermon, which was listened to with feelings of pleasure and profit. We had a good tea and a public meeting. After singing and prayer, the chairman (C. W. B.) called on brother Wood, the former pastor, to address the meeting, which he did with freedom and savour, showing "it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." Next followed brother Patterson, who made a feeling allusion to his former state, when brother Banks was at Ryarsh many years since, whom he had not heard before that day. He spoke of God's great mercy in bringing him to a knowledge of the truth as the same is in Jesus. Brother G. Webb came next in his usual hearty and experimental manner, speaking of the goodness and mercy of Him who remembered us in our low estate, and who satisfieth His people with His goodness. C. W. Banks then addressed the friends in a touching way, taking a retrospective glance of God's great goodness to him from the age of seven years; how He had appeared for him again and again, and brought him on his way thus far. The meeting was enlivened by singing between the speeches, and was brought to a close with prayer by the chairman. God bless the little Church, and send them a faithful pastor who shall be the means of edifying them in the truth of the Gospel, and in gathering together some of the outcasts of Israel.—J. CASSR.

HALLING.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held in this village on Wednesday, October 25, when brother G. Holland preached a sermon in the afternoon, with sweetness and freedom, from Isa. lxi. 10. A bountiful tea was provided, after which a public meeting took place, presided over by brother J. Middleton. After singing and prayer, brother T. Gilbert was called upon to give an address, which he did in his homely and affectionate way, giving touching illustrations of the grace and mercy of God to him both in providence and grace, which were similar to God's dealings with dear old John Warburton. Brother G. Holland then gave a warm-hearted speech on the blessedness of a saving acquaintance with God as a tender, loving father in Christ Jesus. Brother F. P. Patterson then addressed the friends on the lovingkindness of the Lord being continually before the eyes of His people who are interested in the unchanging and everlasting love of the Three-One Jehovah. The chairman followed in the same strain, and called on our aged brother, John Lamb (whom we were glad to see present, after his long affliction), to conclude with supplication to our covenant God, which he was enabled to do with holy freedom. The friends at Halling have commenced a Building Fund, being desirous of obtaining a better and more suitable place in which to worship the God of all their mercies. The Lord prosper the undertaking.—J. C.

STOWMARKET.—The festive season enjoyed in the "New Chapel," commemorative of the pastor's settlement and harvest thanksgiving, was equal to any of the previous years. Lord's-day, October 22, W. Winters of Waltham Abbey, preached three sermons. The chapel was full of earnest hearers. This chapel stands out, like its loving pastor, boldly to the front, and appears in a garden enclosed with a great *welcome* about it to all peaceable comers. Our brother Mr. G. G. Whorlow, is the pastor. Stowmarket, or, as our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called it, *the place of a market*, is an improving town of high respectability, with its Corn Exchange, Literary Institute and Library, and Young Men's Society amalgamated; and formerly had its member of Parliament, but he has long grown obsolete, with the right of the corporate power of the town to realise a position in the House of Commons. There is a fair number of Churches, both *non* and *con*, and the Baptist body (Strict, of course) is well represented. On Monday, October 23, Mr. Huxham preached a solid sermon from Psa. xxxi. 19. He treated of the *treasury* laid up in Christ, the *bestowment* made by Him, and the characteristic greatness of the goodness of God, in His providence and grace. A capital company sat down to a well-provided tea, fit for the royal family, and a royal family partook of it to their full satisfaction. In the evening, W. Clarke, Esq., of Ipswich, occupied the chair; Mr. Morling engaged in prayer, and was exceedingly savoury and Christ-exalting. Mr. Clarke having made a short but seasonable address, called Mr. G. G. Whorlow to speak, who, with his usually kind and fatherly manner, thanked God for past and present mercies, and with evident feelings of emotion publicly thanked Mrs. Orme and her two sons for their unremitting kindness to himself and to the cause. Mr. W. Kern spoke of the young in a very encouraging way, and of real prayer in the family of God. Mr. W. Houghton treated of the excellencies of the harvest, the work and kingdom of Christ. Mr. Clarke, the moderator, who is a very practical and godly man, spoke of the value of religion in the dying hour, "the religion that can give sweetest pleasures while we live," and solid comfort when we die. Mr. Clarke, with words of affection, handed to Mr. Whorlow, in the name of the friendly contributors, a purse of gold, as a token of purest love for faithful services rendered. Mr. Whorlow acknowledged it with loving expressions of thanks. Our excellent brother, Samuel Cozens, spoke on the called, chosen, and faithful of God. Mr. D. Dickerson, the genial pastor of the old cause in Stowmarket, spoke on the most suitable of all subjects—Christian unity. Our earnest wish is that both causes may abundantly prosper, and never cease to be one in spirit, though separate in community. Mr. Garrard, the earnest deacon at home and frequent preacher in the surrounding Churches, gave a short address; and whom we followed in turn, with brother Huxham. Many of the surrounding Churches were ably represented in the com-

pany, and during some part of the services appeared brethren Watmough, of Mendlesham, Knell, of Walsham-le-Willows, Morling, of Norton, and others. The psalmody was well rendered throughout the services, and the benediction by the pastor closed one of the happiest and most successful days enjoyed at Stowmarket. To God be everlasting praise. Amen.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

NORWICH.—I have long been anxious to visit the Gildercroft chapel in this ancient city, and, consequently, this Sabbath morning wended my way thither. As I entered this, I believe, the oldest Nonconformist building in the city, I was pleased to see it had undergone a very pleasing transformation, presenting a neat, well-lighted, and commodious house for God's worship. The pastor of the people, Mr. T. Bullimore, holds an honourable appointment in the city, and on Sundays preaches the Gospel. The attendance was good, a pleasing and noticeable feature being the presence of a large company of young men and women. The sermon was from Isaiah xxxii. 2. The delivery was remarkably good, and blessed, Christ-exalting truths were set forth to saint and sinner. Mr. Bullimore is a giant in intellect, in earnestness and glow of soul. For many years Gildercroft was under a cloud. May this be the commencement of glorious, God-sent prosperity.—E. P. B.

FINE DON.—MR. EDITOR,—A good time was enjoyed at our chapel at Finedon November 5 and 6. On Sunday, Mr. J. Eagle preached two Gospel sermons to good congregations; and on Monday we held our annual public tea, followed by a public meeting in the evening, at which some very soul-stirring addresses were delivered by brethren who came to wish us God-speed. The walls of the chapel were nicely decorated with some well-executed Scripture texts wrought for the occasion—texts which we hope will serve for mottoes and mementoes for the coming year. Special thanks are due to the ladies for the earnest manner in which they went to work to make both tea and meeting a success. We hope this is the beginning of better days. Much yet remains to be done before we get a new chapel, of which we stand in great need, our old one comparing very unfavourably with its lofty neighbours, besides not yielding as much comfort as we could wish to those who worship in it. May God give us patience to wait His time, which is always the best. So prays, yours truly,—H. N.

HACKNEY.—On behalf of Sunday school in South Hackney Baptist Church, Speldhurst-road, a lecture was given by Mr. Samuel Banks, Monday evening, November 13, 1882, which much interested the audience. The choir, from Mr. Myerson's, led by Mr. MEANS, gave some sacred pieces, which were most efficiently rendered, and added greatly to the happiness of the service. The collection was very liberal.

A VISIT TO WARBOYS.

Having been invited by our former pastor, Mr. J. Lambourne, to pay him a visit, we resolved to accept his hospitality. We reached Huntingdon at 3.30, on September 30. There we found an elder of the Church waiting to convey us to our destination.

The next day being the Sabbath, four persons were about to put on the Lord Jesus Christ by being buried with Him in baptism. On the Sabbath there was a well-attended prayer meeting at 9.30 a.m. Mr. Lambourne preached in the morning from Gen. xxiv. 56, "Hinder me not," &c., making a few remarks about the ordinance about to be administered. After the sermon we withdrew to the baptistry, which is in the open air, about one hundred yards from the chapel. It is about 150 feet long by 100 feet wide at its widest part, and is fenced in with massive painted rails. On arriving there, we found a crowd assembled, who were quietly waiting. These consisted apparently of those who had attended no place of worship on that day. After the morning service the chapel poured forth its contingent, and also the parish church furnished its quota. Mr. Lambourne having put on his baptizing dress, came slowly to the head of the pool, looking quite patriarchal. Presently the candidates (three sisters and one brother) came from a neighbouring cottage, and the service began by the pastor giving out hymn 510 (Denham's Selection), "Hinder me not," &c., which was solemnly sung by the assembled throng. He then made a few appropriate remarks, telling the audience that Jesus Christ was a Baptist, that He had left it on record, "That so it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," and that all those who enter the glory world will be saved by a Baptist. After asking the divine blessing on the candidates and the assembly, he led one of the sisters into the water, advancing until he reached a sufficient depth, he repeated the words, "On a profession of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Having immersed the candidate, and replaced her on her feet, he took a handkerchief from the front of his gown and wiped her eyes, after which she took it and wiped her face, standing quietly the while. The pastor then led her to the landing-place. The same having been done with all the candidates, they withdrew to a neighbouring cottage. Mr. Lambourne having thanked the multitude for their attention, pronounced the benediction, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

The whole scene was most impressive; the immense assembly; the quiet, primitive simplicity of the rite surpassed anything we ever saw. The passage to the requisite depth was made slowly and as gracefully as if walking over a carpet; and so well was the dress of the sisters arranged, they looked as well after the immersion as before. The return was made slowly, the faces of the candidates beaming with joy. Many of the audience were much impressed. One person took the pastor by the hand and expressed a wish to be one the next time he baptized.

We saw many an eye suffused with tears. The interest of the occasion was increased by the fact that myself and spouse were baptized by Mr. Lambourne twenty-two years before.

Should any of your readers wish to see this teaching and preaching rite in its simplicity, let them go to Warboys.

We had the pleasure of hearing our brother three times on Sunday, and also of communing with the Church when the candidates were received in. We attended the prayer meeting on Tuesday and the service on Thursday. On each occasion the large vestry was full. The concluding text was most appropriate to our feelings; it was, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever" (Psa. xxiii. 6). Our brother was always a robust theologian, and not in the habit of taking anything on trust without a "Thus saith the Lord."

We should have liked to have given a *résumé* of the whole of the services, but we tremble lest we should "crowd ourselves out." We felt delighted to see the hands of our friend and brother upheld by so large a number of faithful men. We received such attention from Christian friends as only the beautiful word, "Lovingkindness," can express. The visit has added a page to our "sunny memories" which will never be forgotten.

We mentioned to some of our dear friends that we had heard Mr. Lambourne preach from a text never yet used at Warboys. It was, "Finally, brethren, farewell." The mere mention of it drew forth a chorus of exclamations that such a text must not be used there. Our prayer is that He who walks among the golden candlesticks may prolong the pastorate for at least a quarter of a century, and when the earthly pilgrimage shall end, may the choristers above and the saints below unite in singing,—

"Servant of God, well done,
Best from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

EPSOM.—SALEM CHAPEL. A meeting was held October 25. Mr. Willis, of Croydon, delivered a very solemn discourse. He gave good advice concerning the believer's attitude before the world. We confessed, with the speaker, that we find it an increasing trial to our souls to be able to show sufficient evidence to our daily associates that we are "born of God." About fifty-five friends partook of tea. Mr. Willis preached again in the evening, from the text, "Behold, I lay in Zion a foundation stone," &c.; and he was in God's hand the means of bringing comfort to many present. Amongst our friends we noticed several ministers from Croydon and elsewhere. The friends worshipping at Salem are not yet formed into a Church; but we have reason to hope a Strict Baptist Church may soon be founded there, of which further particulars will be given.—G. H. ILES.

BETHNAL GREEN.—HOPE, NORTON-STREET. It is now about twenty-eight years ago since the London Gospel Mission Society took a room in Twig Folly for the purpose of preaching the Gospel in this densely populated neighbourhood. This society sprang into existence about 1851, its object being to open places for the advocacy of the truth in those districts where the Gospel in its purity was not preached. Several such places were taken, and, according to a report read by Mr. S. K. Bland, secretary, at one of its annual meetings, held in East-lane Chapel, Walworth, in 1853, said, it had been instrumental in bringing many to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Mr. Thomas Jones, the editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, Mr. S. K. Bland, Mr. Joseph Chislett, the late Mr. James Wells, Mr. J. T. Messer, Sir John Thwaites, and Mr. W. Allen, were among the founders. "Hope" is the outcome of this Society; first one room in Twig Folly, then two rooms in Harrold-street, eventually the chapel in Norton-street, where during the brief life of the late Thomas Parker crowds gathered to listen to the Gospel. At the room in Twig Folly the brothers William and George Webb first (or nearly so) began to speak in the Lord's name; and I think I am right in saying that there are only about three left at "Hope" who were among those who worshipped in Twig Folly. The chapel is situated in a large and poor neighbourhood, and the worshippers often have their devotions interrupted by the unthinking and wayward neighbours. It is just the spot for missionary effort, and if the London Strict Baptist Association could find and send a loving brother to work among the inhabitants of Green-street, it would, under the unctuous influence of the Holy Spirit, prove a blessing to the inhabitants, and a boon to our friend and brother Griffiths and his people. The subjects chosen for the speakers on the twenty-eighth anniversary of the place, and the way they were spoken to, are just the subjects which want to be carried right into the homes of such as surround Hope Chapel, Norton-street. Mr. John Box was the first speaker, and his text was, "The Gospel Feast," and the very kind and loving way in which he spoke of the Gospel feast, its suitability to the poor, the outcast, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, to the needy one, &c. Oh, said the speaker, what a feast is the grace, and love, and mercy of God. God spreads the table in His House every Lord's-day; do you, my hearers, as you are coming to worship—partake of this feast—ever call and ask any one to come with you? One of old wrote the words: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." While the speaker was going on in this sweet strain, I thought there was no more suitable place for the advocacy of such plain Gospel statements than the vicinity of the chapel. Mr. Squirrel on "The Gracious State;" Mr. Shepherd on "The Word of Life;" Mr. Meeres on "The Grand Bestowment;" Mr. Dexter on "The Holy

Uction;" Mr. Clark on "The Sure Anchor;" all spoke as they were, we believe, guided by the Spirit of God, to the enjoyment of the people. Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, presided, and in his usual courteous manner, timely remarks and practical workings, gained the love and affection of the people at "Hope." It was, Mr. Hall said, his first appearance amongst them, but hoped it would not be his last. A vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Mr. Griffith, and seconded by Mr. Youlden, brought to a close another happy meeting here.—J. W. B.

CITY ROAD.—Since our last visit to East-road chapel an excellent work, as regards renovating the chapel, has been effected, and dear old Jireh looks clean and highly respectable within; only a little now remains to be done to the outside to make the appearance of the building respectable. Our brother Linsell has laboured long to keep up the services of God therein; probably he will not reap the whole of his reward here. The memory of the late pastor, John Andrews Jones, is still held precious by some, and we can never enter within the walls of that sanctuary without feeling deeply respectful to the memory of departed worth. Blessed is such an one who preaches faithfully, and scatters broadcast the Word and honour of Christ with his pen, to the heart's joy of thousands who never hear His living voice. We never wish to hold in veneration the names of ministers whose souls are in glory to the expense of living worthies. We verily believe there are men still living who are more than equal in many points to those who have been and gone. It was a source of regret on Tuesday to hear of the illness of Mr. John Hazelton, who was to have been the afternoon preacher on November 14. A very kind letter was read by Mr. Linsell from Mr. Hazelton's son, expressive of sorrow at his father's illness, and the best of wishes to the friends at Jireh. The pulpit was well filled by brother J. L. Meeres, who spoke to a good congregation from James i. 17; and in the course of his subject he treated of the two kinds of gifts expressed in the text; also the source from whence they came, and the ground of encouragement afforded by them. At the evening meeting H. Newby, Esq., presided, and having read a portion of the Psalms, called upon Mr. Battson to offer prayer. Mr. Linsell, the secretary, read a lengthy report, which showed that the outgoings were larger than the receipts. The Strict Baptist Association has granted £15 towards repairing the chapel. But the ground-rent is £20 per annum, and other incidentals are equally heavy. Mr. W. Hazelton moved the adoption of the report, and spoke well on the words, "Hold fast that which is good." W. Winters seconded the adoption, and congratulated Mr. Linsell and his colleagues on the necessary improvements already made in the chapel. Mr. J. L. Meeres spoke on Christ the Burden-bearer. Mr. John Box made some suitable remarks on Abraham's faith (Gen. xxiv. 1), and the blessing of God

in all things to Abraham. Mr. Styles was very encouraging on the words, "I have chosen the way of truth." Mr. P. Reynolds dwelt on the walls and bulwarks of Zion's city. Mr. Linsell offered the closing prayer, and Mr. Newby pronounced the benediction.—
W. WINTERS.

TWO DIFFERENT SCENES IN DEATH.

On a bitter cold night in mid-Winter I was called from my bed to go ten miles away over a bleak and drifted road, to see a young man who was sinking in the deep waters of death. He was but twenty years of age. He had been a Sabbath-school scholar. He had been an attendant upon the sanctuary. He knew all about the way of salvation. But he had broken away from all these hallowed influences of earlier years: he had yielded to the enticements of evil companions, and now he was dying without hope. The messenger who came for me in haste was one of those who had helped him on in the way of darkness; but he could not lead him back to the light. I entreated the dying youth to look to Jesus; but his wild and wandering eye could see no Saviour in the darkness that was gathering around him. I besought him only to whisper the prayer, "Lord, save me!" I offered myself the petition which I desired to draw from his heart. His despairing look and heavy groan only answered, "TOO LATE! TOO LATE!" He kept sinking, sinking, till the billows of death passed over him, and no word or sign of hope came from his dying lips. And as I went back to my home in the cold starlight of that Winter morning, it seemed to me as if the icy North wind that swept the frozen earth and swayed the naked branches of the trees by the road-side, took up the refrain of those sad and despairing words, "Too late! too late!"

Again, in the same city, on a Summer's afternoon, I was called to visit a dying man. I walked hastily down by the river's side, where his humble dwelling stood in the midst of noisy workshops, and surrounded with all the sounds and activities of busy life. I entered his lowly room, and approached his bed-side with awe as well as compassion, for I felt myself to be in the company of heavenly messengers who were waiting to conduct an emancipated soul from the bed of death to the throne of glory. I felt that I must speak fit words for a redeemed and immortal spirit to remember as the last accents of human lips in this world. And I spoke of HIM who is the Light of heaven, and the Hope of earth. The man was dying in great agony, but he could still signify, by the pressure of his hand and the glance of his eye, that in Christ was all his hope, and that beneath him was the everlasting arm. He had lost the power of speech; but he wrote upon a slate, with a wavering hand, words that he wished me to read. I looked earnestly at the irregular lines, but could see no meaning. One word in the middle of the sentence was larger than the rest, and he

pointed to that as if it contained the meaning of the whole. Still I could not spell it out. With dying energy he seized the pencil once more, and slowly printed, "VICTORY!" It was his last effort, and it was enough. I could now read the whole sentence, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the *victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ." And as I went from that bedside to my home, it seemed to me as if the roar of the waterfall in the river, and all the sounds of busy life around me, took up the word and echoed, "VICTORY!" And for many a year, in the dark hours of spiritual conflict and discouraging toil, my waning faith has kindled into new life, and my fainting heart has acquired new strength, at the remembrance of that word written with a dying hand in the chamber of death—"VICTORY."

GROWING IN ESSEX.

The Church at St. John's-green chapel, Colchester, moves on slowly, but, we trust, soundly. Ten have recently been added to their numbers. Two of those who were baptized were well stricken in years, being, we should suppose, nearly 70 years of age, and three others over 40. You will be glad to hear that God's children are walking in His ways and in His truth. There are many, we believe, who stand just on the doorstep, and doubtless will soon say, "Open to us, for we will go with you." No, the Strict Baptists are not dying out. They may be humbled and be brought very low and weak, in order to try them and purge them; but this will cause them to cry mightily to the Lord for help, and He will help them, and that right early. Having truth on our side why should we despond? God is with those who hold fast His Word, and regard not the shifting religions of fashionable professors. Pastor and people have dwelt together in peace for seven years, during which time the Church has more than doubled its numbers, have rebuilt their chapel, and have a new school-room very nearly ready for use, which will be a great addition, both in accommodation and value, to the freehold property.

Essex is by no means a fruitful soil for the truth, as advanced by the Strict section of the Baptists, yet here and there we are just now looking up. At Heybridge they have lately bought their chapel, and are about to set it in order, for which purpose they have gathered £130, without the dishonourable means of the "song" or the "fair." Truth does not need these aids; indeed, these things can only hinder the power of truth and godliness; the very adoption of them is an acknowledgment of weakness. Christ must have lost His place in the hearts of the people, if ever He had a corner there, when these fleshly things are resorted to to draw money out of their pockets. Where Christ reigns in the affections and abides in the heart, the hand will be put forth to aid His cause, but where there is no love to Him, the money has to be dragged out by means which an honest tradesman would disown.

LIMEHOUSE.—On November 7, a large meeting was convened in "the upper room" known as Coverdale schoolroom, to celebrate the fourth anniversary of Mr. F. C. Holden's pastorate. Tea was provided. Mr. Holden, in opening address, informed the friends that he had five years of happy work in their midst, and over fifty members had been added during his pastorate. Since the death of their beloved brother, Mr. Beckett, the Church had made choice of three new deacons, in the persons of Messrs. Baldwin, Kemp, and Read, in union with Messrs. Turner and Pike. Mr. Holden remarked that an eligible freehold site for a new chapel had been obtained, at the very moderate cost of £500, measuring 80 feet by 31 feet, which will allow for vestries, and room to spare. Our generous-hearted brother, James Lee, Esq., promised £10 as soon as the first brick was laid. We were extremely glad to see brother Mr. G. J. Baldwin restored to health after a protracted illness. We wish him, with his brethren in office, pastor, and people, solid peace and lasting joy. Mr. T. Stringer was well to the front, and testified, with considerable force of Scripture, the words of James, "He giveth more grace." Mr. Stringer treated of the nature of grace, its quality, quantity, and durability. W. Winters afterwards spoke, and was followed by Mr. James Clarke, who warmly and beautifully described the eternal and inexhaustible nature of grace, in contemplation of which "Imagination's utmost stretch in fancy dies away." Mr. H. Myerson spoke lovingly of experimental knowledge of grace in the soul, in happy contradistinction to the religion of the formalist and hypocrite. Mr. W. H. Lee testified with much earnest meaning to the brief command of Moses to Israel, "Go forward" (Exod. xiv. 14), and which was by the speaker made to agree with the position of the chairman and his people. Mr. Noyes gave out a hymn, and Mr. Milbourne unfolded some of the mischievous devices of the priests of the Romish Church, manifest in connection with one near to him in nature's ties. The addresses were interesting and profitable, and we hope much good may accrue therefrom in days yet to come. Mr. Kemp ably conducted the singing, and all passed off in the most successful and satisfactory manner.—**W. WINTERS.**

LOWER NORWOOD.—Twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Silvester was held at Bethel chapel in November. Mr. Vaughan preached a sermon. Tea was served. At public meeting Mr. J. Crutcher was in the chair. Prayer by Mr. Whiting. Messrs. Whittle, Read, Vaughan, Head, Pepper, Battson, and Cullingford, gave witness to the new covenant order of mercy. Mr. J. Rayment and other brethren were present. It was a spiritual feast of Gospel provision. May brother Silvester be long spared to declare the same; may he be sustained under the long affliction of his dear wife, is the prayer of—**HIS OLD FRIEND.**

COGGESHALL, ESSEX.—On Sunday, November 5, a union took place between the two Churches in this town, Church-street and East-street, long and devoutly desired by many praying souls. This step has, I believe, been taken in the fear and strength of the Lord alone. Oh, that days to come may witness divine approval. It was an interesting sight on Sabbath afternoon, November 5, to see these two bands of brethren become one in faith, in practice, and in observance of the Lord's commands at His blessed table. After a sermon by E. P. Brown, the venerable Mr. R. Powell, in a solemn and suitable manner, dispensed the elements to the assembled family who will, I trust, look upon him in his true character, "a father in Israel." E. P. Brown again preached in the evening. Our hope for blessing, success, and unity, is in the Lord alone. Holy Spirit of God, what is now joined on earth visibly as one Church in Salem chapel, Coggeshall, may the Lord bind together in heaven when time shall be no more.—**E. P. B.**

STEPNEY.—Seventeenth anniversary of Mr. Steed's pastorate at Rehoboth chapel, Wellesley-street, was Tuesday, October 31. Mr. T. Stringer preached in afternoon to a good congregation. After a refreshing tea, a public meeting; Messrs. Jas. Mote and Steed presided alternately. Mr. Taylor implored the divine blessing. Mr. Steed's opening speech related to the progress and prosperity of his ministry. Mr. Mote's remarks were pleasing. Brethren Edwards, Boulton, Stringer, W. H. Lee, and Burbridge spoke boldly and blessedly on various Gospel topics, all of a joyful sound. Things went well.—**A LISTENER.**

CLAPTON.—Eleventh anniversary of Edwin Langford's pastorate. On Sunday, November 19, Mr. Langford preached morning, and Mr. Dexter, of Blackheath, in the evening; in the afternoon there was a service of sacred song which was sweetly rendered by the Sunday-school teachers and children. On the 21st a tea and public meeting was held, when the brethren Beddow, Clark, Dexter, Lodge, Levinsohn, Osman, Sears, Squirrell, Youdhan, and others, gathered round the pastor to congratulate and encourage him. Eleven years ago last May Edwin Langford entered London, a total stranger to every one in this great metropolitan city save and except the editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. It is about ten years ago since our brother commenced his labours in this district, and by degrees a congregation has grown up round him, and is now favoured with a large number of kind-hearted friends. He has worked hard in this rising neighbourhood, which labours have been, under the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, blessed to many; and to use his own words, he feelingly exclaims, truly, "God moves in a mysterious way." Mr. Kennard, of Croydon, presided, and conducted the meeting in an able manner.—**J. W. B.**

SOHO, OXFORD STREET. — Fifty-second anniversary of the Christian Sisters' Society was held on Wednesday, November 8. Mr. Shepherd preached in the afternoon. One hundred and fifty took tea. Public meeting at 6.30; Mr. Box in the chair. After singing, Mr. Faulkner offered prayer. Mr. Box, in introducing the business of the evening, spoke of the great and increased usefulness of the Society. Mr. Joseph Faulkner, for Mrs. Thorne, the secretary, read the report, from which we find that during the past year above £26 had been collected and disbursed among the poor in clothing, blankets, coal, &c. During the evening Mr. Freeman, who formerly led the service of praise, was presented with a time-piece as a token of respect on relinquishing that position, consequent upon his removal from the neighbourhood.—J. W. B.

ISLINGTON.—PROVIDENCE. Thirty-second anniversary of this cause was held on the 19th and 20th ult. On the Sunday the pastor, Mr. P. Reynolds, preached morning and evening. On the Tuesday Mr. J. Hazleton was announced to take the afternoon service, but being still laid aside (to the sorrow and regret of many), Mr. Reynolds took the service, and preached from "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." The young preacher delivered a sound Gospel sermon, experimental and doctrinal, worthy of one more advanced in years. At the evening meeting Charles Wilson, Esq., presided; Mr. Harris, of Shouldham-street, offered prayer; Mr. Reynolds gave an encouraging account of their position as a Church and people. Messrs. Anderson, Carpenter, and Meeres spoke well of their Master to the people, and congratulated pastor and Church. Our devoted friend and brother, Willey, led the service of praise with the harmonium. The benediction by chairman closed the largest and best meeting ever witnessed in Providence by—J. W. B.

SUFFOLK.—MR. EARTHEN VESSEL, —You have some notes of the sowing of good seed in this county, and of the springing-up of the new-born heirs of glory, of the formation of Churches of the New Testament character, of the going of old ministers, of the coming of new men. When will you be disposed to insert them? At Rattlesden a Devonshire brother has become the pastor; the Church is just above 70 years of age; the pastors have been "men of like passions" with the rest of their fellows, good, useful, and sound. There are nearly 100 members, and here is a vineyard for a strong man like Mr. R. A. Huxham to cultivate, with promises and prospects most encouraging. I hope you will give some prominence to the Suffolk Churches, and the note sent by—
NATHANIEL, STILL UNDER THE TREE.
[Yes; as far and as fast as possible. Here is a note on Aldeburgh, of whose ancient history, as given to us by the dying man, we have deeply interesting remembrance. This was the birth-place of George Crabb; his description of surroundings are of much

beauty. In his last years how he was dight in more solemn matters! Here is one verse:—

"Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate—
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for SAVING GRACE is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.
Hark! it is the Saviour's voice—
'Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest.'
Now, within the gate, rejoice,
Safe, and owned, redeemed and blest."

We would ask Nathaniel if his *weighing machine* is quite correct!—ED.]

PETERBOROUGH.—On Wednesday, Nov. 15, Mr. and Mrs. Sturton completed their 50th year of married life. A public service was held at the Baptist Tabernacle, to thank God for His great mercies and favours to them during that time. Mr. Kitchen and Mr. Noah Heath conducted the service by reading Scripture, remarks and prayer. The first hymn sung was, "For mercies countless as the sand." Some were present who were at the wedding 50 years since. The friends spoke of the services as being very profitable to their souls. Mr. and Mrs. Sturton are favoured with seven living children, 46 grandchildren, and one great grandson. Moses writes, "Let Asher be blessed with children;" and David, "Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward."

Births.

On Sunday, November 5, at 1, Connaught-terrace, in the City of Winchester, the wife of Mr. John Smith, minister of Baptist chapel, of a son.

Deaths.

The venerable, poetical, substantial, and most devoted godly man, Mr. Arthur Ashby, of Exeter, ceased any longer to be here on Oct. 25, 1882, at an advanced age. Mr. J. Brown's account may shortly appear. On every hand, in all directions, our dearest Christian friends are leaving us. Everywhere it is seen to be true that "it is appointed unto man once to die." None can deny that. Shall not the other be as solemnly correct, "And after this the judgment"? Blessed are they who know that before that judgment commences THEY shall be placed on the right hand of the Judge, and be welcomed into the kingdom of God.

Died, on October 10, 1882, after a long and painful affliction, in her 41st year, Sarah Eliza, beloved wife of Charles Martyn, of Commercial-road, Peckham, and eldest daughter of Henry and Eliza Walter, of Wandsworth-road, leaving a son a week old. She was a member of the Surrey Tabernacle for 16 years. Interred at Nunhead Cemetery on Oct. 14, by Mr. Mead.

Mr. William Robinson, preacher of the Gospel at Wymondham, Ellingham, &c., and Mr. Futter, who preached for years at Harleston, Norfolk, departed this life in November. We hope to give some further notice.

At His residence, Algham-mill, Hadleigh, Mr. George Sewell calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, on the morning of November 14, aged 58 years. He was a highly respected deacon at the Baptist chapel, Hadleigh, and leaves a widow and large family to mourn their loss.

On October 6, 1882, Miss Gould, at her residence, Brixton-road.