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Two Baptist Books.

BOOKS, like human beings, may be classified by their religious allegiance. I lately bought two Baptist books which stand side by side on my shelf. Both are good Baptists, but the contrast in their appearances is intriguing. One is roughly bound in coarse brown leather, a slim volume designed to be hidden away furtively in the pocket; the other is in handsome red morocco stamped with gold—a book that would lend distinction to any shelf. The first is the apology of a Baptist suffering persecution for his conscience' sake; the second life-story of a national hero whose nobility of character did honour to his Baptist profession.

The small book, entitled *The Prisoner against the Prelate*, was written by Thomas Grantham, the energetic leader of the Lincolnshire Baptists in the time of Charles II.

Lincoln Cathedral, to us a splendid assertion of the importance of things spiritual in an age of materialism, was to Grantham a symbol of prelatival tyranny. So seriously were values reversed in his time, that the godly Baptists were lodged in gaol as a reward for their faithfulness. So Grantham, writing in doggerel verse, recounts a dialogue between the Common Gaol, representing the Baptists, and the Cathedral, representing the Anglicans. He is a doughty fighter, and attacks not only the Prelatists, but their paedobaptist allies the Papists and Presbyterians also. He carries the war into the enemy's camp. Does he rely on tradition? Then let him name one of the early fathers who was baptised in infancy, though many were children of godly parents. Take Augustine for instance . . .

Now who possession
Can claim so rightly of this holy man
(For one of their Church) as the Baptists can?

He attacks the national basis of the Anglican Church, and complains that she lacks the ornament of godly discipline. She rejects Rome, and yet has no baptism or Church-power but what she derives from Rome. Thus he concludes that she is "unbaptised and vain." Having demolished the Cathedral's claims, he proceeds to a Baptist Confession of faith in twenty-five articles—

As 'twas presented to the King's own view
Signed with forty hands, of such as own
The said confession, which hath now been shown
In most parts of this miserable nation
Whose Church doth change as th' powers have translation.

To each article is appended "the Witness of Antiquity" in

which Ambrose, Athanasius, Eusebius, Bernard, Jerome and others are quoted in favour of the propositions put forward.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Grantham's book is the account it gives of his own church. Of the gaol worship he writes :—

I found the prisoners with erected face
To heaven, with their knees prostrate before
The Mighty God whom they did there adore
With pray'r and praises (which I understood)
And so far fervent that I gained some good
By this Devotion; . . .

The duty of churchmanship is thus set forth :—

. . . In Christ's blessed way
Men ought, without a tossing to and fro,
Continue steadfast; and these things must do,
Meet in a Church—Society together,
In the Apostles' Doctrine to consider
And call to mind in Pray'r, with breaking Bread,
Their Saviour, till He come to raise the dead.

Those whom Christ appoints as Pastors are first to be baptised members of the Church who have grown in grace and good qualifications, and have been thoroughly tried in the exercise of their gifts.

Such men the Church may chuse and them ordain
(To minister as Pastors in Christ's name)
By laying on of hands with holy prayers,
Assigning them to their respective cares,
To gather Churches, or to feed and guide them.

Deacons are also to be deputed with laying on of hands for the sacred function of the care of the Church's poor.

Grantham's farewell to the author of his persecution is this cry of defiance :—

Adieu Cathedral! Go take thy fill
Of Organ-Musick; and, sith 'tis God's will,
I'lle back to that unpleasant Cell of mine,
Where some truth's known which else would never shine
In its bright splendour: Also there our God
Doth show Himself a Father by His Rod.

The second book, which in all respects contrasts with Grantham's is J. C. Marshman's *Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.* It tells of the various campaigns of this distinguished soldier who, after some forty years of little rewarded service in India, reached the pinnacle of fame by his heroic part in the relief of Lucknow, and died a national hero. Havelock was an enthusiastic soldier. He chose a military career for himself, and he chose it for his sons. The book is mainly concerned with his military prowess which is worth our consideration at a time when many of us are undertaking the unwonted responsibilities

of service life. Nevertheless, its main interest for me is in the sidelights thrown upon Havelock's character as a Christian and a Baptist. He went to India as a sincere and evangelical Anglican. Stationed in the neighbourhood of Serampore, his interest in vital Christianity led him into frequent association with Dr. Carey and his fellow missionaries. In 1829 he married Marshman's youngest daughter, Hannah. Naturally, Havelock became interested in the question of Baptism, but he found this the only topic his Serampore friends were unwilling to discuss. They considered it their mission to evangelise the heathen, not to bring Christians to the adoption of their own denominational views; however conscientiously held as a component part of gospel truth. Despite their diffidence, Havelock reached conviction of the rightness of the Baptist position, and received Baptism from John Mack in Serampore Chapel. Serampore remained a pole of attraction to him through all his long years in India. A letter to Mrs. Havelock, written in 1854, gives an account of what was probably his last visit. All the missionaries of his own generation had passed on.

"I went to the Chapel," he wrote, "and saw the monumental slab to your dear mother's memory on the same wall with that of Carey, Marshman, Ward and Mack. I read two chapters in the Bible at the table before the pulpit and prayed alone."

These words conjure up a touching picture of the old soldier standing erect before the Bible in the empty chapel with the ghostly memories of past days crowding upon him.

Havelock always tried to secure religious instruction for his men, conducting worship himself when occasion demanded. Once the opposition of his brother officers to such proceedings drew from Col. Sir Robert Sale, their Commanding Officer, the famous saying—"I know nothing about Baptists, but I know that I wish the whole regiment were Baptists, for their names are never on the defaulters' roll."

On one occasion, at least, Havelock presented a memorial to the Commander in Chief, requesting that dissenting soldiers might be exempted from compulsory attendance at the Church of England services so that they might be free to enjoy their own worship at the most convenient times. He was no bigot for, he says, he joined with delight and spiritual comfort in the prayers of the Liturgy.

His bid for spiritual freedom met with no response, but he made the best of the situation, and always tried to secure good Anglican Chaplains for his men. When besieged at Jelalabad in 1842, he wrote asking for "Eight eighteen pounders, four mortars

and a Chaplain," adding that the last "must be one who would not disdain to offer his exhortations in any kind of hut, house or tent or in the open air rather than lose his opportunity." Divine Service parades; being part of the military system, must not be neglected, but "great good is to be expected from voluntary attendance of soldiers on effective preaching."

During his last campaign he received a telegram asking whether, as no Anglican Chaplain was available, a good, moderate Papist would be acceptable. He replied "Send him up immediately." On the arrival of his new Chaplain he was delighted to meet, not a Papist—the telegraph clerk had erred—but a fellow Baptist, the Rev. John Gregson.

Both Grantham and Havelock were intensely religious men. Grantham's religion made him a rebel against established authority; Havelock's made him a very notable servant of the same. In one chance circumstance of their lives the two were alike—each found his most enduring friend in an Anglican Clergyman: Grantham in the Rev. John Connould, with whom he shares a grave within St. Stephen's Church, Norwich, and Havelock in Archdeacon Hare, an old schoolfellow of the Charterhouse.

Both men were strongly influenced by the conditions of the times in which they lived; yet in all ages there is a place for both types. Their contrasted characters illustrate the rich variety of our Baptist heritage.

C. B. JEWSON.